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## THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

### PRELUDE: AT THE HEAD OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

The Atlantic rushed across a mile or two of misty beach, boring into all its channels in the neck of Acadia. Twilight and fog blurred the landscape, but the eye could trace a long swell of earth rising gradually from the bay, through marshes, to a summit with a small stockade on its southern slope. Sentinels pacing within the stockade felt the weird influence of that bald land. The guarded spot seemed an island in a sea of vapor, and the spring night was bringing darkness upon it.

The stockade inclosed a single building of rough logs clumsily put together, and chinked with the hard red soil. An unhewn wall divided the house into two rooms, and in one room were gathered less than a dozen men-at-arms. Their officer lay in one of the cupboard-like bunks, with his hands clasped under his head. Some of the men were already asleep; others sat by the hearth, rubbing their weapons or spreading some garment to dry. A door in the partition opened, and the wife of one of the men came from the inner room.

"Good-night, madame," she said.

"Good-night, Zélie," answered a voice within.

"If you have further need of me, you will call me, madame?"

"Assuredly. Get to your rest. To-morrow we may have stormy weather for our voyage home."

The woman closed the door, and the face of the one who had hearkened to her turned again to the fireplace. It was a room repeating the men's barrack in hewn floor, loophole windows, and rough joists.

This frontier outpost on the ridge since called Beausejour was merely a convenient halting-place for one of the lords of Acadia. It stood on a detached spot of his large seigniory, which he had received with other portions of western Acadia in exchange for his grant of Cape Sable.

Though in his early thirties, Charles de la Tour had seen long service in the New World. Seldom has a man from central France met the northern cold and sea air with so white a favor. His clean-shaven skin and the sunny, undecided color of his hair were like a child's. Part of his armor had been unbuckled, and lay on the floor near him. He sat in a chair of twisted boughs, made of refuse from trees his men had dragged out of the neighboring forest for the building of the outpost. His wife sat on a pile of furs beside his knee. Her Huguenot cap was on the shelf above the fire. She wore a black gown, slashed in the sleeves with white, and a kerchief of lace pushed from her throat. Her black hair, which Zélie had braided, hung down in two ropes to the floor.

"How soon, monsieur," she asked, "can you return to Fort St. John?"

"With all speed possible, Marie. Soon, if we can work the miracle of

moving a peace-loving man like Denys to action."

"Nicholas Denys ought to take part with you."

"Yet he will scarce do it."

"The king-favored governor of Acadia will some time turn and push him as he now pushes you."

"D'Aulnay hath me at sore straits," confessed La Tour, staring at the flame, "since he has cut off from me the help of the Bostonnais."

"They were easily cut off," said Marie. "Monsieur, those Huguenots of the colonies were never loving friends of ours. Their policy has been to weaken this province by helping the quarrel betwixt D'Aulnay and you. Now that D'Aulnay has strength at court, and has persuaded the king to declare you an outlaw, the Bostonnais think it wise to withdraw their hired soldiers from you. We have not offended the Bostonnais as allies; we have only gone down in the world."

La Tour stirred uneasily.

"I dread that D'Aulnay may profit by this hasty journey I make to northern Acadia, and again attack the fort in my absence."

"He hath once found a woman there who could hold it," said Marie, checking a laugh.

La Tour moved his palm over her cheek. Within his mind the province of Acadia lay spread from Penobscot River to the island of Sable, and from the southern tip of the peninsula now called Nova Scotia nearly to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This domain had been parceled in grants: the north to Nicholas Denys; the centre and west to D'Aulnay de Charnisay; and the south, with posts on the western coast, to Charles de la Tour. Being Protestant in faith, La Tour had no influence at the court of Louis XIII. His grant had been confirmed to him from his father. He had held it against treason to France, and his loyal service, at least, was regarded until D'Aulnay de Charnisay became his enemy. Even in that year of grace 1645, before Acadia was diked by home-making Norman peasants or watered by their parting tears, contending forces had begun to trample it. Two feudal barons fought each other on the soil of the New World.

"All things failing me" — La Tour held out his wrists, and looked at them with a sharp smile.

"Let D'Aulnay shake a warrant, monsieur. He must needs have you before he can carry you in chains to France."

She seized La Tour's hands, with a swift impulse of atoning to them for the thought of such indignity, and kissed his wrists. He set his teeth on a trembling lip.

"I should be a worthless, aimless vagrant without you, Marie. You are young, and I give you fatigue and heart-sickening peril instead of jewels and merry company."

"The merriest company for us at present, monsieur, are the men of our honest garrison. If Edelwald, who came so lately, complains not of this New World life, I should endure it merrily enough. And you know I seldom now wear the jewels belonging to our house. Our chief jewel is buried in the ground."

She thought of a short grave wrapped in fogs near Fort St. John; of fair curls and sweet childish limbs, and a mouth shouting to send echoes through the river gorge; of scamperings on the flags of the hall; and of the erect and princely carriage of that diminutive presence the men had called "my little lord."

"But it is better for the boy that he died, Marie," murmured La Tour. "He has no part in these times. He might have survived us to see his inheritance stripped from him."

They were silent, until Marie said, "You have a long march before you to-morrow, monsieur."

"Yes; we ought to throw ourselves into these mangers," said La Tour.

One wall was lined with bunks like those in the outer room. In the lower row travelers' preparations were already made for sleeping.

"I am yet of the mind, monsieur," observed Marie, "that you should have made this journey entirely by sea."

"It would cost me too much in time to round Cape Sable twice. Nicholas Denys can furnish ship as well as men, if he be so minded. My lieutenant in arms next to Edelwald," said La Tour, smiling over her, "my equal partner in troubles, and my lady of Fort St. John will stand for my honor and prosperity until I return."

Marie smiled back.

"D'Aulnay has a fair wife, and her husband is rich and favored by the king, and has got himself made governor of Acadia in your stead. She sits in her own hall at Port Royal; but poor Madame D'Aulnay! — she has not thee!"

At this La Tour laughed aloud. The ring of his voice, and the clang of his breastplate which fell over on the floor as he arose, woke an answering sound. It did not come from the outer room, where scarcely a voice stirred among the sleepy soldiery, but from the top row of bunks. Marie turned white at this child wail soothed by a woman's voice.

"What have we here?" exclaimed La Tour.

"Monsieur, it must be a baby!"

"Who has broken into this post with a baby? There may be men concealed overhead."

He grasped his pistols, but no men-at-arms appeared with the haggard woman who crept down from her hiding-place near the joists.

"Are you some spy sent from D'Aulnay?" inquired La Tour.

"Monsieur, how can you so accuse a poor outcast mother!" whispered Marie.

The door in the partition was flung wide, and the young officer appeared with men at his back.

"Have you found an ambush, Sieur Charles?"

"We have here a listener, Edelwald," replied La Tour, "and there may be more in the loft above."

Several men sprang up the bunks, and moved some puncheons overhead. A light was raised under the dark roof canopy, but nothing rewarded its search. The much-bedraggled woman was young, with falling strands of silken hair, which she wound up with one hand, while holding the baby. Marie took the poor wailer from her with a divine motion, and carried it to the hearth.

"Who brought you here?" demanded La Tour of the girl.

She cowered before him, but answered nothing. Her presence seemed to him a sinister menace against even his obscurest holdings in Acadia. The stockade was easily entered, for La Tour was unable to maintain a garrison there. All that open country lay sodden with the breath of the sea. From whatever point she had approached, La Tour could scarcely believe her feet came tracking the moist red clay alone.

"Will you give no account of yourself?"

"You must answer monsieur," encouraged Marie, turning from her cares with the child. It lay unwound from its misery on Marie's knees, watching the new ministering power with accepting eyes. Feminine and piteous as the girl was, her dense resistance to command could only vex a soldier.

"Put her under guard," he said to his officer.

"And Zélie must look to her comfort," added Marie.

"Whoever she may be," declared La Tour, "she hath heard too much to go free of this place. She must be sent in the ship to Fort St. John, and guarded there."

"What else could be done, indeed?"

asked Marie. "The child would die of exposure here."

The prisoner was taken to the other hearth; and the young officer, as he closed the door, half smiled to hear his lady murmur over the wretched little outcast, as she always murmured to ailing creatures, "Let mother help you."

## I.

### AN ACADIAN FORTRESS.

At the mouth of the river St. John an island was lashed with drift, and tide terraces alongshore recorded how furiously the sea had driven upon the land. There had been a two days' storm on the Bay of Fundy, subsiding to the clearest of cool spring evenings. An amber light lay on the visible world. The forest on the west was yet too bare of leaf buds to shut away sunset.

A month later, the headlands would be lined distinctly against a blue and quickening sky by freshened air and light and herbage. Two centuries and a half later, long streaks of electric light would ripple on that surface, and great ships stand at ease there, and ferry-boats rush back and forth. But in this closing dusk it reflected only the gray and yellow vaporous breath of April, and shaggy edges of a wilderness. The high shores sank their shadows farther and farther from the water's edge.

Fort St. John was built upon a gradual ascent of rocks, which rose to a small promontory on the south side of the river. There were four bastions guarded with cannon, the northeast bastion swelling above its fellows in a round turret topped with battlements. On this tower the flag of France hung down its staff against the evening sky, for there was scarcely any motion of the air. That coast lay silent, like a pictured land, except a hint of falls above in the river. It was ebb tide. The current of the St. John set out toward the sea instead of rushing back on its own channel, and rocks swallowed at flood now broke the surface.

A plume of smoke sprang from one bastion, followed by the rolling thunder of a cannon shot. From a small ship in the bay a gun replied to this salute. She stood gradually clear of a headland, her sails hanging torn and one mast broken, and sentinel and cannoneer in the bastion saw that she was lowering a boat. They called to people in the fortress, and all voices caught the news:

"Madame has come at last!"

Life stirred through the entire inclosure with a jar of closing doors and running feet.

Though not a large fortification, St. John was well and compactly built of cemented stone. A row of hewn log barracks stood against the southern wall, ample for all the troops La Tour had been able to muster in prosperous times. There was a stone vault for ammunition. A well, a mill and great stone oven, and a storehouse for beaver and other skins were between the barracks and the commandant's tower built massively into the northeast bastion. This structure gave La Tour the advantage of a high look-out, though it was much smaller than a castle he had formerly held at La Hève. The interior accommodated itself to such compactness, the lower floor having only one entrance and windows looking into the area of the fort, while the second floor was lighted through deep loopholes.

A drum began to beat, a tall fellow gave the word of command, and the garrison of Fort St. John drew up in line, facing the gate. A sentinel unbarred and set wide both inner and outer leaves, and a cheer burst through the deep-throated gateway, and was thrown back from the opposite shore, from forest and river windings. Madame La Tour, with two women attendants, was seen coming up from the water's edge, while two men pushed off with the boat.

She waved her hand in reply to the shout.

The tall soldier went down to meet her, and paused, bareheaded, to make the salutation of a subaltern to his military superior. She responded with the same grave courtesy. But as he drew nearer she noticed him whitening through the dusk.

"All has gone well, Klussman, at Fort St. John, since your lord left?"

"Madame," he said, with a stammer, "the storm made us anxious about you."

"Have you seen D'Aulnay?"

"No, madame."

"You look haggard, Klussman."

"If I look haggard, madame, it must come from seeing two women follow you, when I should see only one."

He threw sharp glances behind her, as he took her hand to lead her up the steep path. Marie's attendant was carrying the baby, and she lifted it for him to look at, the hairs on her upper lip moved by a good-natured smile. Klussman's scowl darkened his mountain-born fairness.

"I would rather, indeed, be bringing more men to the fort instead of more women," said his lady, as they mounted the slope. "But this one might have perished in the stockade where we found her; and your lord not only misliked her, as you seem to do, but he held her in suspicion. In a manner, therefore, she is our prisoner, though never went prisoner so helplessly with her captors."

"Yes, any one might take such a creature," said Klussman.

"Those are no fit words to speak, Klussman."

He was unready with his apology, however, and tramped on without again looking behind. Madame La Tour glanced at her ship, which would have to wait for wind and tide to reach the usual mooring.

"Did you tell me you had news?" she was reminded to ask him.

"Madame, I have some news, but nothing serious."

"If it be nothing serious, I will have a change of garments and my supper before I hear it. We have had a hard voyage."

"Did my lord send any new orders?"

"None, save to keep this poor girl about the fort: that is easily obeyed, as we can scarce do otherwise with her."

"I meant to ask in the first breath how he fared in the outset of his expedition."

"With a lowering sky overhead, and wet red clay underfoot. But I thanked Heaven, while we were tossing with a broken mast, that he was at least on firm land and moving to his expectations."

They entered the gateway, Madame La Tour's cheeks tingling richly from the effort of climbing. She saluted her garrison, and her garrison saluted her, each with a courteous pride in the other, born of the joint victory they had won over D'Aulnay de Charnisay when he attacked the fort. Not a man broke rank until she entered her hall. There was a tidiness about the inclosure peculiar to places inhabited by women. It added grace to military appointments.

"You miss the swan, madame," noted Klussman. "Le Rossignol is out again."

"When did she go?"

"The night after my lord and you sailed northward. She goes each time in the night, madame."

"And she is still away?"

"Yes, madame."

"And this is all you know of her?"

"Yes, madame. She went, and has not yet come back."

"But she always comes back safely. Though I fear," said Madame La Tour on the threshold, "the poor maid will some time fall into harm."

He opened the door, and stood aside, saying under his breath, "I would call a creature like that a witch instead of a maid."

"I will send for you, Klussman, when I have refreshed myself."

"Yes, madame."

The other women filed past him, and entered behind his lady.

The Swiss soldier folded his arms, staring hard at that crouching vagrant brought from Beausejour. She had a covering over her face, and she held it close, crowding on the heels in front of her, as if she dared not meet his eye.

## II.

### LE ROSSIGNOL.

A girlish woman was waiting for Marie within the hall, and the two exchanged kisses on the cheek with sedate and tender courtesy.

"Welcome home, madame."

"Home is more welcome to me because I find you in it, Antonia. Has anything unusual happened in the fortress while I have been setting monsieur on his way?"

"This morning, about dawn, I heard a great tramping of soldiers in the hall. One of the women told me prisoners had been brought in."

"Yes. The Swiss said he had news. And how has the Lady Dorinda fared?"

"Well, indeed. She has described to me three times the gorgeous pageant of her marriage."

They had reached the fireplace, and Marie laughed as she warmed her hands before a pile of melting logs.

"Give our sea-tossed bundle and its mother a warm seat, Zélie," she said to her woman.

The unknown girl was placed near the hearth corner, and constrained to take upon her knees an object which she held indifferently. Antonia's eyes rested on her, detecting her half-concealed face, with silent disapproval.

"We found a child on this expedition."

"It hath a stiffened look, like a papoose," observed Antonia. "Is it well in health?"

"No; poor baby. Attend to the child," said Marie sternly to the mother; and she added, "Zélie must go directly with me to my chests before she waits on me, and bring down garments for it to this hearth."

"Let me this time be your maid," said Antonia.

"You may come with me and be my resolution, Antonia; for I have to set about the unlocking of boxes which hold some sacred clothes."

"I never saw you lack courage, madame, since I have known you."

"Therein have I deceived you, then," said Marie, throwing her cloak on Zélie's arm, "for I am a most cowardly creature in my affections, Madame Bronck."

They moved toward the stairs. Antonia was as perfect as a slim and blue-eyed stalk of flax. She wore the laced bodice and small cap of New Holland. Her exactly spoken French denoted all the neat appointments of her life. This Dutch gentlewoman had seen much of the world; having traveled from Fort Orange to New Amsterdam, from New Amsterdam to Boston, and from Boston with Madame La Tour to Fort St. John in Acadia. The three figures ascended in a line the narrow stairway, which made a diagonal band from lower to upper corner of the remote hall end. Zélie walked last, carrying her lady's cloak. At the top a little light fell on them through a loophole.

"Was Mynheer La Tour in good heart for his march?" inquired Antonia, turning from the waifs brought back to the expedition itself.

"Stout-hearted enough; but the man to whom he goes is scarce to be counted on. We Protestant French are all held alien by Catholics of our blood. Edelwald will move Denys to take arms with us, if any one can. My lord depends

much upon Edelwald. This instant," said Marie, with a laugh, "I find the worst of all my discomforts these disordered garments."

The stranger left by the fire gazed around the dim place, which was lighted only by high windows in front. The mighty hearth, inclosed by settles, was like a roseate side chamber to the hall. Outside of this the stone-paved floor spread away unevenly. She turned her eyes from the arms of La Tour over the mantel to trace seamed and footworn flags, and noticed in the distant corner at the bottom of the stairs that they gave way to a trap door of timbers. This was fastened down with iron bars, and had a huge ring for its handle. Her eyes rested on it in fear, betwixt the separated settles.

But it was easily lost sight of in the fire's warmth. She had been so chilled by salt air and spray as to crowd close to the flame and court scorching. Her white face kindled with heat. She threw back her mufflers, and, the comfort of the child occurring to her, she looked at its small face through a tunnel of clothing. Its exceeding stillness awoke but one wish, which she dared not let escape in words.

These stone walls readily echoed any sound. So scantily furnished was the great hall that it could not refrain from echoing. There were some chairs and tables not of colonial pattern, and a buffet holding silver tankards and china; but these seemed lost in space. Opposite the fireplace hung two portraits, — one of Charles La Tour's father, the other of a former maid of honor at the English court. The ceiling of wooden panels had been brought from La Tour's castle at Cape Sable; it answered the flicker of the fire with lines of faded gilding.

The girl dropped her wrappings on the bench, and began to unroll the baby, as if curious about its state.

"I believe it *is* dead," she whispered.

But the clank of a long iron latch which fastened the outer door was enough to deflect her interest from the matter. She cast her cloak over the baby, and held it loosely on her knees, with its head to the fire. When the door shut with a crash, and some small object scurried across the stone floor, the girl looked out of her retreat with fear. Her eyelids and lips fell wider apart. She saw a big-headed brownie coming to the hearth, clad, with the exception of its cap, in the dun tints of autumn woods. This creature, scarcely more than two feet high, had a woman's face, of beaklike formation, projecting forward. She was as bright-eyed and light of foot as any bird. Moving within the inclosure of the settles, she hopped up with a singular power of vaulting, and seated herself, stretching toward the fire a pair of spotted seal moccasins. These were so small that the feet on which they were laced seemed an infant's, and sorted strangely with the mature, keen face above them. Youth, age, and wise sylvan life were brought to a focus in that countenance.

To hear such a being talk was like being startled by spoken words from a bird.

"I 'm Le Rossignol," she piped out, when she had looked at the vagrant girl a few minutes, "and I can read your name on your face. It 's Marguerite."

The girl stared helplessly at this midget seer.

"You 're the same Marguerite that was left on the Island of Demons a hundred years ago. You may not know it, but you 're the same. I know that downward look, and soft, crying way, and still tongue, and the very baby on your knees. You never bring any good, and words are wasted on you. But don't smile under your sly mouth, and think you are hiding anything from Le Rossignol."

The girl crouched deeper into her clothes, until those unwinking eyes re-

lieved her by turning with indifference toward the chimney.

"I have no pity for any Marguerite," Le Rossignol added, and she tossed from her head the entire subject with a cap made of white gull breasts. A brush of red hair stood up in thousands of tendrils, exaggerating by its nimbus the size of her upper person. Never had dwarf a sweeter voice. If she had been compressed in order to produce melody, her tones were compensation enough. She made lilting sounds while dangling her feet to the blaze, as if she thought in music.

Le Rossignol was so positive a force that she seldom found herself overborne by the presence of large human beings. The only man in the fortress who saw her without superstition was Klussman. He inclined to complain of her antics, but not to find magic in her flights and returns. At that period deformity was the symbol of witchcraft. Blame fell upon this dwarf when toothache or rheumatic pains invaded the barracks, especially if the sufferer had spoken against her unseen excursions with her swan. Protected from childhood by the family of La Tour, she had grown an autocrat, and bent to nobody except her lady.

"Where is my clavier?" exclaimed Le Rossignol. "I heard a tune in the woods which I must get out of my clavier: a green tune, the color of quickening lichens; a dropping tune with sap in it; a tune like the wind across inland lakes."

She ran along the settle, and thrust her head around its high back.

Zélie, with white garments upon one arm, was setting solidly forth down the uncovered stairs, when the dwarf arrested her by a cry.

"Go back, heavy-foot, — go back and fetch me my clavier."

"Mademoiselle the nightingale has suddenly returned," muttered Zélie, ill pleased.

"Am I not always here when my lady comes home? I demand the box wherein my instrument is kept."

"What doth your instrument concern me? Madame has sent me to dress the baby."

"Will you bring my clavier?"

The dwarf's scream was like the weird high note of a wind-harp. It had its effect on Zélie. She turned back, though muttering against the overruling of her lady's commands by a creature like a bat, who could probably send other powers than a decent maid to bring claviers.

"And where shall I find it?" she inquired aloud. "Here have I been in the fortress scarce half an hour, after all but shipwreck, and I must search out the belongings of people who do naught but idle."

"Find it where you will. No one hath the key but myself. The box may stand in Madame Marie's apartment, or it may be in my own chamber. Such matters are blown out of my head by the wind along the coast. Make haste to fetch it, so I can play when Madame Marie appears."

Le Rossignol drew herself up the back of the settle, and perched at ease on the angle farthest from the fire. She beat her heels lightly against her throne, and hummed, with her face turned from the listless girl who watched all her antics.

Zélie brought the instrument case, unlocked it, and handed up a crook-necked mandolin and its small ivory plectrum to her tyrant. At once the hall was full of tinkling melody. The dwarf's threadlike fingers ran along the neck of the mandolin, and as she made the ivory disk quiver among its strings her head swayed in rapturous singing.

Zélie forgot the baby. The garments intended for its use were spread upon the settle near the fire. She folded her arms, and wagged her head with Le Rossignol's. But while the dwarf kept

an eye on the stairway, watching like a lover for the appearance of Madame La Tour, the outer door again clanked, and Klussman stepped into the hall. His big presence had instant effect on Le Rossignol. Her music tinkled louder and faster. The playing sprite, sitting half on air, gamboled and made droll faces to catch his eye. Her vanity and self-satisfaction, her pliant gesture and skillful wild music, made her appear some soulless little being from the woods who mocked at man's tense sternness.

Klussman took little notice of any one in the hall, but waited by the closed door so relentless a sentinel that Zélie was reminded of her duty. She made haste to bring perfumed water in a basin, and turned the linen on the settle. She then took the child from its mother's limp hands, and exclaimed and muttered under her breath as she turned it on her knees.

"What hast thou done to it since my lady left thee?" inquired Zélie sharply. But she got no answer from the girl.

Unrewarded for her minstrelsy by a single look from the Swiss, Le Rossignol quit playing, and made a fist of the curved instrument to shake at him, and let herself down the back of the settle. She sat on the mandolin box in shadow, vaguely sulking, until Madame La Tour, fresh from her swift attiring, stood at the top of the stairway. That instant the half-hid mandolin burst into quavering melodies.

"Thou art back again, Nightingale?" called the lady, descending.

"Yes, Madame Marie."

"Madame!" exclaimed Klussman, and as his voice escaped repression it rang through the hall. He advanced, but his lady lifted her finger to hold him back.

"Presently, Klussman. The first matter in hand is to rebuke this runaway."

Marie's firm and polished chin, the contour of her glowing mouth, and the kindling beauty of her eyes were forever fresh delights to Le Rossignol. The dwarf watched the shapely and majestic woman moving down the hall.

"Madame," besought Zélie, looking anxiously around the end of the settle. But she also was obliged to wait. Marie extended a hand to the claws of Le Rossignol, who touched it with her beak.

"Thou hast very greatly displeased me."

"Yes, Madame Marie," said the culprit, with resignation.

"How many times have you set all our people talking about these witch flights on the swan, and sudden returns after dark?"

"I forget, Madame Marie."

"In all seriousness, thou shalt be well punished for this last," said the lady severely.

"I was punished before the offense. Your absence punished me, Madame Marie."

"A bit of adroit flattery will not turn aside discipline. The smallest vassal in the fort shall know that. A day in the turret, with a loaf of bread and a jug of water, may put thee in better liking to stay at home."

"Yes, Madame Marie," assented the dwarf, with smiles.

"And I may yet find it in my heart to have that swan's neck wrung."

"Shubenacadie's neck! Oh, Madame Marie, wring mine! It would be the death of me if Shubenacadie died. Consider how long I have had him. And his looks, my lady! He is such a pretty bird."

"We must mend that dangerous beauty of his. If these flights stop not, I will have his wings clipped."

"His satin wings, — his glistening, polished wings," mourned Le Rossignol, "tipped with angel-finger feathers! Oh, Madame Marie, my heart's blood would run out of his quills!"

"It is a serious breach in the discipline of this fortress for even you to disobey me constantly," said the lady,

again severely, though she knew her lecture was wasted on the human brownie.

Le Rossignol poked and worried the mandolin with antennæ-like fingers, and made up a contrite face.

The dimness of the hall had not covered Klussman's large pallor. The emotions of the Swiss passed over the outside of his countenance, in bulk like himself. His lady often compared him to a noble young bullock or other well-conditioned animal. There was in Klussman much wholesomeness and excuse for existence.

"Now, Klussman," said Marie, meeting her lieutenant with the intentness of one used to sudden military emergencies.

He trod straight to the fireplace, and pointed at the strange girl, who hid her face.

"Madame, I have come in to speak of a thing you ought to know. Has that woman told you her name?"

"No, she hath not. She hath kept a close tongue ever since we found her at the outpost."

"She ever had a close tongue, madame, but she works her will in silence. It hath been no good will to me, and it will be no good will to the Fort of St. John."

"Who is she, Klussman?"

"I know not what name she bears now, but two years since she bore the name of Marguerite Klussman."

"Surely she is not your sister?"

"No, madame. She is only my wife."

He lifted his lip, and his blue eyes stared at the muffled culprit.

"We knew not you had a wife when you entered our service, Klussman."

"Nor had I, madame. D'Aulnay de Charnisay had already taken her."

"Then this woman does come from D'Aulnay de Charnisay?"

"Yes, madame. And if you would have my advice, I say, put her out of the gate this instant, and let her find shelter with our Indians above the falls."

"Madame," exclaimed Zélie, lifting the half-nude infant, and thrusting it before her mistress with importunity which could wait no longer, "of your kindness look at this little creature. With all my chafing and sprinkling I cannot find any life in it. That girl hath let it die on her knees, and hath not made it known!"

Klussman's glance rested on the body with that abashed hatred which a man condemns in himself when its object is helpless.

"It is D'Aulnay's child," he muttered, as if stating abundant reason for its taking off.

"I have brought an agent from D'Aulnay and D'Aulnay's child into our fortress," said Madame La Tour, speaking toward Marguerite's silent cover, under which the girl made no sign of being more than a hidden animal. Her stern face traveled from mother back to tiny body.

There is nothing more touching than the emaciation of a baby. Its sunken temples and evident cheekbones, the line of its jaw, the piteous parted lips and thin neck, were all reflected in Marie's eyes. Her entire figure softened, and passionate motherhood filled her. She took the still pliant shape from Zélie, held it in her hands, and finally pressed it against her bosom. No sign of mourning came from the woman called its mother.

"This baby is no enemy of ours," trembled Madame La Tour. "I will not have it even reproached with being the child of our enemy. It is my little dead lad come again to my bosom. How soft are his dear limbs! And this child died for lack of loving while I went with empty arms! Have you suffered, dear? It is all done now. Mother will give you kisses — kisses. O baby — baby!"

Klussman turned away, and Zélie whimpered. But Le Rossignol thrust her head around the settle to see what manner of creature it was over which Madame Marie sobbed aloud.

## III.

### FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

The child abandoned by La Tour's enemy had been carried to the upper floor, and the woman sent with a soldier's wife to the barracks; yet Madame La Tour continued to walk the stone flags, feeling that small skeleton on her bosom and the pressure of death on the air.

Her Swiss lieutenant opened the door and uttered a call. Presently, with clatter of hoofs on the pavement, and a mighty rasping of the half-tree which they dragged, in burst eight Sable Island ponies, — shaggy fellows, smaller than mastiffs, yet with large heads. The settles were hastily cleared away for them, and they swept their load to the hearth. As soon as their chain was unhooked these fairy horses shot out again, and their joyful neighing could be heard as they scampered around the fort to their stable. Two men rolled the log into place, set a table and three chairs, and one returned to the cook-house while the other spread the cloth.

Claude La Tour and his wife, the maid of honor, seemed to palpitate in their frames with the flickering expressions of firelight. The silent company of these two people was always enjoyed by Le Rossignol. She knew their disappointments, and liked to have them stir and sigh. In the daytime, the set courtier smile was sadder than a pine forest. But the chimney's huge throat drew in the hall's heavy influences, and when the log was fired not a corner escaped its glow. The man who laid the cloth lighted candles in a silver candelabrum and set it on the table, and carried a brand to waxlights which decorated the buffet.

These cheerful preparations for her evening meal recalled Madame La Tour to the garrison's affairs. Her Swiss lieutenant yet stood by, his arms and chin settled sullenly on his breast; reluctant to go out and pass the barrack door where his wife was sheltered.

"Are sentinels set for the night, Klussman?" inquired the lady.

He stood erect, and answered, "Yes, madame."

"I will not wait for my supper before I hear your news. Discharge it now. I understand the grief you bear, my friend. Your lord will not forget the faithfulness you show toward us."

"Madame, if I may speak again, put that woman out of the gate. If she lingers around, I may do her some hurt when I have a loaded piece in my hand. She makes me less a man."

"But, Klussman, the Sieur de la Tour, whose suspicions of her you have justified, strictly charged that we restrain her here until his return. She has seen and heard too much of our condition."

"Our Indians would hold her safe enough, madame."

"Yet she is a soft, feeble creature, and much exhausted. Could she bear their hard living?"

"Madame, she will requite whoever shelters her with shame and trouble. If D'Aulnay has turned her forth, she would willingly buy back his favor by opening this fortress to him. If he has not turned her forth, she is here by his command. I have thought out all these things; and, madame, I shall say nothing more, if you prefer to risk yourself in her hands instead of risking her with the savages."

The dwarf's mandolin trembled a mere whisper of sound. She leaned her large head against the settle and watched the Swiss denounce his wife.

"You speak good military sense," said the lady, "yet there is monsieur's command; and I cannot bring myself to drive that exhausted creature to a cold bed in the woods. We must venture — we cannot do less — to let her rest a

few days under guard. Now let me hear your news."

"It was only this, madame: Word was brought in that two priests from Montreal were wandering above the falls, and trying to cross the St. John in order to make their way to D'Aulnay's fort at Penobscot. So I set after them and brought them in, and they are now in the keep, waiting your pleasure."

"Doubtless you did right," hesitated Madame La Tour. "Even priests may be working us harm, so hated are we of Papists. But have them out directly, Klussman. We must not be rigorous. Did they bear any papers?"

"No, madame; and they said they had naught to do with D'Aulnay, but were on a mission to the Abenakis around Penobscot, and had lost their course and wandered here. One of them is that Father Isaac Jogues who was maimed by the Mohawks, when he carried papistry among them; and the other is his donné, a name these priests give to any man who of his own free will goes with them to be servant of the mission."

"Bring them out of the keep," said Madame La Tour.

The Swiss walked with ringing foot toward the stairway, and dropped upon one knee to unbar the door in the pavement. He took a key from his pocket and turned it in the lock, and, as he lifted the heavy leaf of beams and cross-pieces, his lady held over the darkness a candle which she had taken from one of the buffet sconces. Out of the vault rose a chill breath, from which the candle flame recoiled.

"Monsieur," she spoke downward, "will you have the goodness to come up with your companion?"

Her voice resounded in the hollow; and some movement occurred below as soft-spoken answer was made: —

"We come, madame."

A cassocked Jesuit appeared under the light, followed by a man wearing the ordinary dress of a French colonist. They ascended the stone steps, and Klussman replaced the door with a clank which echoed around the hall. Marie gave him the candle, and with clumsy touch he fitted it to the sconce while she led her prisoners to the fire. The Protestant was able to dwell with disapproval on the Jesuit's black gown, though it proved the hard service of a missionary priest; the face of Father Jogues none but a savage could resist.

His downcast eyelids were like a woman's, and so was his delicate mouth. The cheeks, shading inward from their natural oval, testified to a life of hardship. His full and broad forehead, bordered by a fringe of hair left around his tonsure, must have overbalanced his lower face, had that not been covered by a short beard, parted on the upper lip and peaked at the end. His eyebrows were well marked, and the large-orbed eyes seemed so full of smiling meditation that Marie said to herself, "This lovely, woman-looking man hath the presence of an angel, and we have chilled him in our keep!"

"Peace be with you, madame," spoke Father Jogues.

"Monsieur, I crave your pardon for the cold greeting you have had in this fortress. We are people who live in perils, and we may be over-suspicious."

"Madame, I have no complaint to bring against you."

Both men were shivering, and she directed them to places on the settle. They sat where the vagrant girl had huddled. Father Jogues warmed his hands, and she noticed how abruptly serrated by missing or maimed fingers was their tapered shape. The man who had gone out to the cook-house returned with platters, and, in passing the Swiss lieutenant, gave him a hurried word, on which the Swiss left the hall. The two men made space for Father Jogues at their lady's board, and brought forward another table for his donné.

"Good friends," said Marie, "this Huguenot fare is offered you heartily, and I hope you will as heartily take it, thereby excusing the hunger of a woman who has just come in from seafaring."

"Madame," returned the priest, "we have scarcely seen civilized food since leaving Montreal, and we need no urging to enjoy this bounty. But, if you permit, I will sit here beside my brother Lalande."

"As you please," she answered, glancing at the plain young Frenchman in colonial dress with suspicion that he was made the excuse for separating Romanist and Protestant.

Father Jogues saw her glance and read her thought, and silently accused himself of cowardice for shrinking, in his maimed state, from her table with the instincts of a gentle-born man. He explained, resting his hand upon the chair which had been moved from the lady's to his servant's table: —

"We have no wish to be honored above our desert, madame. We are only humble missionaries, and often, while carrying the truth, have been thankful for a meal of roots or berries in the woods."

"Your humility hurts me, monsieur. On the Acadian borders we have bitter enmities, but the fort of La Tour shelters all faiths alike. We can hardly atone to so good a man for having thrust him into our keep."

Father Jogues shook his head, and put aside this apology with a gesture. The queen of France had knelt and kissed his mutilated hands, and the courtiers of Louis had praised his martyrdom. But such ordeals of compliment were harder for him to endure than the teeth and knives of the Mohawks.

As soon as Le Rossignol saw the platters appearing, she carried her mandolin to the lowest stair step and sat down to play; a quaint minstrel, holding an instrument almost as large as herself. That part of the household who lingered in the rooms above owned this accustomed signal and appeared on the stairs: Antonia Bronck, still disturbed by the small skeleton she had seen Zélie dressing for its grave; and an elderly woman, of great bulk and majesty, with sallow hair and face, who wore, enlarged, one of the court gowns which her sovereign, the queen of England, had often praised. Le Rossignol followed these two ladies across the hall, alternately aping the girlish motion of Antonia and her elder's massive progress. She considered the Dutch gentlewoman a sweet interloper, who might, on occasions, be pardoned; but Lady Dorinda was the natural antagonist of the dwarf in Fort St. John. Marie herself seated her mother-in-law, with the graceful deference of youth to middle age and of present power to decayed grandeur. Lady Dorinda was not easy to make comfortable. The New World was hardly her sphere. In earlier life, she had learned in the school of the royal Stuarts that some people are, by divine right, immeasurably better than others, and experience had thrust her down among those unfortunate others.

Seeing there were strange men in the hall, Antonia divined that the prisoners from the keep had been brought up to supper. But Lady Dorinda settled her chin upon her necklace, and sighed a large sigh that priests and rough men-at-arms should weary eyes once used to revel in court pageantry. She looked up at the portrait of her dead husband, which hung on the wall. He had been created the first knight of Acadia; and though this honor came from her king, and his son refused to inherit it after him, Lady Dorinda believed that only the misfortunes of the La Tours had prevented her from being a colonial queen.

"Our chaplain being absent in the service of Sieur de la Tour," spoke Marie, "will monsieur, in his own fashion, bless this meal?"

Father Jogues spread the remnant of his hands, but Antonia did not hear a word he breathed. She was again in Fort Orange. The Iroquois stalked up hilly paths, and swarmed around the plank huts of Dutch traders. With the savages walked this very priest, their patient drudge until some of them blasphemed, when he sternly and fearlessly denounced the sinners.

Supper was scarcely begun when the Swiss lieutenant came again into the hall and saluted his lady.

"What troubles us, Klussman?" she demanded.

"There is a stranger outside."

"What does he want?"

"Madame, he asks to be admitted to Fort St. John."

"Is he alone? Hath he a suspicious look?"

"No, madame. He bears himself openly, and like a man who is of consequence."

"How many followers has he?"

"A dozen, counting Indians. But all of them he sends back to camp with our Etchemins."

"And well he may. We want no strange followers in the barracks. Have you questioned him? Whence does he come?"

"From Fort Orange, in the New Netherlands, madame."

"He is then Hollandais." Marie turned to Antonia Bronck, and was jarred by her blanching face.

"What is it, Antonia? You have no enemy to follow you into Acadia?"

The flaxen head was shaken for reply.

"But what brings a man from Fort Orange here?"

"There be nearly a hundred men in Fort Orange," whispered Antonia.

"He says," announced the Swiss, "that he is cousin and agent of the seignior they call the patroon, and his name is Van Corlaer."

"Do you know him, Antonia?"

"Yes."

"And is he kindly disposed to you?"

"He was the friend of my husband, Jonas Bronck," trembled Antonia.

"Admit him," said Marie to her lieutenant.

"Alone, madame?"

"With all his followers, if he wills it. And bring him as quickly as you can to this table."

"We need Edelwald to manage these affairs," added the lady of the fort, as her subaltern went out. "The Swiss is faithful, but he has manners as rugged as his mountains."

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

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## UNDERGROUND CHRISTIAN ROME.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the spread of the Christian faith in Rome during the first and second centuries is, that the memory of some leading events is to be found, not in early church annals, or calendars, or "acta martyrum," or itineraries, but in passages written by pagan annalists and historians. Thus, no mention is made in ecclesiastical documents of the two Domitillæ, although one of them, the younger, was known and venerated all over the Christian world in the fourth century, as is certified by S. Jerome. Her name appears for the first time in the so-called Small Roman Martyrology, the author of which collected his information, not from the authentic calendars of the church, but from legends and tra-

ditions. The magnificent discovery made by Commendatore de Rossi, in 1888, of a crypt in which members of one of the noblest Roman houses had been buried, and worshiped as martyrs of the faith, can be illustrated only by a recourse to Roman historians and biographers of the time of Domitian; their names are utterly ignored by the sacred *fasti* which have come down to us. This fact proves that, when the official *feriale*, or calendar, was resumed, after the persecution of Diocletian, preference was given to the names of confessors and martyrs, whose recent deeds were still fresh in the memory of the living; and little attention, necessarily, was paid to those of the first and second centuries, whose acts had not been written, or if written had been lost during the persecutions.

The discovery above alluded to took place in the catacombs of Priscilla, near the second milestone of the Via Salaria (nova), within the inclosure of the Villa Ada, formerly belonging to King Victor Emmanuel, and now to Count Telfener. These catacombs, like all those excavated in the first century, consisted originally of small *hypogæa*, or crypts, independent one of the other, and occupied by a single family, or by a restricted number of families connected by friendly or religious ties. The work of connecting and merging, as it were, the crypts into an extensive underground cemetery by means of a network of galleries was done at a later period, when the only ambition of the faithful seems to have been that of securing a grave as near as possible to the *cubiculum* of one of the great champions of the faith. The task of reconstructing the original plan of the catacombs by investigating the date of the various groups of excavations is a very difficult one, in which Commendatore de Rossi reveals his wonderful knowledge, which may almost be called an intuition.

In exploring that portion of Priscilla's catacombs which is near the (modern) entrance from the Via Salaria, he saw at once that the labyrinth of more recent galleries converged toward an original crypt, shaped like a Greek Γ(*αμμα*), and decorated with fresco paintings of the second century. The desire to find the name and the history of the first occupants of this noble tomb, whose memory seems to have been so dear to the faithful, was strongly roused, and the earth which filled the place was carefully sifted, in the hope of discovering a clue to the mystery, overlooked or disregarded by the first explorers or devastators of the crypt. Commendatore de Rossi's exertions were rewarded by finding a fragment of a marble sarcophagus, on which the following letters were engraved: —

. . . . . ACILIO GLABRIONI
FILIO
. . . . . .

Did this fragment, inscribed with the name of an Acilius Glabrio, son of a personage of the same illustrious name, really pertain to the Γ*αμμα* crypt, or had it been thrown there by mere chance? And, in case of its pertaining to the crypt itself, was it an isolated record, or did it belong to a group of graves of the Acilii Glabriones? A first answer to these queries was given by the recovery of another marble fragment, inscribed as follows: —

M'ACILIVS V . . . .
C . V .
*et* PRISCILLA . C . . .

*Manius Acilius V. . . c*(larissimus) *v*(ir) *et Priscilla c*(larissima femina, or puella). These two personages are well known in the history of the Acilian family, as we shall presently see.

Once on the right track, it was easy for Commendatore de Rossi to collect additional evidence. The three following inscriptions, discovered within or very near the Γ*αμμα* crypt, are en-

graved on marble slabs of an oblong shape, with rims still incrusted with cement; in other words, they are engraved on slabs belonging to the very *loculi* with which the sides of the galleries adjoining the crypt[1] are honeycombed. The first reads as follows:

ΑΚΕΙΛΙΟC ΡΟΥΦΕΙΝΟC
ΖΗCΗC ΕΝ ΘΕΩ

"Acilius Rufinus, may you dwell in God;" which acclamation, corresponding to the Latin *Vivas in Deo*, is characteristic of the Christian epigraphy of the end of the second century, or of the beginning of the third. On the second tombstone mention is made of an Acilius Quintianus and Acilia . . . , parents of an Attalus. The broken name AKEIA*ιος* or AKEIA*ια* appears on the third slab. Besides these, two more fragments of marble coffins have been found: one with the initials M(arcus) ACIL*io* . . . , the other with the name of Claudius Acilius Valerius. The *hypogæum* in which these startling discoveries have taken place seems to have been built or excavated expressly to contain sarcophagi of the largest size, some fragments of which were found still lying scattered on the floor. The walls and ceiling were at first simply whitewashed, or rather plastered with fine white stucco, with plain decorations in fresco colors. At a later period, probably after the peace of Constantine, the niches were profusely ornamented with polychrome mosaics, and the walls inlaid with Oriental marbles. A staircase was also built, to put the hypogæum in direct communication with the ground above. At the southern end of the main gallery an opening was cut through the wall of a cistern, with the purpose of turning it into a chapel. The room is eight metres long, four wide, and contains an altar raised over the coffin of one of the Glabriones. Here, too, we find the same elaborate decorations already seen in the vestibule; that is to say, marble incrustations on the walls, and mosaic paintings on the vault. The altar was flanked by two spiral columns of *giallo antico*.

Except a few fragments of these columns and a few marble crusts, no other relic, either written or sculptured, has been found in this noble sanctuary. That the mediæval Vandals should have laid their hands on the marbles, to burn them into lime or to use them in new constructions, may easily be understood, but the spirit of destruction of the age seems to have driven them to useless and inexcusable pillage. Every cube of the mosaic paintings was wrenched out of its socket, and even the marble coffins, in which the Glabriones had rested in peace for so many centuries, were split and hammered into atoms, so that all hope of reconstructing them has been given up.

The Manii Acilii Glabriones, the eldest branch of the Acilian family,[2] came into notoriety toward the middle of the sixth century of Rome by the exploits of Acilius Glabrio, consul in 563, and conqueror of the Macedonians at the battle of the Thermopylæ. Livy calls him a new man, *homo novus*. Two interesting records of his successful career have come down to us: the Temple of Piety, erected by him on the west side of the *forum olitorium*, and dedicated ten years after the battle of the Thermopylæ; and the pedestal of the equestrian statue of gilt bronze offered to him by his son. The statue was the first of its kind ever seen in Italy, — *prima omnium in Italia*, as Livy says. The remains of the temple have been transformed into a church of S. Nicholas (S. Nicola in carcere); the pedestal of the equestrian statue was discovered by Valadier in 1808, at the foot of the steps of the temple, and buried over again.

The Acilii Glabriones grew rapidly

[1] The crypt contains no loculi; only recesses for marble sarcophagi.

[2] The other branches were distinguished by the surnames of Aviola, Balbus, and Clarus.

to honor, splendor, and wealth, so as to cast into shade families whose origin was far more ancient and historical than theirs. When Pertinax was elected Emperor by the unanimous vote of the senate, he stepped toward Manius Acilius Glabrio, who had been consul for the second time in A. D. 196, took him by the hand, showed him to the imperial throne, and begged the assembly to name him in his place, as the noblest amongst the noble, εὐγενέστατος πάντων εὐπατριδῶν (Herodianus, 2, 3).

Toward the end of the republic we find the Glabriones established on the Pincian hill, where they had built a palace, and laid out gardens which extended at least from the Trinitá dei Monti to the northern end of the Villa Borghese. This fact was ascertained for the first time in 1868, in consequence of the discovery of a marble tablet inscribed with the following dedication: "Tychicus, freedman of (Manius Acilius) Glabrio and intendant (or keeper) of his gardens, has dedicated (this shrine) to Sylvanus." This tablet, found near the Trinitá dei Monti gate, is of delicate workmanship, with edges cut sharply in the shape of a swallow's tail; and, as these edges were found in good condition, it is evident that the tablet must have come to light not far from its original place. Another inscription, found in July, 1742, on the opposite side of the Trinitá dei Monti, proves that the gardens of the Acilian family extended south as far as those of Sallust and Lucullus. The discovery of the tomb of the same family on the borders of the Via Salaria shows that the ground above (in which the remains of a farmhouse — *villa rustica* — have just been excavated) was also their property. It is possible, therefore, that the whole stretch of land which we call Monti Parioli, between the Flaminian and Salarian roads, may have formed one immense estate of the Acilii, embracing within its boundaries the villas Telfener, Borghese, Medici, and the public promenade of the Pincio.

Of the members of the family who obtained a prominent place in the history of the Roman Empire during the first century after Christ, the best known is Manius Acilius Glabrio, consul with Trajan in 91. He was put to death by Domitian in 95, as related by Suetonius in the tenth chapter of the Life of that Emperor. "He caused several senators, even ex-consuls, to be executed, on the charge of their complotting against the empire [*quasi molitores rerum novarum*] ; among these, Civica Cerealis, governor of Asia, Salvidienus Orfitus, and Acilius Glabrio, who had already been banished from Rome."

The expression "*molitores rerum novarum*," used by the biographer, may have a religious as well as a political meaning. In the present case it seems to express both ideas ; that is to say, a political action against Cerealis and Orfitus, who were stanch pagans, and a religious and political one against Glabrio, who is known, from other sources, to have adopted the Christian faith, technically called *nova superstitio* by Suetonius and Tacitus. The additional details concerning Glabrio's fate are given by Dion Cassius, by Juvenal, and by Fronto. We are told by these authors that, during his consulship, A. D. 91, and before his exile, he was compelled by Domitian to fight against a lion and two bears in the amphitheatre adjoining the Emperor's villa at Albanum.[1] This extraordinary event created such an impression in Rome, and its memory lasted so long, that, half a century later, we find it given by Fronto to his

[1] The amphitheatre is still in existence. It was purchased and partially excavated by the Italian government in 1887. It can be visited by applying to the local inspector of antiquities, Cavaliere Mariano Salustri.

imperial pupil Marcus Aurelius as a subject for a rhetorical composition.

Xyphilinus, the abridger of Dion Cassius, relates that in the year 95 some members of the imperial family were condemned by Domitian on the charge of atheism, together with other leading personages who had adopted the "customs and persuasion of the Jews," an expression which means the Christian faith. Now, immediately after this passage, Xyphilinus proceeds to describe how Manius Acilius Glabrio, the ex-consul of 91, had been implicated in the same trial and condemned on the same charge with the others. Among these others he mentions Clemens and Domitilla, who were manifestly Christians. Still, if the testimony of the pagan writer as regards the Christianity of Clemens and Domitilla was confirmed by actual discoveries made in the subterranean cemeteries of the Via Ardeatina, no trace had been left of the conversion of Glabrio and of his family, either in history, tradition, or monuments. The evidence is now at hand, and so comprehensive and powerful that no room is left for a doubt.

A particular of the case, related by Juvenal, confirms indirectly the account of Xyphilinus. He says that, in order to mitigate the wrath of the tyrant and avoid a catastrophe, Acilius Glabrio, after fighting in the amphitheatre, feigned an air of stupidity. In this pretended stupidity, alluded to by the satirist, it is easy to recognize the prejudice so common among the pagans, to whom the retirement from the joys of the world, the contempt of public honors, and the humble behavior of the Christians appeared as *contemptissima inertia*. This is the very phrase used by Suetonius in speaking of Flavius Clemens, murdered by Domitian *ex tenuissima suspicione* of his faith.

Glabrio was put to death in the place to which he had been already banished, the name and situation of which are not known. His noble end helped, without doubt, the propagation of the gospel among his relatives and descendants, as well as among the servants and freedmen of his house. To this humbler class belonged the parents of Attalus, Acilius Quintianus and Acilia . . ., mentioned above. In the direct descent from the martyr are, first: Acilius Glabrio, buried in the first sarcophagus, who is thought to have been the consul of 186, and the husband of Plaria Vera Priscilla, a noble lady from Ostia; secondly, Manius Acilius V(erus) and his sister Acilia Priscilla, son and daughter of the consul of 186; thirdly, Claudius Acilius Valerius, son or grandson of Claudius Acilius Cleoboles, who lived in the first half of the third century; and, lastly, Acilius Rufinus, a descendant of Acilius Rufus, consul in 105 and 106.

All these noble Christians were buried in the Γαμμα crypt; the chapel and its altar tomb seem to have been exclusively consecrated to the memory of the first hero, the consul of 91. The date and the circumstances connected with the translation of his relics from the place of exile to Rome are not known.

There has been a prejudice among modern writers on the history of religion, to the effect that during the first three centuries the gospel spread in Rome only among the lowest classes of society. The theory may be true in a certain sense, but the exceptions to the rule are frequent; for, setting aside the Acilii, of whose conversion I have spoken at length, the annals of the early church boast many names illustrious in social as well as in political or military life. I may mention, in the first place, Flavius Sabinus and his sister Flavia Titiana. Their tombstone, seen and copied by Marangoni in 1741, in the catacombs of Domitilla, was rediscovered in 1875 by Commendatore de Rossi, who thinks the persons named were grandchildren or

descendants of Flavius Sabinus, brother of Vespasian. Sabinus was prefect of Rome during the persecution of the Christians by Nero ; but Tacitus describes him as a gentle man, who hated violence, — *mitem virum abhorrentem a sanguine et cædibus* (Hist. iii. 65, 75). His second son, T. Flavius Clemens, consul A. D. 82, was murdered in 95 for the Christian faith, and Flavia Domitilla, his daughter-in-law, banished for the same cause to the island Pandataria. There is a record of the banishment of another Flavia Domitilla to the island of Pontia, but her genealogy and relationship with the former have not been yet clearly established. The small island where she spent many years in solitary confinement is described by S. Jerome as one of the leading places of pilgrimage in the fourth century of our era.

I may also cite the names of Liberalis, a consul *suffectus* and a martyr, whose remains were buried in one of the catacombs of the Via Salaria; of Urania, daughter of Herodes Atticus, sophist and preceptor of Marcus Aurelius, and of his second wife, Vibullia Alcia. Her epitaph was discovered in 1850 in the catacombs of Prætextatus, which are within or very near the border line of the villa of Herodes, between the Via Appia and the Via Latina.[1]

A difficulty may arise here in the mind of the reader, namely, how was it possible for these magistrates, generals, consuls, to attend to their official duties without performing acts of idolatry? As regards the consulship and other high functions of a Roman magistrate, we may recall the constitution of Septimius Severus and Caracalla, described by Ulpianus, De Officio Proconsulis, l. iii., which opened to the Jews the way to the highest honors, making it optional for them to perform or not such ceremonies as might not be in accordance with the principles of their faith. What was granted to the Jews by law of the empire may also have been granted to the Christians by personal benevolence of the Emperor, especially at a time in which the pagans saw or made no difference between the followers of the Old and those of the New Testament. Eusebius praises the kindness of the Emperors who entrusted the governorship of important provinces to Christians, excusing them from the duty of taking a share in idolatrous performances. Still, we cannot be blind to the fact that, for a Christian nobleman wishing to take part in public life, the position was extremely compromising. Hence very often we see baptism deferred until mature or old age, and strange situations created by mixed marriages, and by the bringing up of children in one or the other persuasion, and even acts of decided apostasy.

A curious monument connected with early Christian life in Rome, and illustrating a much-debated point, — that of mixed marriages, — was discovered in 1877, under the following circumstances: —

The Porta del Popolo was, at that time, flanked by two square towers, built about 1480 by Pope Francesco della Rovere (Sixtus IV.). The municipality of Rome, having decided to open an additional archway on each side of the gate, to improve the conditions of traffic, the consent of the archæological commission was asked for the demolition of the towers, which stood across the way. Consent was willingly given, because Sixtus IV.

[1] The remains of this noble estate cover many hundred acres of the farm of La Caffarella, and the adjoining vineyards, Grandi and Vidaschi. The graceful temple, now called S. Urbano alla Caffarella, was dedicated by Herodes to the memory of his first wife, Annia Regilla, A. D. 175. The *nymphæum*, miscalled of the Ægerian nymph, the cluster of trees called the *bosco sacro*, the porticoes and halls visible in the Vigna Grandi, and the circus of Maxentius are included.

was known to have built them with the spoils of a mausoleum which stood close by, on the site of the modern church of S. Maria dei Miracoli; and there was some probability of recovering a portion of that noble edifice.

The hopes of the commission were fully realized. It was ascertained, by a careful examination of each marble block, that Pope Sixtus had ransacked and put to use not only the mausoleum of S. Maria dei Miracoli, but many other tombs, the remains of which still lined the Flaminian road. One of them belonged to Lucius Nonius Asprenas, consul A. D. 29; another to a wealthy freedman, Numerius Valerius Nicias; a third to Quintus Marcius Turbo, governor of Pannonia, Dacia, and Mauritania, and prefect of the Prætorium under Hadrian; a fourth to Ælius Gutta Calpurnianus, the circus rider, and so forth. The best fragment recovered from the foundations of the towers is a block of travertine belonging to the pedestal of a tomb, and containing four lines of a Latin inscription. This inscription must have been very prolix, and must have occupied a considerable surface on the front of the tomb, not only above and below, but also on each side of the remaining four lines. The shape of the letters and the quality of the stone on which they are engraved made us believe, at first, that we had to deal with a tomb belonging to the pre-Augustan period; but, on a closer examination, the following strange and enigmatic words were read:

(Si quis) ALIQVIT VOLVERIT FACERE IN SE . . . QVOD FILIA MEA INTER FEDELES FIDELIS FVIT INTER AL*ie*NOS PAGANA FVIT QVOD SI QVIS VOL*ue*RIT OSSA MEA VEXARE

These lines contain portions of the *lex monumenti;* that is to say, of the rules and obligations set by the builder and owner of the tomb to provide for its preservation. The meaning of the words is this: "If any one dare to do injury to the structure, or to disturb otherwise the peace of the one who is buried inside, because she (my daughter) has been (or has appeared to be) a pagan among the pagans, and a Christian among the Christians . . ." Here followed the specification of the penalties which the violator of the rules would have incurred.

It was thought, at first, by some learned men, that the curious phrase *quod inter fedeles fidelis fuit inter alienos pagana fuit* had been dictated by the father as a jocose hint to the religious inconsistency of the deceased; but such an explanation can hardly be accepted. Commendatore de Rossi, by recalling what Tertullian has written in connection with mixed marriages, has led us to the true understanding of that singular epitaph.

In his second book, Ad Uxorem, in trying to dissuade Christian girls from contracting marriages with Gentiles, Tertullian describes, with eloquent and grave words, the state of habitual apostasy to which they willingly exposed or submitted themselves, especially when the husband was kept in ignorance as regarded the Christianity of the bride. He mentions the risk they would incur of betraying their religion and their conscience by accompanying their husbands to state and civil ceremonies and celebrations, thus sanctioning by the simple fact of their presence acts of idolatry. In the book De Corona Tertullian concludes his argument with the following words: "These are the reasons why we do not marry infidels, because such marriages lead us back to superstition and idolatry." The same considerations are expressed by other early Christian writers.

Another difficulty against the conscientious practice of the faith has been found in the fact that many adepts, whose names or surnames (*cognomina*) sounded offensive to their new Christian brothers, would have been obliged to change them, thus making public the

secret of their conversion. This difficulty has been investigated by Cannegieter, Fassini, Amati, and De Rossi; and the conclusion arrived at is that the practice of imposing a new and Christian-like name upon the convert, on the occasion of his baptism, seems to have been brought into practice in the third century. Even then, it is a rare case to find names that betray openly the religious persuasion of the initiate. In the early Christian community at Ostia and Portus, by the mouth of the Tiber, we find many Ippolyti, Rufini, and Candidæ, which names, although of no special significance, were dear to the faithful, because they had been borne by the three leading martyrs of the place. The name of John (Johannes) does not appear before the fifth century. Paul is very common, but, being a genuine old Roman cognomen, does not necessarily imply that it was given in recollection of the Apostle. Peter (Petrus) is a decidedly Christian name, and Eusebius says that in his time it was very often given to children; still, it does not appear on the tombstones in the catacombs except under what seem to be special and local circumstances.

One of the most singular monuments connected with this controversy was discovered at Ostia in January, 1867, in a tomb on the Via Severiana, a few steps outside the Porta Laurentina. It is a marble slab, inscribed with the following legend: —

D(*iis*) M(*anibus*). M(arco) ANNEO PAVLO PETRO, M(arcus) ANNEVS PAVLVS FILIO CARISSIMO

(This tomb has been raised by Marcus Anneus Paul to his most beloved son, Marcus Anneus Paul Peter.)

Neither the inscription, nor the tomb itself, nor the neighboring ones on the Via Severiana show any suspicion of Christianity. The invocation "D*iis Manibus*" is a purely pagan one, and appears in Christian epitaphs only as a rare exception to the rule. This being the case, how can we account for the two names, which taken separately give a great probability, taken together give an almost absolute certainty, of having been adopted in remembrance of the two Apostles? One observation may help us to explain the case, — the preference shown to the name of Paul over that of Peter: the former was borne by the father and the son; the latter appears only as a surname given to the son. This fact is not without importance, if we recollect that the two men who show such partiality for the name of Paul belong to the family of Anneus Seneca, the philosopher, whose friendship with the Apostle has been made famous all over the world by a tradition dating at least from the beginning of the fourth century. This friendship between Paul and Seneca is alluded to in many apocryphal documents, such as the acts attributed to Linus, and the twelve letters exchanged by the two friends; which letters, according to S. Jerome and S. Austin, were frequently consulted and quoted, as genuine documents, by their contemporaries. Although these deserve no credence, they prove, at all events, that the tradition so firmly believed must rest on a foundation of truth. In fact, the Apostle was tried and judged in Corinth by the proconsul, Marcus Anneus Gallio, brother of Seneca; in Rome, he was handed over to Afranius Burro, prefect of the Prætorium, and an intimate friend of Seneca, with whom he had shared the ungrateful task of directing the education of Nero. We know, also, that the presence of the Jewish prisoner, and his wonderful eloquence in preaching the new faith, created a profound sensation among the members of the Prætorium and of the imperial household. His case must have been inquired into by the philosopher himself, who happened to be consul suffectus at the time. The announcement of the new theories,

their social, political, and religious bearing, must have roused a deep interest in a mind like Seneca's, so used to the impartial investigation of truth. This explains why, in his moral works, we find, sometimes, phrases and ideas imbued with a strong flavoring of Christianity, and showing a striking analogy with some passages of the Epistles. No wonder that Tertullian calls him *Seneca sæpe noster*, so often one of ours. The discovery of this remarkable tombstone at Ostia, in which the family name of Seneca is so unexpectedly connected with those of Paul and Peter, gives an additional value to the tradition, and proves that the descendants of the philosopher had embraced the Christian faith.[1]

The catacombs of Priscilla contain other records associated with the first announcement of the gospel in Rome. Five names are mentioned in connection with the visit of the two Apostles to the capital of the empire, and two houses are pointed out as those in which they found hospitality and were able to preach the gospel. One of the houses, belonging to Pudens and his daughters Pudentiana and Praxedes, stood halfway up the Vicus Patricius (Via del Bambin Gesú), on the south slope of the Viminal; the other, belonging to Aquila and Prisca (or Priscilla), stood on the spur of the Aventine, which overlooks the Circus Maximus. Both of these have been represented through the course of centuries, and are represented now, by a church which bears the name of the first owner, *titulus Pudentis* and *titulus Priscæ*. Christian archæologists have tried to find out the genealogy of Pudens, the friend of the Apostles; but, although it seems probable that he belonged to the noble race of the Cornelii Æmilii, the fact has not been yet clearly established. Not less uncertain are the origin and social condition of Aquila and his wife Prisca, whose names appear both in the Acts and in the Epistles. We know from these sacred documents that, in consequence of the decree issued by the Emperor Claudius against the Jews, they were obliged to leave Rome for a while, and that, on their return, they were able to open a small oratory (*ecclesiam domesticam*) in their own house. This oratory, one of the very first opened in Rome for divine worship, sanctified, according to all probability, by the presence of the prince of the Apostles, — these walls, which have echoed with the sound of his voice, were discovered in 1776, close to the modern church; but no attention whatever seems to have been paid to the find, in spite of its unrivaled importance. The only record left regarding it is a scrap of paper, in Codex 9697 of the National Library in Paris, in which a man named Carrara speaks of having found a subterranean chapel by S. Prisca, with paintings of the fourth century representing the Apostles. A copy of these frescoes appears to have been made, but no trace of it has yet been found. I cannot understand how, in an age like ours, in which archæological, historical, and religious research are so energetically pursued, the rediscovery of this unique oratory has not been attempted.

In the same excavations of 1776 a bronze tablet was found, offered to Gaius Marius Pudens Cornelianus by the inhabitants of the district of Clunia (near Palencia, Spain), as a token of gratitude for the services which he had rendered them during his governorship. This tablet, dated April 9, A. D. 222, shows that the house owned by Aquila and Prisca in apostolic times had, later on, passed into the hands of a Cornelius Pudens;[2] in other words,

[1] The connection between S. Paul and Seneca will be examined at length in a paper in the August Atlantic. — Ed.

[2] According to the rules of classic nomenclature, this patrician must have been named originally Cornelius Pudens. He became

that the connection formed between the two families during the sojourn of the Apostles in Rome had been faithfully kept up by their descendants. One thing is certain: that Pudens, Pudentiana, Praxedes, and Prisca were all buried in the same cemetery on the Via Salaria, the recent excavation of which has revealed to us, for the first time, the secret of the Christianity of the Acilii Glabriones, the noblest among the noble in ancient Rome.[1]

*Rodolfo Lanciani.*

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## THE OLD ROME AND THE NEW.

THERE is something in the fascination of Rome that escapes my power of analysis. A generation has passed, and a second is on its way, since I first came under its witchery; everything is changed in it that can be changed in a city; what can be done to break the antique charm has been done, as if in malice, — mutilation, renovation, desecration: and still it keeps the charm, like a masterpiece of Greek sculpture which has gone through the hands of barbarians, and come out shattered, maimed, and so defaced that only the eye of an artist can see what the artist meant by it. It is not its history nor its topography, neither its architecture nor its art, that makes it what it is: something of all these, perhaps, but beyond these something that defies definition, — a kind of spiritual polarity which made it from the beginning the point to which whatever there was of aspiration in the Old World turned, and, long before the first wall was built on either Aventine or Palatine, determined its history fatally; and that, time after time when an enemy had broken its strength and subjected its people, brought the remnant back to renew the struggle against time, and make the declaration of eternity, "Urbs Eterna." It is not by many the oldest imperial site, and it has absorbed cities centuries older than itself, and which were probably such when the Ager Romanus was being formed by the eruptions of the Alban volcanoes. For Rome is built on some of the newest land on the earth, and Father Tiber once found the sea at the northern edge of the plain. The wandering tribes of Latin shepherds who built their huts on the Aventine probably came down from their Sabine hills as soon as the cinders turned to soil, and goats found browsing and sheep grazing; and ever since men have obeyed this unique attraction.

In Hellas humanity found the expression of the virtues and qualities, weak and strong, of its youth: art, poetry, the perception of the beautiful, the first maturing of philosophic intuition, the harmony and the inspiration of a happy, healthy intellectual life, over which no shadow of oppression, spiritual or political, had come, — the perfect perception of the beautiful and the ideal which is the visible form of the spiritually true; and with these the defects of youth, this precocious humanity which was never to

Marius Pudens Cornelianus by adoption into the Marian family.

[1] The Anician family, not less noble and proud than the Acilii Glabriones, inherited their fortune, estates, and name toward the end of the fourth century. If it be true that the Frangipani were the direct descendants of the Anicii, and indirectly of the Acilii, we can say that their last representative disappeared from the ranks not many years ago. His name was Baron Transmondo, — a name given to one of the branches of the Frangipani family after their return from the Crusades.

know a manhood, but which would never again be rivaled as youth. In Rome humanity "came of age," as we say of the youth of twenty-one; judgment and power and common sense, the strong hand of empery, the fixed determination of him who has found his vocation, — namely, to rule the world, — came to it. Here the civic virtues set up their school; heroism of the sterner vein, law, which brought the sacrifice of the impulse to principle and the individual to the state, and so evolved civilization and empire. What the Greek was in his bloom-time he remains, less the virtues which belong to youth, plus the vices of decay. So the Roman ran through the flush of manhood to its decline; youth he never had, and a serene and sublime old age he did not reach, but the manhood was long and tenacious, dying finally by the vices of manhood as the Greek by the vices of youth, yet dying hard and late. It was as if the Roman character were exhaled from the soil, and inhaled from birth a dogged vitality like that of some of the lower organisms, foreign to all ideality but that of the Civis Romanus; producing at no epoch the finer fruits of the human nature; borrowing its religion from Etruria, Greece, Egypt, Jerusalem, or Constantinople, its art from Athens or Tuscany; no great artist or poet ever to this day coming to the surface from the depths of that state-incrusted existence. All that was finest the Roman had to borrow, but he borrowed it as he learned to use it. Only one thing Rome created for humanity as Greece had created art, — the organization of the *res publica* and law, which is its logarithm.

But why Rome should have fallen where it did is to me inexplicable. Climb the Capitol tower, and you see below you a group of insignificant elevations in the midst of a wide plain, bounded on two sides by ranges of limestone hills, the nurseries of the Volscian, Hernican, Sabine, Umbrian, and Etruscan powers; and on the other two the plain melts into the sea, some fifteen miles away. It is neither a sea site nor a hill site, this group of little hillocks, which the ancients called their seven *montes* and we call the "seven hills." Nor, puzzling my brains for years, have I ever been able to understand why, from physical causes, Rome should have been Rome, and Athens only Athens. I used to think, when reading the Æneid at school, that Æneas was a fiction of Roman vanity, envious of the demigod founders of other states; but, divested of some of the purely mythological elements, the Trojan migration to Latium is shown, by the most recent archæological discoveries, to have some possible foundation in fact. To get at it, however, we must first understand that the Trojans were a race of the same stock as the Greeks, and that the feud which ended in a struggle that is known, or symbolized, as the siege of Troy was really the first recorded of the rivalries by which the Greeks committed racial suicide, not a war between Asia and Europe. The more I study the evidences of authenticity in the ancient traditions, even those which are so mingled with theistic mythology that we have generally considered them as inexplicable fable, the more I am convinced that usually these traditions contain a solid basis of historical fact. Through the series relating to the Greek and Italian civilizations there runs a thread indicating an extremely early community, and that the movement began in Italy and went eastward to Asia Minor, returning later through Greece to Italy. Of this movement, known in all the early traditions as Pelasgic, the Greek and Trojan agglomerations were coeval results. Amongst the traditions bearing directly on the Pelasgic origin of Troy is one recorded by Virgil, who says that Dardanus came from Italy. He is supposed to have gone from Cortona, which was the stronghold and latest refuge of the

Pelasgi, so far as we know, and we have the tradition of the building of the first walls of Troy by Hercules and Neptune, who were distinctly Pelasgic gods, of the stock of Saturn, whose realm was Italy. The worship of Athena, the patroness of Troy, and the protection offered by Juno, the patroness of the Argives, the heirs and descendants of the wall-building Pelasgi in the Peloponnesus, a protection so warm as to cool her friendship for the Argives themselves, are further arguments for the identity of the races; and the subsequent migrations of Trojans and Greeks together to Italy and Sicily bring us almost to historical tradition. Segestæ was settled by a band of Greeks with a Trojan leader, and the earliest traditions of Trojan movements mention the presence of Greeks. Virgil represents the settlement in the Tiber region of Æneas and his clan, while we have the corresponding tradition that Falerii was founded by a colony from Argos, who built there a copy of the great temple of Hera in the Argolid. The recent excavations on the site of that city show that though for centuries considered Etruscan, and really included in the Etruscan league against Rome, Falerii was never Etruscan, but for centuries preserved its Greek character, becoming Italicized only about the period of the great Roman movement northward, not far from the time when Veii came under the rule of Rome.

The systematic excavations now making in the country about Rome have had for one surprising result, besides showing that the Greek individuality of Falerii was preserved till the Roman conquest, the indication that the influence of the Greek colonization of that city, or something accompanying it, extended over the entire region, traces of the same arts being found at Antemnæ, Lanuvium, Alatri, and Veii. This does not apply to the ordinary art of Etruria, which was derived from the Greek, but took on a color of Etruscan temperament in its development; for this Faliscan art is quite distinct in all its forms from anything Etruscan, and it maintains the type of the period just prior to the Roman dominion. The Faliscan finds, now in the new Roman museum of the Villa Julia, give us the history of that city from the earliest period of Italic civilization to the destruction by the Romans. The first pages of this record tell the universal story of all the Italic tribes from the southern shores to the Apennines, — a common civilization extending back to an epoch of immense antiquity, which the students of it think they can carry back beyond fifteen centuries B. C. The distinctive Greek contributions in the stratification of the deposits begin not later than the eighth century B. C., Attic pottery being found in the tombs, but of an extremely archaic type; and the evidence grows stronger till the sixth century, when the pottery is very largely of well-known Attic types, and, though always accompanied by home-made ware of a rude character, finally reaches the highest attainment of Greek ceramics. The tombs also give evidence of great riches and intimate commerce with Greece, the vases found bearing names of Attic painters. During the sixth and fifth centuries the Attic influence is supreme; with the fourth a change takes place, and the imported work appears no longer, but in its place a Faliscan art, which is in some cases of extreme beauty, though it is the beauty of the decay of art, which continues till the time of the destruction. The fragments of the statuary found in the temples are of a pure Greek art, and though of terra cotta as fine as anything of the fourth and third centuries discovered in Greece. The inscriptions which appear in the fourth century are in Latin, archaic but distinctly Latin, and one vase, which is an excellent copy of Greek work, bears the names of the Olympian deities in the Greek characters of the time, but in Latin, — "Minerva" for

"Athena," "Cupido" for "Eros," and "Zeus Pater" for "Zeus." The Italicization has become complete. The beginning of this change, and the severance from Greece and the loss of Greek commerce must have taken place about the time of the capture of Veii by the Romans.

The slight researches in the Ager Veientinus have given similar objects; and as we know that the patroness of Veii was Juno, shown by the legend of the taking of the city and the removal of the image of that goddess to the Aventine, we may expect that in the future systematic excavations we shall find the same evidences of the affinity of that city with Falerii which we find both nearer and farther away. Thus, the revelations of archæology confirm the Virgilian tradition, and that other which states that before Rome there was an Hellenic influence imposed on the development of the Tiber valley, and that, under the hypothesis that the Trojan and Greek were of the same stock, it may literally be true that a Trojan chief led a band of emigrants to the Latin shores; but the tradition of the foundation of Alba Longa, like that of every other foundation by the Greek migrations, must be taken as meaning that the emigrants occupied a city already in existence, and apparently united with the former population. When the same kind of researches which have been so productive at Falerii shall have been carried out at Ardea, Lavinium, and Laurentum, localities particularly identified with the traditions of the Æneid, and at which no excavations have been made, we shall know more about the general character and local variations of the so-called Trojan migration; but we know already there is the highest probability that they were all under the same influences, and that the line of demarkation of the region so influenced was somewhat to the north of Falerii, beyond which the immigration imposing itself on the original Italic element was Etruscan, no evidence of which is found in Falerii or in the Latin towns; and as on both sides of this line appears the evidence of the earlier uniform Italic civilization, we have the right to assume that the Hellenic and Etruscan immigrations were so nearly coincident that the one excluded the other, and that they were both superposed on an uniform Italic population, which here we call Latin. Of this mingled stock, on the south the central point of gathering became Rome, and on the north Clusium.

From that time forward Rome has been the most powerful centre of attraction on the surface of the earth, first to the Old World, and later to the New. Even to-day, wreck as it is of its old glory, it is more peculiarly the "city of the soul" than any other that we visit. Account for it as we will, each in his own way, it is to me unaccounted for by any evident reason; neither the republic, nor the empire, nor the church can explain it, but rather this mysterious attraction explains them. When I first came to Rome there was a curious phenomenon which struck me, — the gathering together of peasants from the outlying villages, on festal days, at certain localities where there was no visible attraction, neither wine shop nor lottery office, and not even an open place for the gathering, but a narrow street and a narrower sidewalk. One of these spots, which I was in the habit of passing, I found, by reference to the map of the ancient city, to be in the old forum of Nerva; and the only solution of the problem that appears to me is that, in a remote epoch, this had been the marketing place of the ancestors of these peasants, who, by the unintelligent, hereditary habit, always gathered there to hear the news and meet their gossips or clients. Rome was then full of such survivals of ancient customs, some of which continue, as may be seen in the Piazza Montanara, where the agricultural labor-

ers still go in their picturesque costumes to make their engagements with the *padroni*.

In those days the Pope was king; life was cast in the mediæval mould; all progress was an offense, not only to the custom of the place, but to the fitness of it, and the new-comer had hardly ceased to be new when he became conservative and citizen of this imperial Lotophagitis. Existence was a dream, and almost as cheap as one; there was no daily paper to harry our serenity, or thrust the daily disaster of a distant and indifferent community on our tranquillity; we learned of most events when they had ceased to be startling. After the church, art was the theme of most thought, and the artist was the most important being after the priest. Roman life had its tides, — springtide at Christmas and Easter, and dead ebb at midsummer, — but there was never any bustle or fever of business; there was no growth; there were no new houses; there were no blocking the streets with building material, no laying of drains or disturbance of the soil, no enterprise, and no new trades. The head of the great hospital of S. Spirito was one of my friends, and in conjunction with him and two or three capitalists I organized a syndicate to supply the hospitals and city with American ice at the price, delivered at Civita Vecchia, of the snow, which was otherwise the only resource, delivered at the pits on the Alban hills, where it was stored for summer use. But the offer was refused; it would have disturbed the vested rights of the snow-harvesters. The sick in the hospitals had been so served for hundreds of years, and might be still. Every innovation was resisted as of the devil and the possible horse of Troy for stealthy invasion. Rome had so maintained its position for the centuries of the papal rule; why change?

Outside this compact, gray, silent city, in which the picturesqueness of the *ensemble* was so in contradiction to the stiffness and general ugliness of the details, was a cordon of gardens and vineyards overlying ancient villa sites, abounding in the most interesting material; ruins in an almost infinite variety in their pathetic abandon to the dissolving influences of nature, — baths, tombs, temples, theatres, palaces, aqueducts; and outside them, and the most picturesque of all, the old Aurelian wall, which meandered across highway and through villa grounds, a simulacrum of defense, but a most eloquent record of dead empire, marking the recession of its inhabited region; then, beyond the debatable ground between occupation and desolation, came the Campagna. The Campagna of Rome has become the commonplace of poet and orator when they have to deal with fallen grandeur, but no poet or orator, unless he were a painter, ever saw more than a fraction of its beauty; few even of the landscape painters have seen it all. There were, in those years, some who passed day after day in the hunt for subjects; painting till the twilight came on; hurrying in to pass the gates before they closed for the night, reckless of the chill and the night-mists which even in midsummer follow the day, content to run the risks of malaria if so they might catch the intoxicating impressions of that unique and supreme nightfall, with its tremulous purple sky behind the purpler Alban hills at the east, and its mellow gold at the west; blinding the eyes more by the expanse of its glow than its brilliancy, more by the deep intensity of its light than by glare, by that luminous depth which is more the quality of the Italian atmosphere than the intensity of its blue, or the variety of intense color on the clouds. He who lived amidst this in the young enthusiasm of art and beautiful nature will remember the Campagna as he will remember no other landscape on earth; it is like a phrase of the noblest poetry, ineffaceable from

its unapproachable simplicity. In those days, the joyous fraternity of the brush were to be seen on every road that led into the Campagna, at almost every season of the year. Down the Tiber, even within the city walls, pictures made to hand met the eye at every turn of the river; one found Claude and Turner wherever one went.

That phase of Rome is gone forever, — gone as surely as the simplicity and stern morality of the republic, the splendor of the empire, or the moral authority of the papal rule. Rome can no more be the home of art again than it can be the seat of universal empire or the patrimony of S. Peter. What has come is not so clear. The Romans of to-day have none of the distinctive virtues of either preceding epoch, except military courage, which the Italians have never lacked, though they have not always been fortunate in the employment of it. Taste was never a characteristic of Rome at any age, but in the great days the Romans built well. This cannot be said now, and all that is most modern is most execrable; all that is oldest is most execrated and profaned. The new barbarians who, in the present dispensation, swoop down from cisalpine Gaul, reared in the civic ideals of Genoa and Turin, have no sympathy with the monumental records of Rome, and no conception of anything to replace them. The Rome of 1870 was dirty, but dignified; inconvenient for people with modern tastes, but most comfortable for those who had adapted themselves to its mediæval ways. The Rome of 1890 is comfortable for nobody; the acres of new palaces that were to be are mainly huge, ugly tenement houses, stuccoed flimsies, abhorrent without and inhospitable within, — a tasteless waste, where the highest virtue is fragility and the noblest destiny demolition. Of the delightful gardens which used to exist within the circuit of the wall of Aurelianus, the only considerable fragment remaining is that of the English Embassy; and that too had been marked out in building lots, and has been saved only by the protest of her Majesty's government backed by the Times and the Italian archæological authorities. The famous Ludovisi gardens, the pride of papal Rome, and amongst the most beautiful in Europe, have been built over, and the vengeful lover of Old Rome sees with a malignant satisfaction the long rows of untenanted windows of the huge apartment houses of the quarter, over whose portals, newest in stucco and whitewash, he reads the last remnant of the language of the Romans, "Est locanda." The Ludovisi gardens were offered to the municipality for $600,000, and refused, while it spent $740,000 in the purchase and demolition of a single palace on the Corso, to make a vacant space less than the hundredth part of the gardens. The transformation of Rome during the past twenty years is unique in the history of civilization for barbarism, extravagance, and corruption; never since the world began was so much money spent to do so much evil.

But Rome survives it, as it has survived the wrecking of the Goths, the Vandals, the Constable de Bourbon; survives even the Barbari and the Barberini. The Campagna still undulates into distance, if somewhat encroached on near the walls, and the arches of the Claudian aqueduct still measure off the space with their gigantic stride; the Appian Way is not made a modern cemetery, and there is left material for the artist who has the courage to return; Aricia, Nemi, Tivoli, and the far-off Olevano remain unchanged. The papal city has been comparatively little altered by the expropriations except along the Tiber, and nobody need go to the new quarter who does not choose so to do. Life is dear, too dear for the cosmopolitan artist folk who used to make one of the principal attractions of the city to westerners, and with very few nota-

ble exceptions they are succeeded by modern Italians, of whose art little is to be said. There is old Giovanni Costa, like Titian, outliving the school of poetic landscape, and generously teaching its traditions to such as will learn them; the Academy of France is still presided over by the veteran Hébert, the last of the school of healthy religious thought in painting, — that to which services were not enough, and who were more troubled as to what they should paint than how they should paint it: but neither the one nor the other has much influence on the younger men. There is still the Café Greco where it was in the day of Salvator Rosa, but men go to it only as to a reliquary, to see the place where once all the artists of Rome used to meet along with poets and the minor brood of the Muses, and it is hardly known to the general visitor. Details disappear, and the eternal city looms above them like Mont Blanc over the little intervening hills when seen from a distance, or like S. Peter's from the Campagna, and will do so when the present system is in ruins and ivy grows over the new quarter. All these crudities will disappear; this pinchbeck Paris is only another illusion which time will dissipate, and Rome will be again what it has always been from its republican days, even though the new republic comes and the papacy departs, a centre of attraction to a spiritual cosmopolitan population, never a centre of trade or business; and the people who know it are not those who are born in it, but those who are born to it and its liberties of thought.

In the cosmopolitan sense, it was a great misfortune that Rome became the capital of Italy, but it was fated. The same attraction that drew the Greek, the Sabine, the Gaul and the Carlovingian, the Etruscan Pontifex Maximus and S. Paul, has brought the Garibaldian and the house of Savoy. But, after all, the interference with the true enjoyment of Rome by the real citizen is not great or material. It will be a place of pilgrimage to the Catholic when the Pope has gone, if he ever goes; the historian, the archæologist, the poet, and the artist will always be its citizens, though holding no allegiance to pope or king, subject neither to taxation nor conscription, and though disinterested in its real estate. He owns it who feels its spiritual (not ecclesiastical) attraction. To him there is no city on the earth which can content him after it. He may live in New York or London, Venice or Naples, but will always be more or less a stranger there, and be ready to go back to Rome. The new civilization, while it has done much to disfigure and degrade the city, has also done much to improve it: made it cleaner and healthier, expelled the highway robbers from the streets and the brigands from the Campagna, — matters of less importance to the true Roman than to the prosperous man of business, but to none indifferent. Life is dearer than it used to be, but the rate of insurance on it is lower and the ratio of the doctor's bill less, and the cost is not prohibitory to the man of small means. He who lives in his own house in Mayfair or Fifth Avenue is content in Rome with a small apartment in a crooked street, and on the third or fourth story, and does not so stand on state but that he has his dinner in from the nearest cook-shop and his wine by the flask; has one servant instead of three where he used to be on his social dignity; uses cabs, and thinks it no derogation not to keep a carriage, and so lives on the rent of his house in Mayfair. There are still quarters to be found in the old palaces in the papal city, but for people accustomed to fires there is sometimes a difficulty in keeping warm; for the Italians have a superstition about fires, and so it happens that instead of the cheerful grate one has to be content with a stove, whose pipe may go out at the window in one or two of the chambers, and be dependent on the

rarely absent sun for the rest. The fuel is dear, but then little is wanted, and there are few days when one cannot enjoy the outdoors and the sunshine.

Society there is none. The Romans are not a hospitable people, but one does not come to be with them. They are much divided into cliques and classes, and the great families content themselves in general with one great ball each year; very exclusive, and, if I may judge by hearsay of the foreigners who now and then attend, very dull. With two or three exceptions, the high nobility of Rome are as much of the Middle Ages as the old churches, and to the spiritual Roman they are mere shadows; we walk through and past them, and know not they are there. As a general thing, foreign society is organized apart. The old Roman aristocracy is divided into Blacks and Whites, Pope or King, and the two sections never mingle; the embassies from the same government to the Vatican and the Quirinal have no relations with each other, and the Blacks are not in the books of the embassies to the King, or the Whites invited to the receptions of those to the Pope. If the newcomer will see the world and can, he must choose under which color he will take it, but in any case he will not find what in western lands is known as hospitality.

One of the most prominent English statesmen said to me one day, in Rome, that the life of public men was getting to be so laborious in the new political conditions in England that it would soon be a necessity to take refuge abroad from the constant demands of one's constituents, and that Italy, as the only available place of rest and refuge, would be more and more resorted to by them. Switzerland was useful only for a portion of the year; France was not far enough or restful enough; and so it must happen that Italy would become, to an increasing extent, the refuge of overworked statesmen. And of Italian cities, there is no question of the greater availability of Rome over all others. Florence is more interesting in the art of the Middle Ages; Venice holds the palm for its picturesqueness in the spring and early summer, but its winters are bleak and cheerless; Naples draws more from its surroundings, Sorrento and Capri, than it offers in itself; but Rome contains all that is most interesting in Italy. The superstition as to its sanitary condition is the bugbear which most militates against it. This runs back into the dark ages, but is unjustified by any statistics to which I can get access. In a residence of nearly a dozen years in the aggregate, and extending over a period of nearly thirty, I have never had in my family a single serious illness or a case of typhoid or malaria, and in my personal acquaintance I have never known half a dozen cases of intermittent or malarial fever, and not one of any gravity; while in a residence of five years in Florence we had eight cases of typhoid amongst six persons. I have repeatedly stayed in Rome through the entire summer without any discomfort or inconvenience, and the late English ambassador, Lord Saville, was accustomed to spend his summers at the Embassy, saying that he found no place so comfortable as Rome. I have never met with a case of the so-called pernicious fever, and the physicians whom I know, and who attend foreigners mostly, bear a like testimony. Dr. Drummond, who has practiced here for years, says that he never saw a case. The instances of malarial fever I have known were similar to the intermittents of our own country, — annoying, but not dangerous. The statistics of the Italian sanitary department are drawn up with the greatest care and exactitude, and for the purpose of improving the sanitary condition of the country, therefore with no reference to publication or to foreign opinion; and I have before me those of the deaths by malarial fevers for the commune of

Rome, including the Campagna and the outlying towns and villages, Ostia and its marshes, to the sea, with all the malarial districts in the Ager Romanus; the division of the city from these being impracticable, as the peasants all come to the Roman hospitals for treatment. In these returns, out of a population of over 500,000, the total of deaths by malarial fevers was, in 1890, 308. The amelioration of the condition of public health under the Italian government can be judged from the diminution in the deaths, which has been from 650 in 1881, gradually and regularly, to 308 in the past year. With a system of thermal establishments such as the ancient Romans had, the deaths by malarial fevers would be still less; for there is no agency more effective in extirpating malaria than the vapor bath, yet there is not a tolerable hot bath in Rome.

I am in continual receipt of letters asking if it is safe to come to Rome as early as October, or if it is safe to stay as late as May; and not unfrequently I meet people who think that the visit at any season is dangerous to life! Nothing is so invincible as superstition. If we leave Rome at all for the summer, it is only about the first of August, and we return by the end of September; not one tenth of the population leaves, and the death-rate is lower in summer than in winter. From the first of November till the August rains begin to fall, the worst parts of the Campagna may safely be visited, if the sunset hours are avoided, and even in the intervening months the midday is free from danger; but from the first rains of August to the time of the setting in of frost, it is not wise to be in most parts of the Campagna toward sunset, though there are sections in which it is not safe to go to sleep at night in any season. The whole question of malaria in Italy is one of exaggerated importance. I have traveled in the worst parts of the Maremme, which are regarded as deadly and the most malarial of Italy, as late as the latter half of June, and have found the harvesters at work in gangs, and very few cases of fever anywhere; while at Grosseto, the capital of the Maremme, which the guidebooks tell us is abandoned by the inhabitants on the first of May, I found the entire population on the ramparts listening to the band till late into the evening, and none had as yet gone to the hills, which they do only to a limited extent the first of July. I had an introduction to one family, the mother of which, at the age of sixty, whose life had always been passed in Grosseto, had never known what intermittent fever was. I know of no district of Italy in which it is not practicable to travel ten months out of the twelve, if one takes the precautions not to sleep in a malarial locality, or drink water that is not known to be pure.

Typhoids are common in all great cities, but in Rome less so than in most cities of its size; and the returns to the sanitary authorities are a proof that their frequency is diminishing in proportion as the rigorous regulations are effective and evasion is prevented. The water supply of Rome is probably the best as to purity and the most abundant in quantity of any furnished to great cities. Typhoid very rarely occurs among the inhabitants of the better class except from drinking water at some wayside or temporarily infected spring. The main supply by the Acqua Marcia is secure against corruption, and is everywhere accessible, so that no house need be without it. In the month of November, 1890, not a single case of typhoid was reported in all Rome. The sanitary laws are inflexible, and the tenant of a neglected house has always the remedy in his own hands. I have no hesitation in saying that a person in moderate circumstances, able to choose his quarters, can pass the months between September and July in Rome under as favorable conditions of health and com-

fort as in any city in Europe; and with less precautions against the heat than in Boston one must take against the cold, he may pass the entire year.

In summer, too, we have excellent seaside resorts, — Anzio and Palo, and our hill country at Albano, Aricia, Nemi, Frascati, and the other *castelli;* and if there were a little enterprise in Italy, we should have summer resorts in the Abruzzi delightful in their sanitary and picturesque features, but this remains for future generations. Now a civilized man can hardly pass a day in any of the mountain villages or towns; filthy they are beyond exaggeration. It is enough to insist on the advantages of Rome as a winter station, and as the fittest city of winter refuge for the exhausted and disabled, *hors de combat*, in the battle of life, to whom political affinities are immaterial; for the refugees from the nervous pressure of America, the social, political, and business burdens of England; from the immitigable boredom of German life, as well as the glittering superficiality of Parisian: all such may meet here on the neutral ground of traditions, memories, and associations that antedate all our national divisions, and even all existing nationalities. Quod est in votis.

*W. J. Stillman.*

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## PLANTATION LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

THE plantation that I know best lies in the heart of the cypress forest on the Black River. You may find the Black River (if you look for it on the larger maps of Arkansas; it has not sufficient rank to be named on the small maps) in the northeastern part of the State, a sinuous, evasive thread of a stream, that doubles on its track and twists and curves until it reaches the White River (which is large enough for all the maps), and so the Mississippi. There you have the route by which our cotton sails to Memphis.

The scene from my window, as I write, is like that to be seen, this February morning, on hundreds of Arkansas plantations. Willow-shaded river, where bare twigs already show the dull red blur that is the first harbinger of the forest pageantry of spring; a wide plain greening under the February sun; fields with mouse-colored fences and freshly turned black furrows; away in the distance, negroes and mules ploughing; down the lane, a belated cotton wagon crawling to the gin, a few cows among the trees, a black pig here and there rooting under the fences, and a dozen horses, with ragged saddles, tied to the "hitching-bar" under the great willow oak in front of the store; whitewashed houses in the fields; a big white store by the riverside; further down the bank, a big black mill; and everywhere the horizon blocked by the cypress wall, — this is a typical Arkansas landscape.

Not so typical, rather due to the planter's original scheme of color (and something to the accident of paints in stock), are the trig little blue, pink, and yellow houses scattered among the whitewashed cabins and farmhouses of an earlier day. For all their gay tints, they are as much less picturesque than their shabby comrades as they are more comfortable.

Ours, in a humble degree, is a historic plantation; it dates back to the old Spanish and French days, when Arkansas was the wild north of Louisiana. The old willow oak, that for at least a hundred years must have spread its giant limbs and expanded its huge trunk unhampered, may have sheltered gay French adventurers or solemn Span-

iards. Certainly the Spaniards passed us, if they did not land, since one corner of the plantation abuts a tract known as the "Spanish grant." It is in shape a quadrangle, with one side gnawed away by the river. The Spaniards came up the river in their pirogues, and, not taking the trouble to survey the land, or having no instruments with them, marked out the space they wanted from tree to tree. The original grant was kept in our safe for a long time: a queer old yellow parchment, sealed with the arms of Spain.

The Frenchmen came, too. A colony of them settled on land adjoining ours, and their descendants still own the property. A few of the settlers were cadets of noble families who had strayed to the New World, and names of gallants who danced and sparkled at the court of Louis le Grand are borne by ragged farmers whose single pair of stockings will be worn out tramping at the ploughtail or guiding the cotton planter.

At this period the plantation was a dense cane brake, full of bears and deer. Later, it was settled in spots by hardy backwoodsmen from North Carolina and Tennessee. From them, but principally from the United States government, the first planter acquired his title. He brought a troop of slaves; built the mill, the store, and the older houses; and maintained for years a rude and patriarchal pomp. His great house, adorning the knoll behind the cedars, was framed, not of any native wood, the gum or cypress or oak, but of pine that was rowed to him on the water highway, every board of which was dressed by hand. Not to slight his own forests too much, his fences were made of black walnut, sacrificing I know not how many noble trees.

The house faced the river, and, with its well-houses, ice-house, smoke-house, store-house, and all the medley of servants' quarters, reared an imposing front.

> "In that mansion used to be
> Free-hearted Hospitality;
> His great fires up the chimney roared;
> The stranger feasted at his board."

Before the house glowed a garden that was the wonder of the countryside, a brilliant fairyland of gorgeous exotics, and beds of native flowers laid out in the formal geometric shapes that our grandmothers loved. Shelley's wonderful garden could not look fairer than this must have looked to the inexperienced eyes of those who drifted past it on the boats and rafts. Also,

> "There was a Power in this sweet place,
> An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace."

Whether poor Mattie R——'s charms would make any further quotation apposite one dare not decide, at this distance. She cherished flowers; she painted in oils; and half the young men of the county were in love with her. She is dead, now; dead, too, are her husband and children; and, long ago, her father, who had seen his other children fade and die, hid all earthly disappointments in the dark. Strangers rule the beautiful acres that he dreamed would descend to his children's children. The very house that he built caught fire one night, and burned to the ground. Not a brick of the huge chimney, not a shrub of the garden once so fondly tended, remains to appeal to the imagination in behalf of that vanished, half-barbaric state.

Some of the pious will have it that Colonel R——'s bereavements were a judgment because he was an infidel, a character of rare atrocity in those days, far more shocking to Arkansas morality than a murderer. Murderers, indeed, there were in plenty, right hand and left, but Colonel R—— was the first avowed atheist that any of his neighbors had ever seen. They used to tell in awed whispers of his godless library and his wicked eloquence defending his tenets, and how he raved when his favorite son was converted to Christianity, at college.

During the war the old pagan fared better than his neighbors. Back of the house was a dense thicket, where he hid his valuables, — silver, meat, and salt from the Federals, and cotton from the Confederates. This was at the time of Shelby's order to burn all the cotton, lest it fall into the hands of the Federals. Never was a bitterer secessionist than Colonel R——; but, assured that the Southern hopes were dead, he had no mind to waste his good cotton on a funeral pyre.

Tradition asserts that he buried large sums of money, in bright gold pieces, a treasure that his sudden death prevented his removing; and many a gold hunter has vainly digged the earth in every direction about the site of the old house.

The war has left other traces in the legends. Both armies marched down the river, on one bank or the other. But the tragedies of the war come from the free-lance warriors, the guerrillas or graybacks, who, whatever their titles and pretenses, were in reality mere outlaws, hunted down by both armies. There is no occasion to compassionate them; robbery, murder, torture, blasted their track through the valley. Across the river is a lonesome little cypress brake, where a few chimney bricks still recall how the guerrillas murdered a whole family for their scanty hoard of greenbacks, and burned their bones under their home.

Cruelty sometimes took ghastly, mediæval shapes. The outlaws tormented men by fire, pouring hot coals down their backs or slowly roasting them; twice they pulled out a man's nails; innumerable times they flogged people cruelly; while the worst of their deviltry cannot be described. The natural result was that they were hunted down and exterminated like wolves.

Do we come to blood-stained legends, there is an endless store, for the passions had free play during the turbulent years after the war. From every window in the house you can see spots where men have been killed. The trampled green in front of the store has been the arena of a dozen fights. Wherever you drive along the country roads, you pass the scene of violent death. I remember the planter's driving his New England sister and us to a little town, nine miles away. He stopped so often to relate how "a man was killed just here" that his sister finally exclaimed: "If Frank stops everywhere somebody was killed, we sha'n't get to Portia until dark! I never was in such a gory country!"

Yet to-day a more peaceful, law-abiding people than ours you will not find anywhere. Beyond a few harsh insinuations connecting chickens and the gypsies who camp every year down by the "slash," we have not a cloud on our honesty. Even our negroes do not steal. The only robbery that I know to have happened in the vicinity was the taking of Thomas Jefferson Peps's boat, and in that lone case the thieves came down the river, — wicked, professional thieves from Missouri, whose dishonesty must not be charged to the account of the State of Arkansas.

What an excitement it caused! Thomas Jefferson took command of a company of mill hands, farm hands, and tenants, and rowed in hot pursuit, returning in triumph with both thieves and booty. Then, how inspiring was the spectacle at the store, converted into a temple of justice: the miserable criminals tilting their chairs before the office stove; the ministers of justice leaning their guns against the glass partition that divides office from store; Justice, in the person of Squire Holmes, enthroned at the desk; the witnesses, like Milton's Samson, "lying at random, carelessly diffused" over the front doorsteps; and an interested audience, flattening their black and white noses against the other side of the partition, in the store beyond. The thieves were condemned, and packed off that same

day. They are now serving their country in the penitentiary; and, as heretofore, we go away in the evening, leaving our doors unlocked, with a tranquil mind.

A plantation, to-day, is generally an estate, a group of little farms, rented on shares. A fourth of the cotton or a third of the corn is the usual rental. The tenant, or, in our language, "the renter," has credit at the store for the probable amount of his crop. The store will supply him with all the necessaries, from drugs to agricultural implements, including occasional advances of cash.

At first, to a Northerner, it is a little startling to hear a ragged fellow, who has just bought sugar and pork, add, in the most matter-of-fact way, "And I want five dollars." But generally the clerk makes no more ado about giving the money than is made over the asking. This is the much-abused truck system, which, like a good many other devices of a primitive social state, it is easier to abuse than to improve. Certain it is that no system gives the absolutely penniless man such an opportunity. Sometimes, the renter will have nothing beyond his grimy hands and the rags on his back. The planter finds him a house, some rude kind of furniture, a pair of mules, and the necessary farm tools, and enough coarse provision to feed him until he can market his crop. Wood is always free for the cutting. Frequently, a renter will be given the use of a cow. Pigs and chickens cost a mere trifle, and all stock hunts its own livelihood in the woods. Occasionally, a renter, in Arkansas idiom, "lights a shuck," or, more briefly, "lights out." He thus abandons his cotton; but he also leaves behind him his big debt on the store ledger.

Such abrupt departures are favored by the negroes, from a variety of domestic motives as well as from financial troubles; the African having a trick of slipping off the matrimonial chains whenever they gall. Last year there was a notable instance; notable, not on account of the flitting, but for the lurid and complicated lie that the deserting husband concocted. He had come here from Tennessee, and was scarce a year married to a girl on the place. Tom — his name was Tom — went about among the negro renters in his part of the plantation representing that while in Tennessee, on Colonel De Bracey's plantation, he had most innocently brought himself within the compass of the law. Colonel De Bracey had given him a bottle of whiskey, "kase he ben chillin' terrible bad," and he took this whiskey with him to a house that he was helping to build, where they all wanted some of the whiskey; and he could n't give all of his whiskey away, but he did sell them four or five drinks, at ten cents a drink. And that was how they got a warrant out against him for selling whiskey without a license. So he ran away from Tennessee; and now he had just got a letter (which he actually had taken the pains to write to himself and post at the post office in the store) warning him that his place of refuge was known, and the constable was "a-pursuin' of him, and dey all would sho' send him to the penitentiary. If he ben a white man, dey might turn him loose; but a colored man never had no chance!"

Tom's plaints worked on his auditors' feelings to the extent that out of their poverty they raised a little purse for him; and good, thrifty Uncle Ned Looney lent him ten dollars, and John Etta (who is not a man, but a woman, John's Etta, Uncle Ned's daughter-in-law) drove him before sunrise to the Memphis railway station; and thus he departed with the sympathy of all. Previously, he had obtained another ten dollars "on account" at the store, to pay as "boot" for a mule of extraordinary virtues.

So plausible was the entire drama

that the planter himself was gulled. He sent word to Tom that he would protect him, dispatched Uncle Ned after the runaway to fetch him back, and wrote to Colonel De Bracey. Alas for Tom's good name! the grim facts appeared. Colonel De Bracey never gave Tom any whiskey, Tom never sold any whiskey, Tom never had any whiskey to sell, — in fine, it was a lie out of whole cloth; and the selfsame lie that Tom had used before, when he ran away from his crop, his wife, and his debts, in Tennessee.

Why Tom took so much trouble may be explained by the supposition that he found desertion cheaper than divorce or separation. A divorce is a costly convenience; one must pay twenty-five dollars to have Justice cleave the fetters. In consequence, the negro usually does one of two things: he runs away, as Tom did, or he peaceably "parts."

We had a little black maid who was once explaining her family relations: "Big sister, she 's Aunt Fanny Packer's chile, but I 'se mamma's chile. You see, papa an' Aunt Fanny, dey was married an' dey pahted, an' den papa an' mamma was married."

Both "mamma," otherwise Mrs. James Ratcliffe, or "Sis Ma'y Ratcliffe," and "Aunt Fanny," or Mrs. Dick Packer, are persons of high standing in the colored community, wealthy people, who own cows and swine and mules and big "cook-stoves," and lead in the church.

A division of property is expected to accompany such amicable partings. The planter (who indeed officiates at most of the primitive functions of Justice) has a session at the store for the parting couple, and the property is divided with less formality than in the legal courts, but with quite as much equity.

The sequel to the parting is usually the choosing of a new partner. The women are not much more moral than the men, even the best of them. Aunt Lucy, who cooks for the planter's family, never has been touched by the breath of scandal; but there is Aunt Lucy's eldest daughter, who has had two "misfortunes," the elder being now ten years old; and Susan Tweed, the best worker on the plantation, whose credit at the store will reach to a horse or a sewing-machine, has made mischief in a dozen dusky households, and is as callous about her sins as Catherine of Russia.

I cannot better illustrate this deplorable phase of the negro's transition state than by Ben Boker's comment on his latest baby. The wee Boker came into the world with a vast deal more disturbance than is usual here, where babies are considerate, making little fuss over their advent, and expecting little attention afterwards. "Ben up all night," grumbled Ben; "never did see sicher time. But hit 's de las'! Never cotch me in sech a fix agin,— *least not at home!*"

The negro usually makes a very decent tenant. More than half of our "renters" (some hundreds in number) are black. I should say the same proportion maintains with our own servants. All of them have been amiable, one of them was industrious, one was moral; as a whole, they have mildly encouraged our hopes for the future of the man and the brother; but Brother Eustace Grinnell, who "waited on us" last, certainly was as "trifling" a black man as ever destroyed the Northern illusions or excused the Southern shotgun.

Eustace is so stupid that you would pity him for being born, if he were not so cruel to animals that you can't. It was a sight to make fear, as our Gallic friends would say, Eustace milking the cows. He always milked with two fingers, in the uncanny fashion of the country, and always stood — when he was n't chasing the cows. For some occult reason, connected with his abnormal intellect, I suppose, he never

fed the cows at milking-time, — no, that would give them too much to occupy their minds; he preferred to chase them over the back yard, making futile dives at them, the function commonly ending in a grand and lofty tumbling act, with a somersault by the milk pail.

But his happiest exploit was cleaning the turkey. We did not expect him, when he moved the stoves, to get them back again in safety, and it was no surprise to see the stovepipe towering above the hole, while Eustace stared, mouth agape, muttering, "It done *growed!*" But we did suppose that he, a farm darky, knew how to clean a turkey. We had underrated his genius for blunders. He split the turkey laboriously up its breastbone, from the neck to the tip of the spine; and the appearance of that large fowl flopping palely over the platter is beyond words to describe!

The most repulsive trait in the negro's character is his atrocious relish of cruelty. It exceeds apathy over other creatures' pain; it is veritable enjoyment. Look at the flashing of teeth at the struggles of a broken-backed cat or a half-decapitated chicken! Hear the spectators laugh! They are as pleased as if you had given them a drink of whiskey. Yet in these brutal torturers of animals you may find not only ardent affections and a pathetic loyalty, but generosity, cheerfulness, sunny good humor, the social instincts, and an amazing meekness under provocation.

The paradox bewildered us; but my own notion of the explanation is that the cruelty of the negroes, like the cruelty of children, comes from a torpid imagination. They have not sense enough to realize the misery that they inflict. It is the grotesque antics, not the suffering, of the cat or chicken that delight them. Eustace, — here is a corroboration of the theory, — being the very stupidest negro that ever served us, was also the most cruel.

Our negroes are neither more nor less superstitious than their kind in the South generally. The conjurer makes a figure here as elsewhere. In Arkansas we are not voodooed, and we are rarely hoodooed, but we are frequently conjured. The conjurer is a homelier personage than the weird witch queen of Louisiana. He — or she — rents his land, makes a crop, and trades at the store, like any ordinary black mortal; the conjure business is a kind of side show. He sells herbs and potions and charms, and if custom lags he can scare it into activity by his baneful arts; for not only has he all the common stock in trade, mysterious sickness, blasted crops, and the like, but he of Arkansas owns the gift of throwing lizards into objectionable darkies! This has been done on our plantation more than once, as most respectable colored testimony will vouch, with fatal effect.

Happily, the planter has a strong "conjure medicine," known to the world as Epsom salts, the use of which is attended by the best results. We did have a conjure doctor, but he died. The most powerful conjurer in these regions is "old man Brown." Singularly enough, although this old scoundrel is suspected of two or three murders, he is a member of the church, "in good and regular standing."

"How can that be?" one of us asked our man Albert, — not Eustace, who knows no more about conjuring than he does about anything else; and Albert, grinning, answered: "Dunno; he say he got 'surance of salvation. Reckon dey all does n't das tu'n him out."

The trade in charms is always brisk. A rabbit's left hind foot has a steady value. The skin of the rabbit's stomach is of great use in helping babies to cut their teeth; it should be tied round the child's neck. A great deal depends on the moon. If you plant by the dark of the moon, expect trouble. You should never "kill" by the dark of the moon, either, for the meat will "all

cripse up in the pan," or, if you boil it, it will boil away. This lore is believed by whites and blacks alike. The whites have no fear of the direful conjurer, but ghosts or "ha'nts" scare them as readily as the negroes.

The plantation abounds in spirits of an uneasy turn of mind. A large white ghost haunts the lane; nobody seems to know why, since nothing tragic has ever happened there. Years ago, that long, smooth road was the racecourse on which the young fellows of the neighborhood used to run their horses. Those were the days when the barrel of whiskey rolled into the stores as regularly as the barrel of molasses. Saturday night revels were certain to follow the Saturday afternoon races; and it must be a poor white man that could not earn the right to a thumping headache for Sunday morning. There was not much ready money to stake, but horses, cows, saddles, guns, even houses and lands, used to change hands. A common challenge was, "I 'll bet twenty dollars *in good property!*"

The answer would be, "Name your property!"

"My claybank colt. What you got against it?"

"My two heifers."

Thus the bet would be arranged. Wagers ran high, and in their excitement the gamblers would bet the very clothes off their backs. One poor spendthrift lost his trousers — and paid on the spot.

But there was a side that was not ludicrous. It was only a step between an altercation and a brandished knife or lowered gun, in those days; there were quarrels and ruined men, and sobbing women at home. Perhaps the racecourse ghost has a title to his spectral beat under the gum-trees.

Albert met him, once. He (the ghost, not Albert, who has the warm tone of a stovepipe) was white, and he had no head. He was n't "doin' nary, jest sa'nterin' along."

"And what did *you* do, Albert?" said the white listener.

"I p'intedly run, ma'am," said Albert.

There is a ghost at the store, living upstairs with the merchandise, and never making any trouble. There is the ugly-tempered ghost that at intervals slapped a poor murderer on the cheek with his cold and viewless hand, until the victim killed himself. There is an undoubted ghost that gibbers and shrieks and rolls in the mud before the empty cabin, which no renter is bold enough to take, since the last tenant died — close to that rotten pump — of the bite of a mad dog.

We ourselves have a "ha'nt" in the house.

There once lived on the plantation an erratic reformer, a sort of rural Artegal. I have tried elsewhere to describe him, giving little color of my own to his strange missionary work. His end came in the semblance that one would expect from the country and the time: he was shot and mortally wounded while walking out of our garden. He was carried into the room that is our dining-room. And ever since that boisterous March morning, when Whitsun Harp was borne across our threshold, never does the wind rise that his ghostly bearers do not come again with their burden. Night, or morning, or noon, they pass through the wide gallery on soundless feet; their invisible fingers lift the latch; we see it rise; the door swings open; it swings back; they are in the room!

What do they do there? How can I know? They do not show; probably they go out again.

George Rose's "ha'nt" ought not to be mentioned in the same breath with ours, — an ignominious pretender, that capered and hooted and pounded on the Roses' roof successfully enough to drive them out of the cabin and win a great name, and then had not the wit to keep hidden, when the planter explored its

haunts, but let him shoot it for a foolish owl!

Our best spectre however, may pass muster anywhere. It is the shade of old R—— in his habit as he lived; and it patrols his buried treasure. The planter told me the following tale. "We used," said he, "to have an old sailor on the estate, and one day, a little while after he came, he was out ploughing in the field just back of the old mansion, and I happened to come along. Says he, 'Did anybody pass you?' I answered, 'No.' 'Well,' he said, 'I saw a man.' Something had happened to the double-tree of his plough, and he was bending over it, adjusting it, and when he looked up there was a man standing there, watching him; but his mules began to prance, frightened of a sudden, and he turned to soothe them, and when he looked again the man had gone. I asked him how the man was dressed. He said he was very well dressed, but he did n't look like any of the people about here; he was an elderly man with a gray beard, wearing a white suit that looked just ironed, and a wide white straw hat, and he had a mighty pretty riding-whip in his hand. Well, there 's the strange part of it,—he described old R—— exactly; and lots of people are sure it was the old fellow looking out for his money. I know the man never had heard the stories, and of course never had seen Colonel R——. It was the very place where they had hid the salt and the silver."

Now, if any one is expecting an explanation of this apparition from the present writer, I beg that gentle reader to undeceive himself at once. I do not propose to cast slurs on the fair fame of our ghosts; and my own surmises shall be forever locked in my own breast.

To return, however, from this excursion into the night side of Nature, as Mrs. Crowe would say, to the Arkansas renter. The Arkansans are a mixed race, and their touch of Spanish and French ancestry has given a peculiar character to their physique. The native Arkansans commonly have olive skins, dark eyes, slender forms, and delicate features, like the Canadian *habitants*. Perhaps to their Spanish blood is due a grave imperturbability of demeanor that would not disgrace one of Cortez's soldiers; and, no matter how low his worldly fortunes may fall, the Arkansan keeps a rude courtesy. He is a stoical soul. Indeed, one finds him too stoical. The keynote of his existence is a patient endurance of avoidable evils. The old story is to the point still: when it rains we can't mend the roof, and when the sun shines the roof does not need mending.

As an illustration of plantation methods and the Arkansas character, we always remember our cowshed. The plantation carpenter being too busy with houses to condescend to cowsheds, we appealed to Thomas Jefferson Peps, who is indifferently carpenter, blacksmith, wood sawyer, butcher, or tinker, and between whiles makes a crop. Thomas Jefferson is amiability itself; he said that he would build a shed for us "jest *too* quick."

The interview was on Thursday. Friday it rained. Saturday was "pig-killing day." Sunday, of course, we could not expect him, but we were comforted to know that he was "studying 'bout" us. Monday he appeared in person with a "helper,"—it always takes two men to do anything in the South, if it be no more than mending a fence,—and they looked at the yard and talked together for half an hour. Tuesday he came again, and carried off our best hatchet. Wednesday he really set to work, and worked steadily, effectively, and, according to plantation standards, rapidly, until the shed was complete save for doors. Then he was called away to make a coffin. He said, very justly, that cows could wait on him better than "co'pses," and that

as soon as he "got Gather Robinson's coffin done he would fix our doors jest *too* quick."

I trust that he was not two months making the coffin, but two months did we wait doorless; meanwhile, Albert nailed the cows in every night, and unnailed them every morning.

The shed is one experience; the smoky chimney with which the plantation talent wrestled for a whole winter is another. Each wrestler made it smoke a trifle worse. Finally the chimney was built over, — as it should have been in the first place, — and we triumphed!

There was — But why enumerate? We have learned a lesson worth all our besetments; we might have learned it from old Ben Franklin, for it was he — was it not? — who said, "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."

We came South three helpless women, accustomed to have men open the doors for us. One of us had a pretty conceit of her artistic cooking; and yet we were obliged to send for an old black woman to show our Northern cook — and us — how to make bread without compressed yeast. Now, thanks to Amy, our present waitress (from the North), we are accomplished paper hangers and house painters, and thanks to Christine, our cook (also from the North), we can spread whitewash artfully over our fences and outbuildings. Indeed, should need come (and Need, like a good neighbor, drops in without formality), we can show a variety of handicrafts. Constance is a good machinist, mending the broken locks and lamps; Madonna, who is the carpenter, makes beautiful furniture out of packing-boxes and cretonne. We are our own best glaziers, and once we built up a demoralized chimney with old bricks and an improvised mortar of sand and whitewash.

We are six miles, through the worst swamp in Arkansas, from the nearest railway; nevertheless, the ox team goes two or three times a week to the station, we being but pusillanimous rustics who require ice and fresh beef, instead of slaying our own flocks and herds and cooling our milk and wines in a "well-house."

You can live very well on a plantation if, as the negroes say, "you understand yourself." Usually, there is plenty of game. In winter we eat our own mutton and beef; but when spring comes the beef cannot be kept, and we have the alternative of importing beef by express, or living on the diet of the country, pig, lamb, and fowl.

Pork is the principal article in the diet of the people, — fresh pork in winter, salt pork in summer. Every autumn there is a hog hunt down in the bottom, where the hogs run wild. The hunters camp out for a week, and return with hundreds of hogs.

Once, Constance and the writer rode to one of these hunts. It is a wild sport. The hogs look more like the boars that rend the dogs on Snyders' canvases than the sleek black porkers of Berkshire. They are chased with dogs; and what with the shrill clamor of the horns, the baying of the hounds, and the shouts of the men, what with the mad gallop through the forest, leaping the logs, beating down the cane, dodging the flying lassos of vines and the spiked branches of thorn-trees, the sport sets the pulses jumping. Indeed, if you add its spice of peril (for the hogs fight savagely), no sport in this country can rival it.

As I have said, pork is the dependence of the hungry Arkansan; but we keep flocks as well as herds, and kill lambs in the spring, while before the humblest cabin there is a cheerful cackling of fowls. Two dollars and a half a dozen we are expected to pay for "hens," and seventy-five cents for a turkey. Eggs are ten cents a dozen. Meat, by which, in Arkansas, pork is always understood, rates from four to

six cents a pound. Beef and mutton are only a cent or two higher.

The renter — at least our renter — has acquired a taste for flour, of late years, and flour is expensive compared with corn meal from his own corn, which he brings to the mill Saturday afternoons, and has ground for a primitive toll of a sixth of the meal. He has also taken to "store truck;" that is, canned vegetables, meats, and fruit. Did he choose, or rather did his wife choose, he could have a store of his own canned tomatoes, corn, and fruit. This is a wonderful country for vegetables: witness the hot-bed that Eustace made in the "way we does in Mississippi," and yet our sturdy lettuce and radishes are growing!

Three times a day the coffee-pot steams on an Arkansas "cook-stove." In passing, I may remark that poor indeed is the family in our country that does not have a cook-stove and a sewing-machine. Last year, the agent for an expensive range sold half a dozen eighty-dollar ranges to sundry farmers and renters (most of them black), while there is hardly a cabin so squalid that it has not a sixty or seventy-five dollar sewing-machine humming amid the beds and the children.

The coffee-pot and the frying-pan are sinners against the health of the people more inveterate and pernicious than the overflows or the damp air that are blamed for their ague. They cannot be charged at first hand with the other prevalent disease, pneumonia; but they aid and abet thin clothing and reckless exposure. A little prudence might save many lives, but prudence is not one of our virtues.

If he be not prudent, virtues of a different cast the Arkansas renter does possess. He has plenty of industry, although he may lack energy. He is brave, honest, hospitable as an Arab, and good-natured as an Irishman; and one feature of Arkansas character (for that matter, of Southern character) is the absence of the hungry and merciless curiosity as to the affairs of others that one notices so often in Northern rural communities.

Said good Jeremy Taylor: "Every man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind trouble enough, and in the performance of his offices failings more than enough, to entertain his own inquiry; so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind." Whatever our faults, we are not evil-minded. The white morality has, it must be admitted, a certain laxity as regards the family ties. Man and wife part easily, but they commonly observe the legal forms.

The Arkansas cracker has a shrewd sense of humor and plenty of imagination; both of which qualities are crystallized in his dialect, just as his mingled French and Spanish descent is visible in our common words. "Boydark" (bois d'arc), a hedge, "bateau," "pirogue," "levee," "cache it," you may hear any day. A sort of rude poetry shows in such phrases as "mighty quick weather," meaning uncertain weather; "burn the wind," to run fast; "r'arin' and chargin'," a synonym for furious anger; "can't make a riffle" (ripple), a metaphor to express utter worthlessness; or "light out" for run away. The roads are "only muddy shoe mouth deep." Sometimes they are muddy enough "to mire a saddle blanket." The grim humor of primitive life peeps out of other phrases.

"You owed the devil a debt," says a strange old proverb, "and he paid you in sons-in-law!"

"Come to git a fire?" the hostess demands of a visitor making a brief stay, in hospitable sarcasm, alluding to old times when matches were rare, and a neighbor might run over to borrow a brand from the fireplace. To "bunch rags" is jocose for "to fight." "Got your name in the pot" means that you are expected to a meal. I am told

the same expression is current in those rural New England districts that the summer visitor has spared.

A pretty name for a child is the universal "little trick." Naughty children are "given the bud" or the "hickory;" sometimes they have the "hickory wrapped round" them.

"I ain't goin' to marry a wife won't work agin a cole collar," a man will say. He has in mind horses that will work only after they are warmed up by preliminary exercise.

A housewife says that her boiling water "ain't kicking yet," or *is* kicking, and certainly gives a very clear idea of a certain stage of ebullition. They shut up cattle "to gentle them."

What could express our good intentions better than the use of "aim" instead of "mean," or our too great intimacy with the thief of time than our everlasting "fixing," to do? "Has Coot harnessed the horses?" we ask. "No 'm, he 's fixin' to hitch 'em." Or Thomas the unready, engaged days ago to putter for us, is the party of the second part. "Mr. Peps, I thought you were coming to mend our pump." "Yes 'm, fixin' to do it right straight."

"The all overs" is a striking name for nervousness; and, somehow, "a fitified sheep" seems more to be pitied than a sheep "liable to fits." So "plumb" is a more forcible adjective than "quite," which has one meaning for the cultured, and an opposite intention for others.

"Triflin'" pictures a down-at-the-heel morality even better than the New England "shiftlessness." Besides, it is more versatile. Not only our minds and habits, but our health, our looks, our weather, may be "triflin'."

The dialect has in it the refraction of the life of the speakers; every figure borrowed from the forest and the brutes and the primitive arts tells the story. But a dialect is something more: it is the faithful custodian of the past.

You remember Sainte-Beuve's definition: "Je define un patois une ancienne langue qui a eu des malheurs." There is a curious kinship between the New England and the Southern dialects, plainly stamping their common origin. Take words like "fault" used as a verb, or "delft" for any sort of crockery, or "galluses" (suspenders), or "tucking comb," or "out" as a noun ("best out at preaching I ever heard"), or "unbeknown," or "no great" of anything: they are as common as on the shores of Cape Cod. Other old words survive here that have faded out of New England speech. "Ben" for "been" is the old English form, and so is the construction "I ben" for "I was;" you can find it on almost any page of Latimer's or Ridley's sermons. "I does plough, I did plough, I done ploughed," says an Arkansas darky, but so said reverend divines and scholars when America was discovered. "Holp" is the old English form of "help." "Ax," says Bishop Latimer, for "ask." "Worse and worser" Ben Jonson did not scruple to write. Old people here still say "persever" for "persevere." In all the old English writers one reads of "a great rich man;" and to this day it is a common expression. A "sparkle" for a "spark," we say, and, like our ancestors, we "put out a fire" when we kindle it. They said "a power," and "a heap," and "a great sort," and "a chance" of things, but I have not yet encountered our most common phrase of multitude, "a right smart." But they had the same use of "like," and said "seemeth like" when "as" would be used by a modern grammarian; while we use "skipped out" as seriously as Wyckliffe did when he wrote in his Bible, "Paul and Barnabas skipped out among the rabble."

To one element in the Arkansas rustic's composition I give a hearty respect, namely, his robust independence. He is no man's inferior, and every

black man's superior. For this very reason, because he is so secure in his self-respect, he has not an atom of the naturalized American's surly assertion; he does not "mutter in corners and grudge against the rich" any more than he truckles to them; and he never presumes a hair's breadth.

Our renters open their doors when we pass. Whatever the character of the occasion, be it wedding, or funeral, or neighborhood dance, one invariable formula is called to us: "Won't you all come by?" Yet their visits to us are a formal paying of their respects, as it were, once a year. The children come Saturdays to Constance's sewing-school and Mrs. Planter's Loyal Legion; the women attend the mothers' meetings, which we try to make amusing with a faint suggestion of helpfulness: but that is all. When the planter, who is greatly beloved, fell sick, some years ago, several of the neighboring farmers would ride miles through the mud, every day, to inquire about him. It is no lack of interest; it is their untaught delicacy of feeling. "I 'lowed you all was right busy, so I did n't come," says the Arkansas cracker; or, "I 'lowed you all had a right smart of folkses to the house, so I kep' away."

The pivot on which a cotton plantation turns is the cotton gin. The mill is a versatile and obliging provider of comforts. It saws up our logs into lumber, saws our firewood, sharpens our tools, grinds our corn, and gins our cotton. The same dusky hands help in all cases. We do have a different man to saw and to gin, but it would be considered sinful waste to use a fresh crew for each new kind of work. Ginning goes on like clockwork; but sawing is as thrilling as a circus, with the frequent hazards and the agility of the performers. Twice in two days of sawing, this week, have I seen a black athlete save his skin by his nimble legs. "There 's a nigger just missed of being killed," said the leaper, with a grin.

The store is near the mill, on the river bank, with its gambrel roof shading the wide piazza, and conveniently covering the last convoy of groceries, or Shadrach Muzzle's new stove, which is rapidly acquiring the fashionable terra-cotta tint, "waiting on Shadrach." In the rear, facing the village, is another piazza, even more likely to hold a mob of booted and soft-hatted loungers. The store is the social centre. It has more occupations than the mill, even, being the grocery, the milliner's, the haberdasher's, the chemist's, the hardware store, the agricultural-implement depot, the gunsmith's, the meat market, and the jeweler's. It is also, on occasion, the temple of justice, and before the schoolhouse was built it was the church. It is the post office, of course. The post office is in the back part of the store, an unpretentious desk, the glass of the boxes decorated with announcements of the mail hours, estray notices, advertisements of any coming "concert" (which does not mean a musical entertainment, by any means; rather, reverting to the true definition of the word, it implies any amusement conducted in concert, usually the speaking of very moral little speeches, and the reading of very broadly humorous selections by the school-children), possibly intimations of church services and the sheriff's coming to collect taxes, and the proclamation of reward for the arrest of two murderers, with their respective portraits adorning the broadside. Our present two, it is pleasant to know, have "polished manners." Every morning except Sunday, the mail rider rides up to the store door and remarks that the roads are "just terrible." The head clerk, who is deputy postmaster, — the planter being the postmaster, — opens the mail, and reads the names of the owners of letters aloud. Next to the post office is the grocery, a little mixed, to be sure, with the crockery, and with a very choice assortment

of tinware and colored glass, among which a few bright blue owl jugs are conspicuous. Opposite is the dry goods department, and overhead dangles the millinery shop, in boxes and out. The pharmacy has the advantage of a window, and is near the stove. Just across the aisle is the large shoe case that represents the stationer's stand, the jeweler's, and the haberdasher's. At Christmas it is also the toy shop. Our jewelry is of the highest order of gilt plate and colored stones. On the left a door opens into another building, where great cypress blocks are the chief furniture of the meat market. Here the pigs and sheep and beeves are dealt out; here, too, are the saddles, the horse "gear," the guns, the furniture, and the stoves. The shed adjoining holds ploughs, cotton planters, and stalk cutters, and there is a smoke-house for the hams.

"Beneath that spreading oak the smithy stands," accommodating jack-at-all-trades, like the other buildings. A neat carpenter shop, a brickyard, the stables, the barns, the corn cribs, and the plantation boarding-house complete the list of public institutions on the river; but out in the fields, on the edge of the slash, stands the stanch little white schoolhouse, that is church and hall of entertainment as well, and has served the late Wheel and present Farmer's Alliance for a meeting-room. Here, one winter, a literary society gathered weekly, to discuss such exciting questions as, Which is of more value, a horse or a cow? or, Are political parties of more use or harm?

The school-teacher is paid fifty dollars a month, which represents as high a respect for learning here as three times the amount does in richer localities.

Every Sunday, the Sunday school meets in the schoolhouse; and after school Constance or Mrs. Planter holds a brief service and reads a sermon, a very short one.

Christmas time brings the festivity of the year. On Christmas Eve a huge fir will blaze, and spatter wax over the new platform, and be covered with gifts for old and young. The walls will be decked with holly and mistletoe and the flaming swamp berries; and all the country round will gather. To me this Christmas time has an infinite pathos. There, on the edge of the wilderness, sullenly hiding who knows what secrets of carnage and woe, stands the little schoolhouse, with its cheerful windows, a flicker of human comradeship in the darkness.

The audience come in families, — on horseback, on muleback, in rattling farm wagons, with patchwork quilts for robes and overcoats. Some of the clothes may be ragged, but they will all be clean; very likely the housewife has robbed her sleep the night before to wash and mend.

I used to wonder what became of the unsuccessful adventures in fashions of head gear or wraps, but now I understand. Every year one observes a number of startling experiments: frocks of an extraordinary cut and florid color; bonnets and hats that have made a bold claim on public favor, but missed the mark. They wear I know not what of an air of conscious failure, and one sees them forlornly flaunting themselves in shop windows, appealing to their last hope, the feminine weakness for bargains, by large black figures on small white cards, with "Marked down to — " above the figures. Then, not piecemeal, as would happen if a deluded public had fallen into the snare and carried them off, but suddenly, at a swoop, they disappear. Well, they have gone South! The planter meets them in St. Louis, — our contingent, that is, — and they are introduced to him as "an uncommonly cheap lot, in perfect condition." In nine cases out of ten the " uncommonly cheap lot " follows him home on a freight train.

Thus we observe a fashion of our

own. Last winter, all the women and children, black and white, blossomed out like a tulip bed with bright-hued toboggan caps, which they wore, defying age, looks, or weather, late into the spring. Half the petticoats of the plantation, another year, appeared in a "job lot" of striped cotton that had failed to impress the Northern fancy.

Christmas Eve, all our good clothes will come to the fore.

You, gentle reader, who have never really touched elbows with the poor, will smile over our grotesque finery. By the stove sits a man who, lacking a warm coat, has supplied its place with a quilt of many colors. But he is easy in his mind; does he not wear a shining new pair of rubber boots, and has not his wife new brass "breastpin and ear-bobs"? And if our shoes are ragged, you will see very few ragged gowns; and there are many men in the splendor of white linen as stiff as flour starch can make it.

The children are so happy over their toys that it gives the beholder a softened pang. Watching them; knowing their narrow lives; picturing the cabin left behind in the lonely clearing, where the wind whistles through the broken windows, and, outside, the lean kine are vainly nibbling at the cotton stalks, I feel the weight of the immemorial tragedy on my holiday mood.

Not they: one boy is winding a Waterbury watch, and his whole being is flooded with content; another is quite as happy over a pair of rubber boots; and little Johnnie Kargiss would not exchange that clumsy pocket knife for anything on the tree.

Besides the Christmas tree, other festivities have had the schoolhouse to thank. Here, on the teacher's platform, was once erected an imposing red-paper fireplace, wherein burned a lantern behind red tinsel, giving a lifelike semblance of flame; and Box and Cox toasted their muffins and wrangled over their room, to the uproarious glee of a large audience. Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks were wound up on the same platform. The Land of Nod was given by the school-children, and excited universal admiration. The question of costumes was solved in the briefest manner, by making them ourselves. We even manufactured shoes and armor; the latter out of pasteboard and tinfoil filched from tobacco packages at the store. We were somewhat appalled, however, at the discovery that eight little sleepy-heads, who should appear in the comely simplicity of nightgowns, must have costumes provided. The nightgown, it appeared, was an infrequent luxury. Fortunately, one little girl had several; so we managed, by borrowing, to fit out the crowd, — all but one little lad, and him we draped with a voluminous cheesecloth garment that had been made for an angel in a tableau. It was so long that he stumbled on it as he walked, and, being constructed solely with an eye to the view from the front, it opened behind, and had a trick of inflating and parting, giving his new blue jeans and red flannel shirt the appearance of being wafted along in a kind of broken balloon.

The planter on a plantation is expected to direct all undertakings of pleasure or profit. In most cases, he is postmaster, justice of the peace, free doctor, and matrimonial adviser for the neighborhood.

Such a scene as this is common: Scene, the store. Dramatis personæ, the planter and Jeff Laughlin, whose wife has been dead full two months.

*Laughlin.* "Well, no, sir, I ain't come for tradin' to-day; I aimed to ask you' advice."

Polite but inarticulate murmur from planter, who goes on posting up his ledger.

*Laughlin* (whittling abstractedly on the rim of the desk). "Well, you see, my mother-in-law, she 's a mighty nice old lady, and she gits a pension of

eight dollars a month, and spends ever' cent on it fur the children; but, fact is, she 's so old and so nigh-sighted she jest natchelly *cayn't* keep things up; and it 's too hard for her, and it 's jest breaking her down. And I jest 'lowed I 'd ask you' advice."

*Planter.* "Well, Laughlin, I don't see anything for it but for you to marry again!"

*Laughlin* (brightening considerably). "Well, I don't see anything else I kin do. I hate to terribly; but looks like I jest natchelly ben obleeged to."

*Planter.* "Had you anybody in your mind, Laughlin?"

*Laughlin.* "I reckon Phonetta Rose would n't have me?"

*Planter* (with truthful frankness). "No, I don't reckon she would."

*Laughlin.* "I 'lowed she 'd think I 'd got too many children."

*Planter.* "Yes, I dare say."

*Laughlin.* "They 're mighty nice, still children, and make a strong force for the cotton field."

*Planter.* "They seem nice children."

*Laughlin* (very agitated). "I — I — say, Mist' Planter, don't you guess you could write a letter to Miss Phonetta, and ask her for me?"

*Planter.* "Well, no, Mr. Laughlin. I don't think she would take kindly to having any other man do her sweetheart's courting. You speak up for yourself!"

*Laughlin* (despondently). "Yes, sir, I 'll turn it over in my mind; but you see I 'd hate terrible for to have her say no to me right to my face, and twud n't be nigh so bad in a letter. And I ain't much in the habit of writin' letters myself" (which was strictly true, Laughlin being barely able to sign his name and "read writin' "), "so I did n't know but you," etc.

Unlucky Laughlin! he has reached the boundary line of the planter's amiability. "I won't write love letters and I won't pull teeth!" declares the planter; and Laughlin goes his way to propose to Phonetta in form, on their way home from "playing games" at a neighbor's, to be rejected, and to feel ever afterward that if "Mist' Planter 'd named it to her, instead, she 'd of talked different."

But we foresee that he will be consoled. In this country, widowers spend no long time in mourning. Six months are all that the most decorous would ask; most widowers wait three months, two months, or only one. This haste does not imply hardness of heart so much as a hard life. What, indeed, shall a man do who has three or four little children, a big field waiting his hand outside, and no woman to guide things?

The early marriages that are a most prolific source of poverty and unhappiness have a kindred excuse. "Well," a young fellow says, "reckon I 'll git married and make a crap!" His wife works in the field with him. If he have children, they can help. Boys of seventeen, girls of sixteen, are married here continually.

The women have a hard life, working in the fields and in the house; they age early, and die when, under happier chances, they would be in their prime. Thus it happens that so many men have three, or four, or five wives "without," as one honest fellow said, "never fighting with none of 'em." "I kep' 'em all decent, an' I buried 'em all in a store coffin," said he. An old planter, alluding to an unhealthy region, said, "Why, right down there I buried two or three wives, and four children, and a heap of niggers!"

They are very fond of their children and kind to them; unwisely kind, perhaps, as we Americans are inclined to be. To all the other hardships of a woman's life here is added her mourning for her little children; for the careless life bears hard on them, especially in overflow seasons. Sometimes we are reminded of this in a homely yet affecting way, as yesterday, when in

buying some chickens and asking for more, the little merchant said: "They ain't no more, only but one old rooster; and we don't aim to sell him, 'cause my little brother that died, he always claimed him, and maw sayed she never *would* sell him!"

A queer expression (which is nevertheless a common one here), used by a poor mother whose little girl was burned to death, sticks in my memory: "It ben ten years, now, but I ain't got *satisfied* with it yit."

And a poor man, who clung desperately to a wretched mortgaged little farm in the swamp, excused himself for unwisdom that even he could see by the plea that his two dead children were buried there, and "My woman, she hated terribly to have them die, and she cayn't git satisfied to leave 'em, nohow!"

"What a life!" our Northern friends say. Yet it is a life with huge ameliorations. In this country, every one has the climate, to begin with. There are only two months in the year when we can be said to have cold weather; and even through those months are scattered lovely days of truce, filled with sunshine. Neither need we pay for our mild winters with hot summers. There are but two months that are really uncomfortably warm for more than a few days at a time. These are August and September. They tell us that the nights are cool then; but I receive this statement with a degree of apathy, because I never was in any climate so torrid that I did not hear it, or that two blankets did not make a handsome figure in the story. We sleep under two blankets, like the dwellers in St. Augustine, Nice, Algiers, and I dare say all the citizens of the equator that respect themselves.

But what a garden does this sombre plain show before spring is well over the threshold! The forest has not only the splendor of its innumerable vines and shrubs to deck it; there is all the sumptuous tinting of the trees; not only dogwood, redbud, buckeye, and bramble, but the brilliant sassafras-yellow, gorgeous tassels swinging above the cottonwood limbs, the rich velvet of oak and hickory, a golden flicker on the silver of the sycamores, fairy flames amid the swamp maples, and everywhere the delicate, fernlike cypress greenery.

When summer comes, our forest cloisters have a shade as dense and rich as the Black Forest. The poor man in this country, whatever he lacks, has air and space and beauty. He has, too, a rude plenty for his material wants. And is it not to be counted that one shall have the key to the fields; the right to live close to the grass, to miss the cankerfret of envy, the suffocation of merciless crowds, the sick despair of failure, and the untiring goad of fear?

Yes, we may weave our complacent plans to "elevate" this people; but I question, Do they need our pity? They are what Montaigne dubbed himself, "unpremeditated and accidental philosophers."

Neither need our kind friends of civilization pity our plight on "that forlorn plantation." We are amazingly comfortable, thank you. For one thing, — but there are many things! — to win the best out of life, one must live at least part of the time in the country, I mean the real country; not the country of Watteau and fêtes, where nature is but a splendid canvas on which to paint fine toilets and field sports.

A plantation has all the simple charm of a farm without its loneliness. Here there is always a small ripple of human interest to watch, — like that picture from my window at this moment, for instance: a stalwart black fellow breaking a colt. To wake in the morning to the country sounds, a cock crowing lustily, a mocking-bird singing, the ring of an axe, the whistle of the little black boy driving the cows to pasture, the swash of the river waves,

the soft stir of the wind in the cypress brake; at night, to watch the sunset burn out in the west, or the horsemen riding home with their bags of meal flung over their saddle-bow, or the herds winding along the woodland road, listening, at the same time, to the lowing of the cows and the bleat of the lambs, and now and again to a distant yodel or the boat song of Peps steering up a raft of logs, — here are simple pleasures, but they leave no sting.

Another thing that we enjoy is that we may be friends with the poor.

Perhaps it will be said that we may — and should — be friends with the poor everywhere. I will wager a basket of Arkansas roses against a handful of chips that the objector has not a single friend among the real poor. Do you call that woman with the six small children, who comes each morning for your skimmed milk, your friend; or the beneficiaries of your different most worthy societies, whom you barely know apart? If you do, you deceive yourself, and the truth is not in you. Your friend is himself, by his own name and person, interesting to you; the skimmed-milk woman is only a poor creature to you, that you help because you are benevolent, and from whom you expect vast gratitude or little, according to your temperament, O you unconscious inspirer of anarchists!

But to know the poor as individuals, not as "the poor," to be made free of their sorrows, to see their piteous little pleasures, to be friends, — that is different, that is to feel the eternal kinship. Bring your gift to a poor renter's wedding, or go for a few minutes to his merry-making, — spring, when windows and doors are open, is the preferable time; talk with him over your woodpile that he comes to chop, until you know all about the oldest girl, who "kin jest take up a book and read right spang off, — don't have to stop to spell nary," — and the baby, "the smartest little trick you ever *did* see;" sit all night in the draughts of his cabin watching a dying child (nothing like such an experience to fetch the necessity for comfortable houses for your tenants home to your conscience!); and when the importunity of death to spare has failed, learn how alike are all mothers' hearts in their desolation, — and you will comprehend the difference. Such an intercourse brings a feeling that is nearer and more human than could come of years of perfunctory interest as a "kind lady."

To these people we are only their good neighbors; more generous — not more kind — than other neighbors, simply because we have more to give. They are attached to us as "mighty nice, pleasant, 'bliging folks." They feel no wound to their pride in accepting favors that they would return were it in their power; indeed, do return in other shapes. Surely, in this day and generation, when Samson strains at the pillars of the temple, it is a thing worth counting, this wholesome and gentle relation.

For myself, I count it a further mercy that we live among a people so honest, kindly, and unhasty. It is a rest to be out of the nineteenth century for a while, with people who will not hurry for money, who believe in Jonah and the whale (all the more stanchly that they have but the dimmest notion what a whale is), and consider theft worse than murder.

Soon it will all be changed. Already the shadow creeps over the dial.

Just as the ugly, comfortable new houses are replacing the picturesque old cabins, as the "heater" stove is crowding out the fireplace, so the new ways will push the old aside. The school-children do not talk dialect; only the old people are willing to plant corn by hand.

Some day a railway station will be the magnet for the loungers instead of the store, or — oh, heavy thought! — there will be no more loungers. We

shall all be civilized into stirring Philistines, with no time to waste in friendly gossip; farms will be tilled by tenants who expect to make money as well as a livelihood, and could not shoot a wild turkey to save their lives; the saw will buzz away our grand old forests that have sheltered the mound-builders; we shall become a syndicate, or a corporation, or a trust; and the country will be so well drained that it cannot even summon an old-time chill over its changed conditions.

Yes, the new civilization will come. I am enough a child of my age to feel that it is best it should come, but I am glad to be here before it comes. I hope that it may not come too fast!

"Touch us gently, Time!
We 've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er Life's dim, unbounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime; —
Touch us gently, gentle Time!"

*Octave Thanet.*

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## THE MALE RUBY-THROAT.

"Your fathers, where are they?" — ZECHARIAH i. 5.

WHILE keeping daily watch upon a nest of our common humming-bird, in the summer of 1890,[1] I was struck with the persistent absence of the head of the family. As week after week elapsed, this feature of the case excited more and more remark, and I turned to my out-of-door journal for such meagre notes as it contained of a similar nest found five years before. From these it appeared that at that time, also, the father bird was missing. Could such truancy be habitual with the male ruby-throat? I had never supposed that any of our land birds were given to behaving in this ill-mannered, unnatural way, and the matter seemed to call for investigation.

My first resort was, of course, to books. The language of Wilson and Audubon is somewhat ambiguous, but may fairly be taken as implying the male bird's presence throughout the period of nidification. Nuttall speaks explicitly to the same effect, though with no specification of the grounds on which his statement is based. The later systematic biographers — Brewer, Samuels, Minot, and the authors of New England Bird Life — are silent in respect to the point. Mr. Burroughs, in Wake-Robin, mentions having found two nests, and gives us to understand that he saw only the female birds. Mrs. Treat, on the other hand, makes the father a conspicuous figure about the single nest concerning which she reports. Mr. James Russell Lowell, too, speaks of watching both parents as they fed the young ones: "The mother always alighted, while the father as uniformly remained upon the wing."

So far, then, the evidence was decidedly, not to say decisively, in the masculine ruby-throat's favor. But while I had no desire to make out a case against him, and in fact was beginning to feel half ashamed of my uncomplimentary surmises, I was still greatly impressed with what my own eyes had seen, or rather had not seen, and thought it worth while to push the inquiry a little further.

I wrote first to Mr. E. S. Hoar, in whose garden Mr. Brewster had made the observations cited in my previous article. He replied with great kindness, and upon the point in question

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for June, 1891.

said: "I watched the nest two or three times a day, from a time before the young were hatched till they departed; and *now you mention it*, it occurs to me that I never did see the male, but only the white-breasted female."

Next I sought the testimony of professional ornithologists; and here my worst suspicions seemed in a fair way to be confirmed, although the greater number of my correspondents were unhappily compelled to plead a want of knowledge. Dr. A. K. Fisher had found, as he believed, not less than twenty-five nests, and to the best of his recollection had never seen a male bird near one of them after it was completed. He had watched the female feeding her young, and, when the nests contained eggs, had waited for hours on purpose to secure the male, but always without result.

Mr. William Brewster wrote: "I have found, or seen *in situ*, twelve hummers' nests, all in Massachusetts. Of these I took nine, after watching each a short time, probably not more than an hour or two in any case. Of the remaining three, I visited one three or four times at various hours of the day, another only twice, the third but once. Two of the three contained young when found. The third was supposed to have young, also, but could not be examined without danger to its contents. I have never seen a male hummer anywhere near a nest, either before or after the eggs were laid, but, as you will gather from the above brief data, my experience has not been extensive; and in the old days, when most of my nests were found, the methods of close watching now in vogue were unthought of. In the light of the testimony to which you refer, I should conclude, with you, that the male hummer must occasionally assist in the care of the young, but I am very sure that this is not usually, if indeed often, the case."

Mr. H. W. Henshaw reported a similar experience. He had found four nests of the ruby-throat, but had seen no male about any of them after nidification was begun. "I confess," he says, "that I had never thought of his absence as being other than accidental, and hence have never made any observations directly upon the point; so that my testimony is of comparatively little value. In at least one instance, when the female was building her nest, I remember to have seen the male fly with her and perch near by, while she was shaping the nest, and then fly off with her after more material. I don't like to believe that the little villain leaves the entire task of nidification to his better half (we may well call her better, if he does); but my memory is a blank so far as testimony affirmative of his devotion is concerned." Mr. Henshaw recalls an experience with a nest of the Rivoli humming-bird (*Eugenes fulgens*), in Arizona, — a nest which he spent two hours in getting. "I was particularly anxious to secure the male, but did not obtain a glimpse of him, and I remember thinking that it was very strange." He adds that Mr. C. W. Richmond has told him of finding a nest and taking the eggs without seeing the father bird, and sums up his own view of the matter thus: —

"Had any one asked me offhand, 'Does the male hummer help the female feed the young?' I am quite sure I should have answered, 'Of course he does.' As the case now stands, however, I am inclined to believe him a depraved wretch."

Up to this point the testimony of my correspondents had been unanimous, but the unanimity was broken by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who remembers that on one occasion his attention was called to a nest (it proved to contain a set of fresh eggs) by the flying of both its owners about his head; and by Mr. W. A. Jeffries, who in one case saw the father bird in the vicinity of a

nest occupied by young ones, although he did not see him feed or visit them. This nest, Mr. Jeffries says, was one of five which he has found. In the four other instances no male birds were observed, notwithstanding three of the nests were taken, — a tragedy which might be expected to bring the father of the family upon the scene, if he were anywhere within call.

In view of the foregoing evidence, it appears to me reasonably certain that the male ruby-throat, as a rule, takes no considerable part in the care of eggs and young. The testimony covers not less than fifty nests. Some of them were watched assiduously, nearly all were examined, and the greater part were actually taken; yet of the fifty or more male proprietors, only two were seen; and concerning these exceptions, it is to be noticed that in one case the eggs were just laid, and in the other, while the hungry nestlings must have kept the mother bird extremely busy, her mate was not observed to do anything in the way of lightening her labors.

As against this preponderance of negative testimony, and in corroboration of Mr. Lowell's and Mrs. Treat's circumstantial narratives, there remain to be mentioned the fact communicated to me by Mr. Hoar, that a townsman of his had at different times had two hummers' nests in his grounds, the male owners of which were constant in their attentions, and the following very interesting and surprising story received from Mr. C. C. Darwin, of Washington, through the kindness of Mr. Henshaw. Some years ago, as it appears, a pair of ruby-throats built a nest within a few feet of Mr. Darwin's window and a little below it, so that they could be watched without fear of disturbing them. He remembers perfectly that the male fed the female during the entire period of incubation, "pumping the food down her throat." All this time, so far as could be discovered, the mother did not once leave the nest (in wonderful contrast with my bird of a year ago), and of course the father was never seen to take her place. Mr. Darwin cannot say that the male ever fed the young ones, but is positive that he was frequently about the nest after they were hatched. While they were still too young to fly, a gardener, in pruning the tree, sawed off the limb on which the nest was built. Mr. Darwin's mother rescued the little ones and fed them with sweetened water, and on her son's return at night the branch was fixed in place again, as best it could be, by means of wires. Meanwhile the old birds had disappeared, having given up their children for lost; and it was not until the third day that they came back, — by chance, perhaps, or out of affection for the spot. At once they resumed the care of their offspring, who by this time, it is safe to say, had become more or less surfeited with sugar and water, and gladly returned to a diet of spiders and other such spicy and hearty comestibles.

Mr. Henshaw, with an evident satisfaction which does him honor, remarks upon the foregoing story as proving that, whatever may be true of male hummers in general, there are at least some faithful Benedicts among them. For myself, indeed, as I have already said, I hold no brief against the ruby-throat, and, notwithstanding the seemingly unfavorable result of my investigation into his habits as a husband and father, it is by no means clear to me that we must call him hard names. Before doing that, we ought to know not only that he stays away from his wife and children, but *why* he stays away; whether he is really a shirk, or absents himself unselfishly and for their better protection, at the risk of being misunderstood and traduced. My object in this paper is to raise that question about him, rather than to blacken his character; in a word, to call atten-

tion to him, not as a reprobate, but as a mystery. To that end I return to the story of my own observations.

In last month's article I set forth somewhat in detail (if the adverb seem inappropriate, as I fear it will, I can only commend it to the reader's mercy) the closeness of our watch upon the nest there described. For more than a month it was under the eye of one or other of two men almost from morning to night. We did not once detect the presence of the father, and yet I shall never feel absolutely sure that he did not one day pay us a visit. I mention the circumstance for what it may be worth, and because, whatever its import, it was at least a lively spectacle. It occurred upon this wise: On the 19th of July, the day when the first of the young birds bade good-by to its cradle, I had gone into the house, leaving my fellow-observer in the orchard, with a charge to call me if anything noteworthy should happen. I was hardly seated before he whistled loudly, and I hastened out again. Another hummer had been there, he said, and the mother had been chasing him (or her) about in a frantic manner; and even while we were talking, the scene was reënacted. The stranger had returned, and the two birds were shooting hither and thither through the trees, the widow squeaking and spreading her tail at a prodigious rate. The new-comer did not alight (it could n't), and there was no determining its sex. It may have been the recreant husband and father, unable longer to deny himself a look at his bairns, — who knows? Or it may have been some bachelor or widower who had come a-wooing. One thing is certain, — husband, lover, or inquisitive stranger, he had no encouragement to come again.

As if to heighten the dramatic interest of our studies (I come now to the promised mystery), we had already had the singular good fortune to find a male humming-bird who seemed to be stationed permanently in a tall ash-tree, standing by itself in a recent clearing, at a distance of a mile or more from our widow's orchard. Day after day, for at least a fortnight (from the 2d to the 15th of July), he remained there. One or both of us went almost daily to call upon him, and, as far as we could make out, he seldom absented himself from his post for five minutes together! What was he doing? At first, in spite of his sex, it was hard not to believe that his nest was in the tree; and to satisfy himself, my companion "shinned" it, schoolboy fashion, — a frightful piece of work, which put me out of breath even to look at it, — while I surveyed the branches from all sides through an opera-glass. All was without avail. Nothing was to be seen, and it was as good as certain, the branches being well separated and easily overlooked, that there was nothing there.

Four days later I set out alone, to try my luck with the riddle. As I entered the clearing, the hummer was seen at his post, and my suspicions fastened upon a small wild apple-tree, perhaps twenty rods distant. I went to examine it, and presently the bird followed me. He perched in its top, but seemed not to be jealous of my proximity, and soon returned to his customary position; but when I came back to the apple-tree, after a visit to a clump of oaks at the top of the hill, he again came over. I could find no sign of a nest, however, nor did the female show herself, as she pretty confidently might have been expected to do had her nest been near by. After this I went to the edge of the wood, where I could keep an eye upon both trees without being myself conspicuous. The sentinel spent most of his time in the ash, visiting the apple-tree but once, and then for a few minutes only. I stayed an hour and a half, and came away no wiser than before. The nest,

if nest there was, must be elsewhere, I believed. But where? And what was the object of the male's watch?

My curiosity was fully roused. I had never seen or heard of such conduct on the part of any bird, and the next forenoon I spent another hour and a half in the clearing. The hummer was at his post, as he always was. We had never to wait for him. Soon after my arrival he flew to the apple-tree, the action seeming to have no connection with my presence. Presently he went back to the ash, and drove out of it two intruding birds. A moment later two humming-birds were there, and in another moment they flew away in a direction opposite to the apple-tree. Here, then, was a real clue. The birds were probably our sentinel and his mate. I made after them with all speed, pausing under such scattered trees as had been left standing in that quarter. Nothing was to be found, and on my return there sat the male, provokingly, at the top of the apple-tree, whence he soon returned to the ash. A warbler entered the tree, and after a while ventured upon the branch where the hummer was sitting. Instead of driving her away he took wing himself, and paid another visit to the apple-tree, — a visit of perhaps five minutes, — at the end of which he went back to the ash. Then two kingbirds happened to alight in the apple-tree. At once the hummer came dashing over and ordered them off, and in his excitement dropped for a moment into the leafy top of a birch sapling, — a most unnatural proceeding, — after which he resumed his station in the ash. What could I make of all this? Apparently he claimed the ownership of both trees, and yet his nest was in neither! He sat motionless for five minutes at a time upon certain dead twigs of the ash, precisely as our female was accustomed to sit in her apple-tree. For at least seven days he had been thus occupied. Where was his mate? On the edge of the wood, perhaps. But, if so, why did I hear nothing from her, as I passed up and down? Again my hour and a half had been spent to no purpose.

Not yet discouraged, I returned the next morning. For the three quarters of an hour that I remained, the hummer was not once out of the ash-tree for five minutes. I am not sure that he left it for five minutes altogether. As usual, he perched almost without exception on one or other of two dead limbs, while a similar branch, on the opposite side of the trunk, he was never seen to touch. A Maryland yellow-throat alighted on one of his two branches and began to sing, but had repeated his strain only three or four times before the hummer, who had been absent for the moment, darted upon him and put him to flight. A little afterward, a red-eyed vireo alighted on his other favorite perch, and he showed no resentment. As I have said, a warbler had sat on the same branch which the yellow-throat now invaded, and the hummer not only did not offer to molest him, but flew away himself. These inconsistencies made it hard to draw any inference from his behavior. During my whole stay he did not once go to the apple-tree, although, for want of anything better to do, I again scrutinized its branches. This time I *was* discouraged, and gave over the search. His secret, whatever it might be, was "too dear for my possessing." But my fellow-observer kept up his visits, as I have said, and the hummer remained faithful to his task as late as July 15, at least.

Some reader may be prompted to ask, as one of my correspondents asked at the time, whether the mysterious sentry may not have been the mate of our home bird. I see no ground for such a suspicion. The two places were at least a mile apart, as I have already mentioned, and woods and hills, to say

nothing of the village, lay between. If he was our bird's mate, his choice of a picket station was indeed an enigma. He might almost as well have been on Mount Washington. Nor can I believe that he had any connection with a nest which I found two months afterward in a pitch-pine grove within a quarter of a mile, more or less, of his clearing. It was undoubtedly a nest of that season, and might have been his for aught I know, so far as the mere fact of distance was concerned; but here again an intervening wood must have cut off all visual communication. If his mate and nest were not within view from his ash-tree perch, what could be the meaning of his conduct? Without some specific constraining motive, no bird in his normal condition was likely to stay in one tree hour after hour, day after day, and week after week, so that one could never come in sight of it without seeing him. But even if his nest was in the immediate neighborhood, the closeness and persistency of his lookout are still, to my mind, an absolute mystery. Our female bird, whether she had eggs or offspring, made nothing of absenting herself by the half hour; but this male hardly gave himself time to eat his necessary food; indeed, I often wondered how he kept himself alive. Is such a course of action habitual with male hummers? If so, had our seemingly widowed or deserted mother a husband, who somewhere, unseen by us, was standing sentry after the same heroic, self-denying fashion? These and all similar questions I must leave to more fortunate observers, or postpone to a future summer. Meantime, my judgment as to the male ruby-throat's character remains in suspense. It is not plain to me whether we are to call him the worst or the best of husbands.

*Bradford Torrey.*

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## "WHEN WITH THY LIFE THOU DIDST ENCOMPASS MINE."

When with thy life thou didst encompass mine,
And I beheld, as from an infinite height,
Thy love stretch pure and beautiful as light,
Through utmost joy I hardly could divine
Whether my love of thee it was, or thine,
Which so my heart astonished with its might.
But now at length familiar with the sight,
So I can bear to look where planets shine,
Ever more deep the wonder grows to be
That thou shouldst love me; while my love of thee
Does of my being seem a second part;
Still often now as from a dream I start,
To think that thou, even thou, — thou lovest me,
I being what I am, thou what thou art.

*Philip Bourke Marston.*

# THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

## XXXVII.

### THE PERFORMANCE OF MY UNDERSTUDY.

On the next day, when Walkirk came back, I received him coolly. To be sure, the time of his return was now of slight importance, but my manner showed him that on general principles I blamed his delay.

I did not care to hear his explanations, but proceeded at once to state the misfortunes which had befallen me. I told him in detail all that had happened since I left the floating grocery. I did not feel that it was at all necessary to do this, but there was a certain pleasure in talking of my mishaps and sorrows; I was so dreadfully tired of thinking of them.

As I told Walkirk of my interview with Mother Anastasia on the Maple Ridge Road, he laughed aloud. He instantly checked himself and begged my pardon, but assured me that never had he heard of a man doing anything so entirely out of the common as to make an appointment with a Mother Superior to meet him under a tree. At first I resented his laugh, but I could not help seeing for myself that the situation, as he presented it, was certainly an odd one, and that a man with his mind free to ordinary emotions might be excused for being amused at it.

When I had finished, and had related how Mother Anastasia had proved to me that all possible connection between myself and Sylvia Raynor was now at an end, Walkirk was not nearly so much depressed as I thought he ought to be. In fact, he endeavored to cheer me, and did not agree with Mother Anastasia that there was no hope. At this I lost patience.

"Confound it!" I cried, "what you say is not only preposterous, but unfeeling. I hate this eternal making the best of things, when there is no best. With me everything is at its worst, and it is cruel to try to make it appear otherwise."

"I am sorry to annoy you," he said, "but I must insist that to me the situation does not appear to be without some encouraging features. Let me tell you what has happened to me since we parted."

I resumed the seat from which I had risen to stride up and down the room, and Walkirk began his narrative.

"I do not know, sir," he said, "that I ever have been so surprised as when I went on deck of the grocery boat, a short time before breakfast, and found that you were not on board. Captain Jabe and his man were equally astonished, and I should have feared that you had fallen overboard, if a man, who had come on the boat at a little pier where we had stopped very early in the morning, had not assured us that he had seen you go ashore at that place, but had not thought it worth while to mention so commonplace an occurrence. I wished to put back to the pier, but it was then far behind us, and Captain Jabe positively refused to do so. Both wind and tide would be against us, he said; and if you chose to go ashore without saying anything to anybody, that was your affair, and not his. I thought it possible you might have become tired with the slow progress of his vessel, and had left it, to hire a horse, to get to Sanpritchit before we did.

"When we reached Sanpritchit and you were not there, I was utterly unable to understand the situation; but Mrs. Raynor's yacht was there, just on the point of sailing, and I considered

it my duty, as your representative, to hasten on board, and to apprise the lady that you were on your way to see her. Of course she wanted to know why you were coming, and all that; and as you were not there to do it yourself, I told her the nature of your errand, and impressed upon her the importance of delaying her departure until she had seen you and had heard what you had to say. She did not agree with me that the interview would be of importance to any one concerned, but she consented to wait for a time and see you. If you arrived, she agreed to meet you on shore; for she would not consent to your coming on board the yacht, where her daughter was. I went ashore, and waited there with great impatience until early in the afternoon, when a boy arrived, who said he had started to bring you to Sanpritchit, but that you had changed your mind, and he had conveyed you to a railroad station, where you had taken a western-bound train.

"I went to the yacht to report. I think Mrs. Raynor was relieved at your non-arrival; and as she knew I wished to join you as soon as possible, she invited me to sail with them to a little town on the coast, — I forget its name, — from which I could reach the railroad much quicker than from Sanpritchit."

"She did not object, then," said I, "to your being on the yacht with her daughter?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "for she found that Miss Raynor did not know me, or at least recognize me, and had no idea that I was in any way connected with you. Of course I accepted Mrs. Raynor's offer; but I did not save any time by it, for the wind fell off toward evening, and for hours there was no wind at all, and it was late the next afternoon when we reached the point where I went ashore."

"Did you see anything of Miss Raynor in all that time?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "she was on deck a great deal, and I had several conversations with her."

"With her alone?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "Mrs. Raynor is a great reader and fond of naps, and I think that the young lady was rather tired of the companionship of her uncle and the other gentleman, who were very much given to smoking, and was glad of the novelty of a new acquaintance. On my part, I felt it my duty to talk to her as much as possible, that I might faithfully report to you all that she said, and thus give you an idea of the state of her mind."

"Humph!" I exclaimed; "but what did she say?"

"Of course," continued Walkirk, "a great deal of our conversation was desultory and of no importance, but I endeavored, as circumspectly as I could, so to turn the conversation that she might say something which it would be worth while to report to you."

"Now, Walkirk," said I, "if I had known you were doing a thing of that sort, I should not have approved of it. But did she say anything that in any way referred to me?"

"Yes, she did," he answered, "and this is the way it came about. Something — I think it was the heat of the windless day — caused her to refer to the oppressive costume of the sisters of the House of Martha, and she then remarked that she supposed I knew she was one of that sisterhood. I replied that I had been so informed, and then betrayed as much natural interest in regard to the vocations and purposes of the organization as I thought would be prudent. I should have liked to bring up every possible argument against the folly of a young lady of her position and prospects extinguishing the very light of her existence in that hard, cold, soul-chilling house which I knew so well, but the circumstances did not warrant that. I was obliged to content myself with very simple questions.

" 'How do the sisters employ themselves?' I inquired.

" 'In all sorts of ways,' she said. 'Some nurse or teach, and others work for wages, like ordinary people, except that they do not have anything to do with the money they earn, which is paid directly to the House.'

" 'I think,' I then remarked, 'that there are a good many employments which would give the sisters very pleasant occupation, such as decorative art or clerical work.'

"At this her face brightened. 'Clerical work is very nice. I tried that once, myself.'

" 'Was it book-keeping?' I asked.

" 'Oh, no,' she answered; 'I should n't have liked that. It was writing from dictation. I worked regularly, so many hours every morning. It was a book which was dictated to me, — sketches of travel; that is, it was partly travel and partly fiction. It was very interesting.'

" 'I should think it would be so,' I answered. 'To ladies of education and literary taste, I should say such employment would be highly congenial. Do you intend to devote yourself principally to that sort of thing?'

" 'Oh, no,' said she, 'not at all. I like the work very much, but, for various reasons, I shall not do any more of it.'

"I endeavored mildly to remonstrate against such a decision, but she shook her head. 'I was not a full sister at the time,' she said, 'and this was an experiment. I shall do no more of it.'

" Her manner was very decided, but I did not drop the subject. 'If you do not fancy writing from dictation,' I said, 'why don't you try typewriting? I should think that would be very interesting, and it could be done in your own room. The work would not require you to go out at all, if you object to that.' Now this was a slip, because she had not told me that she had gone out, but she did not notice it.

" 'A sister does not have a room of her own,' she answered, 'and I do not understand typewriting;' and with that she left me, and went below, looking very meditative.

"But my remark had had an effect. I think it was not half an hour afterward when she came to me.

" 'I have been thinking about your suggestion of typewriting,' she said. 'Is it difficult to learn? Do you understand it? What use could I make of a machine in the House of Martha?'

"I told her that I understood the art, and gave her all the information I could in regard to it, taking care to make the vocation as attractive as my conscience would allow. As to the use she could make of it, I said that at present there was a constant demand for typewritten copies of all sorts of writings, — legal, literary, scientific, everything.

" 'And people would send me things,' she asked, 'and I would copy them on the typewriter, and send them back, and that would be all?'

" 'You have put it exactly,' I said. 'If you do not choose, you need have no communication whatever with persons ordering the work.'

" 'And do you know of any one who would want such work done?'

" 'Yes,' I said; 'I know people who would be very glad to send papers to be copied. I could procure you some work which would be in no hurry, and that would be an advantage to you in the beginning.'

" 'Indeed it would,' she said; and then her mother joined us, and the subject of typewriting was dropped. The only time that it was referred to again was at the very end of my trip, when Miss Raynor came to me, just as I was preparing to leave the yacht, and told me that she had made up her mind to get a typewriter and to learn to use it; and she asked me, if I were still willing to assist her in securing work, to send my address to the Mother Superior of

the House of Martha, which of course I assured her I would do."

"Why in the name of common sense," I cried, turning suddenly around in my chair and facing Walkirk, "did you put into Miss Raynor's head all that stuff about typewriting? Did you do it simply because you liked to talk to her?"

"By no means," he replied. "I did it solely on your account and for your benefit. If she learns to copy manuscripts on the typewriter, why should she not copy your manuscripts? Not immediately, perhaps, but in the natural course of business. If she should make me her agent, which I have no doubt she would be willing to do, I could easily manage all that. In this way you could establish regular communications with her. There would be no end to your opportunities, and I am sure you would know how to use them with such discretion and tact that they would be very effective."

I folded my arms, and looked at him. "Walkirk," said I, "you are positively, completely, and hopelessly off the track. Mother Anastasia has shown me exactly how I stand with Sylvia Raynor. She has vowed herself to that sisterhood because she thinks it is wrong to love me. She has made her decision, and has taken all the wretched steps which have rendered that decision final, and now I do not intend to try to make her do what she religiously believes is wrong."

"That is not my idea," answered Walkirk. "What I wish is that she shall get herself into such a state of mind that she shall think the sisterhood is wrong, and therefore leave it."

I gave a snort of despair and disgust, and began to stride up and down the room. Presently, however, I recovered my temper. "Walkirk," said I, "I am quite sure that you mean well, and I don't intend to find fault with you; but this sort of thing does not suit me; let us have no more of it."

## XXXVIII.

### A BROKEN TRACE.

As soon as my grandmother heard that I was at Arden, she terminated her visit abruptly, and returned home. When she saw me, she expressed the opinion that my holiday had not been of any service to me. She did not remember ever seeing me so greatly out of condition, and was of the opinion that I ought to see the doctor.

"These watering places and islands," she said, "are just as likely to be loaded down with malaria as any other place. In fact, I don't know but it is just as well for our health for us to stay at home. That is, if we live in a place like Arden."

I had no desire to conceal from this nearest and dearest friend and relative the real cause of my appearance, and I laid before her all the facts concerning Sylvia and myself.

She was not affected as I supposed she would be. In fact, my narrative appeared to relieve her mind of some of her anxieties.

"Any way," she remarked, after a moment or two of consideration, "this is better than malaria. If you get anything of that kind into your system, it is probable that you will never get it out, and it is at any time likely to affect your health, one way or another; but love affairs are different. They have a powerful influence upon a person, as I well know, but there is not about them that insidious poison, which, although you may think you have entirely expelled it from your system, is so likely to crop out again, especially in the spring and fall."

To this I made no answer but a sigh. What was the good of saying that, in my present state of mind, health was a matter of indifference to me?

"I am not altogether surprised," continued my grandmother, "that that

secretary business turned out in this way. If it had been any other young woman, I should have advised against it, but Sylvia Raynor is a good match, — good in every way; and I thought that if her working with you had made you like her, and had made her like you, it might be very well; but I am sure it never entered my mind that if you did come to like each other she should choose the sisterhood instead of you. I knew that she was not then a full sister, and I had n't the slightest doubt that if you two really did fall in love with each other she would leave the House of Martha as soon as her time was up. You must not think, my dear boy," she continued, "that I am anxious to get rid of you, but you know you must marry some day."

I solemnly shook my head. "All that," I said, "is at an end. We need speak no more of it."

My grandmother arose, and gently placed her hand upon my shoulder. "Come! come! Do not be so dreadfully cast down. You have yet one strong ground of hope."

"What is that?" I inquired.

My grandmother looked into my face and smiled. "The girl is n't dead yet," she answered.

I now found myself in a very unsettled and unpleasant state of mind. My business affairs, which had been a good deal neglected of late, I put into the charge of Walkirk, who attended to them with much interest and ability. My individual concerns — that is to say, the guidance and direction of myself — I took into my own hands, and a sorry business I made of it.

I spent a great deal of my time wondering whether or not Sylvia had returned to the House of Martha. I longed for her coming. The very thought of her living within a mile of me was a wild and uneasy pleasure. Then I would ask myself why I wished her to come. Her presence in the neighborhood would be of no good to me unless I saw her, and of course I could not see her. And if this could be so, what would be worse for me, or for her, than our seeing each other? To these abstract questions I came to a more practical one: what should I do? To go away seemed to be a sensible thing, but I was tired of going away. I liked my home, and, besides, Sylvia would be in the neighborhood. It also seemed wise to stay, and endeavor to forget her. But how could I forget her, if she were in the neighborhood? If she were to go away, I might be willing to go away also; but the chances were that I should not know where she had gone, and how could I endure to go to any place where I was certain she was not?

During this mental tangle I confided in no one. There was no one who could sympathize with my varying view of the subject, and I knew there was no one with whose view of the subject I could agree. Sometimes it was almost impossible for me to sympathize with myself.

It suited my mood to take long walks in the surrounding country. One morning, returning from one of these, when about half a mile out of the village, I saw in the road, not very far from me, a carriage, which seemed to be in distress. It was a four-wheeled, curtained vehicle, of the kind to be had for hire at the railroad stations; and beside the rawboned horse which drew it stood a man and a woman, the latter in the gray garb of a sister of the House of Martha.

When I recognized this costume, my heart gave a jump, and I hastened toward the group; but the woman had perceived my approach, and to my surprise came toward me. I quickly saw that it was Mother Anastasia. My heart sank; without any good reason, it must be admitted, but still it sank.

The face of the Mother Superior was slightly flushed, as she walked rapidly in my direction. Saluting her, I inquired what had happened.

"Nothing of importance," she answered; "a trace has broken."

"I will go and look at it," I said. "Sometimes that sort of mishap can be easily remedied."

"Oh, no," said she, "don't trouble yourself. It 's broken in the middle, and so you cannot cut a fresh hole in it, or do any of those things which men do to broken traces. I have told the boy that he must take out the horse, and ride it back to the stable and get another set of harness. That is the only thing to be done. I shall wait here for his return, and I am very glad to have met you."

Naturally I was pleased at this. "Then you have something to say to me?" I remarked.

"Yes," she answered, "I have a good deal to say. Let us walk on to a more shaded place."

"Now it strikes me," said I, "that the most pleasant place to wait will be in the carriage; there we can sit and talk quite comfortably."

"Oh, no," she said, with a sort of half laugh, "it is stuffy and horrid. I greatly prefer the fresh air. I have reason to suppose you do not object to conversing under a tree. I see a promising bit of shade a little farther on."

"Would it be wise to go so far from the carriage?" I asked. "Have you left in it anything of value?"

Mother Anastasia was more animated than I had ever seen her before when in the uniform of the house.

"Oh, pshaw!" she answered. "You know the people around here do not steal things out of carriages. Let us step on."

"But first," I said, "I will run down and pull the carriage out of the way of passing vehicles. It now stands almost across the road."

With a movement of impatience, she put her hand upon my arm. "Don't trouble yourself about that hack; let it stand where it is. I wish to speak with you, and do not let us waste our time."

I had no objection to speaking with Mother Anastasia, and, giving no further thought to the abandoned vehicle, I walked with her to a spot where a clump of straggling locust-trees threw a scanty shade upon the sidewalk. I could not but feel that my companion had something important to say to me, for she was evidently a good deal agitated. She stepped a little in front of me, and then turned and faced me.

"There is no place to sit down here," she said, "but I 'm not tired, are you?"

I assured her that I was not, and would as soon talk standing as sitting.

"Now, then," she began, "tell me about yourself. What have you been doing? What are your plans?"

"My plans!" I cried. "Of what importance are my plans and actions? I thought you wished to speak to me of Sylvia."

She smiled. "There is really nothing to say about that young person, of whom, by the way, you should not speak as 'Sylvia.' She is now a full member of the sisterhood, and has accepted the name of 'Sister Hagar.' We found that the other sisters would not like it if an exception were made in her favor, in regard to her name."

"'Hagar!'" I groaned. "Horrible!"

"Oh, no," replied Mother Anastasia, "there is nothing horrible about it. 'Hagar' is a little harsh, perhaps, but one soon gets used to that sort of thing."

"I can never get used to it," I said.

"My dear Mr. Vanderley," said the Mother Superior, speaking very earnestly, but with a gentleness that was almost affectionate, "I wish I could impress upon your mind that there is no need of your getting used to the name of our young sister, or of your liking it or disliking it. You ought thoroughly to understand, from what she has told you, and from what I have told you, that she never can be anything to you, and that, out of regard to yourself, if to no one else, you should

cease to think of her as I see you do think."

"As long as I live in this world," I replied, "I shall continue to think of her as I do think."

Mother Anastasia gave a sigh. "The unreasonableness of men is something inexplicable. Perhaps you think I am not old enough to give you advice, but I will say that, for your own sake, you ought to crush and obliterate the feelings you have toward our sister; and if you do not choose to do it for your own sake, you ought to do it for her sake and that of our sisterhood. It makes it extremely awkward for us, to say the least of it, to know that there is a gentleman in the village who is in love with one of the sisters of the House of Martha."

"I suppose you would have me exile myself," I replied, "leave forever my home, my grandmother, everything that is dear to me, and all for the sake of the peace and quiet of your sisterhood. Let me assure you I do not care enough for your sisterhood to do that."

The Mother Superior smiled ironically, but not ill-naturedly. "I am very much afraid," she remarked, "that in this matter you care for no one but yourself. There is nothing so selfish as a man in love."

"He needs to be," I answered. "But tell me, is Sylvia here?"

"Sylvia again," said she, half laughing. "Yes, she has returned to the House of Martha, and you can see for yourself that, if you continue in your present state of mind, it will be impossible for her ever to go outside of the house."

"I shall not hurt her," I answered.

"Yes, you will hurt her," quickly replied Mother Anastasia. "You will hurt her very much, if you meet her, and show by your words, looks, or actions that your former attitude toward her is not changed." She came nearer to me, looking into my face with her eyes full of an earnest tenderness, and as she spoke she laid the tips of her fingers gently upon my shoulder. She had a very pleasant way of doing this. "I do wish," she said, "that you would let me prevail upon you to do what your conscience must tell you is right. If you have ever loved the girl who was once Sylvia Raynor, that is the best of reasons why you should cease to love her now. You owe it to her to cease to love her."

I looked steadily into the face of the Mother Superior.

"You promise me that you will do that?" she said, with a smile upon her lips and a light in her eyes which might have won over almost any man to do almost anything. "You promise me that you will allow our young sister, who has hardships enough to bear without any more being thrust upon her, to try to be happy in the way she has chosen, and that you will try to be happy in the way you should have chosen; that you will go out into the world and act your part in life; that you will look upon this affair as something which has vanished into the past; and that you will say to your heart, 'You are free, if not by my will, by the irresistible force of circumstances'?"

I looked at her a few moments in silence, and then answered, very quietly, "I shall do nothing of the kind."

She gave her head a little toss and stepped backward, and then, with a half laugh which seemed to indicate an amused hopelessness, she said: "You are utterly impracticable, and I am certain I do not know what is to be done about it. But I see that the boy has returned with the horse, and I must continue my journey. I am going to the Iron Furnace to see a sick woman. I wish you would think of what I have said, and remember that it was spoken from the depth of my soul. And do not think," she continued, as I turned and accompanied her toward the carriage, "that I do not appreciate the state of your feelings. I under-

stand them thoroughly, and I sympathize with you as perhaps only a woman can sympathize; but still I say to you that there are some things in this world which we must give up, and which we ought to give up promptly and willingly."

"Do you think," said I, "that if Sylvia were to learn typewriting there would be any objection to her copying manuscript for me?"

Mother Anastasia burst into a laugh. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for making a person of my position behave so giddily in the presence of a hack-driver."

We now reached the carriage, and I assisted her to enter it.

"Good-morning," she said, her face still perturbed by her suddenly checked merriment, "and do not forget the counsels I have given you."

I bowed and stepped back, but the driver did not start. He sat for a moment irresolute, and then, turning toward Mother Anastasia, asked, "Shall I wait for the other sister?"

"Oh, bother on you!" cried the Mother Superior. "Go on; there is no other sister."

The boy, startled by her tone, gave his horse a cut, and the equipage rattled away. I walked slowly homeward, meditating earnestly upon Mother Anastasia's words and upon Mother Anastasia.

## XXXIX.

### A SOUL WHISPER?

My meditations upon the Mother Superior of the House of Martha were not concluded during my homeward walk; the subject occupied my mind for the greater part of the rest of the day. I do not call myself a philosopher, but I am in the habit of looking into the nature and import of what happens about me. My reflections on Mother Anastasia gradually produced in me the conviction that there was something more in her words, her manner, and her actions than would appear to the ordinary observer.

In considering this matter, I went back to the very first of my intercourse with this beautiful woman, who, divested of the dismal disguise of her sisterhood, had produced upon my memory an impression which was so strong that, whenever I now thought of Mother Anastasia, she appeared before my mental vision in a white dress, with a broad hat and a bunch of flowers in her belt. In the character of a beautiful and sensible woman, and not at all in that of a Mother Superior, she had warmly commended my suit of Sylvia Raynor. With our regard for Sylvia as a basis, we had consulted, we had confided, we had shown ourselves to each other in a most frank and friendly manner.

Suddenly she had changed, she had deserted me without a word of explanation, and the next time I saw her she was totally opposed to my maintaining any connection whatever with Sylvia.

But there had been more than this. This woman, beautiful even in her gray garb, had shown an increasing interest in the subject, which could not be altogether explained by her interest in Sylvia. If she truly believed that that young sister would devote her life to the service of the House of Martha, that matter might be considered as settled; and what was her object in so earnestly endeavoring to impress upon my mind the fact that I could not marry Sylvia? It might be supposed that, in the ordinary course of events, I should be compelled to admit this point. But not only did she continually bring up this view of the subject, but she showed such a growing interest in me and my welfare that it made me uneasy.

It is almost impossible truly to understand a woman; most men will admit this. I could not say that I un-

derstood Mother Anastasia. At times I hoped I did not understand her. From what I knew of the constitution of the sisterhood, some of its members were vowed to it for life, and others for a stated period. Putting together this and that which Mother Anastasia had said to me about the organization, it did not appear to me that she felt that devotion to it which a sister for life would naturally feel. She had used all the art of a logician to impress upon me the conviction that Sylvia was a life sister, and could be nothing else. Was it possible — I scarcely dared to ask myself the question — that she had used the arts of a woman to intimate to me that she might be something else? It did not cross my mind for an instant that anything that Mother Anastasia had said to me, or anything that could be deduced from her manner, was in the slightest degree out of the way. A woman has a right to indicate her position in regard to a fellow-being, and in this age she generally does indicate it. If the true nature of Mother Anastasia had so far exerted itself as to impel her, perhaps involuntarily, to let me know that she was as much a woman as she was a Mother Superior, and that in time she would be all of the first and not any of the latter, she had truly done this with a delicate ingenuousness beyond compare. It had not been the exhalation by the flower of inviting perfume or its show of color; it had been the simple opening of the blossom to the free sun and air before my eyes.

My last interview with Mother Anastasia had crystallized in my mind a mist of suppositions and fancies which had vaguely floated there for some time. It is not surprising that I was greatly moved at the form the crystal took.

When Walkirk came, the next day, to make his usual reports, I talked to him of Mother Anastasia. Of course I did not intimate to him how I had been thinking of her, but I gave him as many facts as possible, in order that I might discover what he would think of her. When I had finished my account of the interview of the morning before, I could see that a very decided impression had been made upon him. His countenance twitched, he smiled, he looked upon the floor. For a moment I thought he was going to laugh.

"This amuses you," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, his face having recovered its ordinary composure, "it is a little funny. Mother Anastasia seems to be a good deal of a manager."

"Yes," I said reflectively, "that is true. It is quite plain that, perceiving an opportunity of a private conference with me, she took advantage of the circumstances. We could have had an ordinary chat just as well in one place as another, but it was easy to see that she did not wish the boy who was unhitching the horse to hear even the first words of our conversation. As you say, she is a good manager, and I had my suspicions of that before you mentioned it." As I said this I could not help smiling, as I thought how surprised he would be if he knew in what direction my suspicions pointed. "Do you know," I continued, "if it is necessary that the head of a sisterhood should be a life member of it?"

"I have never heard," he answered, "but I have been informed that the organization of the House of Martha is a very independent one, and does not attempt to conform itself to that of any other sisterhood. The women who founded it had ideas of their own, and what rules and laws they made I do not know."

For a few moments I walked up and down the room; then I asked, "How did Mother Anastasia come to be the Mother Superior?"

"I have been told," said Walkirk, "that she gave most of the money for the founding of the institution, and it was natural enough that she should be placed at the head. I have an idea

that she would not have been willing to enter the House except as its head."

"It is about four years since it was established, is it not?" I asked; and Walkirk assured me that I was correct.

All this information ranged itself on the side of conviction. She was just the woman to try a thing of this kind for a stated time; she was just the woman not to like it; and she was just the woman whose soul could not be prevented from whispering that the gates of the bright world were opening before her. But why should her soul whisper this to me? The whole matter troubled me very much.

I determined not to base any action upon what had thus forced itself upon my mind. I would wait. I would see what would happen next. I would persist in my determination never to give up Sylvia. And I will mention that there was a little point in connection with her which at this time greatly annoyed me: whenever I thought of her, she appeared before me in the gray dress of a sister, and not as I had seen her on the island. I wished very much that this were not the case.

## XL.

### AN INSPIRATION.

I now found myself in an embarrassing situation. All my plans and hopes of tidings from Sylvia, or of any possible connection with her, were based upon Mother Anastasia. But would it be wise for me to continue my very friendly relations with the Mother Superior? On my side these relations were extremely pleasant, though that did not matter, one way or another. But would it be kind and just to her to meet with her on the footing I had enjoyed? In every point of this affair I wished to be honorable and considerate. Acting on these principles, I went away for two weeks. It was very hard for me to absent myself for so long a period from Arden, but it was my duty. To take the chances of another meeting with Mother Anastasia, following close upon the recent one, which had made so forcible an impression upon me, would be imprudent. A moderate absence might be of great advantage.

On my return I took to strolling about the village, especially in the neighborhood of the House of Martha; and if, in these strolls, I had met the Mother Superior, I should not have hesitated to accost her and ask news of Sylvia. For more reasons than one, I felt it was highly desirable that I should impress it on the mind of Mother Anastasia that my interest in Sylvia had not in the least abated.

But several days passed, and I met no one clad in gray bonnet and gown. I was disappointed; there were a good many questions about Sylvia which I wished to ask, and a good many things in regard to her that I wished to say. I might go to the House of Martha and boldly ask to see the Mother Superior; but a step like that might produce an undesirable impression, and naturally the position in which I had placed myself regarding Sylvia would prevent my going to visit her.

As I could do nothing for myself in this matter, I must ask some one to help me, and there was no one so willing and able to do this as my grandmother. She could go to the House of Martha and ask what questions she pleased. I went to the dear old lady and made known my desires. She laid down her knitting and gave me her whole attention.

"Now tell me exactly what it is you want," she said. "You cannot expect to be asked to take tea with the sisters, you know, though I see no reason why you should not. Say what they will, they are not nuns."

"What I want," I replied, "is to know how Sylvia is, what she is doing,

all about her. I do not even know that she is still there."

"My dear boy," said my grandmother, very tenderly, "I suppose that even if you are obliged to give up all hope of ever having Sylvia for your own, you will want to know every day for the rest of your life just how she is getting on."

"Yes," I answered, "that is true."

"Poor fellow," said the old lady, her eyes a little dimmed as she spoke, "the fates have not been using you well. Is there anything else you want me to inquire about?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "I take a great interest in the institution."

"Which is natural enough, since Sylvia is there," interpolated my grandmother.

"And I should be glad," I continued, "to know anything of interest regarding the sisterhood, from the Mother Superior down."

"Mother Anastasia is a very fine woman," said my grandmother, "and I should think you would be likely to be greatly interested in her. I am going to make some inquiries about the rules of the House of Martha. I see no reason why the sisters should not occasionally accept invitations to tea."

This remark startled me, and I was prompted to make a cautionary observation. But I restrained myself; in cases like this interference would be likely to provoke comment, and by my grandmother's desire I went to order the carriage.

In less than an hour she returned. I was promptly at hand to receive her report.

"Well," said she, "I have visited the sisters, but I am sorry I did not see Mother Anastasia. She was away."

"Away!" I exclaimed. "Where has she gone?"

"She went to Washington more than a week ago," was the answer.

"For a long stay?" I asked quickly.

"The sisters did not know," continued my grandmother, "but their impression is that she will return in a few days."

I knitted my brows.

"You are disappointed, and so am I. I intended to ask her here to tea next Friday, and to urge her, if she did not too greatly object, to bring Sylvia with her. There is nothing like quiet intercourse of that kind to break down obstacles."

"Alas," I said, "I am afraid there are obstacles" —

"But do not let us talk about them," she interrupted. "Nobody knows what will happen, and let us be as happy as we can."

"Did you see Sylvia?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "and I had some talk with her, but it did not amount to much. She is trying to make a regular nun of herself, — that is, if a Protestant can be a nun, — but I do not think she will ever succeed. She admitted that she greatly disliked the ordinary work of the sisters, and wished to employ herself in some way which would be just as lucrative to the institution, and yet not so repugnant to her. Now you can see for yourself that that will not do. If she intends to be a sister of the House of Martha, she must do as the other sisters do. She cannot always expect to be an exception. At present she is learning typewriting."

I gave a great start. "Typewriting!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said my grandmother. "Is it not odd that she should have taken up that? She has a machine, and practices steadily on it. She showed me some of her printed sheets, and I must say, so far as I am concerned, that I should prefer plain handwriting, where the letters are not so likely to get on top of one another. She wanted to know if I could give her any advice about getting work, when she thought she could do it well enough; but of course I know nothing about such things. My

hope is that she will get to dislike that as much as she does nursing and apothecary work, and to find out that her real duty is to live like an ordinary human being, and so make herself and other people truly happy."

I do not know that there is any inherent connection between a typewriting machine and the emotions and sentiments of love, but in this case such a connection instantly established itself in my mind. It seemed plain to me that Walkirk's suggestion to Sylvia had taken root; and why did she wish to typewrite, if she did not wish to typewrite for me? Was this an endeavor of her tender heart to keep up a thread of connection with me which should not be inconsistent with the duties, the vows, and the purposes of her life? Dear girl! If the thing could be managed, she should typewrite for me as much as she wished, even if she piled the letters on one another as high as the Great Pyramid.

With much enthusiasm, I communicated to Walkirk my intention to employ Sylvia in typewriting, and requested his assistance in regard to the details of the business. I could easily furnish her material enough. I had lots of things I should like to have copied, and I was ready to prepare a great deal more. My understudy made no allusion to my previous reception of his suggestion about typewriting, but brought his practical mind to bear upon the matter, and advised that preliminary arrangements should be made immediately. In a case like this it was well to be in time, and to secure the services of Miss Raynor at once. I agreed with Walkirk that it was very wise to take time by the forelock, but Mother Anastasia was the only person who could properly regulate this affair, which should be instantly laid before her; and as it was impossible to find out when she would return to Arden, I felt that it was my duty to go to her. When I mentioned this plan to Walkirk, he offered to go in my place, but I declined. This was a very delicate affair, to which no one could attend as well as I could myself.

"Walkirk," said I, "do you suppose that the Mother Superior will appear in Washington under her real name, or as Mother Anastasia? And, by the way, what is her real name?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Walkirk, "that you do not know it? It is Raynor, — Miss Marcia Raynor. She is a cousin of the younger lady."

"Oh, yes, I know that," I replied; "but it never occurred to me to inquire what name Mother Anastasia bore before she entered the House of Martha. The first thing for me to do is to get her Washington address."

"And may I ask," continued Walkirk, "how you are going to do that?"

I was not prepared to give an immediate answer to this question.

"I suppose," I remarked presently, "that it would not do to ask for the address at the House of Martha, but I could go to Sylvia's mother. I should like to call there, any way, and I have no doubt she would know where Mother Anastasia would be likely to stop."

My understudy shook his head. "Pardon me," he said, "but I do not think it would be wise to go to Mrs. Raynor. She would be sure to connect her daughter with your urgent desire to see Mother Anastasia, and she would not hesitate to question you on the matter. I think I understand her disposition in regard to you and Miss Raynor, and I am very certain that when she heard of the typewriting scheme she would instantly put her foot on it; and if I am not mistaken," he continued, with a noticeable deference in his tone, "that is the only reason you can give for your wish to confer with Mother Anastasia."

I strode impatiently up and down the room. "Certainly it is," said I, "and although it is reason enough, I suppose you are right, and it would not

do to offer it to Mrs. Raynor; and, for the matter of that, Mother Anastasia may think it a very little thing to take me down to Washington."

"I had thought of that," said Walkirk, "and that was one reason why I proposed to go in your stead."

I made no answer to this remark. My mind was filled with annoying reflections about the unreasonableness of people who insist upon knowing people's reasons for doing things, and my annoyance was increased by the conviction, now that I looked more closely into the matter, that the only reason I could give for hastening after Mother Anastasia in this way was indeed a very little one.

"Walkirk," I exclaimed, "can't you think of some other reason for my seeing the Mother Superior without delay?"

"Truly," he replied, smiling, "it is rather difficult. You might offer to build an annex to the House of Martha, but such a matter could surely wait until the return of the Mother Superior."

I sniffed, and continued to stride. I must see Mother Anastasia in Washington, because there I might have a chance of speaking to her freely, which I could not expect to have anywhere else; and yet how was I going to explain to her, or to any one else, my desire to speak with her at all? It might have been difficult to explain this to myself; at all events, I did not try to do it. Suddenly an idea struck me.

"Annex!" I cried, —"capital!"

"My dear sir," said Walkirk, rising in much agitation, "I hope you do not think that I seriously proposed your building an annex to" —

"Building!" I interrupted. "Nonsense! The annex I am thinking of is quite different; and yet not altogether so, either. Walkirk, don't you think that a man in my position could do a great deal to help those sisters in their good work? Don't you think that he could act as an outside collaborator? I am sure there are many things he could do which might not be suitable for them to do, or which they might not want to do. For instance, this business that has taken Mother Anastasia to Washington. Perhaps it is something that she hates to do, and I might have done as well as not. I have a mind to propose to her to go in and take all this sort of thing off the hands of the sisters. I think that is a good practical idea, and it is very natural that I should wish to propose it to her at the very time she is engaged in this outside business."

"In a word," remarked Walkirk, "you would make yourself a brother of the House of Martha."

I laughed. "That is not a bad notion," I said; "in fact, it is a very good one. I do not know that I shall put the matter exactly in that light, but a brother of the House of Martha is what I should like to be. Then I should be free to discuss all sorts of things, and to do all sorts of things. And I could be of a lot of service, I am sure. But I shall approach the matter cautiously. I shall begin with a simple offer of service, and at the proper point shall bring in the typewriting plan. Now for Mother Anastasia's address. I must get that without delay."

Walkirk did not seem to have paid attention to this last remark. His mind appeared occupied with amusing reflections.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in apologizing for his abstraction, "but I was thinking what a funny thing it would be to be a brother of the House of Martha. As to the address — let me see. Do you remember that lady who was staying with Mrs. Raynor, at her island, who called herself a Person, — Miss Laniston?"

"Of course I remember her," I answered, "and with the greatest disgust."

"I happen to know her address," said Walkirk, "and I think she is more likely to give you the information you want than Mrs. Raynor. If you do not care to confer with her, I can go to the city" —

"No, no, no!" I exclaimed. "She might object to giving you the address; I shall insist that she give it to me. I think I can manage the matter. She owes me something, and she knows it."

In fact, I did not care to trust Walkirk with this affair. It was plain that he did not thoroughly sympathize with me in the project. I was afraid he might make a blunder, or in some way fail me. Any way, this was a matter which I wished to attend to myself.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

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## THE STORY OF A LONG INHERITANCE.

On the 26th of July, last summer, there was a destructive tornado at Lawrence, Massachusetts. It arrived there about nine o'clock in the morning, advancing from the southwest at a rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and rapidly passing on to the northeast. In its momentary passage, it tore down trees, wrecked buildings, killed or injured a number of persons, and left general desolation in its narrow path. It came with so little warning and passed so quickly that we have only insufficient accounts of its appearance and behavior. One man happened to be somewhat north of its path and facing it as it came, so that he had a sight of its approach. He said he saw a great quantity of rubbish of all kinds borne up into the centre of the storm, where two clouds were chasing each other around in such a way that the eastern or front cloud moved north; that is, whirling from right to left.

These local storms are, fortunately, rare in New England, but when they visit us they manifest all the characteristic features of their class. They are peculiar in their excessive violence, and in the narrow limits within which the violent winds rush around; and from this, as well as from their sudden coming and short stay, there has been more mystery attached to them than they deserve. The theory by which they are now generally explained ascribes them to the whirling ascent of a mass of inflowing air from all sides; for repeated observation demonstrates that they possess truly vorticular motion. The evidence of their whirling was found in the displacement of buildings and overturning of trees, but these effects are complicated by the combination of the whirling with the progressive advance of the vortex. At Lawrence, for example, where the tornado was turning from right to left as it moved swiftly northeastward, the overturning of trees to the northeast on the southern side of its central track was very general; for here the two motions of progression and whirling agreed, and the wind felt by the trees was the sum of both. But on the north side of the track, while a number of trees were blown over to the west or backward, as if by the whirling component of the motion, and the little house in which the gate-tender stood at the railroad crossing was carried westward across the street and broken, killing the poor man inside of it, yet there were many other trees on the same side of the central path that were thrown down to the southeast or east, as if by the exaggerated indraught in the rear of the whirl; for on the northern or left side

of the track the motion of advance would in part neutralize the whirling, particularly at a moderate distance away from the centre, where the whirl is less violent. All this has been carefully investigated at Lawrence by Mr. H. F. Mills, whose experience as an engineer gives his statements about the tornado an especial value. A careful survey was made, under his direction, of a park through which the tornado passed, and it is evident from his account, and from the positions of the overturned trees, that the destructive winds whirled about, and in the same direction as the observer on the northern side of the track saw them turning.

Nearly the whole violence of a tornado depends on its whirling. If the inflowing air moved straight inwards on radial lines, directly to the centre, there is every reason for thinking that the velocity gained would seldom be destructive, and would never be of the terrific violence seen in the whirling storms. This may be simply illustrated by watching the downward escape of water from a basin through a vent at the bottom, where exactly the same mechanical principles are at work as in the upward escape of the air in a tornado. Fill the basin to a certain depth, and let the water come to rest; carefully remove the stopper, and notice the velocity attained by the current in running out, no whirl occurring. Fill the basin to the same depth again, and set the water slowly rotating by a motion with the hand; then open the vent, and see how greatly the velocity of the current is increased. But it is significant that the high velocity now gained is not directed radially inwards, but circularly around the central vortex. The whirling may be so rapid as to produce a centrifugal force much in excess of gravity; for, when the vortex is well formed, an open core or eddy may be seen at the centre, where the free surface of the water does not stand level, as it would under the action of gravity alone, but nearly vertical, under the combined action of gravity and the local centrifugal force of the whirl. The surface of water stands at right angles to the forces acting on it; and therefore, in the eddy, the centrifugal force, acting outwards horizontally, must be many times greater than gravity, acting downwards, in order that the resultant of the two shall be so nearly in the direction of the former. Indeed, as a result of this active whirling, the rate of radial inflow is actually diminished, as may be seen by noting that a longer time is required for the basin to be emptied when the water possesses an initial rotary motion than when it stands still. All this is undoubtedly true of tornadoes; they would be weaker and shorter-lived if they did not whirl.

We must give a few moments' consideration to the increased velocity of the whirl as the centre is approached, for a general principle is involved here, of great importance and wide application. Tie one end of a string around a small stone or weight, and draw the other end through a small tube. Hold the tube in one hand, and the free end of the string in the other; set the stone whirling, and then draw the string through the tube, so as to shorten the radius of rotation. As the centre is approached, the stone whirls faster; and if the experiment could be performed without friction, it would be found that the linear velocity of the stone in its whirl increases as fast as the radius decreases. The two quantities, velocity and radius, vary inversely: consequently, the triangular area swept over by the string in a given brief interval of time is constant; for the area equals half the product of the distance moved over by the stone multiplied by the length of the string, and as these quantities vary inversely their product must be a constant. For this reason the mechanical principle here involved is called the "conservation of

areas." Kepler showed that the velocities of the planets in their elliptical orbits follow this law, being accelerated as they draw nearer to the sun, and retarded as they move away. Newton proved that this variation of velocity must follow from the simple laws of motion. Like the stone on the string, so the water in an eddy or the air in a tornado whirls with increasing rapidity as it is drawn in toward the centre; and there are many other examples of the same process.

If it is now clearly understood that the violent blast of the tornado is a whirling wind, and that the tornado indraught would attain only a moderate velocity if its currents were directly radial, we may seriously regret that tornadoes whirl; they would lose their terrors if they did not. But they all do. Here, for example, is the account of an eye-witness of a tornado that happened two hundred years ago in England. The Rev. Mr. A. de la Pryme records, in the twenty-third volume of the London Philosophical Transactions, that, on August 15, 1687, at two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a destructive storm at Hatfield, in Yorkshire, in which the wind "soon created a great vortex, giration and whirling among the clouds, the centre of which ever now and then dropt down in the shape of a thick long black pipe commonly called a spout; in which I could plainly and most distinctly behold a motion, like that of a screw, continually drawing upwards, or screwing up (as it were) whatever it touched." Coming at once to modern times, we may refer to an account of tornadoes in our Southern States by H. S. Whitfield, professor of mathematics in the University of Alabama, who tells of the clear view that he had of an approaching tornado (American Journal of Science, 1871). When first seen it was about five miles away, and, judging by the angular altitude of its top, the height of its great funnel cloud must have been about forty-five hundred feet. It approached and passed south of him, about nine hundred feet away. "The gyratory motion was distinctly visible. When about a mile distant, I saw that it would go south of me, and at this time I first observed the surface drift [rubbish], which appeared like an innumerable flock of birds flying around the summit of the column;" and at about the same time the observer saw "a pine-tree, sixteen inches in diameter and sixty feet long, float out from the black vortex, at the height of a quarter of a mile, and sail round, to all appearance, as light as a feather." Such language from a professor of mathematics is directly to the point. There are many other accounts of the same thing. The cloudy column that marks the storm has been over and over again described as a "whirling vortex," or as "whirling most violently upon its centre," or in some such phrase. A number of my students have told me of tornadoes that they have seen in the West, all agreeing as to the whirling of the vicious funnel cloud.

Tornadoes not only all whirl: they nearly all whirl in the same direction; that is, from right to left, as the tornado at Lawrence did. It appears that a few are reported to have turned the other way, but by far the greater number of them exhibit a strong family likeness in this respect, and turn "against the sun." Their whirling, therefore, cannot be accidental: it must be controlled by some prevailing antecedent; it must be an inheritance from some preceding condition. We must look into this.

What are the conditions that give rise to tornadoes? A few years ago this question could not have been answered satisfactorily, and there is indeed still much to be learned about it; but, thanks to the weather maps of Europe and this country, it is now

clear that most tornadoes are generated within the area of one of the large cyclonic storms,[1] to which we owe our spells of cloudy, rainy weather. The weather maps are so widely distributed, and publicly exhibited at so many places in our cities, that the phenomena of the larger cyclonic storms must be in a rough way familar to many persons who have perhaps little other knowledge of meteorology. They are seen to be areas of low barometric pressure, prevailingly cloudy and rainy or snowy near the centre, with their winds moving in great inward spiral circuits, and always, in our hemisphere, turning from right to left. There has never been found an exception to this rule. These cyclonic storms are so large that they may cover nearly all the States east of the Mississippi at once; they move across country on their general eastward track at an average rate of nearly thirty miles an hour, thus determining a general succession of weather changes from west to east. They usually require from one to three days for their passage; giving us southeasterly winds with increasing dampness and cloudiness as they draw near; rain beginning as the centre approaches, and the wind increasing in strength at the same time; and as they pass on, the wind shifts, veering through the south if the centre passes north of the observer, as is generally the case, or backing through the north if the centre passes to the south, and leaving cooling and clearing westerly and northwesterly winds in their rear. Nearly all our weather changes depend upon the passage of these cyclonic storms; and the problem of weather prediction is to foresee their movements and their changes in intensity. It is an easy matter to predict on the general rule that such stormy areas move eastward at a certain rate; but such predictions often fail, for the storms have an arbitrary way of departing from average velocities. The weather prophet who discovers how to foretell the departures of single storms from the average behavior of many has a large future awaiting him.

Now, returning to tornadoes, it is found that they nearly always occur in the southeastern quadrant of cyclonic storms, and from two hundred to six hundred miles from the low-pressure centre around which the cyclonic winds turn. The reason for so well defined a habitat of the tornado in the cyclone is undoubtedly to be found in the presence there of warm and damp southerly winds, over which there is good reason to think the cooler high-level westerly winds have advanced; thus inducing a condition of instability from which an upsetting follows, and hence the indraught at the bottom by which the tornado is always characterized. But why should the indraught take on a whirling motion, and why should the whirl prevailingly turn one way, and why should that way be the same as the turning of the winds in the much larger cyclonic storm? There is a simple and sufficient mechanical answer for this. When a subordinate whirl is set up in a larger whirl, the little one will begin to turn the same way as the larger one has been turning. They must turn the same way. In any small part of a large cyclonic storm, no one would perceive that it was possessed of a rotary motion with respect to its centre, several hundred miles away; and yet the entire whirl of a cyclonic storm is made up of such parts, every one of which has truly a slight rotation about the cyclonic centre of low pressure. If the lower air in any one such part is drawn toward its local centre, as would occur in the

[1] The reader will see that the words *cyclone* and *cyclonic* are used here in the sense properly given to them, and not to refer to tornadoes, which are storms of very different nature and dimensions.

case of an upsetting consequent on an unstable arrangement of warm, damp lower air under cooler, drier upper air, the imperceptible cyclonic rotation will become apparent as the indraught currents move toward the centre of ascent; and when the centre is closely approached, the whirling may become very violent. The connection of one of these rotary motions with the other is so natural and so direct that we need not doubt the inheritance of the prevalent right-to-left whirling of our tornadoes from the invariably left-handed turning of our cyclonic storms. The tornadoes that turn from left to right are of rare occurrence, and for the present have no adequate explanation; their direction of turning must be called "accidental." They hardly enter our story, for they have lost their inheritance. It is not my intention to present here an exposition of the theory of tornadoes; if any reader wishes that, he may find it as given by its master, Professor William Ferrel, in his recent Popular Treatise on the Winds. Much that is here omitted is there stated in full, and with a completeness of argument and demonstration that has placed its author at the head of American meteorologists.

It appears, then, that our tornadoes whirl because the parent cyclones, in which the tornadoes are bred, also whirl; the whirling in both being in the same direction. So far, so good; it is a clear case of inheritance, the offspring taking after the parent. But it must now be asked, Why do the cyclones turn? They have been described as areas of low barometric pressure at the centre, toward which the winds move inward, but obliquely, so that as a whole they sidle around the centre in an incurving spiral. Why do the winds not flow in directly to the centre of low pressure on radial paths? It is a most natural expectation that the mobile air should move from where the pressure is high to where it is low; and yet every weather map which includes a cyclonic storm — and this will be nearly every map in winter time — shows that the winds turn in the most persistent way aside from the direct path to the centre of low pressure, and always to the right, so as to form, as a whole, an inward left-handed spiral circulation. Not an exception to this rule of right-to-left cyclonic turning is known; and if the objector to this wholesale statement would bring up the case of cyclonic storms in the southern hemisphere, which turn from left to right, he must remember that, while it is true that they are there said to turn in a reversed direction, this change is only because they are there looked at from the southern side instead of from the northern. It is as if two persons were looking at a transparent watch, one seeing the face and the other the back. It would hardly be worth while for them to dispute about the direction in which the hands rotate, because one sees them turning from left to right, and the other from right to left.

It appears, therefore, that the cyclonic storms are even more closely alike than the tornadoes, in this feature of rotation. Whence have they received so persistent a habit? If the tornadoes have inherited the habit of turning from the cyclones, from what ancestor have the cyclones received it? Just as we examined conditions in which tornadoes are formed, so must we now look to see where the cyclonic storms are bred. Those that we know in this country are affairs of the temperate zone, for the most part; some of them come from the torrid zone, but only a few, about five in a hundred. The daily international synchronous weather maps, published by our Signal Service from data gathered in all parts of the world, present the striking fact that our cyclonic storms march in an irregular procession around the north pole, along with the great

north polar whirl of the terrestrial winds. From latitude 30° north, the prevailing winds of our hemisphere may be described as forming a gigantic whirl from west to east around the north pole; and it is in this gigantic whirl that our cyclonic storms are generated. It is then manifest that there is the same relation between the great polar whirl and the cyclonic storms that there is between the latter and the little tornadoes. The cyclonic storms arise in a whirling atmosphere, and they must turn in the same direction that it does. It is not necessary that they should occur at the centre of the great hemi-atmospheric whirl, that is at the pole; it is enough if their centripetal motion is excited anywhere in the area of the whirl, for reasons already given in explaining the origin of the tornado whirl within the cyclone. No new special process need be called in to explain this well-marked relationship; the same general principle applies throughout, and in the southern hemisphere as well as in the northern.

If the great polar whirls should stop, the cyclonic storms also would almost disappear; for they, like the tornadoes, gain most of their distinctive features from their whirling. Our tornadoes would become rare, at the same time; for their essential antecedent conditions, namely, those found in the south-eastern quadrant of our larger rotating cyclonic storms, where tornadoes for the most part occur, would also be unusual.

It is, therefore, hopeless for us to expect to get rid of the dangerous whirl of the tornadoes as long as the great parental cyclonic storms are required to turn around, because they are generated in the still greater general whirl around the north pole; and there is no reason to think that the polar whirl will stop in our day. Consider the firmness of its foundation. The sun shines strongest on our torrid zone, and warms the air there, in contrast to that which is cooled in the polar regions. The warm expanded equatorial air flows away aloft toward either pole; and for this reason we should expect, at the first glance, to find a belt of low atmospheric pressure around the equator, and caps of high pressure at the poles, where the air, being cool and somewhat compressed, would accumulate in greater amount. But, curiously, there is lowest pressure at the poles: and this because the equatorial overflow, as it runs poleward, approaching the axis around which it rotates with the earth, is accelerated in its rotary motion, in accordance with the principle of the conservation of areas, even to such an extent as to generate a centrifugal force that holds the air somewhat away from the polar regions, and reverses the high pressure that we expected there as a result of the low polar temperatures into a low pressure, the result of high centrifugal forces. The case is closely analogous to that of the empty eddy in the basin of whirling water, where the centrifugal force held out the water from the centre. The same mechanical principle is known to be in part responsible for the moderately low pressure observed about the centre of cyclonic storms, and is supposed, on very reasonable grounds, to produce extremely low pressure in the spinning vortex of tornadoes. No direct observations can be expected of the latter; the nearest one of value is from an autographic barometer at Owensboro', Kentucky, about a mile and a half from the track of the severe Louisville tornado of March, 1890; but even this was too far away from the vortex to show the central low pressure, just as it was too far away to be destroyed by the central whirling winds. The evidence of doors and windows burst open in houses over which tornadoes have passed is more directly to the point. For example, we have the account of a sufferer in the Lawrence tornado, — a woman who

was building a fire in her kitchen as the storm approached. Her brief story as given in the Boston Herald at the time tells us: "While caring for the fire, I heard it raining outside. It seemed to be pouring in torrents. Suddenly I heard a terrific noise and the breaking of glass behind me. Turning around, I saw that the blinds and windows had been blown out. I started toward the windows, but I guess I never got there. I heard one crash, and that was all. When I came to, I was lying in the ruins." So direct a narrative has every appearance of truth, and one can hardly help regarding the blowing *out* of the windows as evidence of the decrease of pressure outside as the vortex came over the house. Another account of the effects of the apparent explosion of a building may be found in the memoir accompanying the remarkable map, prepared under the direction of H. L. Eustis, professor of engineering in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, of the destruction caused by the tornado at West Cambridge (now Arlington), Massachusetts, on August 22, 1851. The map is doubtless the most extensive survey of the track of a tornado ever made. Professor Eustis generally refrained from theorizing, but made the following statement: "In one case, particularly, of a factory near the West Cambridge road, the whole effect produced, and to my mind well and clearly defined, was precisely what we should have if we could suddenly place in a vacuum a building filled with atmospheric air of ordinary tension. Even the foundation walls were inclined outwards, and there was every evidence of a force acting from the interior to the exterior." This report is to be found in the Memoirs of the American Academy of Boston for 1853.

To review: The relentless violence of tornadoes is a direct result of their whirling, and the whirling is a habit which they have inherited from the rotation of the cyclonic storms in which they are bred. The cyclones have not of themselves originated the rotation that so universally characterizes them, but in turn have received the habit from the great polar whirl of the general atmospheric circulation in which they are formed; and this has come by immediate inheritance from the rotation of that persistent and inveterate spinner, old Mother Earth. The whirling that characterizes our tornadoes is therefore passed down to them in direct line of inheritance from the rotation of their great-grandparent, and you may ask any astronomer if he thinks that will soon cease. To be sure, there would be no polar whirl if there were no equatorial overflow, but there will be an overflow as long as the sun shines on the equator; and the permanence of this may also be referred to the astronomers. They will indeed tell you that the duration of sunshine cannot be expected to reach as far into the future as the endurance of the earth's rotation; but both are enduring enough for all practical purposes.

It may be well to mention that most cyclones have no tornado offspring, for which we may be duly thankful; but others have a rather large family. Consider the extraordinarily fruitful cyclonic storm that traversed our country on the 19th of February, 1884; as its centre moved from Illinois into Canada, it gave birth to some forty or fifty vicious tornadoes in the Southern States. Most happily for us, these little whirls are short-lived: they seldom live more than half an hour, sometimes an hour, advancing in this brief time from ten to forty miles, although their parents may go on for a week or two, and cross a continent and an ocean; indeed, one cyclonic storm has been traced in apparently continuous progress all around the world. Again, just as it is not every cyclonic storm that gives birth to tornadoes,

so even the tornado-breeders do not generate these violent offspring at all points on their course, but have their breeding-grounds; and alas! the favorite ground is our fruitful Mississippi Valley. As they cross over that superb stretch of country, particularly in the spring and early summer, the cyclonic indraught brings together the unlike elements from which the tornadoes arise: the warm, damp lower winds from the Gulf, and the cool, dry upper winds from the western or northwestern interior where the temperature is still low. Nowhere else in the world is there a like opportunity for the crossing of winds so strongly contrasted, and nowhere else do cyclonic storms so often give birth to tornadoes.

The same relation of short-lived offspring and long-lived parent appears between the cyclonic storms, whose life-history we measure in days or in weeks, and the great polar whirl, whose duration we may almost call immortal. The polar whirl has times of greater activity in winter, when the contrast of temperature between equator and pole is at its maximum, and at this season the most and the strongest cyclones are generated in it. In summer time, when the difference of temperature between equator and pole is least, the whirl runs slower, and its cyclones are fewer and weaker; but it is chiefly in these latter that the tornadoes are produced. The earth must therefore already have been, and continue to be for ages and ages to come, subject to cyclones and tornadoes; yet if we take a very long view of the matter, it might be allowable to say that the polar whirl is not immortal, for it presumably was not at work when the earth was glowing with its own heat; nor will it remain in operation when the heat of the sun, on which it now depends, is exhausted. The polar whirl lives all through that immensity of time in which the sun determines our climate, but the rotation of the earth, on which the whirling of the atmosphere depends, is more enduring still. In the ardent youth of the world, long past, as well as in the cold old age, in the distant future, its rotation prevails; we must conceive of the turning being as long-lived as the earth itself. Whence did it come by this persistent habit?

The earth turns on its axis from west to east, or, as seen from the North-Star side, from right to left. So do the moon and the sun, and Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, the only other members of the solar system whose rotation is certainly known. They all turn one way. Again the same strong family likeness. Not only so: the moon revolves around the earth in the same direction as both turn on their axes, and the planets all revolve around the sun in the same direction as they rotate day after day. Saturn's rings turn in the same direction. Everywhere the same well-marked habit of turning from west to east, from right to left. The earth is by no means an isolated, lonesome old body, but one of a family of planets; the members are scattered, to be sure, but they all bear a strong resemblance to one another. Can we venture so far back in the family history as to find the ancestor from which this resemblance has come down?

A clue to guide us in this search may be found in the case of Saturn's rings, which are believed to consist of innumerable small separate bodies crowding around the planet in closely placed orbits. Imagine that at one part of a ring its material should be collected or clotted somewhat more compactly than elsewhere. The little bodies next west of the clot would be hurried along by its attraction and drawn nearer to it, thus accelerating their revolution around Saturn; the bodies next east of it would be held back or retarded in their revolution. Those lying on the outer margin of the ring, near the clot, would be drawn in

toward it, and those on the inner margin would be drawn out; and after a long time, all the material of the rings might, in this way, be gathered about the clot, — not by any sudden disruption of the ring, but by a slow process of segregation. Throughout all this process, the conditions of the formation of a tornado in a cyclone, or of a cyclone in a polar whirl, are essentially repeated; and the mass formed by the coalescence of the parts must inevitably rotate on its axis in the same direction as it revolves around Saturn.

The more ingenious and daring astronomical speculators have supposed that all the planets once existed as rings of thinly scattered matter around the sun, and that by a process of segregation like that just described the material in each ring gradually settled together and formed a planet. During the early stage of the planets, it is thought that rings may have been formed around their coalescing masses, and from these their moons have segregated. If this is admitted, we must go a step further, and say that, of all these rings, those of Saturn must have been the most regularly built, for they have not even yet broken up. They must be wonderfully well balanced.

It is, then, from the very ancient time when the planets were rings, all turning one way around the sun, that they inherit the common impulse that gives them all the same direction of axial rotation. But why did all the rings revolve the same way? Why not some one way, and some the other? Is there, possibly, a primeval ancestor from which all the rings inherited their uniform revolution? The most venturesome theorists have dared to search even further into the past than the time of the rings, and they think that the rings were only annular segregations from a vague, irregularly scattered nebular mass, that, as a whole, turned one way in spiral courses; and that this slow turning of the primeval nebula determined the direction in which the rings revolved, and all the rest from this.

But why did the nebula turn? Why did it not stand still? It grew from chaos; but the elemental parts of chaos possessed, presumably, some motion, unlike in its various regions; and as their mutual attractions brought them nearer together, forming the primeval nebula, we cannot suppose that they could have avoided some slow rotation. The antecedent motions of the chaotic parts would have had to be most particularly and especially adjusted to escape this result; and chaos knew nothing of particular adjustments. Hence we may infer that when the North Star looked upon our patch of chaos, and watched its segregation into the primeval nebula, he probably noticed that it took on a rotation, a slow spiral inflow of its parts, turning so as to pass from Aries to Taurus, Gemini, and the rest, from west to east, from right to left; and from that time to this, through sun, planets, and moons, winds, cyclones, and tornadoes, the habit then gained has never been lost. Literally, this is a universal habit; and what an example of the importance of forming good habits in early youth!

It is not entirely to the imagination that we must trust for pictures of these past conditions. The earth is cold, having long ago lost its surface heat; but the sun, being much larger, is still luminous, and preserves even to these late times an image of what the glowing earth was in its youth. The planetary rings are all outgrown, but from the well-balanced rings of Saturn, those extraordinary examples of retarded development, we may infer what the planetary rings once were. The primeval nebula is vastly ancient, but in some parts of the universe the nebulous phase of development is not yet passed. Look at Andromeda's belt in the winter sky, and there a

little misty object may be seen near the faintest of the three belt stars. When examined with a telescope, this is found to be a vast nebula. A magnificent photograph of the nebula has been taken by Roberts, of London. A large lens, a sensitive plate, a perfect clockwork to make the telescope follow the turning of the sky, and a four-hour exposure have brought to sight many details not visible to the eye alone; and, most wonderful to behold, there are the spiral incurvings of the nebulous streaks, such as the North Star might have seen while watching our early growth. There is the warrant for believing that our primitive nebula turned in its spiral courses, and gradually settled into revolving rings, from which the planets grew; while the sun represents the great central mass into which most of the nebulous matter was drawn.

But what a long inheritance is this! You have heard of the glacial invasion from which New England and other northern countries have lately escaped, and of which we have witnesses in the many scattered boulders on our hills: that was prehistoric, and yet it should not be regarded as ancient; it may be placed about two inches back on a line that represents the scale of time. You have seen the splendid gorge of the Hudson through the Highlands: that was begun perhaps ten feet back on the scale. You have heard of those strange reptilian tracks in the sandstones of the Connecticut Valley: those are decidedly older, possibly fifty feet back. You know the coal from the mines down in Pennsylvania: the coal plants grew in the Pennsylvania marshes long before the reptiles made tracks in the Connecticut sand flats, may be eighty or a hundred feet ago. You may have been down to Braintree, near Boston, and seen the trilobites in the slate quarry there: those are vastly more antique than the coal plants, two, or three, or four hundred feet distant on the time scale. But these examples are to be dated after the earth had taken on, practically, all its modern habits. It was then, as now, accompanied by a moon that ran around it in the same way as both bodies turned on their axes. It must then, as now, have had its lands and oceans; its tides, currents, and winds; its storms, with their clouds and rain. How much further back should we have to go to find the earth only just segregated from its ancestral ring, and how much earlier still were the nebulous rings forming from chaos? No one can say. And yet, through all this time we trace the persistent inheritance of a primeval habit that was learned in the childhood of time. If that old nebula had taken on the habit of turning the other way, the sun would rise over our western hills and set on the Atlantic; if that old nebula had turned the other way, the moon would work its way westward through the stars, and its first quarter would show us the left half illuminated, not the right; if that old nebula had turned the other way, we should here receive the tempered breezes from the ocean for our habitual winds, while western Europe would suffer under harsh easterly winds from the interior of the vast Eurasian continent; the seat of modern civilization in the Old World would be well-nigh uninhabitable, and bleak Labrador would enjoy a tempered climate. If that old nebula had turned the other way, the Lawrence tornado would have come from the east, not from the west; it would have turned from left to right, not from right to left; and the house in which the gate-tender was killed would have been dashed eastward, not westward, on the north side of the track.

When we speak of inheritance, we think generally of the inheritance of property from a parent; and this means that we live in a country of established laws. Established laws give

us security in the transmission of inheritance. But how local, how short-lived, how vacillating, are our human laws of inheritance compared with these eternal laws of physical inheritance, persistently in operation since the first segregation of chaos! The lesson of tornadoes would, at first sight, seem to be one of danger; but the larger lesson is one of safety, — safety under the constant operation of fixed natural laws.

*William M. Davis.*

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## ENGLISH RAILWAY FICTION.

SANDWICHES, oranges, and penny novelettes are the three great requisites for English traveling, — for third-class traveling, at least; and, of the three, the novelette is by far the most imperative, a pleasant proof of how our intellectual needs outstrip our bodily requirements. The clerks and artisans, shopgirls, dressmakers, and milliners, who pour into London every morning by the early trains, have, each and every one, a choice specimen of penny fiction with which to beguile the short journey, and perhaps the few spare minutes of a busy day. The workingman who slouches up and down the platform, waiting for the moment of departure, is absorbed in some crumpled bit of pink-covered romance. The girl who lounges opposite to us in the carriage, and who would be a very pretty girl in any other conceivable hat, sucks mysterious sticky lozenges, and reads a story called Mariage à la Mode, or Getting into Society, which she subsequently lends to me, — seeing, I think, the covetous looks I cast in its direction, — and which I find gives as vivid and startling a picture of high life as one could reasonably expect for a penny. Should I fail to provide myself with one of these popular journals at the bookstall, another chance is generally afforded me before the train moves off; and I am startled out of a sleepy reverie by a small boy's thrusting A Black Business alarmingly into my face, while a second diminutive lad on the platform holds out to me enticingly Fettered for Life, Neranya's Revenge, and Ruby. The last has on the cover an alluring picture of a circus girl jumping through a hoop, which tempts me to the rashness of a purchase, circus riders being my literary weakness. I remember, myself, trying to write a story about one, when I was fourteen, and experiencing great difficulty from a comprehensive and all-embracing ignorance of my subject. It is but fair to the author of Ruby to say that he was too practiced a workman to be disconcerted or turned from his course by any such trivial disadvantage.

I should hardly like to confess how many coins of the realm I dissipated before learning the melancholy truth, that the seductive titles and cuts which form the *tours de force* of penny fiction bear but a feeble affinity to the tales themselves, which are like vials of skimmed milk, labeled absinthe, but warranted to be wholly without flavor. Mr. James Payn, who has written very amusingly about the mysterious weekly journals which lie "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa" upon the counters of small, dark shops, "in the company of cheap tobacco, hard-bake, and, at the proper season, valentines," laments with frank asperity that he can find in them neither dramatic interest nor even impropriety. He has

searched them patiently for something wrong, and his quest has been wholly unrewarded. Mr. Thomas Wright, in a paper published some years ago in the Nineteenth Century, makes a similar complaint. The lovely heroines of these stories are "virtuous even to insipidity," and their heroes are so blamably blameless as to be absolutely revolting. Yet it has been my fate to encounter some very pretty villains in the course of my penny readings, and at least one specimen of the sinful gilded youth who has "handsome blonde hair parted in the middle, a discontented mustache, a pale face and apathetic expression." This scion of the aristocracy, I am grieved to say, keeps beautiful Jewesses on board his sumptuous yacht, and otherwise misbehaves himself after a fashion calculated to make his relatives and well-wishers more discontented even than his mustache. He has a lovely sister, Alma, with whom, we are assured, the Prince of Wales danced three times in one night, "and was also heard to express his admiration of her looks and her *esprit* in some very emphatic superlatives, exciting a variety of comment and criticism." Naturally, and all the more naturally because the fair Alma discreetly reserves her esprit for royal ears and royal commendation, and is exceedingly chary of revealing any of it to interested readers, who are fain to know what kind of conversation the Prince found so diverting. From the specimens presented to our consideration, we are forced to conclude either that his Highness is easily satisfied in the matter of esprit, or that he has an almost superhuman power of detecting it when hidden from ordinary observation.

The wonderful dullness of penny fiction is not really due to the absence of incidents of vice, or even of dramatic situations, but to the placidity with which these incidents or situations are presented and received. How can we reasonably be expected to excite ourselves over a catastrophe which makes little or no impression on the people most deeply concerned in it? When Bonny Adair engages herself, with guileless alacrity, to a man who has a wife already, the circumstance is narrated with a coolness which hardly allows of a tremor. The wife herself is not the hidden, mysterious, veiled creature with whom we are all familiar; not an actress, or a ballet girl, or an adventuress; but a highly respectable young lady, going into society, and drinking tea with poor Bonny at afternoon receptions. This would seem like a startling innovation, but as nobody else expresses any surprise at the matter, why should we? Bonny herself, it is explained, put no embarrassing questions to her suitor. "She was only a simple country maid. She knew that he loved her, and that was all she cared for." Still, to drink tea amicably with the wife of her *prétendu* is too much even for a simple country maid; and when Bonny is formally introduced to "Mrs. Alec Doyle," she feels it time to withdraw from the scene and become a hospital nurse, until a convenient accident in the hunting-field removes the intrusive spouse, and reestablishes her claim to the husband.

The same well-bred indifference is revealed in a more sensational story called Elfrida's Wooing, where we have a villainous uncle foiled in his base plots; a father supposed to be drowned, but turning up just at the critical moment; a wicked lover baffled, a virtuous lover rewarded. This sounds promising, but in reality everything is taken with such wonderful calm that not a ripple of excitement breaks over the smooth surface of the tale. There is even an abduction, which surely cannot be an everyday occurrence in English clerical life, — I do not remember anything like it in one of Trollope's novels, — and by mistake the wrong girl, the vicar's daughter, is carried off by the rogues. But no matron of feudal times could have

betrayed less annoyance at the incident than does the vicar's wife. "Rupert," she remarks placidly to her son, "it is your place to go and look for your sister." "Where shall I go?" is the brother's languid query. To which his mother retorts, with some fretfulness: "How can I tell you? If I knew, I should be able to send for her myself," — a very simple and a very sensible way of stating the case; but it sounds as if the pet dog, rather than the only daughter of the family, had been spirited suddenly away.

The most striking instance, however, of that repose of mien which stamps the caste of penny-fiction characters I found in a delightful little romance entitled Golden Chains, where the heroine marries the villain to oblige a friend, and is rewarded for her amiability by being imprisoned in a ruined castle, situated vaguely "on a lonely hillside looking down upon the blue Mediterranean." Apparently, nothing can be easier than to dispose of superfluous wives in this particular locality of Italy, for no impertinent questions are asked; and Ernestine, proving intractable, is left by her husband, Captain Beamish, an English officer of a type not yet elucidated by Rudyard Kipling, to starve quietly in her dungeon. She is prevented from fulfilling this agreeable destiny by the accidental drowning of the captain, and the accidental arrival of her lover, — the virtuous hero, — who is traveling providentially in the south of Europe, and who has a taste for exploring ruins. This gentlemanly instinct leads to the discovery of his beloved in a comatose condition, "but beautiful still," though "her youthful roundness was gone forever." Surely now, the reader thinks, there will be a scene of transport, of fierce wrath, of mingled agony and rapture. Nothing of the sort. Linden merely "lifts the fair head upon his arm," and administers a dose of brandy. Then, as Ernestine's eyes open, he murmurs, "'Dearest, do you know me?' 'Yes,' she faintly answered. 'All is well, Nessa. You have been cruelly used, but all is well. You are safe with me. Tell me, dear one, you are glad to see me.'"

If she were not glad to see him, under the circumstances, it would indicate an extraordinary indifference, not so much to love as to life; and the modesty which, in such a case, could doubt a hearty welcome seems like an exaggerated emotion. But the hero of penny fiction is the least arrogant of mortals. He worships from afar, and expresses his affection in language which at times is almost obsequious in its timidity. He is never passionate, never exultant, never the least bit foolish, and never for a single moment relapses into humanity. Yet millions of people believe in him, love him, cherish him, and hail his weekly reappearance with sincere and unwearied applause.

The Unknown Public, that huge body of readers who meddle not with Ruskin, nor with Browning, nor with Herbert Spencer, who have no acquaintance with George Eliot, and to whom even Thackeray and Scott are as recondite as George Meredith and Walter Pater, has been an object of interest and curiosity to its neighbor, the Known Public, ever since Wilkie Collins formally introduced it into good society, more than thirty years ago. This interest is mingled with philanthropy, and is apt to be a little didactic in the expression of its regard. Wilkie Collins, indeed, after the easy-going fashion of his generation, was content to take the Unknown Public as he found it, and to wonder vaguely whether the same man wrote all the stories that were so fearfully and wonderfully alike: "a combination of fierce melodrama and meek domestic sentiment; short dialogues and paragraphs on the French pattern, with moral English reflections of the sort that occur on the top lines of children's copy-books; descriptions and conversations for

the beginning of the number, and a 'strong situation' dragged in by the neck and shoulders for the end." It was in the Answers to Correspondents, however, that the distinguished novelist confesses he took the keenest delight, — in the punctilious reader, who is anxious to know the correct hour at which to visit a newly married couple; in the practical reader, who asks how to make crumpets and liquid blacking; in the sentimental reader, who has received presents from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged, and desires the editor's sanction for the deed; in the timorous reader, who is afraid of a French invasion and of dragonflies. The scraps of editorial wisdom doled out to these benighted beings were, in Wilkie Collins's opinion, well worth the journal's modest price. He was rejoiced to know that "a sensible and honorable man never flirts himself, and ever despises flirts of the other sex." He was still more pleased to be told, "When you have a sad trick of blushing, on being introduced to a young lady, and when you want to correct the habit, summon to your aid a serene and manly confidence."

Members of the Known Public who explore the wilds and deeps of penny fiction to-day are less satisfied with what they see, less flippant in their methods of criticism, and less disposed to permit mankind to be amused after its own dull fashion. "Let us raise the tone of these popular journals," is their cry, "and we shall soon have millions of readers taking rational delight in wholesome literature. Let us publish good stories at a penny apiece, — in fact, it is our plain duty to do so, — and these millions of readers will, with grateful hearts, rise up and call us blessed." To which Mr. Payn responds mirthfully that the Unknown Public is every whit as sure of what it wants as the Known Public that aspires to teach it, and perhaps even a little surer. The Count of Monte Cristo, The Wandering Jew, Ivanhoe, and White Lies were all offered in turn at a penny apiece, and were in turn rejected. That it does occasionally accept better fiction, if it can get it cheap, we have the word of Mr. Wright, who claims to have been for years a member of this mysterious body, and to have an inner knowledge of what it likes and dislikes. The Woman in White, Lady Audley's Secret, and It is Never Too Late to Mend are, he asserts, familiar names with a certain stratum of the Unknown Public; Midshipman Easy is an old friend, and The Pathfinder and The Last of the Mohicans enjoy a fitful popularity. But its real favorite, its admitted pride and delight, is Ouida. The "genteel young ladies of the counter," and their hard-working sisterhood of dressmakers and milliners and lodging-house keepers, all accept Ouida as a literary oracle. "They quite agree with herself that she is a woman of genius. They recognize in her the embodiment of their own inexpressible imaginings of aristocratic people and things. They believe in her Byronic characters, and their Arabian-Nights-like wealth and power; in her titanic and delightfully wicked guardsmen; in her erratic or ferocious but always gorgeous princes, her surpassingly lovely but more or less immoral grand dames, and her wonderful Bohemians of both sexes. They believe, too, in her sheer 'fine writing.' Its jingle is pleasant to their senses, even though they fail to catch its meaning. Ouida's work is essentially the acme of penny-serial style. The novelists of the penny prints toil after her in vain, but they do toil after her. They aim at the same gorgeousness of effect, though they lack her powers to produce it, to impress it vividly upon readers."

It has not been my experience to find in these weeklies — and I have read many of them — even a dim reflection of Ouida's meretricious glitter. A gentle and unobtrusive dullness; a smooth flu-

ency of style, suggestive of the author's having written several hundreds of such stories before, and turning them out with no more intellectual effort than an organ-grinder uses in turning the crank of his organ; an air of absolute unreality about the characters, not so much from overdrawing as from their deadly sameness; conversations of vapid sprightliness and an atmosphere of oppressive respectability, — these are the characteristics of penny fiction, if I may judge from the varied specimens that have fallen into my hands. The foreign scoundrels and secret poisoners, the sumptuous wealth and lavish bloodshed, that thrilled the boyhood of Mr. Wright have, I greatly fear, been refined out of existence. There is an occasional promise of this sort of thing, but never any adequate fulfillment. I once hoped much from the opening paragraph of a tale describing the virtuous heroine's wicked husband in language which seemed to me full of bright auspices for his future: —

"The speaker was a fair, well-dressed man, in appearance about three-and-thirty. A yellow mustache increased the languid, *insouciant* expression of his long, well-cut features, which were handsome, but, despite their delicacy, had a singular animal resemblance in them, — God's image in the possession of a cool, unprincipled fiend, which now and then peered out of the pale blue eyes, half veiled by the yellow lashes."

Yet, with all his advantages of physiognomy, the utmost this pale-eyed person achieves is to hang around in his wife's way until she shoots him, — accidentally, of course, — and secures herself from any further annoyance.

In a taste for aristocracy, however, and a splendid contempt for trade, and "the city," and the objectionable middle classes, our penny novelist surpasses even Ouida, and approaches more nearly to that enamored exponent of high life, Lord Beaconsfield. He will dance his puppets, as Tony Lumpkin's boon companion danced his bear, "only to the very genteelest of tunes." Mr. Edward Salmon, who has written with amazing seriousness on What the Working Classes Read, and who thinks it a pity "more energy is not exerted in bringing home to the people the inherent attractions of Shakespeare, Scott, Marryat, Dickens, Lytton, and George Eliot," makes the distinct assertion that socialism and a hatred of the fashionable world are fostered by the penny serials, and by the pictures they draw of a luxurious and depraved nobility. "The stories," he says gravely, "are utterly contemptible in literary execution. They thrive on the wicked baronet, the faithless but handsome peeress, and find their chief supporters among shopgirls, seamstresses, and domestic servants. It is hardly surprising that there should exist in the impressionable minds of the masses an aversion more or less deep to the upper classes. If one of their own order, man or woman, appears in the pages of these unwholesome prints, it is only as a paragon of virtue, who is probably ruined, or at least wronged, by that incarnation of evil, the sensuous aristocrat, standing six feet, with his dark eyes, heavy mustache, pearl-like teeth, and black hair. Throughout the story the keynote struck is high-born scoundrelism. Every social misdemeanor is called in to assist the progress of the slipshod narrative. Crime and love are the essential ingredients, and the influence exercised over the feminine reader, often unenlightened by any close contact with the classes whom the novelist pretends to portray, crystallizes into an irremovable dislike of the upper strata of society."[1]

It is hard, after reading this extract, to believe that Mr. Salmon ever examined any of these "slipshod narratives" for himself, or he would know that the aristocrat of penny fiction is always fair.

[1] The Nineteenth Century.

The stalwart young farmer, the aspiring artist, the sailor lover, may rival each other in dark clustering curls, but the peer, as befits his rank, is monotonously blonde.

> "The dark was dowered with beauty,
> The fair was nobly born.
> In the face of the one was hatred;
> In the face of the other, scorn."

Mr. Hamilton Aïdé probably does not design his graceful verses as illustrations of weekly novelettes, but he understands better than Mr. Salmon the subtle sympathy between birth and coloring.

Neither have I discovered any socialistic tendency in these stories, nor any disposition to exalt the lower orders at the expense of the upper. The Clara Vere de Veres who smiled on me in the course of my researches were all as virtuous as they were beautiful, and their noble lovers were models of chivalry and truth. It was the scheming lawyer, the base-born, self-made man of business, who crept as a serpent into their patrician Eden, and was treated with the contempt and contumely he deserved. In one instance, such an upstart, Mr. John Farlow by name, ventures to urge upon an impoverished landholder his offers of friendship and assistance, and this is the spirit in which his advances are received: —

"The colonel shudders, as he gazes, half wearily, half scornfully, at the shapeless, squat figure of the Caliban-like creature before him. That he, Courtenay St. Leger Walterton, late in command of her Majesty's Lancers, should have to listen respectfully to the hectoring of this low city rascal, while a horsepond awaits without, and a collection of horsewhips hang ready for instant application on the hunting-rack in the hall within! Yet it is so; he is wholly at this man's mercy, and the colonel, like the humblest of mankind, is obliged to succumb to the inevitable."

Now, since I turned the last page of Ten Thousand a Year, a long, long time ago, I have hardly met with a finer instance of aristocratic feeling than this, or a more crushing disdain for the ignoble creature known as a solicitor. Mr. John Farlow is of course a villain, but Courtenay St. Leger Walterton is not aware of this fact, and neither, in the beginning of the tale, is the reader. What we do know, however, is that, being a "low city rascal," he naturally merits horsewhipping at the hands of a blue-blooded country squire. He would have deserved hanging, had the colonel been a duke; and perhaps that punishment might have been meted triumphantly out to him, for the penny novelist, with all his faults, still "loves his House of Peers."

The task of providing literature for the Unknown Public is not the easy thing it seems to critics like Mr. Wright and Mr. Salmon. The Unknown Public has its literature already, — a literature which enjoys an enormous circulation, and gives absolute satisfaction. One publishing company alone, "for the people," claims that its penny novelettes, issued weekly, reach seven millions of readers, and these seven millions are evidently content with what they receive. Mr. Andrew Lang is responsible for the statement that a story about a mill girl, which was printed in a Glasgow penny journal, so delighted the subscribers that they demanded it should be several times repeated in its columns. "There could not," says Mr. Lang somewhat wistfully, "be a more perfect and gratifying success;" and publishers of ambitious and high-toned periodicals may well be forgiven for envying such a master stroke. When were they ever asked to reprint a story, however vaunted its perfections, however popular it seemed to be? The heroine of this magic tale is defrauded of her inheritance by villains who possess sumptuous subterranean palaces and torture chambers in "her own romantic town" of Glasgow, the last place in the world

where we should reasonably expect to find them. "The one essential feature," Mr. Lang observes, "in a truly successful tale is that there should be an *ingénue*, as pure as poor, who is debarred by conspiracies from the enjoyment of a prodigious fortune." This is a favorite device with weekly papers at home, and the serial story, on either side of the Atlantic, is perforce a little more stirring in its character than that presented to us in finished form through the medium of the penny novelette. With the first, the "strong situation" is serviceable as a decoy to lure the reader into purchasing the following number. With the second, no such artifice is needed or employed. The buyer has his pennyworth already in hand; and a very good pennyworth it is, judged by quantity alone. Wilkie Collins tells us how he tried vainly to extract from a shopman an opinion as to which was the best journal to select, and how the shopman persisted very naturally in saying that there was no choice, — one was every bit as long as another. "Well, you see some likes one, and some the next. Take 'em all the year around, and there ain't a pin, as I knows of, to choose between them. There 's just about as much in one as there is in its neighbor. All good penn'orths. Bless my soul! Just take 'em up and look for yourself! All good penn'orths, choose where you like."

Exactly as if they were shrimps or periwinkles! Very good measure, if you chance to like the stuff! Dorothy, a Home Journal for Ladies, in a rather attractive pale green cover, gives you every week a complete story, nearly half the length of an average English novel, and fairly well illustrated with full-page cuts. Each number contains, in addition, Dorothy's Letter-Box, where all reasonable questions are answered, and Dorothy's Drawing-Room, with items of fashionable news, — the whereabouts of the Queen, and the interesting fact that "the Duke and Duchess of Portland have been living quietly and giving no parties at Langwell, the Duke being desirous of affording the Duchess every chance of better regaining her health." Also Hints for Practical Dressmaking, by "Busy Bee;" Our Homes, by "Lady Bird;" an occasional poem; and Notes on Handwriting, where you may learn that you have "ambition, an ardent, tender, affectionate, and sensitive nature, easily impressed, and inclined to jealousy. There is also some sense of beauty, vivid fancy, and sequence of ideas." Now and then a doubting maid sends a scrap of her lover's penmanship to be deciphered, and receives the following gentle encouragement: —

"Love Lies Bleeding. — I hardly like to say whether the writer of the morsel you inclose would make a good husband; but I should imagine him as thoughtful for others, romantic and loving, very orderly in his habits, and fairly well educated; rather hot-tempered, but forgives and forgets quickly."

All this for a penny, — two cents of American money! No wonder Dorothy reaches her millions of readers. No wonder the little green books lie in great heaps on the counters of every railway station in England. She is, perhaps, the most high-toned of such weekly issues; but The Princess, in a bright blue cover, follows closely in her wake, with a complete story, illustrated, and Boudoir Gossip about Prince George of Wales, and Mrs. Mackay, and the Earl and Countess of Jersey. Bow Bells and The Wide World Novelettes are on a distinctly lower scale: the fiction more sensational, the cuts coarser, and the pink cover of Bow Bells flaunting and vulgar. A Magazine of Short Stories aims at being lively and vivacious in the style of Rhoda Broughton, and gives a good pennyworth of tales, verses, Answers to Correspondents, and a column of Familiar Quotations Verified that alone is worth the money. But the final triumph

of quantity over quality, of matter over mind, is in the Book for All, published weekly at the price of one penny, and containing five separate departments, for women, girls, men, boys, and children. Each of these departments has a short illustrated story, poetry, anecdotes, puzzles, confidential talks with the editor, advice on every subject and information of every description. Here you can learn "how to preserve your beauty" and how to make "royal Battenberg" lace, how to run a Texas ranch and how to go into mourning for your mother, how to cure stammering and how to rid a dog of fleas. Here you may acquire knowledge upon the most varied topics, from lung diseases in animals to Catherine of Russia's watch, from the aborigines of Australia to scientific notes on the Lithuanian language. The Unknown Public must indeed be athirst for knowledge, if it can absorb such quantities week after week with unabated zeal; and, from the Answers to Correspondents, we are led to suppose it is ever eager for more. One inquiring mind is comforted by the assurance that "narrative monophone will appear in its turn," and an ambitious but elderly reader is gently warned that "a person aged fifty might learn to play on the guitar, and perhaps be able to sing; but the chances are that, in both instances, the performance will not be likely to captivate those who are compelled to listen to it." On the whole, after an exhaustive study of penny weeklies, I should say that, were I expected to provide a large family with reading matter and encyclopædic information at the modest rate of one dollar and four cents a year, the Book for All would be the journal of my choice.

It is not in penny fiction alone, however, that the railway bookstalls do a thriving trade. The shilling novels stand in goodly rows, inviting you to a purchase you are sure afterwards to regret. The average shilling novel in England differs from the average penny novel in size only; and, judged by measurement, the sole standard it is possible to apply, it should, to warrant its price, be about six times the length. Lord Elwyn's Daughter and The Nun's Curse, at a shilling each, bear such a strong family resemblance to their penny cousins, Golden Chains and Her Bitter Burden, that it needs their outward dress to distinguish them; and Haunted and The Man who Vanished carry their finest thrills in their titles. Quite early in my search, I noticed at the Waterloo station three shilling novels, — Weaker than Woman, Lady Hutton's Ward, and Diana's Discipline, all advertised conspicuously as being by the author of Dora Thorne. Feeling that my ignorance of Dora Thorne herself was a matter for regret and enlightenment, I asked for her at once, to be told she was not in stock, but I might, if I liked, have Lady Gwendolen's Dream, by the same writer. I declined Lady Gwendolen, and at the next station once more demanded Dora Thorne. In vain! The young man in attendance glanced over his volumes, shook his head, and offered me Diana's Discipline, and a fresh book, The Fatal Lilies, also by the author of Dora Thorne. Another stall at another station had all five of these novels, and a sixth one in addition, A Golden Heart, by the author of Dora Thorne, but still no Dora. Elsewhere I encountered Her Martyrdom and Which Loved Him Best, both stamped with the cabalistic words "By the Author of Dora Thorne;" and so it continued to the end. New stories without number, all from the same pen, and all countersigned "By the Author of Dora Thorne," but never Dora. From first to last she remained elusive, invisible, unattainable, — a Mrs. Harris among books, a name and nothing more.

Comedy is very popular at railway bookstalls: My Churchwardens, by a Vicar, and My Rectors, by a Quondam

Curate; a weekly pennyworth of mild jokes called Pick-Me-Up, and a still cheaper and still milder collection for a half-penny called Funny Cuts; an occasional shabby copy of Innocents Abroad, which stands as the representative of American humor, and that most mysterious of journals, Ally Sloper's Half Holiday, which always conveys the impression of being exceedingly amusing if one could only understand the fun. Everybody — I mean, of course, everybody who rides in third-class carriages — buys this paper, and studies it soberly, industriously, almost sadly; but I have never yet seen anybody laugh over it. Mrs. Pennell, indeed, with a most heroic devotion to the cause of humor, and a catholic appreciation of its highways and byways, has analyzed Ally Sloper for the benefit of the Known Public which reads the Contemporary Review, and claims that he is a modern brother of old-time jesters, — of Pierrot, and Pulcinello, and Pantaleone; reflecting national vices and follies with caustic but good-natured fidelity. "While the cultured of the present generation have been busy proving their powers of imitation," says Mrs. Pennell, "this unconscious evolution of a popular type has established the pretensions of the people to originality." But, alas! it is not given to the moderately cultivated to understand such types without a good deal of interpretation; and merely buying and reading the paper are of very little service. Here are the pictures, which I am told are clever; here is the text, which is probably clever, too; but their combined brilliancy conveys no light to my mind. Ally Sloper leading "a local German band" at Tenby, Ally Sloper interviewing distinguished people, may, like Mr. F.'s aunt, be "ingenious and even subtle," but the key to his subtlety is lacking. As for Tootsie, and The Dook Snook, and Lord Bob, and The Hon. Billy, and all the other members of his interesting family who play their weekly part in the recurring comedy, they would be quite as amusing to the uninitiated reader if they followed the example of the erudite Oxonian, and conversed in "the Ostiak dialect of Tungusian."

By way of contrast, I suppose, the other comic weeklies preserve a simplicity of character which is equaled only by their placid and soothing dullness. It is easy to understand the amount of humor conveyed in such jests as these, both of which are deemed worthy of half-page illustrations.

"*Aunt Kate* (in the park). Tell me, Ethel, when any of the men look at me.

"*Little Ethel.* It 's me they look at, aunty. You 're too old."

"Dear friends again. *Madge* (rather elderly). What do you think of my new hat, Lily?

"*Lily.* It 's rather old-fashioned, dear, but it suits you."

This is the very meekest of funning, and feminine tartness and juvenile precocity must be at a low ebb with the Unknown Public when it can relish such shadowy thrusts, even at increasing years, which, from the days of the prophet to the days of Mr. Gladstone, have ever been esteemed a fitting subject for mirth. The distance between the penny dreadful and Lorna Doone is not vaster than the distance between these hopeless jests and the fine cynicism, the arrowy humor, of Du Maurier. Mrs. Pennell says very truly that Cimabue Brown and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns would have no meaning whatever for the British workman, — would probably be as great a mystery to him as The Dook Snook and The Hon. Billy are to me. But Punch's dear little lad who, on a holiday afternoon, has caught only one fish, "and that was so young it did n't know how to hold on," and the charitable but near-sighted old lady who drops a penny into the hat of a meditative peer, come within the scope of every-

body's comprehension. If more energy is to be exerted "in bringing home to the people the inherent attractions of Shakespeare, Scott, Marryat, Dickens, Lytton, and George Eliot," according to the comprehensive programme laid out by Mr. Salmon, why not, as a first step, bring home to them the attractions of a bright, clean, merry jest? It might enable them, perhaps, to recognize the gap between the humor of George Eliot and the humor of Captain Marryat, and would serve to prick their dormant critical faculties into life.

The one sad sight at an English railway bookstall is the little array of solid writers, who stand neglected, shabby, and apart, pleading dumbly out of their dusty shame for recognition and release. I have seen Baxter's Saint's Rest jostled contemptuously into a corner. I have seen The Apostolic Fathers hanging their hoary heads with dignified humility, and The Popes of Rome lingering in inglorious bondage. I have seen our own Emerson broken-backed and spiritless; and, harder still, The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table shorn of his gay supremacy, frayed, and worn, and exiled from his friends. I have seen Sartor Resartus skulking on a dark shelf with a yellow-covered neighbor more gaudy than respectable, and I have seen Buckle's boasted Civilization in a condition that would have disgraced a savage. These Titans, discrowned and discredited, these captives, honorable in their rags, stirred my heart with sympathy and compassion. I wanted to gather them up and carry them away to respectability and the long-forgotten shelter of library walls. But light-weight luggage precluded philanthropy, and, steeling my reluctant soul, I left them to their fate. Still they stand, I know, unsought, neglected, and scorned, while thousands of Dorothys and Ally Slopers are daily sold around them. "How had the star of this daughter of Gomer waxed, while the star of these Cymry, his sons, had waned!" How shall genius be revered and honored when buried without decent rites in the bleak graveyard of a railway bookstall?

*Agnes Repplier.*

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## THE NEUTRALITY OF SWITZERLAND.

During those dark days, at the beginning of the century, when Switzerland had become the battlefield of Europe, and her independence was trampled underfoot alike by Napoleon and the Allies, Wordsworth broke forth in that noble lament which is entitled, in the collection of his poems, Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland. Coupling the fall of Venice with that of Switzerland in his mind, he thus apostrophizes Liberty: —

"Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice;
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Happily, that time of national degradation is now only an evil memory, for soon after these words were uttered Switzerland arose from the state of complete prostration into which she had fallen, collected her forces during many succeeding years of peace, and, after various vicissitudes, finally won her present position of honor and usefulness amongst the nations.

It is surprising to notice how this country, with whose name we associate some of our noblest conceptions of liberty, has run up and down the gamut of self-government, striking all the intervening notes between complete subju-

gation and unquestioned independence. From the time when Switzerland first appeared in history, at the beginning of the Christian era, until the close of the Swabian war in 1499, she was always subject to an outside power; from that date until toward the end of the seventeenth century she was an independent, sovereign state; but, after that, France succeeded in persuading her into alliances which almost imperceptibly assumed the proportions of protectorates: so that, after the rise of Napoleon, and before the Congress of Vienna, Switzerland had sunk to the position of a mere vassal of France.

It was at this point, when the lowest degree in the scale had been reached, that the signatory powers at the Congress of Vienna, on the 20th of March, 1815, announced their intention of drawing up an act which should guarantee the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland. On the 27th of May the Swiss Diet accepted this offer, but there was a delay of several months before the pledge given by the powers was fulfilled; for the great struggle at Waterloo, which took place in the mean time, overshadowed every other phase of the European situation. Finally, on the 20th of November, the document which was to exert so potent an influence upon the destinies of the Swiss people was approved by the Congress. "The signatory powers of the declaration made at Vienna on the 20th of March," says the text, "by the present act make a formal and authentic acknowledgment of the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and they guarantee to her the integrity and inviolability of her territory within her new boundaries." This agreement is further on declared to be "in the true interests of the politics of all Europe."

If any one should be tempted to say that even these solemn promises were insufficient to establish the neutrality of Switzerland upon an unquestioned legal basis, surely the array of great names appended to this document ought to remove all doubts. Amongst them, there was Metternich for Austria, Richelieu for France, Wellington for England, Humboldt for Prussia, and Capo d'Istria for Russia. It would be a strange forgetfulness of the past which could make the powers declare null and void an act signed by historic names such as these. The person who actually prepared the text was the Swiss representative at the Congress, Charles Pictet de Rochemont, a Genevese; the task having been first assigned to Stratford Canning, who preferred to leave it to Pictet.

There was no condition appended to this declaration of neutrality beyond the natural one that the Swiss Diet should agree to the terms of the proposed transaction, a duty which that body promptly performed. At least one of these accepted terms deserves to be noticed, on account of the negotiations to which it has since given rise, and the dangers to European peace with which it is still fraught. The so-called "question of Savoy" resulted from a compromise effected at this time among the conflicting interests of France, Switzerland, and the king of Sardinia. During the discussions of the Congress, it was proposed, and very properly, to give Switzerland the whole of the geographical basin between the Jura and the Alps, in order that she might have a natural and logical frontier; but, instead of this simple solution of the difficulty, the representatives at the Congress ended by setting up a complicated and irrational system of apportionment. France was allowed to retain parts of this basin, and a zone was created in northern Savoy which should be included in the neutrality of Switzerland, "in the same manner as though it belonged to her." In 1859, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France brought this curious state of affairs to the notice of Europe. Napoleon III. offered to concede certain further rights

to Switzerland; but they were refused as insufficient, and, during an interchange of notes between the two governments in 1883, it was acknowledged that the conditions created by the act of 1815 were still in force. The zone presents, therefore, the strange anomaly of being French territory, and yet enjoying the same sort of neutrality as Switzerland; of furnishing soldiers for the French army, and, in the event of a European war, being forbidden ground for contending armies. Moreover, any interference of Switzerland in that quarter, to which she is legally entitled, according to the terms of the act of 1815, would now undoubtedly produce grave international complications; so that the whole question may be considered to be in a very unsatisfactory state, and to be prevented from endangering peace only by the especially friendly relations which exist between the Swiss and the French.

It is one thing to be endowed with this privilege of perpetual neutrality, and quite another matter to maintain it inviolate, as Switzerland has found on more than one occasion. Her last opportunity to assert her neutrality by a show of armed force occurred in 1871, during the closing months of the Franco-German war. In January of that critical year, the French army of the East, under Bourbaki, had retreated from Belfort upon the Swiss frontier, and then, surrounded by the Germans, decimated by cold and hunger, had taken refuge upon Swiss soil to the number of about 85,000 men, with 10,000 horses and 200 guns. A body of 20,000 Swiss troops promptly disarmed them, and distributed them over Switzerland, where for something like seven weeks they were cared for in a manner which has always been remembered with gratitude by the French nation, and is still frequently mentioned upon public occasions.

Twenty years have passed since Bourbaki's soldiers made their entry into Switzerland, but it seems to me only the other day that my brother and I went out upon the highway that skirts the Lake of Geneva from Lausanne to Vevay, where we were living at the time, to see a detachment of this ill-fated army straggle into town. Swiss guards marched ahead, exemplifying the blessings of peace; then came their captives, illustrating the horrors of war. Poor fellows! Amongst them were mere boys, hastily recruited in the hour of peril, now disarmed, and weary with a hopeless struggle against an enemy far superior to them in leadership and discipline. Worn with terrible privations from being so long cut off from their base of supplies, their uniforms torn, and the gay red, so dear to the French heart, sadly discolored, they stumbled into the little Swiss town: some silent with the weight of their national shame; others plaintively talkative, full of ghastly tales.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Swiss name is still connected with an institution which might be classed as an infraction of the principles of neutrality, if it were not so very harmless and theatrical. Visitors to the Vatican will remember the Pope's Swiss Guard, those picturesque but antiquated soldiers, clad in their yellow, black, and red uniforms, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo. It is to be hoped that the time will never come when these Swiss soldiers will be brought into conflict with the Italian populace, for Switzerland would be placed in a very embarrassing situation by any such contingency. Fortunately, there is little chance of any armed interference on the part of the Italian government, for the latter has learned not to take the papal pretensions too seriously.

But in the past this mercenary system was a source of great danger to the Swiss Confederation in her foreign relations, and of demoralization in her internal affairs. There was a time

when fighting for pay was considered a perfectly legitimate and honorable means of gaining a living. During the Italian campaigns at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, Swiss mercenaries performed prodigies of valor, and earned the reputation of being the most desirable soldiers in Europe; so that the chief towns of the cantons were full of foreign ambassadors intriguing to secure fresh levies for their sovereigns. "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisses," was the saying which then arose, and has ever since been made a cause of reproach to the Confederation, although an explanation of the origin of this sentence has been given, which, if correct, makes it redound to the honor rather than to the shame of the mercenaries. It appears that, while in the service of France, some Swiss troops were unable to obtain their pay, and they therefore declared their intention of returning home. They were urged, however, to live by brigandage, like other bands of mercenaries out of employment, until they could be reëngaged; and when they refused to do this, a French general is said to have exclaimed, "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisses," in impatience at their scruples. Even if this explanation is far fetched and improbable, there is a good deal to be said in excuse of the Swiss: the barrenness of their mountains, the hard struggle for existence in the face of the contending elements, and their early training in the use of arms must all be taken as extenuating circumstances. Perhaps the best answer which has ever been given to this reproach was that made by a Swiss to a Frenchman. "We fight for honor, you for money," said the Frenchman. "Yes," replied the Swiss, "we both fight for what we have not got."

It is the right of asylum which has given Switzerland the greatest trouble in the exercise of her neutrality. The late Sir F. O. Adams, minister of Great Britain at Bern, says in regard to this point, in his book The Swiss Confederation: "The question of the right of asylum has been at times a difficult one for Swiss statesmen; but the invariable principle that has guided them, even when there has been pressure from abroad, is stated to be that Switzerland, whilst maintaining that right in its integrity, cannot allow foreigners who have taken refuge upon her soil to abuse her hospitality by organizing conspiracies against foreign governments; still less to lay plans for the commission of crimes against individuals, or for injuring their property." As may be imagined, it is no easy matter to apply these principles impartially, and to distinguish between purely political crimes and offenses against common law; but at all times the little Confederation has shown the greatest courage in ignoring foreign threats, and in interpreting her duty according to her own standards. In 1838, she preferred to mobilize her troops rather than to submit to the demand of the French government to give up Louis Napoleon, the subsequent Emperor, who had taken refuge at Arenenberg, on the Lake of Constance. Only lately, in the summer of 1889, a ripple of excitement passed over the surface of the diplomatic world on account of what was known as the Wohlgemuth affair. A German police officer of that name was detected practicing the arts of an *agent provocateur* amongst the German socialist and anarchist fugitives in Switzerland; that is, he was engaged in ingratiating himself into their good will by pretending to be one of them, and was caught urging them to commit open acts of violence which would lead to their arrest. It is almost incredible that the great powers should stoop to such baseness, but the history of the last few years in Europe is full of the doings of these official spies. Our friend Wohlgemuth was promptly clapped into prison, on the

accusation of inciting to a breach of the peace, and later politely conducted to the frontier, after repeated remonstrances from Bismarck, at that time still in the heyday of his glory as Chancellor of the empire. There may have been some irregularities in the manner in which the police officer was treated, but every impartial person was delighted at the fearlessness displayed by the local Swiss authorities. The incident did not, however, end with Wohlgemuth's expulsion, for Bismarck took this occasion to try to bully Switzerland after his most approved method. He made the impossible request that the Swiss government should hereafter refuse the right of asylum to every German subject not provided with papers signed by the officials of his native country, denounced the treaty of settlement which existed between Germany and Switzerland, and, what was more serious, threatened to withdraw the guarantee of his government to Switzerland's perpetual neutrality. In 1870, a few days after the declaration of war against France, Bismarck had written, in answer to a circular letter sent by the Swiss Federal Council, "Germany will scrupulously respect the neutrality of Switzerland guaranteed by the treaties;" but in 1889 he professed to consider this promise as no longer binding.

I happened to be spending the summer of 1889 in Switzerland, and found popular feeling running very high against these Bismarckian methods. Of course the newspapers of both countries made much of the incident, with that peculiar abandon which characterizes all press wars; but the height of recklessness and disregard of established rights was reached by a German paper, which went so far as to suggest the partition of Swiss territory amongst Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, as the simplest solution of the great European problem. After boiling up ominously for a while, the waters subsided, but not before Bismarck had succeeded in persuading the Russian government to remonstrate against Switzerland's lenient attitude toward the nihilist fugitives on her soil. In connection with this, it is interesting to recall a conversation which the Archduke John of Austria related to Pictet as having taken place between himself and Czar Alexander I. in 1815, upon this very subject of the Swiss right of asylum. "I said to him" (the Czar), said the archduke to Pictet, "'How can Switzerland be really neutral, if she has not a military frontier? Is it not necessary that there should be some place where honest men under persecution, where suppressed thought, can find an asylum?' He took my hands with emotion, and said to me, 'Ah! how I like to hear you speak thus!'" The upshot of the Wohlgemuth affair was that the Swiss authorities instituted an extra force of police to watch the doings of foreign agitators, another treaty of settlement was concluded with Germany, and the threats made by Bismarck were followed by assurances of good will. At the present time the question is of course closed, but a feeling of distrust has remained amongst the Swiss, and a deepened conviction that they must learn to depend more and more upon their own exertions to maintain their much-prized neutrality.

It must be remembered, in treating of this subject, that there is a distinction between a case of ordinary neutrality, which is the state of any country preserving an impartial bearing while its neighbors are engaged in war, and the perpetual or guaranteed neutrality which belongs to Switzerland by virtue of international agreements. The latter is a special privilege, accorded only under exceptional circumstances. It is unquestionably the strategic importance of the little Confederation, out of all proportion to the extent of her territory, which has made her the recip-

ient of such a favor; for Switzerland's position and topographical features are such as to render her the great natural fortress of central Europe, and the key to the military situation. In fact, her importance, from this point of view, has steadily increased in modern times, as the balance of power between the rival nations has approached nearer and nearer to an equilibrium. At the present moment, it may be said that the power which could operate with Switzerland as a basis could dictate the terms of peace; so that the absolute neutrality of this territory is essential to the very existence of modern Europe.

To examine the situation from a purely military standpoint, what are the chances of Swiss territory being invaded during the next great war? It seems to me that the advantages which certain powers would find in pushing troops through Switzerland, in order to attack their rivals upon the flank, would be so great that the temptation could not possibly be resisted, if only military considerations were allowed to have the upper hand. In case of a duel between France and Germany, the likelihood of such a violation is not great, for the invading nation would immediately find Switzerland making common cause with the enemy, and, in the present state of affairs, this slight advantage might decide the issue; but since the formation of the Triple Alliance the risk has measurably increased. A glance at the map reveals Germany on the north, Austria on the east, and Italy on the south, leagued together against France on the west. Switzerland is, therefore, completely surrounded by a cordon of armies, eager to attack each other across her territory. Austria, perhaps, would not need to make use of Swiss soil, for, according to present indications, all her available troops would be engaged in a struggle with Russia; nor would Germany, apparently, gain very much by such a move, for, after crossing Switzerland, she would be confronted by a strong line in France, Belfort-Besançon and Lyons. But the right of passage would undoubtedly be of inestimable value to France and Italy. The former could, in twenty-four hours, throw a large force upon Germany's unprotected flank, the line Basel-Schaffhausen-Constance; while the latter could reach France by the undefended Swiss passes of the Simplon and the Great St. Bernard, and by the Lake of Geneva. The chances are, consequently, that if Swiss neutrality were violated at all it would be by the French and the Italians; and there seems to be no doubt that, whichever of these powers made the first move, the other would immediately follow suit by hastily throwing forward an army to check the enemy's advance. Switzerland would then again become the seat of war, as in 1814.

In view of this military situation, what resistance could the Swiss offer to the invaders? Of course no one pretends that they could hold their own single-handed, even against an isolated European power, for any length of time, but the necessity for such action is scarcely imaginable. If the Swiss were called upon to fight at all, it would be only to hold certain positions until the friendly powers could come to their aid, and not to carry on great offensive operations. For defensive purposes, the Swiss have organized a militia force which, comprising all the reserves, in 1889 numbered no less than 475,795 men, although the total population of the country falls below 3,000,000 inhabitants. This army is not a parade force; it has certain weaknesses which are inseparable from militias everywhere, but it is complete in every detail, can be rapidly mobilized, and does not drain the resources of the nation like a standing army. If the Swiss soldier is slovenly, he is at the same time the best average shot in the world, and yields to no one in his

readiness to sacrifice his life in the holy cause of liberty. On the whole, the chances of Switzerland's performing her part creditably in the next war would be favorable; she would do her duty.

So much for the purely military side of the question; but, fortunately, there is another and a higher aspect of the case. A moral principle is involved, which is of far greater importance to the European powers, and is therefore more likely to triumph in the end. For it must be remembered that Europe, at the Congress of Vienna, gave her word to Switzerland that her neutrality should be respected; so that, as a matter of fact, the trustworthiness of international agreements in general is at stake. It seems hardly likely that any of the rival powers would be willing to incur the odium of being the first to break this engagement with a small but highly respected and useful state. Public opinion the world over would promptly turn against that nation; and even Bismarck was forced to acknowledge that it is worth something to have the moral support of outsiders, in a great contest.

There is another consideration which would have weight in determining the conduct of the powers toward Swiss neutrality. As no one can suspect Switzerland of seeking territorial conquests or laying plans for self-aggrandizement, she has, in these days, become a centre for many international unions, and the powers have acquired the habit of referring some of their disputes to her for arbitration. This movement was inaugurated in 1864, by the memorable convention for the protection of the wounded, held in Geneva. Soon after that date, Bern was selected as the centre for the permanent administration of the International Telegraph Union; in 1871 followed the settlement of the Alabama Claims by a tribunal of arbitration assembled at Geneva, — an act which gave a wonderful moral impulse to the cause of international arbitration. Since then a number of central offices have been constituted at Bern, such as those for the International Postal Union, for the regulation of freight transport upon the Continent, and for the protection of industrial, literary, and artistic property. When we take into consideration that these international offices are the only ones in existence, except the purely scientific Bureau du Mètre in Paris, it becomes evident how highly the use of this neutral meeting-ground is valued by the European powers, and how loath they would be to part with it.

The following significant words upon this subject occur in a report[1] made to the English government in 1885 by one of its agents abroad: "It is difficult, when passing through the quiet streets of Bern, to realize the importance of the operations which are being unobtrusively carried on, or the world-wide scope of the interests involved. Yet it cannot be doubted that these interests form a more effectual guarantee for the preservation of Switzerland as an independent state than any other that could be devised. . . . No one, finally, who has lived for even a few years in Switzerland, and has learnt to appreciate the practical good sense so largely prevailing in that energetic little country, will hesitate to rejoice at the destiny which now, more than ever before, seems assured to it, of retaining an honored place among the nations."

It may be that the example of Switzerland is destined to accomplish great results in the world's history, for, in truth, there are tremendous possibilities in this principle of perpetual neutrality. If I mistake not, it supplies a means of arriving at a semblance, if nothing better, of permanent international peace. There are at present several other neutral states, and it only remains for the

[1] Reports from her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Officers Abroad: Part IV., Commercial, No. 26 (1885).

powers to extend this privilege gradually to all the contested points on the map of Europe in order to make war unnecessary, and in time impossible. Belgium's neutrality is guaranteed by England, and the little duchy of Luxembourg is also neutral territory, according to international treaty. It will be seen by looking into an atlas that, if Alsace-Lorraine could be declared neutral, there would be an unbroken band of neutral soil from Belgium to Switzerland, effectually shutting off all approach from France to Germany. Is it too much to expect sensible counsels to prevail yet awhile in this much-vexed question? If so, perhaps in a few years, when the two nations have begun to feel that the weight of their enormous armaments is too great for endurance, and have drunk to the depths the bitterness of this enforced peace, they will resort to some such compromise, rather than prolong an impossible situation. In other parts of Europe there are little independencies whose neutrality is carefully respected by the powers, such as San Marino in Italy, Andorra in Spain, Liechtenstein in Austria, and Monaco on the boundary between France and Italy; they are all witnesses to the fact that neutralities can be maintained even in the very midst of great nations. Only the other day, the powers united in a sort of joint protectorate over the Congo Basin, and established the principle of optional arbitration in cases of dispute; while England, Germany, and the United States have, since then, made certain agreements as regards the Samoan Islands. Think how the stability of peace would gain by the neutralization of such debatable ground as the Balkan peninsula and Egypt! Not long ago, it was proposed in the parliaments of Sweden and Denmark to labor for the perpetual neutralization of those two countries. And so the movement might grow, until all over the earth there would be neutral zones from which war would be ostracized as a thing unclean.

Look at Switzerland as she is even now. Does she not stand for a representation — on a small scale and imperfectly, it may be — of what poets and philosophers have pictured to themselves the world might some day become? Is she not already, in her way, a miniature parliament of man? For she is not a national unit, like France or Spain, existing as such in spite of herself; the nucleus of the Swiss Confederation was perhaps formed by nature to be free and independent, but the outlying districts joined the Union of their own accord; in other words, it is the will of the Swiss people and their fixed determination which keep them united. Consider the mixture of races and religions which they represent. Of the twenty-two cantons, thirteen are German speaking, four are French; in three German and French both are spoken, in one Italian, and in another Romansch. The population of German Switzerland is almost purely Teutonic; that of French Switzerland about half and half Teutonic and Celto-Roman; while Italian and Romansch Switzerland can boast of Celto-Roman, Ostro-Gothic, and even Etruscan elements. Some of these cantons are Protestant, others Roman Catholic, and others, again, have a mixed population of both faiths. If these incongruous, often antagonistic cantons can meet upon some common plane and conform to some common standard, can live side by side in peace and prosperity, surely the task of some day uniting the nations of the world upon a similar basis is not altogether hopeless and chimerical.

*W. D. McCrackan.*

## COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS.

THE greatest of the many difficulties that the professional teacher has to encounter in his work are those which concern examinations. To every natural educator, the labor of presenting the matter to the pupil, however serious it may be, has a very great charm. The task of understanding the learning which a thoroughly equipped and sympathetic instructor offers to him is a source of a certain pleasure even to the dull-minded youth. But these pleasurable and therefore profitable relations vanish in the process of accounting; in their place come others which are generally unpleasant, and often so far irritating as to break the bonds which the previous happy intercourse had established. I have never known a good and successful teacher, one who had the masterful art of opening and shaping the minds of his pupils, who did not recognize and deplore the evil influence of the prevailing examination system. Those who have in any measure analyzed the effect of the work upon their own minds have uniformly agreed with me in the persuasion that it was, in a certain way, degrading to their status; and all have expressed the opinion that the inevitable influence of the conditions which attend an ordinary examination is against the spirit which should prevail in a school.

These and other evils connected with the matter of examinations have been so clearly recognized in England and some other European countries that the task of gauging the knowledge of a subject which a student acquires in a college is usually taken from the hands of his teachers, and committed to a body of assessors, who have nothing whatever to do with the instruction of the youths whom they examine. Another and more passive way of meeting the difficulties is adopted by the German universities, where the proof of the knowledge which the student has attained rests mainly upon a single oral examination at the close of his period of higher study, and upon the somewhat uncertain evidence afforded by the thesis which he has submitted, and which is supposed to be altogether his own work. Neither of these methods of inquiry gives much satisfaction to those who are best acquainted with the results which have been attained through their use. Thus we may fairly say that the three methods of examination which have been at all generally employed, namely, that in which the instructor examines, that in which the examination is by outside parties, and that in which it is of an oral and rather perfunctory character, are alike unsatisfactory in their results.

Although the range of experiment in the art of testing the knowledge of students has been considerable, I am not aware that much attention has been given to the question which underlies the whole problem, namely, as to what is sought to be obtained by the trials to which we put the youth. It is plain that this point should be well determined before a discussion as to the means by which the examinations are to be conducted is undertaken. Otherwise it will not be possible to secure any adequate adjustment of the process to the ends which we have in view.

The aim of examinations is evidently to determine either the efficiency of the instruction given by the teacher, or the profitableness of the student's work in a particular field. It is thus clear that there are fundamental differences in the end which is sought that make it seem likely that there should be a great diversity in the method by which we plan the inquiry. Moreover, the kind of information which we need to

have as to the efficiency of the teacher's or the pupil's work varies exceedingly with the nature of the subject in which the particular instruction is given. Thus, whereas in all technical branches the object of the class work is to insure a very precise acquaintance with an array of facts, the student and master need to be criticised by their capacities for receiving and imparting such knowledge. On the other hand, where the object of the tasks is to give the youth the power of dealing with considerations of a larger nature, it may be ill advised to adopt a method of examination which will breed in him the habit of parrot-like rendering of certain memorized data. Unless these diversities in the conditions of school work are well borne in mind, it is not possible to secure a rational method of inquiry in the scheme of examinations.

The essential conditions of the examiner's task demand also a clear idea of the effect of such tests upon the minds of both teachers and pupils. Where the matter of examinations is much before the mind of the instructor, where he feels obliged constantly to keep in view the adaptation of his teaching to a forthcoming test, the result will inevitably be to lower the grade of his teaching. While he is considering only the development of his subject, and is led forward by the enthusiasm which alone can give an academic quality to his work, he will instinctively be guided by the understanding which he secures from the older members of the class. As soon as he abandons this ground, and begins to think of the results of the next examination, he naturally directs his mind to the impedimenta of his class, the indolent or dull men who need twice or thrice the aid which the bright fellows require. He then, perhaps unconsciously, checks the rate of advance, threshes the empty straw of the lessons again, whips the laggards up to a little temporary activity, while the leaders lose heart and fail of attention. Thus, overmuch consideration of examinations tends to debilitate the tone of class work, and to accent certain of the evils which arise from our massive or unindividualized methods of instructing. If the process is carried far, it may arrest the development of the academic freedom upon which the best influence of the instructors in our higher institutions depends.

The only way in which the dangers brought about by the necessary care of the weaker members of the class can be met is, it seems to me, by the institution of a secondary system of instruction especially intended for the laggards, in which the aim shall be to provide such pupils with the help which is essential to keep them abreast of their abler companions. Such parallel and supplementary teaching should be planned mainly for this end, but it would doubtless serve the brighter youths as a means of confirming the understanding which they had previously gained. This auxiliary work could be done by the officer who had the charge of the path-breaking work; but, when possible, it should be undertaken by a younger man, who attended the instruction it was designed to supplement, and who, noting the matter of difficulty from the student's point of view, would be prepared to give the needed help to the class. In this way, the principal instructor would be free to lead, as he should, the better equipped portion of his classes with the least tax upon time and patience, and with that sense of independence of all but the essentials of his subject without which he cannot do good work.

Although the state of mind induced in the teacher by examinational requirements is an evil, it is much less serious than their influence upon the students. A good instructor will, by various devices, manage to keep his motives from permanent debasement of a seriously qualifying sort. In this, as in other occupations, the professional spirit is a

great safeguard to him. In the case of the student, the risk of degradation in motive is the more serious for the reason that his mental character is less established, and the temptation to keep the examinations always in sight rests upon more immediate and reasonable needs than those which the instructor feels. The damage arises in many different ways. With the good student, the frequent repetition of examinations interferes with the gradual and free organization of his acquisition, a process which should be as insensible as that of sound digestion. If, at short intervals, he has to assemble his gains, and to put them in shape for rapid and effectual exhibition, he is thereby forced to do work which, though it may be business-like, is essentially unscholarly. In these considerations, it should ever be remembered that, above all, we need to develop in the scholar the sense of the value of remote ends. Our first aim, indeed, should be to make it plain to him that his studies are a part of his life, in the largest sense of that word. He should be brought to look upon the knowledge and training gained by academic work as of exactly the same quality as the education which he is to seek in the more open world, where he is to be free to stand or fall. In so far as our system of tests serves to diminish this extended conception of education, it needs to be remedied. There can be no doubt that the frequent examinations which prevail in our academic schools tend to develop very powerfully, even in the abler men, who by nature have a scholarly turn of mind, a desire to secure temporary and immediate success rather than the far-looking accomplishment toward which we seek to turn them. No sooner is a student well started in his thought or inquiry in any division of the subjects from which we compel him to choose than we force him to change his state of mind and make ready for an accounting. In Harvard College, for instance, some form of an examination is, in most cases, required at intervals of not more than two months. As students have, on an average, five courses in hand at once, they are thus required to make themselves ready for the examiner on about twenty occasions in the space of eight months. There are few subjects which can be so taught that the student may profitably change the spirit of his work, at intervals of two months, from that of advance to that of review, especially where the retraced steps are taken, not to make surer of the knowledge, but to meet the requirements of an examination paper.

I know there are teachers who are of the opinion that good students take no account of examinations save to present themselves at the time of trial and yield what they may without special preparation, but I am sure that this is very rarely the case. Nearly all the high-grade youths I have known have been covetous of academic distinction, or perhaps in need of the scholarship money which they hoped to secure through their rank. Very often the two motives are combined, and alike urge the students to do the best they can to win a good rank. To attain this end, they have to enter on ways which are far from academic. Old examination papers are studied, and, if enough of them are gathered, it may be possible to contrive fitting answers to every question which, in certain classes of subjects, can properly find a place on the paper. Naturally, each teacher has his favorite group of questions, and is supposed, more or less truly, to be affected favorably or unfavorably by certain modes of statement. All these points are carefully studied, and a considerable income is at the command of the coach who is able to give useful information on these and other points which may help the student to a higher grade, not of knowledge, but of artful presentation.

However close and sympathetic may be the bond which exists between the teacher and his pupils in their advance work, it altogether falls away in this time of trial. The academic spirit is replaced by motives which are as low as those prevailing among professional turfmen or the speculators in a stock exchange. For a time it is a cheap game of wits between teacher and pupil, with all the ugly doubts as to fairness of question and of answer which is so well known to examiners. Into this ignoble slough the academic life temporarily, but repeatedly, descends from its realm of lofty purposes, thence to rise again as best it may after the evil days are past. Many teachers do not appear to feel the incongruities, at once painful and laughable, of this situation. This is, it seems to me, either because they have become over-familiar with it, or because they do not or cannot penetrate to the truth of the matter. Others, who perceive more or less clearly the evil which the method entails, look upon the result as in a way inevitable; as something for which human nature, and not clumsy methods, should be blamed.

It is true that antiquity and widespread use always serve to raise the presumption that a custom is well founded, and it may fairly be said that examinations such as we are considering are almost as old as the teacher's art. It may, moreover, be freely granted that in all grades of instruction it is necessary to have some means of judging as to the work which the student is doing or has done; yet I contend that these propositions afford no warrant for the examination system as it is arranged in the majority of our American and English colleges. It should be easy to devise a system in which the necessary information can be gained concerning the profit which the student is winning from his studies, without this incessant tax upon his mental freedom. Where classes are small and the men well known to the instructor, his judgment should be sufficient to gauge their acquirement or thoughtfulness, without resorting to the time-consuming and schoolboy practice of recitations. A college teacher, provided a class does not exceed twenty in number, can easily make sure of the status of each man. The ability to do this is one of the essential capacities of an instructor of any school whatever.

As long as an academic teacher knows his men, — and, in the best sense, he cannot teach when he has not a fair knowledge of his pupils, — his judgment of their mental state, based on close personal contact, is almost certain to be better than that which he would form on reading a lot of written matter, produced in hot haste in answer to the few questions which can find a place in an examination paper. In an ideal condition of our education, the state of mind of every pupil should be well known to his instructor; but in the existing status of our colleges, it is impossible, in very many of the classes, to trust to the growth of such intimate acquaintance. Even in Harvard University, where the proportion of teachers to students, one to nine, is probably greater than in any other large school in this country or in Europe, in quite one half the classes the number of pupils is so great as to make close personal relations between them and the instructors out of the question.

While the judgment of the teacher concerning the work done in certain classes which are numerously attended cannot altogether be trusted, there are various ways of testing the advance of the student which are not open to the objections which ordinary examinations present, and which can readily be made to serve as tests of his faithfulness and understanding of the subject which he is pursuing. Although the suggestions which I shall make in this matter may appear to belong in the dry details of academic pedagogy, it

seems pardonable to ask their consideration, for they go to the centre of our problem. Let us, in the first place, note the important fact that all academic teaching is intended to breed in the youth the habit of continuous methodical thought, and of action related to such thinking. Therefore, the plan of instruction may — indeed, should — include, where possible, such written exercises as may serve to keep the student continually in face of the problem with which he is dealing. This record can be made advantageously in either of two ways: first, by the notebook, in which is kept the current account of the work which the student is doing; and second, by means of theses, in which he is called on to reshape the knowledge he has acquired. Practically, all the subjects taught in our colleges, or at least those which properly belong there, and not in the secondary schools, freely lend themselves to one or the other of these methods of testing the work of the students.

To some teachers this project may seem undesirable, for the reason that they conceive it as affording a temptation to persons of weak morality to present the work of others as their own. It appears to me that this is no fit answer to a proposal of this nature; it is certainly one which, in my opinion, does not deserve any consideration whatever. A college or a university which, for such a reason, in any way limits its actions merits an indignant condemnation. It is morally bound to proceed on the assumption that it is dealing with men who will carefully guard themselves from dishonor. In so far as there is a spirit in our institutions which makes such confidence in the youths unsafe, it is the result of the ancient system of suspicion and espionage, which has led young men to look upon all examinations as legitimate occasions for subterfuge. It is the first duty of a college to breed in the youth the habit of manly, honest conduct. There is no way to do this save by perfect trust. In every college there will be found, from time to time, ignoble spirits who are not quickened by this treatment. For these, when they are discovered, there is but one course of action, — that advised by the sage: they should be taken to the edge of the academic world and dropped off.

In the manner indicated above, and in many other ways, each appropriate to the needs of particular branches of instruction, it will be possible to secure adequate information concerning the status of each student throughout the period when he is attending a course. At the end of each year, it may, at least for the present and in certain departments, be necessary to have an examination. This will be needful only in those classes where the number of students is excessive. Experience in Harvard College shows that where there are only a few, say less than a score, students in an "elective," and they are all doing thesis work, it is not only unnecessary, but undesirable, to have any final examination whatever. In proportion as the work of instruction is brought to a proper basis of individualized relation with the student, all reason for these set examinations will cease.

There can be no doubt that the disappearance of the examination work from our colleges will, apart from the moral gain, and that which will be won from the more uninterrupted pursuit of learning, be most advantageous to their system in that it will make an end of the pernicious kind of training which these exercises afford. To write a very successful series of answers to such questions as are in most cases necessary to set, the student must be skilled in the art of remembering only that part of the subject matter which he can profitably have in mind at the time of trial. There must be none of that shadowy border to the answers which naturally

appears in a careful statement of most truths; there can be no personal element indicative of the essential doubts and misunderstandings of his mind. The result is that the papers of the very best man are apt to have an excessively definite quality, which the instructor has to overlook in weighing the work; he may know that, if he had been given time, the man would have brought in the note of scholarship. It needs no argument to show that exercises of this nature do not make for true learning. Yet even in Harvard College, where the system of tests is perhaps in as fair shape as in any other American school, the average student is called on to spend, in the four years of his course, about one hundred and sixty hours in these required tasks. They afford no training which is likely to be of use to him in his subsequent career, and they distinctly make against the spirit of true critical learning. When we add to the tale of hours spent in the examination room the time devoted to the preparation for the examinations, mostly occupied in framing the brief, ill-defined statements which are to find a place in the papers, it is easy to see that somewhere near one fifth of the student's time, and probably an even larger share of his energy, are given to this unrequiting labor.

I am aware that this, like all other contentions against the existing order of things, is apt to be misunderstood; therefore, it may be well to assert that this is a plea, not for the abolition of academic tests, but for the replacement of the present system of non-educative and degrading conditions, such as are induced by the examination room, with a system in which the continuous ongoing work of the student shall be the basis of judgment as to his accomplishment. It is, in fact, a proposition to clear away a part of the rubbish inherited from other centuries, when men put less faith in youth than it is the privilege of our time to entrust. It is a measure which is made logically necessary by the introduction of the system of free choice in studies. With the acceptance of the principle that men should "study what they most affect" the last trace of justification for the old police method ceased to exist. The proctored examination, with its education in trickery and shams, should now be regarded as an anachronism, and be speedily cleared away. To insure its disappearance, it is necessary that our colleges should, in every department of their instruction, provide enough teachers to make it sure that the progress of every student can be constantly well known. Where, as in certain cases, it is essential to have the teaching given by lectures to large classes, there should be a sufficient amount of assistance to enable the instructors to manage the method of continuous tests. When this is secured, we may expect to create a true academic spirit among the youths, who, under the criticism, will be allowed to remain in the academic body. Not the least of its advantages will be found in the effect which it will, if properly availed of, have upon the numbers in classes in attendance on our colleges. The fitness of the student to receive the higher instruction which our colleges seek to give would be speedily and clearly determined in a way which is not possible with our present systems of inquiry.

We have not considered the method of examining much in use in British schools, where the trial is made, not by the teacher of the subject, but by independent examiners, in whose appointment he has no share. There are certain apparent advantages in this system which, on their face, served to commend it to those who were interested in the matter. It is evident that the inquiry which these assessors have a chance to make might afford a reliable basis for criticism of the teacher as well as the pupils. It seems, more-

over, as if a set of examiners, free from prejudices concerning the individual men which the instructor is commonly, and sometimes justly, supposed to acquire, would insure a better measure of justice to the pupils. Furthermore, the instructor, separated entirely from the critical position with reference to the class, might be deemed freer to maintain a purely academic spirit in his teaching. As in many other educational schemes, practice has proved that disadvantages not readily apprehended have outweighed the gains which this system affords. It has been found that the students, even more than in the classes in which the teacher conducts the examinations, are disposed to turn their attention to the immediate end of passing the papers they are to have presented to them. Unless the instructor is willing to do the duty of a coach, and shape his work with reference to the probable form of these papers, his class are likely to look away from him for the aid they need. The method of determining the rank of men appears to have all the defects of the American system, and to lack the advantages arising from the close personal relations which our method brings about between master and pupil.

The effect which was expected from the knowledge of the teacher's work which the system of separate examiners apparently should furnish has not been secured. Except in matters of an elementary sort, and a few technical branches of higher learning, it is very difficult for an examiner to determine the value of the teacher's work by an inquiry as brief as these tests necessarily are. However unsatisfactory the results of the examinations may be, there will be doubt as to the place where the blame should rest. Where the instructor sends up pupils who write brilliant papers, there will remain the question whether the success has not been due to an undesirable limitation in the range of the teaching, or perhaps to an overnice adjustment of the instruction to the range of the questions which are likely to be set in examination. Out of the examining boards has come the exaltation of the coach or the professional man who undertakes to prepare the student for the trial he is to undergo. His task is not usually that of education; his business is not even to instruct; it is in general the simple function of providing the man with the precise store of information, and giving him the desirable speed in yielding the matter in the form required by the papers which are likely to be set. In certain classes of work, as, for instance, in the preparation of men for the honor examinations, the coaches give instruction which is measured by intellectual standards of a very high grade; but it is related, not to large independent action, as all university education should be, but to the immediate and essentially trivial success which is sought.

As long as the attainment of students is estimated by the brief tests of the examination room, the coach will be an element in academic teaching. Under our American system, where the teacher is also the examiner, it is possible for the instructor in a measure to shape and control the work of these assistants of the students; or, if he is willing to take the time for the task, to deprive them of their patronage by giving the members of his classes such an opportunity of reviewing their studies that the paid helper will be unnecessary to the slowest-witted of the men. So far as my own experience goes, the coaches of Harvard College have generally proved helpful to the instructors. The best of them serve as mentors to youths who need spurring to their tasks, and all of them are glad to cooperate with the teachers in insuring sound work on the part of their charges. Under a system where the profit the student was winning was continually tested by a sufficient record of his

work from week to week, these unnamed assistants would, most likely, become entirely serviceable in educative work. Their task would no longer be to fit the men for the momentary trial of the examination room; to help them at all, they would have to devote their energies to true accomplishments.

Not the least of the advantages which would be gained by the proposed change in the method of gauging the work of the students would be the increased opportunity which it would afford for determining the real value of the influence of the teacher upon his pupils. At present, it is impossible to measure this in a satisfactory way. The examinations are not likely to reveal it, and general repute is of uncertain value, for many elements of character enter into the complicated equation which constitutes the reputation of a man. Given, however, a system of record by notebooks, by theses, and perhaps other means whereby the student will clearly and continuously exhibit his progress in the line of thought which the teaching involves, and we shall have a sound basis from which to estimate the quality of the instruction. From this record, the inspectors who represent the governing boards of the schools could readily form an idea of the range and scope of the instruction given in the several departments. It was once the custom of the visiting committee of the overseers of Harvard University to examine the books in which the answers to the test questions were written, but of late the inutility of the practice has become so evident that it is no longer undertaken.

We should not overlook the profit which the habit of making a somewhat continuous record of his work has upon the student's mind. In the case of every capable youth, such a task is sure to stimulate him to exertion by that spur to his interest which the task of registering thought always applies. I may mention the results of a simple experiment which I have of late essayed in a large elementary class in geology. Trying to win some profit from the dust and ashes of the examinations, I have urged the young men to rewrite their answers to the questions of an examination paper, deliberately, and after they had carefully reconsidered the subject matter. The exceeding advance in the quality of these rewritten books. not only as regards the substance, but in the scholarly tone of the performances as well, that element of shading to which I have previously adverted, shows at once the difference in the moral and intellectual quality of the two methods of record. As the second writing had no reference to the college arithmetic, the labor was truly academic in its nature. Much of the work was done by students who are in the habit of making a poor record in the examination room. It was most instructive to see how certain men, whose minds have the peculiarities which prevent them from yielding anything of value in the swift processes of the examination room, could do excellent work when they had time for deliberate thinking. We know full well that it needs a different kind of mill for each variety of grain, but we are content to go on in our ancient clumsy effort to win in the same rude way the good from the infinite diversities of humankind.

It is doubtless too much to expect that the highly individualized care of each student which is necessary radically to cure the flagrant evils of our examinations can at once be secured. Yet we may hope that those teachers who see and appreciate the singular burden which they impose on education will protest against them, and, so far as possible, shape their work so that it may lead away from these ancient ills. It is clearly the duty of all who are interested in making our colleges the best nurseries of sound learning and true manliness to strive for this end.

*Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.*

# TINTORET, THE SHAKESPEARE OF PAINTERS.

## I.

We have no authentic biography of Tintoret. The men of his epoch hungered for fame, but it was by the splendor of their genius, and not by the details of their personal lives, that they hoped to be known to posterity. The days of judicious Boswells and injudicious Froudes had not then come to pass; so that we are now as ignorant of the lives of the painters of the great school which flourished at Venice during the sixteenth century as of the lives of that group of poets who flourished in England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Nevertheless, Providence sees to it that nothing essential be lost; and, in the absence of memoirs, the masterpiece itself becomes a memoir for those who have insight. In art, works which proceed from the soul, and not from the skill, are truthful witnesses to the character of the artist. "For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen." It is not wholly to be regretted, therefore, that the meagreness of our information concerning Tintoret compels us to study his paintings the more earnestly. The lives of artists are generally scanty in those adventures and dramatic incidents which make entertaining biographies. Men of action express their character in deeds: poems, statues, paintings, are the deeds of artists. Blot out a few pages of history, and what remains of Hannibal or Scipio? But we should know much about Michael Angelo or Raphael from their paintings, had no written word come down to us.

The year of Tintoret's birth is variously stated as 1512 and 1518. Even his name has been a cause of dispute to antiquaries; but since he was content to call and sign himself Jacopo (or Giacomo) Robusti, we may accept this as correct. His father was a dyer of silk (*tintore*), and as the boy early helped at that trade he got the nickname *il tintoretto*, "the little dyer." Vasari, also born in 1512, is the only contemporary who furnishes an account of Tintoret. Unsatisfactory and well-nigh ridiculous it is, if we remember that by 1574, when Vasari died, Tintoret had already produced many of his masterpieces. Yet the Florentine painter-historian did not accord to him so much as a separate chapter in his Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, but inserted his few pages of criticism and gossip, as if by an afterthought, in the sketch of the forgotten Battista Franco. Since much that has been subsequently written about Tintoret is merely a repetition of Vasari's shallow opinions, which created a mythical Tintoret, just as English reviewers created a mythical "Johnny Keats," long believed to be the real Keats, I quote a few sentences from Vasari. "There still lives in Venice," he says, "a painter called Jacopo Tintoretto, who has amused himself with all accomplishments, and particularly with playing music and several instruments, and is, besides, pleasing in all his actions; but in matters of painting he is extravagant, full of caprice, dashing, and resolute, the most terrible brain that painting ever had, as you may see in all his works, and in his compositions of fantastic subjects, done by him diversely and contrary to the custom of other painters. Nay, he has capped extravagance with the novel and whimsical inventions and odd devices of his intellect, which he has used haphazard and without design, as if to show that this art is a trifle. . . . And because in his youth he showed

himself in many fair works of great judgment, if he had recognized the great endowment which he received from nature, and had fortified it with study and judgment, as those have done who have followed the fine manner of his elders, and if he had not (as he has done) cut loose from practiced rules, he would have been one of the greatest painters that ever Venice had; yet, for all this, we would not deny that he is a proud and good painter, with an alert, capricious, and refined spirit."

Evidently, the originality of this "terrible" Tintoret could not be understood by Vasari, who was trained in the academic proprieties, and who imagined that he followed successfully the fine manner of his elders. But there is no hint that Tintoret heeded this generous advice. Perhaps it came too late, — at threescore years one's character and methods are no longer plastic; perhaps it had been too often reiterated, for Tintoret had been assured from his youth up that, if he would only be instructed by his fellow-artists, he might hope to become a great painter like them. But, from the first glimpse we get of this perverse Tintoret to the last, one characteristic dominates all, — obedience to his own genius. Censure, coaxing, fashion, envy, popularity, seem never to have swerved him. Like every consummate genius, he drew his inspiration directly from within. "Conform! conform! or be written down a fool!" has always been the greeting of the world to the self-centred, spirit-guided few. "Right or wrong, I cannot otherwise," has been their invariable reply.[1]

By the time that Tintoret made his first essays in painting, the Venetian school was the foremost in the world. The great Leonardo had died in France, leaving behind him in Lombardy a company of pupils who were rapidly enslaved by a graceless mannerism. Even before this the best talents of Umbria had wandered into feeble eccentricities, or had been absorbed by the large humanism of Raphael. Raphael himself was dead, at the height of his popularity and in the prime of his powers, and his disciples were hurrying along the road of imitation into the desert of formalism. Michael Angelo alone survived in central Italy, a Titan too colossal, too individual, to be a schoolmaster, although there were many of the younger brood (Vasari among them) who called him *Maestro*, and fancied that their grimaces and contortions sprang from force and grandeur such as his. But in Venice painting was flourishing; there it had the exuberance and the strength, the joyousness and the splendor, of an art approaching its meridian. John Bellini, the earliest of the great Venetians, had died; but not before there had issued from his studio a wonderful band of disciples, some of whom were destined to surpass him. Giorgione, one of these, had been cut off in his thirty-fourth year, having barely had time to give to the world a few handsels of his genius. The fame of Titian had risen to that height where it has ever since held its station. A troop of lesser men — lesser in comparison with him — were embellishing Venice, or carrying the magic of her art to other parts of Italy.

The tradition runs that the boy Tintoret amused himself by drawing charcoal figures on the wall, then coloring

[1] Vasari's condescending estimate of Tintoret may remind some readers of Voltaire's patronizing estimate of Shakespeare: "It seems as though nature had mingled in the brain of Shakespeare the greatest conceivable strength and grandeur with whatever witless vulgarity can devise that is lowest and most detestable;" and much more of the same kind about the "intoxicated barbarian," which will seem pitiful or amusing according to the humor of the reader.

them with his father's dyes: whence his parents were persuaded that he was born to be a painter. Accordingly, his father got permission for him to work in Titian's studio, the privilege most coveted by every apprentice of the time. His stay there was brief, however; hardly above ten days, if the legend be true which tells how Titian returned one day and saw some strange sketches, and that, learning that Tintoret had made them, he bade another pupil send him away. Some say that Titian already foresaw a rival in the youthful draughtsman; others, that the figures were in a style so contrary to the master's that he discerned no good in them, and judged that it would be useless for Tintoret to pursue an art in which he could never excel. Let the dyer's son go back to his vats: there he could at least earn a livelihood. We are loath to believe that Titian, whose reputation was established, could have been moved by jealousy of a mere novice; we must remember, nevertheless, that even when Tintoret had come to maturity, and was reckoned among the leading painters of Venice, Titian treated him coldly, and apparently thwarted and disparaged him. Few artists, indeed, have risen quite above the marsh-mists of jealousy. Their ambition regards fame as a fixed quantity, and, like Goldsmith, they look upon any one who acquires a part of this treasure as having diminished the amount they can appropriate for themselves. But in Tintoret's great soul envy could find no place. "Enmities he has none. Enemy of him you may be: if so, you shall teach him aught which your good will cannot, were it only what experience will accrue from your ruin. Enemy and welcome, but enemy on high terms. He cannot hate anybody; his time is worth too much."

Under whom Tintoret studied, after being thrust off by Titian, we are not told. Probably he had no acknowledged preceptor except himself. Already his aim was at the highest. On the wall of his studio he blazoned the motto, "*The drawing of Michael Angelo and the coloring of Titian.*" To blend the excellence of each in a supreme unity, — that was his ambition. Titian might shut him out from personal instruction, but Titian's works in the churches and palaces were within reach. Tintoret studied them, copied them, and conjured from them the secret their master wished to hide. Having procured casts of Michael Angelo's statues in the Medicean Chapel at Florence, he made drawings of them in every position. Far into the night he worked by lamplight, watching the play of light and shade, the outlines and the relief. He drew also from living models, and learned anatomy by dissecting corpses. He invented "little figures of wax and of clay, clothing them with bits of cloth, examining accurately, by the folds of the dresses, the position of the limbs; and these models he distributed among little houses and perspectives composed of planks and cardboard, and he put lights in the windows." From the rafters he suspended other manikins, and thereby learned the foreshortening proper to figures painted on ceilings and on high places. So indefatigable, so minute, was this man, who is known to posterity as "the thunderbolt of painters." In his prime, he astonished all by his power of elaborating his ideas at a speed at which few masters can even sketch; but that power was nourished by his infinite painstaking in those years of obscurity. Only the callow dream that genius leaps without preparation to its achievement. It is one of the marks of genius that it sees the need of preparation and has the patience to toil.

Wherever Tintoret might learn, thither he went. Now, we hear of him working with the masons at Cittadella; now, taking his seat upon the

bench of the journeymen painters in St. Mark's Place; now, watching some illustrious master decorating the façade of a palace. No commission was too humble for him: who knows how many signboards he may have furnished in his 'prentice days? His first recorded works were two portraits, — of himself holding a bas-relief in his hand, and of his brother playing a cithern. As the custom then was, he exhibited these in the Merceria, that narrow lane of shops which leads from St. Mark's to the Rialto bridge. What the latest novel or yesterday's political speech is to us, that was a new picture to the Venetians. Their innate sense of color and beauty and their familiarity with the best works of art made them ready critics. They knew whether the colors on a canvas were in harmony, as the average Italian of to-day can tell whether a singer keeps the key, and doubtless they were enthusiastic in their discussions. Tintoret's portraits attracted attention. They were painted with nocturnal lights and shadows, "in so terrible a manner that they amazed every one," even to the degree of suggesting to one beholder the following epigram: —

"Si Tinctorectus noctis sic lucet in umbris,
Exorto faciet quid radiante die?"[1]

Soon after, he displayed another picture upon the Rialto bridge, by which the surprise already excited was increased. He began, thenceforward, to get employment in the smaller churches and convents. Important commissions which brought wealth and honors were reserved for Titian and a few favorites; but Tintoret rejected no offer. Only let him express those ideas swarming in his imagination: he asked no further recompense. He seems to have been early noted for the practice of taking no pay at all, or only enough to provide his paints and canvas, — a practice which brought upon him the abuse of his fellows, who cried out that he would ruin their profession. But there was then no law to prohibit artist or artisan from working for any price he chose, and Tintoret, as usual, took his own course.

At last a great opportunity offered. On each side of the high altar of the church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto was a bare space, nearly fifty feet high and fifteen or twenty feet broad. "Let me paint you two pictures," said Tintoret to the friars, who laughed at the extravagant proposal. "A whole year's income would not suffice for such an undertaking," they replied. "You shall have no expense but for the canvas and colors," said Tintoret. "I shall charge nothing for my work." And on these terms he executed The Last Judgment and The Worship of the Golden Calf. The creator of those masterpieces could no longer be ignored. Here was a power, a variety, which hostility and jealousy could not gainsay: they must note, though they refused to admire. It was in 1546, or thereabouts, that Tintoret uttered this challenge. In a little while he had orders for four pictures for the School of St. Mark; one of which, St. Mark Freeing a Fugitive Slave, soon became popular, and has continued so. "Here is coloring as rich as Titian's, and energy as daring as Michael Angelo's!" visitors still exclaim. Other commissions followed, until there came that which the Venetian prized above all others, — an order to paint for the Ducal Palace.

As the patriotic Briton aspires to a monument in Westminster Abbey, and the Florentine in Santa Croce, so the Venetian artist coveted for his works a place in the palace of the Doges. That was his Temple of Fame. His dream, however, soared beyond the gratification of personal ambition; he desired that through him the glory and

[1] If Tintoret shines thus in the shades of night, what will he do when radiant day has risen?

beauty of Venice might be enhanced and immortalized. This devotion to the ideal of a city, this true patriotism, has, unfortunately, almost disappeared from the earth. The very conception of it is now unintelligible to most persons. The city where you live — New York, Boston, London — you value in proportion as it affords advantages for your business, objects for your comfort and amusement; but you quit it without compunction if taxes be lower and trade brisker elsewhere. You are interested in its affairs just in so far as they affect your own. When you build a dwelling or a factory, you do not inquire whether it will improve or injure your neighbor's property, much less whether it will be an ornament to the city; you need not even abate a nuisance until compelled to do so by the law.

But to the noble-minded Venetian his city was not merely a convenience; it was a personality. Venezia was a spiritual patroness, a goddess who presided over the destiny of the state; he and every one of his fellow-citizens shared the honor and blessing of her protection. She had crowned with prosperity the energy and piety, the rectitude and justice, of his ancestors through many centuries. Every act of his had more than a personal, more even than a human bearing. *How would it affect her?* — that was his test. He could do nothing unto himself alone; for good or for ill, what he did reacted upon the community, upon the ideal Venezia. The outward city — the churches, palaces, and dwellings — was but the garment and visible expression of that ideal city. Venezia had blessed him, and he was grateful; she was beautiful, and he loved her. His gratitude impelled him to deeds worthy of her protection; his love blossomed in gifts that should increase her beauty.

This reverence and devotion have, as I remarked, vanished from among men; yet in this ideal beams the conception of the true commonwealth. Observe that those three cities which held such an ideal before them have bequeathed to us the most precious works of beauty. Athens, Florence, Venice, — these are the Graces among the cities. At Karnak, at Constantinople, at Rome, at Paris, you will behold stupendous ruins or imposing monuments commemorating the pride and power of individual Pharaohs, Sultans, Cæsars, Popes, and Napoleons, but you will not find the spirit which was worshiped by the beautifying of the Acropolis, and of republican Florence, and of Venice. Will the most diligent search discover it in New York or Chicago?

Tintoret, then, had at last earned the privilege of consecrating his genius to Venezia. His first work for her seems to have been a portrait of the reigning Doge.[1] Then he painted two historical subjects, — Frederick Barbarossa being crowned by Pope Adrian, and Pope Alexander III. excommunicating Frederick Barbarossa; and The Last Judgment, destroyed by the fire of 1577. Not long thereafter began his employment by the brothers of the confraternity of San Rocco. For their church, about 1560, he painted two scenes in the life of St. Roch, and then he joined in competition for a ceiling painting for the Sala dell' Albergo in the School itself. The brothers called for designs, and upon the appointed day Paul Veronese, Andrea Schiavone, Giuseppe Salviati, and Federigo Zuccaro submitted theirs. But Tintoret had outsped them, and when his design was asked for he caused a screen to

[1] It is interesting to know that the price regularly paid to Titian and Tintoret for state portraits was twenty-five ducats (about thirty-one dollars). Painters who have not a hundredth part of the genius of either Titian or Tintoret now receive one hundred times that sum.

be removed from the ceiling, and lo! there was a finished picture of the specified subject. Brothers and competitors were astonished, and not greatly pleased. "We asked for sketches," said the former. "That is the way I make my sketches," replied Tintoret. They demurred; but Tintoret presented the picture to the School, one of whose rules made it obligatory that all gifts should be accepted. The displeasure of the confraternity soon passed away, and Tintoret was commissioned to furnish whatever paintings should be required in future. An annual salary of one hundred ducats was bestowed upon him, in return for which he was to give at least one painting a year. Generously did he fulfill the contract; for at his death the School possessed more than sixty of his works, for which he had been paid but twenty-four hundred and forty-seven ducats.

In 1577 a fire in the Ducal Palace destroyed many of the paintings, and when the edifice was restored the government looked for artists to replace them. Titian being dead, his opposition had no longer to be overcome; yet even now Tintoret had to compete with men of inferior powers, but of stronger influence. Nevertheless, to him and Paul Veronese was assigned the lion's share of the undertaking, and for ten years those two great men labored side by side, in noble rivalry, to eternize the beauty and the glory of Venice. In 1588, owing to the death of Paul Veronese, who with Francesco Bassano had been commissioned to paint a Paradise in the Hall of the Grand Council, the work was transferred to Tintoret, who devoted to it the last six years of his life, and left in it the highest expression not only of his genius, but of Italian painting.[1] Old age robbed him of none of his energy, but added sublimity to his imagination, and interfused serenity and mellowness throughout his work. And so, still teeming with plans, he died of a gastric trouble, after a fortnight's illness, on the 31st of May, 1594.[2]

With this clue, spun from the discursive records of Ridolfi (whose Meraviglie dell' Arte was first published in 1648), we can pass through the labyrinth of Tintoret's career. There are, besides, several anecdotes which help us to know the man's personality better: if all be not authentic, at least all agree in attributing to him certain well-defined traits.

As a workman, as we have seen, Tintoret was indefatigable. His life-long yearning was not for praise, but for opportunity to work. Modesty he had to a degree unrecorded of any other painter, although none seems to have been more confident of his own powers.[3] Like Shakespeare, he wrought his masterpieces swiftly, and left them to their fate, because his imagination, like Shakespeare's, was already on the wing for higher quarry. There was in the man an inflexible dignity, born of self-respect, which neither the allurements of popularity nor the flattery of the

[1] Has any one remarked that when Tintoret was painting the Paradise, Cervantes, Spain's spokesman before the nations, Montaigne, the largest figure in French literature, and Shakespeare, paragon not of England only, but of the world, were his contemporaries? Those four might have met in his studio; and Science might have furnished three peerless representatives, — Bacon, Galileo, and Kepler.

[2] Tintoret is buried in the church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto.

[3] Two instances are worthy of record. Having agreed to paint a large historical picture for the Doges' Palace, he said to the procurators, "If any other shall, within the space of two years, paint a better picture of this subject, you shall take his, and reject mine." At first his enemies spoke so censuringly of his St. Mark Freeing the Fugitive Slave that the brethren hesitated whether to accept it: whereupon Tintoret had it brought back to his studio. Afterwards the brethren repented, begged for its return, and ordered three other pictures.

great could bend. When invited by the Duke of Mantua to go to that city and execute some paintings, Tintoret replied that wherever he went his wife wished to accompany him; at which the duke bade him bring his wife and family, and had them conveyed to Mantua in a state barge, and entertained them at his palace "at magnificent expense for many days." He urged Tintoret to settle there; but the Venetian could not be persuaded to renounce his allegiance to Venice. He saw that titles would add nothing to his fame, and refused an offer of knighthood from Henry III. of France. Princes and grandees and illustrious visitors to Venice went to his house; but though he received them courteously, he sought no intimacy with them. His time was too precious, his projects were too earnest, to allow of aristocratic dissipation. He had a keen sense of humor, which displayed itself now in some ready reply, now in genial conversation with his familiars. Ridolfi relates that certain prelates and senators who visited him whilst he was making sketches for the Paradise asked him why he worked so hurriedly, whereas John Bellini and Titian had been deliberate and painstaking. "The old masters," said Tintoret, "had not so many to bother them as I have." At another time, at a gathering of amateurs, a woman's portrait by Titian was lauded. "That 's the way to paint," said one of the critics. Tintoret went home, took a sketch by Titian and covered it with lampblack, painted a head in Titian's manner on the same canvas, and showed it at the next meeting of these amateurs. "Ah, there 's a real Titian!" they all agreed. Tintoret rubbed off the lampblack from the original sketch, and said: "This, gentlemen, is indeed by Titian; that which you have admired is mine. You see now how authority and opinion prevail in criticism, and how few there are who really understand painting."

Pietro Aretino, that depraved adventurer and most successful blackmailer in literature, was one of Titian's intimates and partisans. He wished, nevertheless, to have his portrait painted by Tintoret, who was in no wise afraid of the scoundrel's enmity, although most of the prominent personages of the time quailed before it. Aretino being posed, Tintoret furiously drew a hanger from under his coat. Aretino was terrified lest he should be punished for his malicious tongue, and cried out, "Jacopo, what are you about?" "I am only going to take your measure," said Tintoret complacently; and, measuring him from head to foot, he added, "Your height is just two and a half hangers." Aretino's impudence returned. "You 're a great madman," he said, "and always up to your pranks." But this grim hint sufficed; the rascal never after dared to slander Tintoret, but, on the contrary, tried to ingratiate himself into his friendship.

In his home Tintoret enjoyed tranquillity. His wife, Faustina de' Vescovi, was thrifty and dignified, and perhaps she was not a little annoyed by the "unpracticalness" of her husband. According to tradition, when he went out she tied up money for him in his handkerchief, and bade him give an exact account of it on his return. Having spent his afternoon and money with congenial spirits at some rendezvous whose name, unlike that of the Mermaid, where Elizabethan wits caroused, has been lost, he playfully assured Madonna Faustina that her allowance had gone to help the poor. She was particular that he should wear the dress of a Venetian citizen; but if he happened to go abroad in rainy weather, she called out to him from an upper window to come back and put on his old clothes. We have glimpses of him passing to and fro in Venice with Marietta, his favorite daughter, a painter of merit, whose early death sad-

dened his later years.[1] Of his other children, two daughters entered a nunnery; a third married Casser, a German; his eldest son, Domenico, adopted his father's profession, and assisted him in his work; another son went to the bad, and was cut off from an inheritance by his father's will. In spite of his habit of giving away pictures, or of charging a small price for them, Tintoret bequeathed a comfortable fortune to his heirs.

A few of his precepts and suggestions concerning art have come down to us through Ridolfi, who had them from Aliense, one of Tintoret's pupils.

"The study of painting is arduous," he used to say; "and to him who advances farthest in it more difficulties appear, the sea grows ever larger."

"Students must never fail to profit by the example of the great masters, Michael Angelo and Titian."

"Nature is always the same; in painting, therefore, muscles must not be varied by caprice."

"In judging a picture, observe if, at the first examination, the eye is satisfied, and if the author has obeyed the great principles of art; as to the details, each will fall into error. Do not go immediately to look at a new work, but wait till the darts of criticism have all been shot, and men are accustomed to the sight."

Being asked which are the most beautiful colors, he answered, "Black and white: because the former gives force to figures by deepening the shadows, the latter gives the relief."

He insisted that only the experienced artist should draw from living models, which lack, for the most part, grace and symmetrical forms.

"Fine colors," he said, "are sold in the Rialto shops; but design is got from the casket of genius, with hard study and long vigils, and is therefore understood and practiced by but few."

[1] Marietta was born in 1560, and died in 1590.

Odoardo Filleti asked him what to study. "Drawing," replied Tintoret. Somewhat later, Filleti sought further advice. "Drawing, and again drawing," Tintoret reiterated.

"Art must perfect nature," was his guiding rule; and he instanced that Greek artist who modeled an Aphrodite by selecting the best features of the five most beautiful women he could find.

His studio was in the most retired part of his house. Few were admitted to it, and they had to find their way thither up a dark staircase and along dark passages, by the light of a candle. There he spent most of his time, — a grave man ordinarily, as must ever be the case with genius which ranges the utmost abysses and sublimities which human faculty is permitted to explore; doubtless at heart a solitary man, so far as the absence of flesh-and-blood companions constitutes solitude, but forever attended by the great associates of his imagination. Laconic, too, in speech as with his brush; as when, in reply to a long letter from his brother, he wrote simply, "Sir: no." But upon occasion — as that anecdote of Madonna Faustina's allowance shows — he indulged in conviviality; and he had the gift peculiar to a gentleman, of "being easy with persons of all ranks, and of putting them at ease." "With his friends he preserved great affability. He was copious in fine sayings and witty hits, putting them forth with much grace, but without sign of laughter; and when he deemed it opportune, he knew also how to joke with the great."

Tintoret's genius was only partially acknowledged during his lifetime; and his fame has suffered strange vicissitudes since his death. At times he has been extolled with meaningless extravagance; oftener condemned, after Vasari's lukewarm fashion, or passed over without mention. Not until Mr. Ruskin came and opened the eyes of

the world had Tintoret been adequately appreciated for those points of excellence wherein he has neither rival nor second. He has suffered for the same reasons that Shakespeare was long unesteemed in France: his works are bold, very rapid, often unequal, not in the least to be measured by the yardstick of conventionalism; he treats many new subjects, and the old subjects he always treats in new fashion, thereby provoking formalists to accuse him of willful oddness or caprice; his reputation for swiftness of execution was deemed by many presumptive evidence that he was superficial; above all, his imagination was so rich and so powerful that it required a cognate imagination to follow it.

Moreover, Tintoret was the last master of the great era of Italian painting. After him came schools which did not rely upon originality, but upon the inspiration of former masters. Pictures were but specimens of technique, and the models chosen for imitation were naturally those in which technique could be most easily reduced to rules. The public, as well as the painters themselves, gradually lost the power of valuing art as a *spiritual expression*. The artist had become but an acrobat, — on a level with tight-rope walkers and tumblers, — whose object it was to astonish by tricks and sleight of hand; or he was a buffoon, who aped the port and gestures of Correggio or Leonardo; or a ventriloquist, who mimicked the tones of Titian or Raphael. Word by word, sentence by sentence, the great language of painting was forgotten, until at last it became as a dead language. It was inevitable that Tintoret's works, which had not always been understood by his contemporaries, should baffle the interpreters of art grammars and the pedagogues of technique.

Again, Tintoret's pigments have suffered more than those of any other master. The darker colors, in many cases, have become almost black; the lighter have faded, and sometimes completely changed.[1] How far this is due to an original defect in the paints, how far to exposure and neglect, I cannot say. It must always be remembered that popular canvases have been frequently varnished and restored; so that many Titians and Raphaels are as fresh to-day as they were when they left the easel. How much remains of the original painting is another question. Directors of galleries aim at pleasing the public, not at respecting the preferences of connoisseurs, and the public craves lively colors. It would feel itself imposed upon if it traveled to Dresden only to find the Sistine Madonna as dark as would probably be the case if the restorer had not interfered. In every gallery you will observe that the crowds flock to the brightest pictures, irrespective of their merits. The fact that they have been kept bright is an advertisement that they are deemed precious; and besides, it requires less time to glance at a clean canvas and pass on than to recover, after patient scrutiny and an effort of the imagination, some of the beauty which time and dust conceal. It is significant that the one painting by Tintoret which is most commonly mentioned by all classes of tourists — St. Mark Freeing a Fugitive Slave — is precisely that one which the directors of the Venice Academy keep polished as good as new.

I cannot dismiss this subject without alluding to another cause for the slight attention given to Tintoret: his pictures are almost invariably condemned to oblivion by the position in which they have been hung. You must look for them in dark corners near the ceiling, or in cross-lights which render an examination impossible. Of those which still exist in the churches for which they were painted, some have

[1] In some of the paintings at San Giorgio the blues are now milky splotches.

been injured by the drippings from candles; others have been partly hidden by tabernacles, reliquaries, and other objects of church ceremonial. Travelers in Venice a generation ago record that rain leaked through the roof of the School of San Rocco, and soaked some of the canvases; others, hung near windows, have had to suffer from the strong sunlight for centuries. In the Ducal Palace, one series of ceiling paintings have succumbed to the daubing of restorers, and are now hardly recognizable as being Tintoret's; while the matchless Paradise, when I last beheld it,[1] was falling rapidly to decay. The seams where the vast canvas was originally joined had rotted in many places; the canvas itself was warped and rumpled, forming little shelves and unevennesses whereon the dust had collected so as to hide the colors; and from the ceiling dangled a ragged fringe of cobwebs, in some places two or three feet long.

A few generations hence, when these incomparable works have been irretrievably damaged, posterity will wonder — with a wonder intensified by indignation — that we allowed them to perish. Early Christians, who mutilated pagan works of art because they believed them to be pernicious, may be excused; but what excuse has our age to offer? We pretend to cherish all manifestations of culture, and we have ample means to preserve them; yet whilst our museums are daily adding to their collections of half-barbarous antiquities, dug up in Arizona, in Mexico, in Yucatan, in Peru, in Asia Minor, in Mesopotamia, there are surely hastening to destruction scores of the works of the mightiest genius who ever honored painting. During the past twenty years, New York millionaires have paid more for the immoralities and inanities of modern French painters than would be necessary to erect a separate gallery in Venice for the proper preservation of Tintoret's masterpieces. If there were but a single manuscript of Hamlet in the world, and no printing-presses, what should we say to those who allowed it to perish through neglect? Yet there are many of Tintoret's pictures, each of them as precious in its way as a page of Hamlet, which we raise no voice to save. In our selfishness, we forget that the treasures which we have inherited from the past are not ours to dissipate and destroy; we hold them in trust for the future, and woe unto us if, unmindful of our responsibility, we prove careless stewards.[2]

II.

What, then, are some of the qualities of Tintoret's genius? First of all, he had vast scope: Christian and classic lore, the legend and story of Venice, contemporary scenes, and portraiture,— all these lay within his province. But scope alone, unguided by rarer powers, does not suffice for the equipment of the supreme master. Rubens had scope, even Doré had it, and neither ranks among the foremost. In Tintoret it was accompanied by a most intense imagination, which penetrated to the elemental reality and understood the intertangled relations of life. Imagination operated through him with a vigor more like Nature's own than that of any other man except Shake-

[1] In August, 1889.

[2] As long as the originals exist copies of great paintings are as unsatisfactory as a Beethoven symphony or a Wagner opera on the piano; but when the originals have perished, they may serve a worthy purpose in perpetuating at least the concept and general treatment of the painter. It is greatly to be desired that some capable student should do for Tintoret what Toschi has done for Correggio at Parma. A series of faithfully executed sketches would enable posterity to judge of Tintoret's range of imagination and inexhaustible powers of treatment, although his coloring and drawing could not be reproduced. Many of his paintings have never been engraved, and not one has been well engraved.

speare; a vigor which seems at once inexhaustible and effortless, which never wastes and never scants. In creating a beggar or a seraph he expended just as much energy as was necessary for each; you do not feel that one was harder for him than the other. Tintoret's creations have this further resemblance to Shakespeare's: *they live!* You do not exclaim, "This is a great picture!" but, "This is a great scene!" He is like a traveler who brings back views from a strange country; albeit you have never been there, yet the views are so real, the figures are painted so freely and lifelike, and not in conscious or conventional attitudes, that you cannot doubt their faithfulness, and are absorbed by the wonders and beauties they present.

Tintoret never conspires to startle you by sensational or monstrous devices. Even in those works where he is most daring he is really painting what his imagination saw naturally, and is no more bent on inventing oddities and marvels than was John in the Apocalypse. Before beginning a Biblical or an historical subject, he seems to have asked himself, "How did this episode look to a bystander?" and he relies upon the actuality of the scene to produce the desired impression. He has been charged, sometimes, with making Christ and his disciples too vulgar. Other painters have so accustomed you to look for a kingly personage in Christ, and for princely garments on his followers, that when you first see a Last Supper by Tintoret you miss the habitual elegance; for he shows you simple and earnest but not ignoble fishermen and artisans of Judea. If you contemplate them wisely, your astonishment will deepen as you reflect that it was through and by such lowly and zealous men as these, and not by philosophers and princes, that the gospel of brotherly love was disseminated among mankind. It is legitimate for an artist to invest an historic character with emblems which bespeak the significance posterity has attached to him; but it is wholesome to see him as he probably appeared to his contemporaries, before subsequent generations have discovered an *ex post facto* importance in his career. Tintoret employed now one method and now the other, and whosoever has been moved by the Christ before Pilate and The Crucifixion of the School of San Rocco need not be told that pathos and sublimity belong to the former method.

Tintoret's versatility would have made a lesser man renowned. He counted it but an amusement, when the learned critics chided him for not obeying academic rules, to imitate the style of Titian, or Paul Veronese, or Schiavone, so that the critics themselves were deceived and confounded. He invariably adapted his treatment to the requirements of each work: if it was to be viewed from a considerable distance, he painted broadly; if it was to be seen near, no one surpassed him in the delicacy and carefulness of his finish. This sense of fitness governed his composition as well as his drawing. In a picture intended for a refectory, for instance, he introduced proportions in harmony with the dimensions of that refectory, causing it to appear more spacious and imposing. Where Tintoret's figures are not correctly drawn, the apparent fault was often intentional: restore the picture to the position for which he designed it, and the drawing will no longer offend; for he always took into account the distance and angle from which the spectator would look, and he is not responsible for the changes in location. In studying any picture, remember that there is one, and only one, point of view where it can be seen as the artist wished it to be seen. If you stand too far or too near, you will miss his purpose. In a portrait by Titian or Tintoret, no line, no dot of color, is su-

perfluous: you must adjust your vision until the tiniest flake of white on the tip of the chin or on the pupils of the eyes has a reason for being there. Try to imagine that last perfecting touch away, and you will learn its value. For these men did nothing haphazard: they would as soon have wasted diamonds and rubies as their precious colors; every hair of their pencil was a nerve through which their imagination transmitted itself to the canvas.

Although it be well-nigh impossible to describe a painting so that one who has not seen it can derive profit from the description, I shall attempt to point out a few of the characteristics of some of Tintoret's other works, in the hope of refreshing the memory of readers who are already familiar with them, and of stimulating the interest of those who may see them hereafter. It is the *thought* Tintoret has expressed, and not the technique of his manner, to which I would call attention, believing that this can be in some measure made real even to those who cannot refer to the paintings themselves.

One fact impresses us immediately: Tintoret's originality. Previous painters had used all the familiar Christian themes so often that there had grown up a conventional form of representing each; but, although Tintoret used these themes, his treatment of them rarely recalls that of any other painters, and always demands fresh study. Giotto may be said to have fixed the norm which his successors generally followed, diverging from it only in details. Tintoret established a new norm. Moreover, he never copied himself; his inexhaustible imagination refused to repeat. It represented the same subject under different aspects, never twice alike. We have many replicas of Raphael's and Titian's works, but none, so far as I know, of Tintoret's. In rare cases where two copies of a painting by him exist, one is the sketch.

In one famous instance he is brought into direct comparison with his rival, Titian. They both painted The Presentation of the Virgin, in somewhat similar manner. Titian's conception of the scene is as follows: In front of a stately pile of buildings two flights of steps lead up to the threshold of the Temple, where stands a venerable high priest; near him are two other ecclesiastics and a youth. Spectators look out from the windows and balconies of the adjoining edifice upon Mary, a pretty little maiden, who has reached the first step of the second staircase, and, looking up at the high priest, prepares to finish the ascent. Immediately back of her figure is an ornate Corinthian column. Her mother and a friend wait at the foot of the staircase, and a goodly company of Venetian nobles is gathered near them,— like pleasure-seekers taking a stroll, who stop for a moment to witness a chance episode. An old woman with a basket of eggs sits in the foreground. A colonnade and pyramid close in the picture on the left,[1] and a pleasing view of mountains stretches out behind.

This is Tintoret's conception: A high priest, patriarchal in dignity, stands at the top of a flight of steps leading to the door of the Temple. Just below him Mary is mounting, her slight form and dress being beautifully contrasted with the sky beyond. Behind her is a young woman (probably her mother, Anne) carrying a young child. At the foot of the steps, in the centre of the painting, another mother (one of Tintoret's matchless creations) is pointing toward Mary, and telling her little daughter that she too will erelong be presented at the Temple. Two girls recline on the steps near by. On the left, seven or eight old men and idlers (such as one still sees at the approach to churches in Italy, and to mosques and synagogues in the Orient) are ranged along the stairs,

[1] I use *left* and *right* to denote the positions as the spectator faces the picture.

and indolently watch the scene. The shadow of the building falls upon them, and prevents their figures from being too prominent. There is no suggestion of Venice or Venetian nobles. The attention is not distracted by costly apparel or imposing architecture, but is fixed upon the chief actors, — upon the venerableness of the high priest, the simplicity and confidingness of the little maiden, and the magnificent forms and naturalness of the women.

Critics have disputed whether Titian's picture or Tintoret's be the earlier. The presumption is in favor of the former,[1] but there is no reason to cry plagiarism to either, because each master has worked out a similar conception with characteristic independence. The central idea — the youthful Virgin ascending the steps of the Temple to be received by the high priest — may be seen in one of Giotto's frescoes.[2] What we admire is the originality of treatment in both pictures. To me, Tintoret's conception seems the more noble and appropriate, and I know not in which of Titian's works to look for a counterpart of that woman in the foreground, so easy, so living, so superb.

As an example of Tintoret's insight into the spiritual world, turn to his picture of Lucifer.[3] From early Christian times, the Evil One has been represented by very crude and vulgar symbols. A hideous face, horns, a tail, and cloven hoofs have come to be his accepted signs. Such a monster could never tempt even the frailest striver after righteousness; for this conception illustrates the loathsomeness of the *results* of sin, and not the allurements by which sin entraps its victims. It would be equally appropriate to show to a lover a crumbling skeleton as the effigy of the woman whom he loves. The Devil would make no converts if he announced himself to be the Devil, and dangled before men's eyes the despair, the degradation, the infinite remorse, which are his actual merchandise, instead of the fleeting pleasures and deceitful promises under which he masks them. He is no bungler or fool, but supremely skillful in proportioning his enticement to the strength of his victim, and very alert in choosing the moment most favorable for attack. Goethe, in his Mephistopheles, has portrayed the enemy of good under one of his aspects, emphasizing the cynical and wicked rather than the seductive and plausible qualities. Tintoret has depicted the latter. His Lucifer is still an angel, though fallen. He has a commanding and beautiful form, and a countenance which at first fascinates, until, on searching it more deeply, you discern a suggestion of duplicity, a hint of sensuality, in it. Bright-hued and strong are the plumes of his wings, and a circlet of wondrous jewels sparkles on his left arm, the sole emblem of the wearer's wealth. Here is indeed a being whose beauty might seduce, whose guile might deceive, — one whose presence dazzles and attracts, for it has majesty and grace. Here is a fit embodiment of that ambition which shrinks not from crime in order to possess power; or of that false pleasure which decoys men from duty, and, still flying beyond reach, leads its prisoner deeper and deeper into the abominations of the abyss.

With equal originality and truth Tintoret has illustrated the allegory of the temptation of St. Anthony.[4] This subject is usually treated either absurdly or grotesquely: as when the saint is discovered in a grotto through which bats, mice, witches, and imps flit and gambol. Not one of these ridiculous creatures, we may safely say, would frighten or tempt anybody. But who

[1] Crowe and Cavalcaselle give 1539 as the date of Titian's Presentation; 1545–46 is usually assigned as the date of Tintoret's.

[2] At the Arena, Padua.

[3] At the School of San Rocco, Venice.

[4] In the church of San Trovaso, Venice.

are the enemies that a man who has dedicated his life to holiness, and who has taken the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, must resist? Tintoret's picture furnishes the answer. In it, one of the figures, typifying Riches, offers gold and precious gems. "Why live a beggar?" she pleads softly. "Take these and have power." A second figure, Voluptuousness, is that of a woman fair in body. "Come with me," she urges. "Let us taste of joy together while there is still time." A third, who (I think) represents Unbelief or Heresy, has already dashed the saint's missal and rosary to the ground, has snatched up his scourge, and, endeavoring to drag him away, has plucked off his mantle. "Come with me," this tempter seems to say. "There will be no more scourging, and fasting, and mortification; with me your life shall be careless and unrestrained." Nevertheless, Anthony, thus hard beset, looks heavenward, uttering a prayer for succor. Are not these apt personifications of those lower impulses to which even men of high resolve have succumbed? All the witches of the Brocken and all the bats in a Pharaoh's tomb have nothing alluring about them.

There are few of Tintoret's paintings which have not similar revelations, if you look attentively. Often what appears to be only a casual accessory is the key to the whole composition. Let me cite two instances of his imaginative use of color. The first occurs in The Martyrdom of St. Stephen.[1] The saint has fallen on his knees, beneath the stoning of his persecutors, but there is no melodramatic spurting of blood or sign of physical pain. His face betokens fortitude, resignation, and forgiveness of his tormentors. He gazes up steadfastly into heaven, and sees the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. The Almighty is clothed in a robe of red and a black mantle. In the background, behind the martyr, a crowd watch the persecution: they are too far away for us to distinguish faces, but one of them, who is seated, is clothed in black and red. It is Paul, who was soon to acknowledge Christ and put on the livery of God. Again, in the Paradise, Tintoret gives profound significance to color as a symbol: Moses, the witness to the Old Covenant, and Christ, the witness to the New Covenant, have robes of similar colors.

[1] In the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice. Mr. Ruskin was the first to point out this stroke of genius.

The Doges' Palace contains a score of Tintoret's imaginative paintings and many of his portraits, and there are few churches in Venice which have not at least one altarpiece by him. His best portraits, as I think, outrank even Titian's best: they have a vital quality, an *inevitableness*, which can be felt, but not described. What a concourse of doges, senators, procurators, nobles, and soldiers Tintoret has portrayed! Their grave, refined faces, their stately carriage, the sobriety as often as the sumptuousness of their dress, bear witness to the glory and power of Venice; that glory and power which had begun to decline in the sixteenth century, though the Venetians perceived it not. They misread the signs. They could not believe that Venice, which had continually grown in wealth during ten centuries, could decline or perish. *Esto perpetua!* — May she live forever! — was the last prayer of her historian, Sarpi, and the wish of all her citizens.

It was Tintoret's pride to immortalize on canvas her legends and her history, and to illustrate her grandeur by means of allegory. He painted the popular stories of the recovery of St. Mark's body from Alexandria, and of the miracles performed by that holy patron. He painted the siege of Zara, the battle of Lepanto, and the ambassadors of Venice holding head before the

haughtiness of Frederick Barbarossa. He painted Venice enthroned among the gods, and Venice as mistress of the sea.

But his genius was not confined to the expression of pomp and patriotism. It delighted not only in majestic flights of imagination, but also in contemplating and in setting forth pure beauty. In one of the smaller rooms of the Ducal Palace are two classic subjects by him, — Mercury and the Graces, Ariadne and Bacchus, — which, whether we regard their perfect symmetry, or the grace of their forms, or the delicious poetic spirit that emanates from them like fragrance from a bed of lilies, have few rivals in loveliness. They arouse in some beholders a mood akin to that which a joyous theme in one of Beethoven's symphonies can arouse, — a mood sweeter than hope itself, or the brightest afterglow of memory; for, while it lasts, the present, flooded with peace and beauty and a nameless ecstasy, satisfies the soul.

The School of San Rocco possesses sixty-four pictures by Tintoret. This series, illustrating the principal events in the Old and New Testaments, is quite without parallel, not only in extent, but in the excellence of a large number of the separate paintings. You pass from one to another as from scene to scene in Shakespeare, and it is only when you return to the works of lesser men that you realize the richness and strength of the master, who has lifted you to his level so easily that you were conscious of no effort. The halls in which these paintings are kept are utterly inadequate for their proper examination: not one can be seen in a favorable light; many are almost buried in gloom, or hidden in the equally impenetrable glare that falls on their surface from the cross-lights from conflicting windows. Some of the canvases have been injured by water; the colors have grown dim or dingy with age; and in some cases "restorers" [1] have blurred the outlines and brought discord among the tones. Nevertheless, who that has once seen can ever forget many of those paintings? The original conception looms up beautiful and grand from amid the wreck of time and neglect, like a mutilated, earth-stained Greek statue, and your imagination exerts itself to see the work as it must have appeared when the colors were fresh. Who can forget that flock of angels in The Annunciation; or The Visit of the Magi to the Manger; or The Flight into Egypt; or the terrible Slaughter of the Innocents, which seems to have been painted in blood, though there is hardly any blood to be seen; or The Adoration of the Shepherds; or Christ's Agony in Gethsemane; or Christ before Pilate; or Christ being led to Calvary?

The series concludes with The Crucifixion, a masterpiece before which artists and amateurs, and even academic critics, have stood in mute wonder. It is a panoramic summary of the last acts in the persecution of Christ. No detail which the Evangelists furnish has been omitted, but all details have been subordinated to a unity so vast and impressive that it eludes analysis. Primarily, this is a pictorial representation of an historical event; but for the Christian believer it is an image of the profoundest religious meaning. There are many groups, but if you study each group you will discover that without it something would have been wanting to the whole. Here are Romans, to whom the spectacle has no moral interest; they are soldiers and judges, executing the Roman law upon the person of a Jew who has stirred up the wrath of his fellows and caused a popular tumult. Here are Jews,

[1] One painting bears the inscription REST. ANTONIVS FLORIAN, 1834. "Exactly in proportion to a man's idiocy," Mr. Ruskin remarks, "is always the size of the letters in which he writes his name on the picture that he spoils."

mocking and full of hate. Here, too, is the little remnant of Jews who believe in the victim as their master, and are faithful to him unto death. Is not the indifference or the idle curiosity of some of the spectators as significant as the cruelty of his enemies and the devotion and anguish of his friends? For consider well what it implies that any human being should gaze unmoved, or moved only as by an every-day occurrence, at a fellow-creature suffering the penalty of death. Is life then so cheap? Is a human soul of so slight account that men can cast lots, or jeer, while it passes in agony from earth forever? Who can estimate the cruelty which delights in the torments of that struggle? And if this sacrifice be viewed with the eyes of a Christian, and not of an impassive observer; if the victim be esteemed not merely a man, but the Son of God, what words shall describe its solemnity?

Tintoret has painted all these impressions into his picture. The central object in the painting is the cross with Christ upon it. His head has sunk upon his bosom, and we imagine that with his downcast eyes he beholds the group of holy women at the foot of the cross, and says to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son." That group is the most pathetic that painter ever drew. Some of the women, overwhelmed by grief, have fainted. Not by their faces, but by their drooping, motionless bodies, can you infer the unspeakable burden which is crushing them. One kneels; another — Magdalen, perhaps — has risen, and looks up at the expiring Saviour. A venerable disciple gazes tenderly at the face of the Virgin, who has swooned. A younger disciple lifts his eyes toward Christ. They cannot help; they cannot speak; they can only wait and sorrow. Who shall utter the agony that love feels when it is powerless to relieve the suffering of its beloved!

Behind this group stands a man holding a bowl, into which another man, who has climbed a ladder resting against the back of the cross, dips a sponge stuck on a spear. At the left, other executioners are raising the cross on which one of the malefactors has been bound. Some men in front are tugging at ropes; others behind are pushing or steadying it. Hammers, adzes, a saw, and other implements bestrew the ground. Farther on are many spectators, — a Roman officer in armor, elders, dignitaries, and a soldier bearing the Roman standard. Some point toward Christ, and evidently say to one another: "That is the impostor who calls himself the Son of God and the King of the Jews. Where is his pretended might?" A little in the background, a mounted spearman has thrown the reins on the neck of his ass, which complacently feeds on withered palm leaves, — an imaginative touch characteristic of Tintoret, which will not be lost on those who recall Christ's entry into Jerusalem a few days before.

In the foreground, to the right, a man is digging a hole for the cross of the second malefactor, while soldiers are drawing lots for Christ's garments, and other mounted soldiers are watching the proceedings near by. A little beyond, another group is busy attaching that malefactor to his cross; one boring a hole for the spike to pierce his hand, another holding down his legs so that they can be bound, while a third has a rope. In the distance, men hurry toward the scene, lest they be too late to enjoy it; and the foremost camels of a caravan on its way into the city appear just at a turn in the road. For traffic and the daily toil of men are not interrupted by the crucifixion of Christ, though soldiers and idlers have come out to witness it. The landscape discloses on the left a palace, and then hills succeeded by craggy mountains. The clouds have

deepened almost into darkness along the horizon. The sun, as it sinks into this gloom, appears as a huge disk of ghastly light, and this disk forms a dim halo behind Christ's head. Yet a little while and the earth shall be wholly darkened, and these curious, careless spectators shall flee away in terror.[1]

Such, told briefly and inadequately, — for language can only hint at the effects of painting, — is this solemn event as conceived by Tintoret's imagination.[2]

We have no evidence that Tintoret visited Rome, nor any record of his journeys, except that to Mantua, yet we may be sure that he was familiar with the scenery of the mainland. The woods and foliage, the streams, valleys, and meadows, the little hills and picturesque mountains, which abounded in his paintings he did not see at Venice. Our lack of information leaves us in doubt, therefore, whether he studied Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. If he never went to Rome, he probably was acquainted with the composition of that extraordinary work from engravings or copies; yet his own painting of that subject bears so little resemblance to Michael Angelo's that it seems to have been produced independently.

The masterpiece of the Sistine Chapel is so complicated that the student is bewildered, until he observes that the principal groups are roughly arranged in an immense irregular horseshoe, the points of which are near the bottom of the wall, while Christ, the chief figure, is inclosed in the upper oval. Four fifths of the action takes place in the air, the lower portion alone of the fresco being occupied by the river Styx and its adjacent bank. In its present nearly ruined condition, we cannot guess the original effect of this work; but I doubt whether it could ever have satisfied the beholder's instinctive demand for harmony. The groups, even the individuals, seem isolated, not only in space, but in spirit. There is not, nor could there be, a single prevailing passion. The only characteristic which applies to the whole work is tremendous energy. Whatever of agony, of fury, of stubbornness, of determination, can be expressed by the human body is expressed here. There is no muscle or tendon which is not exhibited in various positions; no posture of limbs or trunk which is not represented. The resurrection of the *body* is illustrated in a hundred ways, and the expression of the faces is of secondary importance. The patriarchs have the vigor of Titans; saints are as robust as athletes; Christ himself might be a majestically stern Apollo. Not without reason may we call these effigies of restless, writhing human beings wonderful diagrams of anatomy and concrete illustrations of dynamics. Even the saved, who occupy the higher regions, are not tranquil. In striving to comprehend these whirlwinds of action, the mind is wearied and thwarted. Unit by unit you examine this multitude, and you are amazed in turn by sublimity, or horror, or power.

The space[3] to which Tintoret had to adapt his picture of the Last Judgment is oblong, about fifty feet high and twenty feet broad. In the upper part of the heavens Christ is represented, not in the character of the inexorable Judge, but in that of the Shepherd who welcomes his faithful flock to Paradise; for the resurrection and judgment are coincident. On one side, near

[1] In a great picture, now ruined, at the abandoned Bavarian palace of Schliessheim, near Munich, Tintoret has represented the Crucifixion in its later aspect.

[2] This is one of the four or five paintings which Tintoret signed. It was finished in 1565. His receipt for its payment still exists. It is dated March 9, 1566. The sum received was two hundred and fifty ducats.

[3] In the church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto, Venice.

Christ, John the Baptist is kneeling, and Mary and the repentant sinner, who bears a cross, are near; on the other side are personifications of the cardinal virtues. Extremely lovely is Charity, carrying in her arms two young children to present to the Saviour. Zones of fleecy clouds separate the upper part of the painting into sections, in which the saints are ranked; but the distribution seems natural, not arbitrary, and serves to prevent confusion among so many figures. Midway in the scene, angels fly down to rouse the dead. Michael, with his terrible sword unsheathed, pursues the wicked toward a mighty river, which sweeps irresistibly into the abyss. In the distance, on a low shelf of sand amid the waters, is huddled a crowd of sinners, too indolent or too terrified to struggle against the flood which must soon engulf them. Crouching, they await their doom. In them Tintoret has perhaps typified those miserable creatures whom Dante describes as "*a Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui*," — hateful to God and to his enemies. Demons attend a bark-load of the damned through the hellish torrent. And on the shore what a spectacle! Bodies starting from their graves, some not yet clothed with flesh, some with leafy branches growing from their arms, some striving to free themselves from the earth into which corruption resolved them; everywhere signs of the suddenness and awfulness of that supreme moment when the dead shall rise again in the forms they bore when alive, and go to the eternal abode, of bliss or punishment, for which each has fitted himself by his career on earth.

A parallel has frequently been drawn between the genius of Michael Angelo and that of Dante, and many have deplored the loss of that portfolio in which Michael Angelo is known to have made a series of illustrations to the Divine Comedy. The resemblance between the supreme Tuscan poet and the supreme Tuscan artist seems to me, however, to hold only when we limit our view to Dante as the author of the Inferno. In energy, in intense perception of evil, in unswerving condemnation of sin, in austerity, in appreciation of the terror of life, the poet and the painter were indeed akin. These are the characteristics which most readers associate with Dante's genius, for the reason that most readers go no further than the Inferno, or are unable to comprehend the more spiritual sublimity of the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. The Inferno describes torments which the most sluggish person can understand, and the contrasts of lurid flames and impenetrable gloom by which the scenes in hell are diversified are so vivid as to require no commentary. We marvel at the imagination that could traverse unparalyzed these horrors and dare to report them. But Dante's genius stopped not here: it passed in review all human nature, from its lowest sinful condition to that highest excellence when it merges with God. Though Evil be real and terrible, Dante saw that Love is even more real, the source and the goal of all things; that he had the power to describe it is proof of his universality. And they whose imagination is strong enough to follow him through the regions of the blessed incline to rank the third canticle of his "sacred poem" even higher than the first.

Among painters, Tintoret only has, like Dante, swept through the full circuit of human experience and aspiration. He has shown us the anguish of the damned in his Last Judgment, and the peace and bliss of the blessed in his Paradise. That The Last Judgment should be Michael Angelo's masterpiece, and that he should have painted it on the altar wall of the Pope's favorite chapel, are fatally appropriate. In that terrific scene, the judge is not Christ, but Michael Angelo himself: a righteous man, who looked

out upon the iniquities of his time and dared to condemn them; a religious man, who, coming to Rome, the religious centre of Christendom, discovered there a second Sodom, in which pope, cardinals, and bishops were the most shameless offenders; a patriotic man, who had fought for the liberty of his beloved Florence, and had beheld her, through the treachery of some and the apathy of others, become the slave of a corrupt master. No wonder that the terror and anguish, the depravity and hopelessness, of life should have eaten into Michael Angelo's soul. As he worked solitarily in the Sistine Chapel, no wonder that a vision of the retribution which shall overtake the wicked should have possessed his imagination, and transformed the artist into the judge. Day by day, a spirit mightier than theirs painted the protest which Savonarola, Zwingli, Luther, and Calvin had preached, — the spirit of a Job united to that of an Isaiah.

Not less appropriate was it that the genius of Tintoret and of Venetian art should culminate in the representation of Paradise. Of all commonwealths, Venice had enjoyed the longest prosperity; of all peoples, hers had been the most sensitive to the joy of life. Even at the end of the sixteenth century, when her power abroad had been curtailed, and when luxury at home was slowly enervating the integrity of her citizens, she was still outwardly imposing, magnificent. No pope had ever succeeded, either by guile or by force, in ravishing her independence. Her immemorial glory blazed across the past and irradiated the present, as the setting sun spreads an avenue of splendor upon the ocean and fills the heavens with golden and purple light. Venice was indeed the abode of Joy, and Tintoret, at the close of a long career, in which he had witnessed all the aspects and pondered all the possibilities of human life, was filled, like Dante, with hope, and felt Joy and Love to be the supreme realities, the everlasting fulfillments, of mankind's desires.

If the Last Judgment is an "unimaginable" theme, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, how much more so is Paradise! Men have always found it easier to represent grief than happiness, villainy than virtue, shadows than sunshine; for the former are, by their nature, limited, while the latter have a quality of boundlessness which to define abridges it. Moreover, pleasure is oftenest unconscious, and always individual; pain, on the contrary, is too conscious of self, and is manifest in attributes common to many. Nevertheless, Tintoret has achieved the seeming impossibility of representing, so far as painting may, the happiness, unmixed and eternal, of the celestial host.

His painting is known to most visitors at Venice as being the largest in the world. The ordinary traveler, after reading the dimensions in his guidebook, looks up at the canvas, and sees crowds of figures and colors grown dark; wonders what it all means, and why the superintendent does not sweep down the dust and cobwebs; and then turns away to devote equal attention to the black panel where Marino Faliero's portrait would be had he not died a traitor's death. In like manner, I have seen intelligent strangers exhaust the treasures of the Acropolis of Athens in a quarter of an hour, and return to their hotel to read the last English newspaper. But let him who would commune with one of the few supreme masterpieces of art sit down patiently and reverently before Tintoret's Paradise, and he will be rewarded by revelations proportioned to his study. As soon as his eyes are accustomed to the dimness of the hall, the tones of the canvas begin to be intelligible to him: it is as if he heard a symphony played in a lower key than the composer intended; many of the original effects are lost, but harmony interpenetrates and unifies all the parts.

When he has adjusted his eyes to this pitch, he can examine the figures separately; until, little by little, in what seemed a vast confused multitude he will be aware of the presence of an all-controlling order; and he will gaze at last understandingly, as in a vision, upon the congregations of heaven as they are unfolded in Tintoret's design.

Christ is seated in the central upper part of the painting: his left hand rests on a crystal globe; innumerable rays of light illumine his head and dart in all directions. Opposite to him is the Madonna, above whom sparkles a circlet of stars. At Christ's left soars the archangel Michael bearing the heavenly scales; at Mary's right is Gabriel with a spray of lilies. A cloud of countless cherubs hovers at the feet of the Divine Personage; while on each side of the archangels, curving toward the upper extremities of the canvas, are companies of seraphim and cherubim, and the thrones, principalities, and powers, and angels with swords, sceptres, and globes. These form the first circle of the angelic host, who from eternity have held their station nearest to their Lord. Below them is a larger circle, composed of those spirits who, by prophecy or preaching, established and extended the kingdom of God on earth. On the left we see the forerunners of Christ: David playing the cithern, Moses holding up the tables of the law, Noah with his ark, Solomon, Abraham, and the other patriarchs; and near these we distinguish John the Baptist, who displays a scroll on which is written *Ecce Agnus*. Midway in this circle are the Evangelists, the four corners of the Christian temple, and the intermediaries between the old and new dispensations. Here is Mark accompanied by his lion, Luke and his ox, Matthew with pen in hand, and John with his book resting on an eagle. As the line sweeps on, we see the early fathers, doctors, and great popes: Peter and Gregory; Paul, the apostle militant, recognizable by his sword; Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine. In the centre, between Luke and Matthew, is the third archangel, Raphael, whose clasped hands and upturned face betoken a soul rapt in adoration. The third and lowest circle is made up of many groups of martyrs and holy men and women, the great body of the church. Among the throng on the left are Barbara; Catherine with her wheel; Francis of Assisi and Dominick, the founders of the great religious orders; Giustina bearing a palm branch; St. George (with banner), Lawrence, Sebastian, Agnes, and Stephen, each recognizable by a familiar emblem. In the centre, along the bottom of the painting, hover clusters of worshiping angels; beyond them, more saints, Monica, and Magdalen; then Rachel and a troop of lovely children, and Christopher, who carried the boy Christ on his shoulder here below, now carrying a globe. At last, on the extreme right, we reach the assembly of prelates and theologians.

With this key to the general distribution, the student who has Tintoret's Paradise before him can recognize scores of other figures. He will compare Tintoret's portrayal of each saint, or prophet, or martyr with conceptions other painters have drawn; and if he reflect that any one of these groups, and many of these figures singly, would have sufficed to establish the renown of an artist less masterly than Tintoret, his astonishment will swell into admiration, and this into awe, when he surveys the work as a whole. It is impossible to describe the effect of the innumerable multitude. Cast your eyes almost anywhere upon the canvas, and lo! out of the deeper, distant spaces angelic countenances loom up. Forms, though distinctly outlined, by some magic seem diaphanous; and the farther your gaze penetrates, the brighter is the light which radiates through-

out heaven from the throne of Christ. Still more marvelous, I think, is the sense of infinite tranquillity, even in those figures which are moving. These are veritable spirits, though they have human bodies, and they move or rest with equal ease. In this heavenly ether there is no effort. Even those rushing seraphim, whose majestic pinions seem to beat melody from air in their rhythmic flight, suggest a certain grand repose begotten of motion itself, — a repose akin to that produced by the sight of the sea, whose myriad little waves dance and glisten, or of Niagara, whose falling flood seems stationary. The spectator who has risen to this conception will not fail to note the light of a joy, not vehement, but profound, which bathes every face; and how the action of every individual and of every group is in some manner addressed to Christ, and would be incomplete but for that divine centre. Christ and the Madonna, and the dove of the Holy Spirit floating between them, he will look at first and turn from last, — the noblest personification of ideal manhood and ideal womanhood that ever painter expressed. The embodiment and essence of *Love*, which is the author of all good, they are enthroned amid the serenity of the highest heaven. Around them wheels the inner circle of the archangels and the angels, the symbols of divine *Power*. Then, in ever-widening circles, the saints and apostles and prophets, and the elect of every clime and condition, all children of *Faith* and exemplars of *Charity*, float and revolve in bliss forevermore. And it needs no strain of the imagination to hear the hosannas which the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy.

In the dark chapel of the Rucellai, at the church of Sta. Maria Novella in Florence, is a dingy altarpiece representing the Virgin and the infant Christ. Cimabue painted it; and when it was finished the Florentines made a holiday, and bore the picture through the streets, amid great rejoicing, to the chapel where it now hangs. That stiff and awkward Madonna, that doll-like Child, were hailed by them as the highest achievement of painting. For us Cimabue's masterpiece has only an historic interest, — we find no charm in its Byzantine rigidness. Yet that crude work was the seed of Italian painting, and if we follow its growth during three centuries we shall be led to the Paradise of Tintoret, in which are embodied all the excellences and advances of the painter's art. Between that humble beginning and that glorious achievement an army of artists and myriads of paintings intervene. If we look deep enough, we shall be conscious that they were all agents whereby a mighty spirit was seeking to express itself to man, — a spirit which first appealed to human piety through the symbols of religion, and which, as its agents acquired skill and reach, bodied itself forth in higher images and in conscious forms. The name of that spirit is Beauty, never to be found perfect in the outer world, but known as it communicates through the senses portents of itself which the soul sublimes into that ideal unity by which the laws of nature and the destiny of man are beheld in their highest aspect.

"O how all speech is feeble and falls short
Of my conceit, and this to what I saw
Is such, 't is not enough to call it little!
O Light Eterne, sole in thyself that dwellest,
Sole knowest thyself, and, known unto thyself
And knowing, lovest and smilest on thyself!
That circulation, which being thus conceived
Appeared in thee as a reflected light,
When somewhat contemplated by mine eyes,
Within itself, of its own very colour
*Seemed to me painted with our effigy*,
Wherefore my sight was all absorbed therein."

*William R. Thayer.*

# THE FINDING OF MISS CLEMENTINE.

## I.

"HALF de crap money b'longs ter me, Silas, mind dat," said Aunt Pheriby Coles, a little old colored woman, who had lived all her sixty years on a plantation in Greene County, Alabama.

"Hukkom you cawntinual rermindin' me?" grunted Silas, her husband. "Ain't de crap money been allers divided fair de fust Jinerary? An' hit gwan on Febrary. Ain't you allers had yo' half ter spend an' ter spare 'cordin' ter yo' notion?"

Silas spoke resentfully, but Pheriby was serene. "Well, I wuks fur hit faithful," she boasted. "An' hukkom I names hit so preticklar dis time is, I ain't no notion ter spend nur yit ter spare hit. I 'm gwan ter trabel," she announced.

"Huh? *You* trabel?" quoth Silas, with disdainful incredulity. "No fur'n town, I reckin. Eutaw plenty big fur you. You tote yo'se'f fur'n dat, you gwan git lost, you plantation nigger."

"No, I ain't gwan git lost, nuther," Pheriby protested. "I 'm gwan ter Mobile."

"You g'way, Pheriby; you is plumb crazy."

"No, I ain't crazy, nuther. I is pernicious [ambitious], dat 's what. I got a projec' on hand. You rurmember Marthy Maria Chace? She went wid Mis' Dawsom down ter Mobile, mindin' Mis' Dawsom's baby. Well, I seed her yistiddy, when she rode by on a muel, an' she been tellin' me how she hear say my Miss Clementine, ole marster onlies' livin' gran'chile, is done got ter Mobile, an' she required most preticklar 'bout Pheriby; so I 'm gwan hunt her up. I ain't sot eyes on de blessed chile not sence dee tuk her off schoolin' ter de Big North, in short skuts an' her hair down her back; an' now she done growed an' married."

"Huh you gwan mek out ter know her, den?" Silas asked.

"Heah dat nigger talk!" snorted Pheriby, with a toss of her turbaned head. "Lak I warn' gwan know de chile I is roasted taters an' dyed aiggs fur! Well, sakes! ef I ain't rurminded!" she broke off. "I kin dye Miss Clementine some aiggs outen dat same green an' yaller caliker Mis' Brantley gi' me fur quilt-pieces," and she rose briskly from the hide-bottomed chair, in which it was her custom to take her rest of an evening.

"An' huh Miss Clementine gwan disguise you f'om any yether plantation nigger she ain't sot eyes on gwan on no tellin' how long?" inquired the cautious Silas.

Pheriby, who bore her years lightly, had climbed upon a table in the farther corner of the cabin; she turned fiercely, her arms akimbo, flashing scorn out of her little sharp black eyes.

"Ain't you sense enough ter know what ole marster onlies' gran'chile is got some recomembrance of Pheriby in her feelins'?" she demanded. "I is 'stonished at you, Silas, — I sho'ly is! When I repears in Miss Clementine's sight wid my hands full o' dyed aiggs, *den* she gwan recomember Pheriby, ef hit wuz de day atter no time."

Silas abandoned remonstrance. "Huh you gwan mek out ter go?" he asked resignedly.

"Huh I gwan mek out ter do dis, er dat, er what not?" retorted his determined wife. "I does hit, — dat 's how," and she turned away from him to take down a huge gourd that hung by a string against the wall.

The gourd had a square opening cut in its side, close under the neck, and

the piece that had been taken out was secured by bits of string laced through an array of little holes, so as to serve for a flap to close the aperture.

This treasure had been in Pheriby's possession many years, and many and various were the odds and ends it held. After prolonged rummaging amid the multifarious contents, she drew forth the green and yellow calico; then, restoring the gourd to its nail, she dismounted from the table, sat herself down in the hide-bottomed chair with a satisfied grunt, and proceeded to unfold her plans further to Silas, while she smoothed the much-wrinkled quilt-pieces on her knee.

"Hit 's dis-a-way," she said. "Hit 's comin' on ter Mawdy-graw" —

"Mawdy-graw!" interrupted Silas, with dismay. "I heern tell o' dat Mawdy-graw; a tarrifyin' time, by all I kin mek out. I ain't honin' atter no sech 'sperience, myse'f."

"No, you ain't dat!" his wife retorted, with conscious superiority. "You is sadisfied ter see de sun rise an' set over dat cawnfiel', year in an' year out; but I done tell you I is pernicious, an' I 'm gwan 'long down ter Mobile wid a 'scursion ticket. A 'scursion ticket will tote you ter Mobile an' back ag'in on jes' one pay, dee tells me. Cynthy Broadwood, what keeps de 'freshment stand by de co't-house corner public days, she gwan loan me her long-tailed coat-cloak. I is allers been 'commodatin' ter Cynthy 'bout aiggs, an' she knows hit. An' I 'm gwan put my new pupple caliker, an' a clean apron, an' my bes' head han'kcher inter dat red cyarpit sack what ole marster gi' me fo' he died. Hit 's a pussonable red cyarpit sack, what shows quality marks."

"An' s'posen you doan' find Miss Clementine?" suggested Silas.

"G'way f'om yer, Silas. Ain't I done 'splained all dat? But you is boun' ter be a stumblin'-block an' a remonst'ance, you is."

"I ain't mekin' no stumblin' beginst yo' goin'," Silas protested sourly, "'cause you is lak a heady steer er a backin' muel, you is. But here one nigger would n't be tunned a-loose in Mobile streets of a Mawdy-graw day; no, boss! What wid dey false faces, an' dey hawns a-blowin', an' gineral rip-stavin' outlandishniss, sech as dee tells me, I 'd be plumb upsot."

"Well, *I* ain't so easy upsot," declared Pheriby, undaunted. "I is risin' sixty, an' I ain't to be put out o' countenance by no false faces an' sich. I got plenty mo'n sense enough not ter be skeered at foolishniss, an' come next Sat'day night I 'm gwan 'long down ter Mobile."

So Silas said no more until the train was about to bear his wife away to the unknown perils of Mobile and Mardi Gras.

"You mind, now, what I tell you, Pheriby," he exhorted her mournfully, as he deposited the red carpet sack at her feet. "You gwan be 'stonished, so keep yo' eyes open, an' keep yo' mouf shot to."

"G'long wid you, Silas," Pheriby made answer, with scornful laughter. "I ain't no chile ter be piled up wid caution, an' I ain't no fool, nuther. Dishyer bulgine gwan squeal toreckly, an' you 'd git whisked down ter Mobile befo' you 'd find hit out; *den* who gwan be 'stonished, I 'd lak ter know?"

Thus admonished, Silas beat a hasty retreat, and stood on the platform outside to receive his better half's final injunctions.

"You keep a skint eye on de hen-house," Pheriby commanded sharply. "Minks is prowlin', 'specially de kind what ain't got mo'n two legs. An' look out you doan' let de ole speckle sow bre'k inter de gyardin-patch befo' I git back!" she screamed at him, as the train moved off.

Then she settled herself in her seat, with a toss of her head that would have sent the little round befeathered hat

atop of her bandana turban flying through the window, had it not been fastened beneath her chin by a stout elastic. That elastic was, in Pheriby's estimation, the highest touch of style, and such an assurance of safety that there seemed no possibility of misfortune to a hat thus secured. Smoothing Cynthy Broadwood's "long-tailed coat-cloak" over her knees, she looked out of the window, half afraid and wholly pleased; it was her first experience in railroad traveling.

But the short twilight faded fast, and presently the night shut out the flying landscape, while still the train went plunging through the dark.

"I pray dee won't miss de road," sighed Pheriby timorously.

## II.

In the gray dawn Pheriby awoke from her uneasy slumbers to find herself in a new country. The flat marsh lands, rank with water-grass and broad-leaved flags, stretched vague and limitless in the uncertain light, and the city whither she was bound loomed up to view, dim and ghostly in the distance.

As the cars thundered along Commerce Street, Pheriby seized the red carpet sack and started up, with a vague sense of forlornness that she did not yet know was homesickness. If she could but go straight to "Miss Clementine" without having to search for her! But Marthy Maria Chace's information had been superlatively meagre and indefinite, hastily delivered and imperfectly remembered.

When Pheriby emerged from the car into the raw, chill February day, upon which the new-risen sun was just beginning to shine, she stood dazed in the bustling crowd that thrust her about unceremoniously; but as it thinned she recovered herself, and approaching a policeman, whom she addressed as "Mars' Gin'ral," she asked hopefully: —

"Kin you tell me wher'bouts I kin find Miss Clementine? 'Scusin' of trouble, but I is a stranger ter Mobile, an' my Miss Clementine's maw wuz daughter ter Jedge Jeremiah Coles, what married Mars' Jeems Henry Lowry" —

"*Which?*" said the policeman.

"Miss Clementine. She done come ter Mobile" —

"What is her other name?" the policeman interrupted again.

"I disremember sence she is married," replied Pheriby, serenely unconscious that this new name could be of any special importance; "but her paw wuz Mars' Jeems Henry Lowry, an' her gran'paw, he wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles. Dee wuz quality" —

"Never heard of 'em," said the policeman; whereby he fell many degrees in Pheriby's estimation.

"A gin'ral, an' nuver heard o' Mars' Jedge Jeremiah!" she commented, as the policeman walked away.

One after another, Pheriby accosted the loiterers around the station with the same inquiry, only to meet with the same response. She began to entertain a contempt for Mobile. "Not know Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles?" quoth she. "Why, in Demop'lis, or Montgom'ry, or Greensboro', or even Selma, de very dogs on de streets, dee 'd know! Silas 'lowed I gwan be 'stonished, an' I *is* 'stonished. But I ain't beat yit; I 'm gwan hunt de quality houses."

It was Sunday morning, and when the bustle attendant upon the arrival of the train had subsided the street was almost deserted. Pheriby crossed to the opposite corner, and asked of a newsboy seated on the curbstone, "Whicherway, mister, do de quality live?"

"You mean the swells, don'cher?" queried the boy, after a moment's pause; and he pointed up Government Street.

"I reckin dat 's hit," answered Pheriby gratefully. "Thankee kindly,

little man. I is stranger ter Mobile, an' I 'm huntin' Miss Clementine, what her maw wuz Jedge Jeremiah Coles's onlies' daughter."

"You don't sesso!" exclaimed the newsboy.

Pheriby nodded.

"Well," said the boy, "you go on up this street; and you 'll come to a big white house on a corner, this side. That 's where Judge Jeremiah Coles's granddaughter lives. You pull the bell."

Pheriby's eyes danced with delight. "Honey, you don't tell!" she cried. "You come along o' me. I 'm bound my Miss Clementine, when I 'splains you ter her, she 'll gi' you one bouncin' breakfus'."

"You don't ketch me none o' that way," answered the boy.

"What you skeered on?" inquired the smiling Pheriby. "Leastwise," she added, fumbling in the carpet sack for a little bundle of bread and bacon, which until now she had forgotten, "ef you ain't minded ter come ter Miss Clementine's, tek dishyer, honey; hit 's good eatin'; but I 'll git mo'n plenty ter Miss Clementine's."

The newsboy had an omnivorous appetite. He took the proffered food without compunction, moral or physical, and Pheriby set off briskly up the street. Had she looked back, she might have seen that conscienceless urchin with his thumb on his nose and his fingers thrashing the air.

The big white house on the corner was not far to seek, and Pheriby boldly rang the bell.

The door was opened by the most imposing colored gentleman Pheriby had ever beheld; but she was so eager to meet "Miss Clementine" that she failed to be overawed.

"Tell Miss Clementine ter come yer," commanded she. "I ain't gwan seh who I is; but she know me," and she began to search the carpet sack for the dyed eggs.

The man stared. "No such name of any person here," said he loftily, and shut the door.

"Ef dat doan' beat all!" cried Pheriby irately. "Sassy, uplifted town nigger! I 'm gwan reform Miss Clementine; bound she 'll mek him know better 'n ter shut de do' in Pheriby's face." She laughed as she rang the bell again with a vigorous pull. But there came no response. Then Pheriby rattled the doorknob; but still no one came. She stepped to one of the windows looking upon the veranda and tried to open it; failing in this, she beat upon the pane. "I 'm bound ter see Miss Clementine," she said; and she kept up so noisy a drumming that at last the stately man-servant opened the door just enough to show his face, and called out in a loud, angry voice:

"If you don't get out, I 'll have you arrested and taken to the guard-house. There is no 'Miss Clementine' here, I tell you!"

He slammed the door, and Pheriby stared, astonished indeed.

"Hebenly rest!" she ejaculated faintly. "I won'er is dat rampscallion boy done fooled dis po' ole nigger? An' I guv him all dat meat an' brade! I pray de Lawd de Debble gwan watch dat deceivin' boy."

She went down the steps, discouraged and humiliated. What would her friends in the country say if they knew she had been threatened with the guard-house? But she resolved that they should never know it. "Howsomedever," she said to herself, "I is come ter dis Mobile ter find Miss Clementine, an' *I 'm gwan find her* de bes' I kin."

Pheriby took heart, therefore, and tramped up Government Street, inquiring from house to house for "Miss Clementine;" but, turned away from every door with scant attention, she reluctantly abandoned that mode of search.

"I 'm tired,—dat 's what!" she sighed, as she dropped exhausted upon

a carriage block. "I 'm gwan trus' in de Lawd, 'cause I dunno what else ter do; an' I 'm gwan set yer an' wait on my chances. I 'm monst'ous hongry, drat dat boy! Ef he wuz ter come along, I 'm bound I 'd lay a heavy hand ter his hide, guard-house or no guard-house, 'cause I 'd know hit would be de chance I 'm waitin' on."

But instead of the newsboy came along a negro man, and to him Pheriby explained the errand that brought her to Mobile.

"Can't say as ever I heard of any such person," her new acquaintance replied; "and I don't well see how you 'll find her, not knowin' her top name. But, bein' you 're a stranger, I 'm acquainted with a colored lady as would accommodate a boarder on my recommend."

Pheriby pondered. She had not counted upon expending her money for board, but she was very tired and very hungry, and it was now near noon. I reckin I better," said she. "But I got pow'ful little money," she added shrewdly.

"You might work your passage?" suggested the man.

Thereupon Pheriby confidingly followed this chance counselor, and fortunately she did not fall among thieves.

She learned nothing of "Miss Clementine" from her new acquaintances, but she was greatly cheered by the amenities of social life; and whether it was more to the credit of herself or of her entertainers, her board did not cost her a cent. For Pheriby "worked her passage" by liberal aid in various odd jobs, and she set forth late on Monday morning, well content. She took the red carpet sack with her, but she promised to return and "wuk some mo'," if she should fail "to come across Miss Clementine."

"Well, I 'm bound," commented Mrs. Lorindy Jones, the "colored lady" who had given the wanderer shelter, "she's *one* fool turned a-loose from the country onto the town this Mawdy-graw! That same old colored pusson 'll git lost, sure as this is Monday an' ter-morrer is Choosday."

Which prophecy came to pass.

## III.

Pheriby had evolved a new plan of search: she would inquire at the "pussonable" stores where "Miss Clementine" might be supposed to do her "tradin'." She had no idea of wasting a nickel on the street car so long as she could walk, and by dint of asking her way at almost every corner she at last reached Dauphin Street.

Here the difficulty was, not to find the "pussonable" stores, but to find any one at leisure to heed her quest; all passed her by with a prompt dismissal. But these repeated disappointments were so greatly assuaged by the display in the shop windows that the day was well into the afternoon before she was conscious of fatigue. She was loitering on a corner, a little dazed by the unaccustomed sights and sounds, when, shifting the red carpet sack for perhaps the hundredth time, as she stretched her arm to relieve the strained muscles, she observed a passing street car stop. But Pheriby had no suspicion that she had stopped it, and she stood blankly staring.

"Come, come, woman! hurry up!" shouted the conductor. "What do you signal the car for, if you don't mean to ride?"

Pheriby, thus adjured, entered the car, in the persuasion that she was obeying the "p'intin' of de Lawd." "Fur sho'ly," argued she, "whey I stayed las' night, dee telled me ter ketch a *yaller* car ter git back ter Eslava Street."

She sat down wearily, and, untying the corner of the handkerchief around her neck, became involved in a desperate search amid the various coins for

the required nickel; but she found nothing less than a dime.

"I can get it changed for you," said a voice at her side; and Pheriby looked up to see a pleasant-faced middle-aged gentleman smiling down upon her with amused, indulgent eyes.

"Dat 's quality, sho', en dem kind kin be trusted ter divide fair," was Pheriby's mental comment, as she surrendered one of her hoarded dimes.

"Thankee, marster!" said she, as she received the nickel in change, with a bob of her little body that would have developed to a courtesy had she been on her feet. "I is a stranger in dis Mobile, a-huntin' Miss Clementine," she proceeded, her heart warming toward this helpful fellow-passenger; "an' you is got de favor pow'ful o' de quality *my* white folks b'longed wid. May be you ain't knowin' nothin' 'bout Miss Clementine, is you, suh?"

"Does she live on Dauphin Way?" the gentleman asked. "And what is her name?"

"Glory above, marster!" exclaimed Pheriby, "dat what I been inquirin' dese two days. Ef I knowed her name an' wher' she live, reckin I 'd be shoolin' roun' an' roun' dishyer Mobile, half tarrified an' plumb hongry? I 'd be in Miss Clementine's kitchen dis minnit, eatin' de best dinner ever wuz cooked in a pot."

The laugh that followed made Pheriby a heroine in her own estimation.

"How do you expect to find her, then?" asked her kindly neighbor.

"Marster," replied Pheriby solemnly, "I truses in de bounty o' de Lawd what minds de sparrers on de housetop, fur I is done proven de ain't none so much dependence ter set on Pheriby."

"And who is Pheriby? Can't she find your 'Miss Clementine'?"

"Pheriby, marster?" she answered, with a twinkle in her beadlike eyes. "Pheriby is dis same fool settin' 'longside o' you; an' she ain't find Miss Clementine *yit*."

"I 'm afraid she never will find her," said the friendly gentleman. "Unless you know more of her name, how can you expect to find her?"

"I bound ter know dis," Pheriby maintained stoutly, "ef I could ketch up wid any white folks what knowed *my* white folks, den I 'm done. My white folks warn't no spark smothered un'er a bushel; dee wuz a blaze on a reminence. Once dee wuz knowed, dee wuz *knowed;* folks did n't furgit 'em. You ask up ter Montgom'y, an' Tusk'loosa, an' Demop'lis, anybody kin tell you who wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles" —

"Ah?" interrupted the gentleman.

"Glory, marster!" exclaimed Pheriby, with quick perception. "You ain't been knowin' him, is you,— Mars' Jedge Jeremiah?"

"Why, yes; I have met Judge Coles in former years."

Pheriby rose wildly. "Den my long 'stress is come ter a blessed eend!" she cried, with shrill excitement. "Glory! glory above! Ef you been knowin' Mars' Jedge Jeremiah, you need n't tell *me* you doan' know 'bout my Miss Clementine. You is bound ter know. Pheriby ain't sich a fool as she mought be. Miss Clementine is done growed an' married sence I seed her last, but I know Mars' Jedge Jeremiah's gran'chile ain't mated wid no po' white trash. Pity sakes, marster, don't be lingerin' a po' ole tarrified nigger dis-a-way, an' tell me *whey* is I gwan find Miss Clementine, wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah's gran'chile."

"My good woman, sit down and be quiet," commanded the gentleman, with some annoyance. "I can't give you the information you seek, for I never met any of the judge's family; I know nothing of them."

Pheriby collapsed into a little dejected heap, and was dumb. Judge Jeremiah Coles's whilom acquaintance uttered some words of counsel or of sympathy, but they gave her no com-

fort; she felt benumbed. But when, presently, this torpor of disappointment wore away, her faculties awoke to a keen recollection of her long-deferred dinner, and she remembered Mrs. Lorindy Jones's boarding-house.

"We ain't come ter Eslava Street yit, is we?" she asked, in crestfallen tones.

"Eslava Street is in quite another part of the town; you 've taken the wrong car," she was informed.

"My kingdom come!" screamed Pheriby, springing up. "Holler ter de teamster, please, suh, ter le' me out."

"You ought to find some one to show you around," her neighbor admonished her, as he pulled the bell-strap.

"Dat I ought, good marster," Pheriby assented heartily. "Dat hukkom I huntin' Miss Clementine. An' I 'm p'intedly tired o' not findin' her," she grumbled, as she set her feet upon the ground.

"Well, well," she sighed, after gazing about her. "Dis is a quality region, sho'ly; an' Miss Clementine mought be in one o' dese pussonable houses. De ain't no knowin' nothin' till you finds hit out."

So Pheriby, in defiance of hunger, renewed her search, but with no better fortune than heretofore; and, tramping from house to house, she found herself, to her surprise, upon the edge of the town.

"An' I made sho' I wuz gwan back t'other way!" she said aloud, in her perplexity. "I 'll perish o' starvation befo' ever I gits ter Eslava Street any mo'."

Then she remembered the dyed eggs in her red carpet sack.

"Sho'ly de Lawd purwides," she commented devoutly. "Not but what hit 's a po' sort o' dinner bedout brade er salt."

She sat down at the foot of a tree, and took out two of the eggs, eying them regretfully. "Miss Clementine oughter be havin' dese in her possession now dis minnit, an' me a-eatin' a better dinner o' her purwidin'," she sighed.

But when she had eaten the eggs she felt in better cheer. "Miss Clementine gwan mek up ter me, when I does find her," she said hopefully. "But jest 'bout now I 'spect I better be a-huntin' dem cyars an' gittin' back ter town, fur de sun is a-settin'. Anoder nickel is bound ter go, fur I is clean beat. Well, ne' mind, Pheriby, Miss Clementine bound ter mek returns."

## IV.

The streets were lighted when Pheriby got out of the car at Bienville Square, and the novelty of the sight filled her with amazement.

"Well, well, I gin hit up!" she said. "Silas 'lowed I wuz gwan be 'stonished, an' I 'spect I is! Hit beats torchlight, plumb! Yit somehow hit 's pow'ful lonesome. I feels a sight mo' at home be day. How I gwan find Eslava Street?"

She never did find Eslava Street. Wandering, weary and forlorn, hither and thither, she came at last to the station at the foot of Government Street, where she had made her first acquaintance with Mobile, at dawn of the day before. She knew the place, and the sight of it gave her a certain sense of home-coming that was a refreshment to her weariness.

"I kin set inside," she said, with cheerful courage. "If dee pesters me, I 'm gwan tell 'em I is a passengem waitin' fur my train;" and, heaving a sigh of content, Pheriby sank into one of the little compartments of the continuous bench running around the wall. She wedged the red carpet sack securely between herself and the iron barrier that limited her seat, and presently fell asleep.

The watchman compassionately left her unmolested, and when she awoke it was morning. The great stir and

bustle around her made her aware of the arrival of a train.

"I is hongry, mun!" said Pheriby aloud, as she stretched herself with a mighty yawn.

"Hongry?" repeated a voice behind; and, turning quickly, Pheriby beheld a fat and comely old negro woman carrying a basket. "You need n't stay hongry," continued the woman, "ef you ain't opposed to spendin' two bits. My son-in-law is got a eatin'-stand at a corner, a little piece from here."

Breakfast was a necessity so absolute, after yesterday's fatigue, that expense was an altogether secondary consideration. "Miss Clementine" was bound to repay, Pheriby argued, and followed her guide with alacrity.

The breakfast was worth its price — to Pheriby.

"What all dem hawns a-blowin'?" she asked.

"It is Mawdy-graw day," her host told her.

Pheriby received this reminder with lively satisfaction. She put her faith in Mardi Gras as a day of good fortune, and though the people with whom she breakfasted had never heard of "Mars' Jedge Jeremiah," and could give her no information about "Miss Clementine," she was not discouraged. She set forth gayly, with no other plan than merely to place herself in the thoroughfare and wait.

So she sat down upon one of the iron benches in Bienville Square, and nodded comfortably in the sunshine. For as yet the tumult of Mardi Gras had not begun; and how it began she never knew. The occasional blast of a horn, the shrill squeak of whistles, that saluted her sleeping sense mingled with her dreams of home, and the "pesky" speckled sow, and the red rooster that crowed under her cabin window. When at last a blare of brazen trumpets, a clash of sonorous drums, startled her hearing, she opened her amazed eyes upon a mad world.

"Great Marster in heaven!" she panted, "is Bedlam done bruk a-loose?"

Through the square was surging a fantastic crowd, gaudy with yellow, and red, and blue, and green; wearing faces of beasts, of birds, of demons, and hideous faces with human features, yet like nothing human.

Pheriby snatched up the red carpet sack and fled. Such a sight might be borne surveyed from a coigne of vantage; but to wake from visions of home and find one's self in the midst of this demoniacal assemblage was appalling.

"Well," she observed, as she stood upon the sidewalk and gazed at the kaleidoscopic pageant, "my 'pinion of Silas's jedgment is mightily stren'thened by dishyer sight; it is, sho! But I ain't nuver gwan let on how plumb 'stonished I is! An' sich a crowd,— lo! my kingdom! All de fools in de country tunned out ter behol' all de fools in de town!"

As she stood staring, her eyes expanded, her mouth agape, a passing masker bawled in her ear, "Shut yo' jaws, ole 'oman; don't, I 'll jump down yo' throat!"

"You sassy!" shrieked Pheriby. "Tek dat!" and she aimed a blow at her tormentor, who having escaped in the crowd, her fist came down upon the ear of a lad, who promptly resented the blow by striking at Pheriby's hat with a force that snapped the trusted elastic. The next thing she knew, her head-gear was kicked into the gutter, as flat as a pie-pan.

"Repentant Moses!" she gasped, too much astounded for indignation. "Dat hat had a 'lastic! Silas, he cautioned me ter keep my mouf shot to! Times I have 'lowed Silas wuz a fool, but I done changed my mind 'bout dat. Yit I ain't no fool, nuther, an' Silas ain't nuver gwan know all I know."

The hat was one of the things "Miss Clementine was bound to make up to her," and Pheriby wasted no vain regrets. She was in for a day of ad-

venture, and gradually becoming accustomed to the motley aspect of the crowd, pleased as a child at the show, yet always preserving a dignified sense of superiority to the foolishness enacted around her, she forgot her vague homesickness, her forlorn condition of stranger and wayfarer; for a time she even forgot the search for "Miss Clementine."

But, as the day wore on, the memory of the benches under the trees lured her again to Bienville Square. Crossing the ground, she came to the fountain, which was now playing in full force, and here she paused in wonder that annihilated all sense of fatigue.

"Great King o' mericles!" she ejaculated loudly; and, planting herself squarely in the walk by which she had arrived at the basin, with her hands on her hips and her head thrown back, she gave audible vent to her impressions. "De sights o' dis Mobile is sho'ly tarrifyin'! I ain't nuver 'lowed ter behol' water fallin' upside down!"

She did not know that her mouth was agape until a mischievous masker half choked her with the remnant of the banana he had been eating. In her surprise she executed a spry little hop that nearly upset her; and as she recovered her equilibrium, a clown with an elephant's head discharged a shower of water full in her face.

"You ain't no manners!" cried Pheriby, gulping down the not unwelcome banana; and, finding consolation in the flavor thereof, she echoed the laugh of the bystanders, as she wiped away the copious drops.

But the laughter was presently lost in the sound of a fiddle, a banjo, an accordion, and a squeaking fife. The band, composed of maskers, perched themselves upon the rim of the fountain's basin, and forthwith dancing began in the broad walk.

Now Pheriby held dancing in abhorrence as a mortal sin; not a leap, not a caper, not a prank, not a posture, won a smile from her. "Debble gwan git 'em, sho'," she muttered; and lo! to her amazed eyes the Devil stood grimly forth, horns, hoofs, and forked tail. Pheriby knew him at a glance.

"Le' me git away f'om here!" she gasped.

But even as she turned one of the dancers caught her by the waist and whirled her about in the giddy maze, to the brisk music of "Hop light, ladies."

Struggling, panting, raging, the red carpet sack pommeling her thigh at every enforced step, Pheriby shrieked in shrill protest, "Dey is aiggs in dis bag, I tell you!" and the mirth of the spectators waxed louder and louder.

When at last she was released, speechless for lack of breath, but transported with fury, she struck her undesired partner full on his pasteboard nose and crushed it flat. That instant the Devil held Pheriby fast!

The scream she uttered advertised the remotest groups of the fun in progress, and the crowd thickened rapidly.

"O Marster Debble! Good Marster Debble!" Pheriby implored in terrified accents. "I is a pious chu'ch member; I ain't dance none" —

"Bring me the pitch, b'ilin' hot!" roared the Devil, and Pheriby screamed amain.

"Fo' Gawd, I ain't dance none, Marster Debble! My sperrit refused, an' my foots ain't done no mo'n dey duty ter my body. Tunn po' Pheriby loose, good Debble. Jest a po' ole plantation nigger, an' a fool not ter stay whey she b'long!"

Suddenly, above the shouts of merriment, a great bell rang out ominously: Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

## V.

An instant hush fell upon the boisterous throng; the Devil vanished, the motley crew dispersed as if by magic,

and Pheriby sat alone upon one of the iron benches, trembling, laughing, crying, remonstrating with herself.

"Pheriby, what a fool you is! G'long back ter de plantation, nigger! You can't mek yo'se'f on'erstand how dis is all Mawdy-graw foolishniss. P'intedly, I wuz as skeered as hit had been de real Satan, an' dat 's a fac'. I ain't honin' ter see him no mo'."

Still the great bell clanged, and the crowd, urged by one impulse, swept on; but Pheriby heeded not, for, lifting her eyes, she beheld, across the street, a building on the balcony of which was gathered an array of ladies, guests of the Athelstan Club.

"Miss Clementine bound ter be wid dat pussonable company," Pheriby assured herself, plunging into the depths of the red carpet sack. "Pray Gawd dem aiggs ain't bounced ter a jelly!"

One at least was intact, and Pheriby stood forth upon the sidewalk, an isolated figure, holding up a dyed egg in the sunshine.

"I do believe," remarked one of the ladies on the balcony, "there is that same little old crazy creature who was going up and down Government Street and Dauphin Way all Sunday and Monday inquiring for 'Miss Clementine.' Do we know any Clementines, Julia?"

"Mrs. Ashby, from Kentucky, — is n't her name 'Clementine'?"

"Is it? I wonder if she found a nurse for her little boy?"

"She has hired that Bella Stewart, I believe."

"Then may Heaven have mercy on the child! Oh, here comes the fire engine!"

Pheriby was conscious, all at once, of a roar and rush, a mad clatter of hoofs upon the pavement, as from around the corner of the balconied building dashed a strange-looking object on wheels, which to her inexperience seemed a smoking, dazzling caldron entwined with a huge serpent.

"Satan ag'in!" she panted, "an' de pitch a-b'ilin'!"

She took to her heels precipitately; but, as the tumultuous throng in the wake of the engine bore down upon her, she beheld a sight that made her forget the Devil-on-wheels: a smartly dressed mulatto girl was dragging by the hand a little white boy arrayed in velvet, and the child was crying piteously, while the mulatto girl stormed at him and jerked him savagely.

Afire with indignation, Pheriby darted to the rescue; but, her heel catching in the hem of Cynthy Broadwood's "long-tailed coat-cloak," she went down under the feet of the multitude.

Some good Samaritan lifted her up, but the red carpet sack was gone: Pheriby never saw that cherished possession again.

She crept dejectedly to one of the benches in the square. "Wish ter Gawd I wuz home!" was all she said; but how much that wish expressed of unmeasured perplexity and distress! For, except a few dimes tied in the corner of the handkerchief about her neck, all of Pheriby's money, and her ticket besides, was in that red "cyarpit sack," which she had seen, as she fell, borne away by a man in a mask, who held the arm of the smart mulatto girl. The man and the girl were gone with the rushing human tide; but Pheriby, when recovered in a measure from her confusion, beheld the child standing alone and bewildered upon the edge of the sidewalk, at the corner of the square; he had wandered back to that point, and Pheriby perceived that he was about to cross the street.

"He gwan git hisse'f hu't, dat baby!" she exclaimed, and, forgetting her bruises, she hastened to him.

The little fellow had just set his feet across the gutter, and was starting on a run, when around the corner dashed another smoking, dazzling, serpent-encircled monster on wheels, and

Pheriby was just in time. She never knew how she did it ("Gawd A'mighty shoved me," was her uncouth yet not irreverent explanation), but from under the very feet of the horses she snatched the child.

A cheer rent the air, and the balcony of the Athelstan Club was a-flutter with waving handkerchiefs; but Pheriby never knew that it was all in her honor.

"Never seed sich a racket," she grumbled. "Don't you be skeered, honey; Pheriby gwan tek keer o' you. Pheriby marked dat triflin' gal, how she dragged you, an' jukked you, an' jawed you. Now you tell Pheriby yo' name, an' I 'm gwan tek you stret ter yo' maw."

"I 'm named — Lucius — Clementine," answered the child slowly.

Pheriby set him down so abruptly that he tottered; she wanted her hands free to clap them while she shouted: "Glory! glory hallelujah! Now is my tribilations come ter a joyful eend! Praise Gawd, from whom all blessin's flow! Now ef de music wuz ter strike up, I could dance, spite o' de Debble."

The child stared at her, half frightened.

"Come, don't be creating a disturbance here," a policeman admonished her.

"'Sturbance?" retorted Pheriby, in dudgeon. "You call thanksgivin' a 'sturbance? Dis is Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles's gre't-gran'chile, I 'll let you know, an' doan' you hender me 'n' him."

Turning contemptuously away, Pheriby took the child by the hand, saying: "Yaas, honey, you is de very livin', breathin' image, p'int-blank, o' yo' gre't-gran'paw, an' Pheriby gwan stan' by you beginst de town. Now you tell Pheriby whey is yo' maw."

"I don't know," wailed the child. "And I want my dinner."

"Sho'ly, honey, you b'long ter be hongry, fur hit is late in de day. Tell me whey yo' maw house," Pheriby coaxed.

"I don't know," sobbed the child. "And I want my dinner."

"What I gwan do?" groaned Pheriby. "Dis chile too little ter p'int me de way. Howsomedever, Mars' Jedge Jeremiah's gre't-gran'chile ain't ter go hongry."

She untied the corner of her handkerchief to take out the little money left her, and just then a group of rude maskers, rushing past, jostled against her, and the scant silver was scattered far and wide; before she could stoop to recover it the agile maskers had scampered away with every piece.

"De Lawd's will be done!" ejaculated Pheriby. "I got ter git dis chile home, fur hit ain't decent ter go beggin' brade an' meat wid quality in hand; but sho'ly in dis pussonable sto' de mens is bound ter know de sight o' Miss Clementine's little boy;" and Pheriby led her weeping charge into a drug store.

"What is the matter with that child?" asked a clerk. "Is he hurt, or is he frightened?"

"He is plumb wore out, suh," answered Pheriby plaintively. "He 's too little ter p'int me de way, an' I is a stranger; may be you could show me his maw house?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Ter his maw home."

"Where is that?"

"Dullaw, mars', ef you dunno, how I gwan tell you?"

"Well, what is his mother's name?"

"Miss Clementine."

"That 's no name at all. What is his father's name?"

"Mars' Lucius, I — I — I 'spect. Ain't dat yo' paw name, honey?"

The child nodded.

"You must be either drunk or crazy!" said her interlocutor impatiently.

"Heah dat, now!" sighed Pheriby reproachfully. "I ain't drunk nur I ain't crazy; but I is nigh 'n' about

tarrified outen my senses wid strivin' ter ketch up wid Miss Clementine."

"So then you are lost, eh? Well, the best thing for you to do is to march with the child to the police station."

"Ain't dat de place whey de teks de thieves an' raskils?" queried Pheriby, aghast.

"Oh, yes; and vagrants like you."

"Den, suh, I tell you p'intedly, I ain't a-gwine!" Pheriby declared. "I know what I ain't, but I dunno what I is, an' I *mought* be a vagrom fur what I kin tell; but dishyer chile is Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles's gre't-gran'chile, — no better blood in de State, — an' you talk 'bout runnin' him in ter de perlice? I is p'intedly 'stonished at you! An' you looks lak a gemlen, too."

To Pheriby's infinite disgust, everybody within hearing laughed, — everybody except the frightened child, who clung to her skirts, screaming that he did not want to be taken by the police.

"An' dat you sha'n't, honey!" Pheriby assured him. "I 'm gwan larrip de hull posse on 'em, 'fo' dey shill tetch you, mun!"

At this juncture, a beardless youth pushed his way through the little group that had gathered around Pheriby and the child, and after a moment's scrutiny shouted: —

"Hello, Lucius! Here you are at last! There has been weeping and wailing for fear you were everlastingly gone, young man. We heard of a boy on the street who was near being run over; was it you? What old mammy is this? Where 's Bella?"

"Dis ole mammy is Pheriby, young marster. Tek us stret ter Miss Clementine," entreated the joyful Pheriby; "an' I 'm gwan 'splain 'bout me 'n' dat Bella."

So the young man, whom Master Lucius Clementine greeted as "cousin Phil," bore Pheriby and the boy away in a carriage. Presently they arrived at the most "pussonable" house for size that Pheriby had yet seen. She did not discover it to be a hotel until she was "h'isted" to "Miss Clementine's" room.

## VI.

"Miss Clementine" was a slender, pretty lady, with golden hair and brown eyes, — "de p'inted image of de Coles fam'ly," Pheriby decided, in an instant's delighted glance.

But "Miss Clementine" saw only her child. "O Lucius! Lucius!" she screamed, and clasped and kissed him, and cried and laughed by turns, oblivious of everything and everybody else in the world, until Lucius said fretfully:

"I 'm tired being kissed; I want my dinner."

"That perfidious Bella!" exclaimed "Miss Clementine." "She promised to bring you back by half past one, and here it is nearly four o'clock. *Where* is she?"

"Gone!" replied Pheriby tragically. "Hit 's me what resarved yo' chile, Miss Clementine; an' sho'ly de Lawd sont me o' ve'y puppose. Doan' you know me, honey? I is Pheriby."

"Pheriby? Pheriby?" repeated "Miss Clementine," and shook her head.

Pheriby laughed. "Ef hit had n't been dat red cyarpit sack wuz stol'n f'om me, honey, I 'd a-come wid my hands full o' dyed aiggs, an' you 'd a-been 'memberin' de times an' times I has dyed aiggs fur you at yo' gran'paw's plantation, Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles" —

"But," said the lady, "I never was on a plantation in my life; I never heard of Judge Jeremiah Coles before."

"Name o' Gawd!" cried Pheriby, "ain't you Miss Clementine, wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles's onlies' livin' gran'chile?"

"My name is 'Clementine,'" replied the lady; "but I came from Kentucky. I never was in Alabama until now."

"Den de Lawd have mussy on me!" ejaculated Pheriby despairingly. "I is ter de eend o' my row, an' de ain't nothin' left for me but jist ter die," and she turned her face to the wall, sobbing like a child.

"Oh, don't, don't!" exclaimed the lady, clasping Pheriby's arm. "I am not *your* 'Miss Clementine,' indeed, but I will be, if you will let me. Take comfort, do! You 've saved my precious boy, and be sure you 've found friends."

"Give her some dinner!" piped the little boy. "She is hungry, like me; and I want my dinner bad!"

"Yes, darling! That ever I should forget you are hungry!" cried his mamma. "You shall both of you have some dinner this very moment, — the best in the land. And then we will try to find the other 'Miss Clementine.'"

So Pheriby fared sumptuously, and was clothed in purple and fine linen, — or what came to the same thing in her estimation.

When she returned home, she carried with her a closely-packed trunk and a well-filled purse, a new hat and a "long-tailed coat-cloak" of her own, and — dearly prized among her treasures — a photograph of herself with the child she had rescued.

The other "Miss Clementine" was never found; but it was ascertained that she had been a guest at the Battle House some weeks before, though whence she had come or whither she had gone was never known to Pheriby or to her new friends.

"Pheriby," said Silas, on her return, "I been holdin' speech wid Marthy Maria Chace, an' she 'lowed how Miss Clementine doan' *live* ter Mobile, — she wuz jest a-visitin' ter de Battle House; an' my mind misguv me det you ain't been gwan find Miss Clementine."

"Hukkom I ain't?" demanded his wife.

"Is you been ter de Battle House?" inquired Silas admiringly.

"Who seh I ain't?"

"I ain't seh you ain't; I ax you is you?"

"You wait ontil you hear me tell," replied Pheriby, with conscious pride.

But she never did tell *all* she knew!

*Elizabeth W. Bellamy.*

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## LORD HOUGHTON'S LIFE.[1]

Lord Houghton was known, in his later life at least, and will probably be remembered historically, as one of the characters of London society in his time; and in literature his place, like Rogers', is mainly that of entertainer of celebrities. His biographer is unwilling to take this view of the matter. Mr. Reid desires and labors to show that throughout life Lord Houghton was employed in affairs of importance, and exercised powers of larger scope than he was credited with possessing; that he was both a legislator and a poet; and especially that he was a diplomatist in everything except the fact. It is doubtful whether anything is gained by a biographer who continually directs attention toward those paths of his hero which led nowhere; those ambitions which were never realized; those occupations in which, from what-

[1] *The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton.* By T. Wemyss Reid. Introduction by Richard Henry Stoddard. In two volumes. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

ever cause, he failed. If we are repeatedly told that Lord Houghton was fitted by his acquaintance and acquirements for dealing with foreign affairs, this only reminds us the more forcibly that no minister cared to employ him in that sphere. The reason may have been that men of politics are prejudiced against men of letters, and that, in the case of Lord Houghton, his books were the insurmountable obstacle in the way to office. At the same time, other Englishmen of his period succeeded well enough in combining literature with statecraft; and, after all, the great fact remains that his diplomatic abilities were never tried, and in the absence of trial such abilities can hardly be taken upon trust. The belief in their own political genius is notoriously a common vanity of literary men of station.

In the matter of poetry, too, Lord Houghton does not come off much better than in that of statesmanship. Landor, at one time, thought him the greatest poet writing in England, — an opinion which, when it was uttered, was foolish, and has been the father of folly in those who reiterate it; for it surely is no honor to Lord Houghton to have been praised by mistake. Rogers also had a belief in him, it seems; and in the extracts from Lord Houghton's commonplace books there is a telltale anecdote of Rogers saying to him, "Don't you be so hard on Pope and Dryden; you don't know what we may come to." Though humorously made, the remark is more humorously received by us; and this is because Rogers and Milnes were so very much smaller poets than even their humorous imagination had capacity to contain. The most that can be said for the early poems of Milnes is that he made songs for the people when he could not make their laws, and a few of these popular ditties survive; and that in some half dozen other pieces he exhibited a certain literary gift. His actual work in poetry, taken altogether, is of very slight consequence in the literature of Victoria. To remind us that Lord Houghton started even with Tennyson and Browning, not to mention others, and that he was thought to have the better chance, is really to impress upon our minds unduly how far behind them he fell in the race. His poems, like his acquaintance with French statesmen and politicians, are a part of his life, and find a place in his biography; but Mr. Reid has placed an emphasis upon these things which, to our thinking, results in a false perspective, and the reader is led mainly, not to see his brilliant success as a man of the world with all its materializing influences, but to reflect how disagreeably disappointed Lord Houghton must have been at his failures in politics and in literature. Mr. Reid thinks that the current notion of Lord Houghton undervalues his talents, and forthwith he sets out to prove to us, by documents often dull and wearisome, that he was different from what every one thought him to be; that the reputation he bore in the world was legendary and hopelessly derogatory to his real worth; and that a new conception, drawn from these two volumes, must be substituted for that of the world in which he lived and died. This biography is, consequently, very labored and apologetic, and one feels as if he were reading a defense instead of a story, and entertaining a motion for a new trial of his lordship's character instead of listening to the verdict of his own times and friends. This is all very amiable in Mr. Reid, and very dutiful, but it injures the literary attractiveness of his work.

In spite of Mr. Reid's best efforts, we find the statesmanship of Lord Houghton as problematical and his verses as thin as ever; but his personality is as interesting and his society as entertaining as when he was alive. His first felicity, out of the many good gifts that fortune gave him, was to be made one of that group of collegians at

Cambridge concerning which literary history will not soon be silent. The days of the Union, of Tennyson's prize poem, of Arthur Hallam's reprint of Adonais, and of the ever-memorable expedition to the undergraduate world of Oxford in advocacy of the poetry of Shelley were great college days, and the story of them is full of interest. Something is gained because the account is largely in Lord Houghton's own words. It is true that the reader does not get so near to the group of Tennyson and to that poet's early manhood as in the life of Edward Fitzgerald; there does not appear to have been the sort of intimacy between Milnes and the others which reveals more than the externals of student companionship; but, on the whole, the narrative is the best that we have of the Cambridge of the time, and it is supplemented by a few, a very few, examples of that *rara avis*, a letter of Tennyson's. The diction of these two or three friendly notes, we may remark in passing, amply sustains the praise Fitzgerald gave to the poet's prose, which stands out on the page like another language. But it was after Milnes went up to London that he began to show his metal, and then he was already modified from the national type by his long residence abroad and his assimilation of Italian manners. He made a fair figure in Parliament; and with his evidently keen interest in his own success, and his controlling passion to know everybody and to get a good place in the social throng, he soon made his talents tell. It seems to us that he did really make the most of himself, notwithstanding what his biographer alleges about the blocking of his career in politics by the prejudice in high places against entrusting business to writers of books. With the rest of his endowments, he was strongly gifted with a very independent spirit and much self-confidence; he showed this early in life, in his relations with his father, and continually in his relations toward his constituency. He did not have in him the making of a good party man, and this of itself was enough to limit his political achievement under any circumstances. It is plain, too, that where he took a personal line of conduct politically his judgment was not very good, as, for example, in his propositions with regard to Ireland. Yet he looked for office, and was repeatedly discouraged by being passed over when his friends obtained power. He never was a leader in Parliament; but he found opportunity to do some excellent work of a serious nature, and in his efforts in behalf of the founding of juvenile reformatories he earned lasting gratitude. In becoming a Liberal he followed his natural instincts, and he was one of those converts to progress who became more liberal with every change of the times.

He carried on his literary life at the same time with his politics, and published both poetry and prose; but he must have been soon convinced of the futility of his attempt to keep pace with the authors of his age. He had a high opinion, apparently, of his work, and was always much pleased by any sign of its having made its way with the public; but he could not be blind to the fact that he was out of the race. He found the best compensation for such a failure in the vitality in himself of the literary taste which made it his pleasure to take a particular interest in the society of men of letters, and gave to him the delights of patronage. His aid to the young and those in difficult circumstances came from high motives, and prove that he possessed a heart of unusual sympathy and warmth, more easily touched to good actions than is common with men of his class. The story of his care for the young Scotch poet, David Gray, is one of great honor to himself, and it stands as a striking example of qualities in him which seem often to

have been exercised unknown to the world. Incidents like this, which are not obtrusively put forward, help to make his character more justly valued, and are a gain to his reputation; and with them belongs the account of his faithful friendship with Charles MacCarthy. It is in such parts of the narrative that we come nearest to that humaneness and amiability of Lord Houghton which won for him the warm regard of so many various men, both English and foreigners, which is the most notable thing in his career. It is true, also, that his eccentricity or originality of character interested them on its own account. In his ways and manners he was quite an uncommon person, and in his conversation there was always a fund of entertainment, owing to his knowledge of the unwritten about men and events; and though men began by being interested in that personality which Disraeli described with such vigor and extravagance, they often ended by regarding him with some warmth of feeling, which in many cases became true affection for the kindliness of his nature. This portrait of Lord Houghton as a man of the world, with many sincere friends in private life, benevolent in temperament, serviceable in some parts of legislation, and respectable in poetry, is, on the whole, the impression made by him when alive, and sustained by this biography.

In one respect only these volumes are disappointing. It was to be hoped that, as Lord Houghton saw much of men of letters and corresponded with them, there would be more of literary interest in his memorials. There is really very little that is of any importance for the literary history of the period. The letters contain next to nothing of contemporary opinion of our own or of past literature, and few anecdotes or sayings. The record is rather that of small events, of visits, of travels not very remarkable, — a sort of diary. It is particularly disappointing to find so few descriptions of scenes, since Lord Houghton was fond of seeing everything that was going on and everybody who had ever done anything above the common. The narrative of the opening of the Suez Canal is the most striking piece of such description as was hoped for, but it is not very well done. Politics really occupies the place of literature in these volumes. The biographer introduces this for the purpose of showing how Lord Houghton missed his vocation; but, except what relates to Louis Philippe, most of it could well have been spared. The literary barrenness of the work seems to have been inevitable; and we can only surmise that men kept their talk for Lord Houghton's breakfasts, and left it out of their letters. An attempt is made to remedy this by inserting at the end some pages of short extracts from his commonplace books, in which he put down the good sayings of the men he knew, and also his own. These are not very clever, and Sydney Smith's jokes seem mostly vapid; but in a collection of anecdotes the best are apt to pall after a page or two.

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## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS

*Sociology and Politics.* Easy Lessons on the Constitution of the United States, by Alfred Bayliss. (W. W. Knowles & Co., Chicago.) We can hardly call these lessons easy, for, though their main purpose seems to be to construe the written Constitution, and give the student a familiarity with that instrument, there are sprinkled all over the pages questions which are easy enough to ask, but call, in the answer, for

a maturity in the pupil which the book does not suppose. — How the Other Half Lives, Studies among the Tenements of New York, by Jacob A. Riis ; with Illustrations chiefly from Photographs taken by the Author. (Scribners.) The temper in which one undertakes such a work as this must largely determine its value. Mr. Riis appears to have made his studies with no design to satisfy a diseased curiosity, but with an honest endeavor to get at the facts in a sketchy rather than a statistical fashion. His moderation is evident as well as his earnestness, and there are occasional twinkles of humor to relieve the appalling gloom of the book. Indeed, without a faith in God and a sense of humor, we hardly see how one could make these close studies and keep his sanity.

*Political Economy.* Chapters on the Theory and History of Banking, by Charles F. Dunbar. (Putnams.) Mr. Dunbar speaks of his book as the result of "the need of some convenient statement of ordinary banking operations" felt by him when lecturing to students. The convenient statement proves in this case to be an exceedingly lucid and yet compact presentation of those methods of transacting business which transcend an ordinary cash exchange, methods which have become so familiar by use that only now and then does one stop to consider what is involved in them. Thus Mr. Dunbar treats of discount, deposit and issue, banking operations and accounts, the check system, bank notes, and combined reserves, and then proceeds with an interesting summary of information respecting the banks of Amsterdam, France, and England, the Reichsbank of Germany, and the National Banks of the United States. He has done a real service not only to the student, but to that overburdened creature the intelligent reader. — Number LXV. of Questions of the Day (Putnams) is A Tariff Primer on the Effects of Protection upon the Farmer and Laborer, by Porter Sherman. This cut to truth is rather too short to be of much value.

*Fiction.* The Speculator, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) A first draught for a novel which the author is content to publish. The theme is somewhat worn, but there is a certain moderation of tone which shows that the writer feels his subject and sees the possibilities in it. He has sketched in some conversations, and jotted down notes of contrasted scenes. — Phil and the Baby, and False Witness, by Lucy C. Lillie. (Harpers.) Two stories for the young. Phil and the Baby is the story of a boy who ran away from a circus, carrying with him a baby that had been left mysteriously by a stranger who died of a fever shortly after joining the circus. The experienced reader, when told further that Phil suffers a temporary loss of memory through an accident, and that the family in which he finds refuge is the baby's family, will recognize the general order to which this story belongs ; but the readers who will take up the book are not experienced, and we may expect them to find all the novelty in this venerable framework which the experienced reader found before he was experienced.

*Philosophy and Religion.* Mechanism and Personality, an Outline of Philosophy in the Light of the latest Scientific Research, by Francis A. Shoup. (Ginn.) The metaphysic, the author explains, is in the main that of Lotze, or perhaps better the Lotzian phase of Kant. Personality, in his view, cannot be a phenomenon. — King's Chapel Sermons, by Andrew Preston Peabody. (Houghton.) The characteristics of these sermons are none the less noticeable because they are obvious. The sanity, the mellowness, the frank use of homely and familiar material to be found in contemporaneous life for the illustration of eternal truths, render these discourses attractive to reasonable men and women, who ask not to be startled into some uncommon thought, but made to see the fuller meaning of the common thought.

*Travel and Art.* Japanese Girls and Women, by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Houghton.) Miss Bacon has made a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the feminine side of life of Japan. She has written both as an outside observer, and as one who has been as much on the inside as a foreigner well could be. Her narrative is orderly, detailed, lively, and comprehensive. Moreover, she manages to convey something of the charm of Japanese womanhood ; yet she is not a mere enthusiast, but writes with a keen discrimination which goes far to creating a confidence in her knowledge of the subject. — New York and its Environs, by Gustav Kobbé. (Har-

pers.) A handy little book, with good maps, clear though on a small scale, and a few somewhat murky illustrations. It is compact and well digested. But why does Mr. Kobbé use the word "itineracy," which means what he does not wish to say, in place of the accepted "itinerary," which means what he does wish to say? — The magazine L'Art has discontinued the issue of the accompanying Courrier de l'Art, but incorporates within its own pages some of the features of the annex. The numbers for February 15 and March 1 are before us. The most interesting print is an etched portrait of President Carnot. There are also some studies in red chalk after nature by Émile Levy, which are noticeable for their frank simplicity and dignity of attitude. The text is taken up largely with the serial reviews.

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Fellow-Traveler.

It was in a third-class railway carriage in Italy. The train, which was the "omnibus," aptly so called, of an accommodating and lingering disposition, had stopped at Prato. Nothing of the charm of the still little town was visible from the station; the lovely black and white cathedral, with its tall campanile and its open-air pulpit sculptured by Donatello, was out of sight. The special delicacy of the place, *pan' dolce di Prato*, a kind of seed-bread in thick toasted slices, was brought within reach of travelers, at a *soldo* a slice, on the platform. The door of our compartment opened, and a young man got in with a child in his arms, and deposited her, standing, on the seat, while he turned to take some hand luggage from two men outside, and to arrange it on the shelf. There are a very few people and a good many children who bear the stamp of a natural sovereignty: that little creature, as she stood on the dingy seat, wide-eyed, self-possessed, and regal, annexed the compartment and its inhabitants in a moment to an unnamed country of which she was queen. She was a glorious child, large for her years, which, as we soon learned, were but two and a half, round and firm of mould, with rich red cheeks, dark eyes, and a superb mouth, revealing, when it opened, a treasure of tiny first teeth. She wore no hat, and her brown hair broke into curls and gold as it listed, the soft locks straying in curves from shadow to sunshine. She was neatly dressed in a sailor frock of dark blue; a little white muff hung round her neck by a cord; one dimpled hand grasped a piece of Prato sweet-bread, and the other clasped to her bosom a bouquet of red camellias and daffodils.

The luggage disposed of, the *bambina* was carried to the window, with a word of apology from the young man to the occupants of corner seats, to make her adieux to the friends without. "Kiss Giovanni, Ilda," and a gracious indifferent kiss was bestowed upon an awkward young fellow, who received it with the evident satisfaction of a devoted swain. An old man, with a kindly open face, accepted a similar salute with no less pleasure. There was an eager exchange of parting words and greetings between the men; then the train moved away, the young man sitting down with the child on his lap. The farewells were not over, however. Soon after the train left the station the pair were again at the window, making signals with handkerchief and bouquet, which were responded to from a house at some distance. Then they settled down. The bambina was relieved of her flowers and muff, which were put on the shelf; she had a draught of red wine from a little flask, and ate in a slow, abstracted way two or three mouthfuls of her bread, soon forgetting it in the interest of the conversation. Her father, a handsome man, whose animated face was picturesquely set off by a broad felt hat, fell into talk with the man in the corner, who was accompanied by a boy of twelve. After a little chat with them he transferred his attention to the peasant woman opposite with a baby in arms, and asked after the age, sex, health, and history of the infant, informing her in return that his own bambina was *due messo*, in his soft pro-

nunciation ; that they had been visiting his father at Prato, and were going back to join the mamma. He asked my permission to smoke, lit a cigar, and inquired concerning my nationality and destination, finding the chances for further conversation rather impaired by my imperfect knowledge of the language. Ilda took note of the baby, and leaned over to converse with it, offering it generously a piece of her Prato bread, which it was obliged to decline by proxy, being kept of necessity to a less crusty diet. The man next to her tried to snatch a piece ; but, though willing to share her meal voluntarily, she was not to be deprived of it by force, and stood on the seat holding it behind her, deaf to arguments and entreaties, and showing all her little white teeth in a smile of triumph, till she finally concluded to preserve her treasure by devouring it, and ate the last morsel, apparently not from hunger, but out of sheer good-humored maliciousness. She held her own in the talk, too, and replied to the teasing of her father and her fellow-travelers, the man and the boy, with a very quick sense of the fun of its intention.

She had an eager interest in everything before her, — a primal intellectual curiosity of the sort possible only to the child, the puppy dog, and the first poet. "That is Pistoia ! " the boy exclaimed, as we emerged from a tunnel and saw a city spread out on the plain below us. "That is Pistoia," echoed Ilda, in her clear, assertive voice. "I must see Pistoia," and she stretched out her sunny little head as if for a vision of some promised land. I had a seat by the window, and invited her to share it ; she came without hesitation, and, the window proving so high that, as she sat on my lap, its sill was on a level with her eyes, she stood up on my knees and leaned out, reporting eagerly in her childish speech every object in view. When the train passed into a tunnel, she nestled down in my lap with her curly head against my shoulder, springing up like a deer the moment the light appeared. "C' e un altro ? " she inquired each time as it began to grow dark ; and she followed the boy in his systematic reckoning of the tunnels, calling out each number after him, into the thirties. Her father was concerned for my possible fatigue and the injury to my traveling dress, but the impression of the warm little life was sweet and real enough to be set against that of the tiny patent-leather shoes, and the burden was yielded with reluctance, and was willingly resumed when, drawn by new attractions at the window, Ilda volunteered to return. Her father got out at a station and bought another flask of wine, which he insisted upon my sharing ; so I took a little for companionship, and it was passed on generously to the man and the boy, and then offered again to me before he would touch it himself. It was sweet, strong white wine, very nice, but, I could not help thinking, a little too strong for two and a half, who however imbibed it like water, with no visible effects, though a slight sleepiness very naturally manifested itself toward the end of the long journey, to be bravely conquered in unflagging response to the remarks addressed to her. At two and a half she was already well advanced in language lessons. "What is it in Tuscan, Ilda ? " she was asked, as she sat on my lap eating a dried fig. "Fio sec," she replied shyly, after some urging. "And in Italian ? " "Fico secco." But the word for "water" was beyond her powers of articulation. "C' e le montagne," she would say, pointing to the hills ; then, indicating the rapid little river below us, "E c'e l'acca." "Aqua," her father would say, with a stern front of disapproval. "Why do you not say it right, *aqua ?* " They all tried, by threats and laughter, to effect the reform ; but the queen, responding to both by laughter and by a royal firmness, dictated the language instead of accepting it as found. "C' e *l' acca*," she replied each time, with triumphant emphasis and a wave of her chubby hand toward the river, as if to insist that it should bear that name in future, and to make of the limitation of her powers a decree of her will. And is not that absolute sovereignty ?

The worst of making friends for the hour is the parting, though to be sure that is also the drawback to much more enduring relations. We had all been subject for three or four hours to the rule of that small creature, with her unconscious supremacy of childhood ; even the passengers in the other compartments of the carriage, divided from us by only half partitions, had stood up now and then and looked over in frank admiration. When we drew

near the destination of the bambina, and the full toilet of muff and nosegay was resumed, some of us felt a pang. The train stopped at a little station ; the young man seized my hand, with a cordial "Grazie e buon viaggio!" Ilda submitted to a hasty kiss, and they got out, their luggage being handed down by fellow-travelers with that eager helpfulness which third-class travelers in Europe, especially Italians, so often exhibit toward each other. As the train moved away from the station, the man in the corner sprang up, exclaiming, "C' e la bambina chi passa!" and we all stood up, eager and alert, to watch them going along the white country road. The bambina, carried in the arms of a woman with a bright handkerchief on her head, unconscious of our admiration, was holding high her bouquet of red camellias and daffodils.

I confess that her departure left a void not only in the train : I was still vaguely aware of it the next day as I went through the Academy at Bologna, and it was association rather than appreciation of art which made it difficult to get away from the large canvas of Domenichino, the Madonna of the Rosary, where the smiling Child, with his floating blue drapery, stands in his mother's arms up in cloudland, holding aloft a bright nosegay of roses. What a picture that is, considered simply as a transcript of life! Below, all the miseries of the earth, the martyrdoms, the frightened innocence, the rage of passion and cruelty ; saints looking up with the question, "How long, O Lord?" in their intense hollow eyes. Each holds fast a rosary. And above on the clouds a Madonna looks down with eyes of pity, and the blonde Child holds up his roses with a smile. How are a chaplet and a posy, a smile and a pitying glance, to weigh against all that wretchedness? Yet they are pretty much the sum of all that has been heaped in the balance against it by religions and philosophies, by love, and by life itself ; and if we have had a moment's glimpse of their significance, and felt aught of their potency, can we say that they are wholly inadequate?

How I found Ulysses.

— It is in modest emulation of Mr. Henry M. Stanley as a discoverer of missing discoverers that a member of the Club begs to announce the finding of a traveler longer lost and even more famous than Dr. Livingstone. This is no other than Ulysses, the wave-wandering lord of Ithaca. I believe he remains precisely where one would naturally look for him, — on the coast from which he can view the isle of the sirens, and renew the ancient thrill of the hour when his ship drove its prow between Scylla and Charybdis. He is as active as of yore, but, I regret to say, at present employs his profound astuteness in a small retail business of malignity.

There is no need to describe to the Club the visitation of those days, not infrequent, when everything perversely goes wrong, and petty woes environ us like a cloud of persistent gnats. It is Noman who harms us ; and to the prime cause of annoyance is added the sense of lack of an object for accusal and malediction. In Calabria they know better. On such black-letter days of minor misfortunes, their theory is advanced in the strong nasal dialect of the country.

"There is the mule gone lame," *comare* Nunzia will narrate with emphatic gestures, "and the hen that will not set, to say nothing of my man who has the fevers. And Zia Caterina has said the verses and signed us with water and salt, but it did not come to us to yawn. So one sees that it was not an envy, but rather there is in it the *monacheddu*. May the Lord save us from him!"

This "little monk" is, I am persuaded, none but Ulysses, who has undergone a process of demonization common in Gothic legends, but almost unique in the more genial Italian folk-lore. The austere Christians of the north inclosed Venus and her train in the hollow hill, as allies of Satan for the reprobation of men, and the pilgrims went by singing with averted faces. In Italy, on the contrary, the dethroned gods and retired heroes enjoy a golden leisure in the affectionate memory of the people, who still swear mildly *perbacco* and *perdiana*. But the poor Ulysses appears somehow to have been degraded into a malicious, sub-humorous sprite, with his former subtle wisdom degenerated into petty cunning. He became a monk in Sicily, according to the evidence of tradition. Signor Giuseppe Pitré, the eminent folk-lorist, heard the story of Ulysses and the Cyclops — curiously baptized into the narrative of the outwitting of the devil by a monk —

from the lips of a girl, eight years of age, tending sheep on a slope of Etna. And it would be a wrong not to translate literally the idiom of the little Maria : —

"Now I tell a story which is almost frightful ; it is the story of the little monk. It is told and retold that there were once two monks. These two monks every year went on a quest. One was bigger and one was smaller. Every year they went on a quest, for they were poor. Once they mistook the way ; a way bad, very bad ! The little one said to the big one, 'This is not our way.' 'No matter, let us go on.'

"As they walked they saw a great cave, and there was an animal making a fire ; but they did not believe that it was an animal. 'Now let us go in here to rest.' They went in, and there was this animal killing sheep (for he had sheep) and putting them to roast. As these men entered, the animal killed a score of sheep and put them to roast. 'Eat !' 'We do not wish to eat, for we are not hungry.' 'Eat, I tell you !' When they had finished eating all these sheep, the devil arose (for the animal was a devil). They lay down, and he, the animal, went to get a great stone, put it before the cave, took a sharp-pointed iron, heated it, and thrust it into the neck of the big one of the monks, roasted him, and wished to eat him with the little monk. 'I will not eat any, for I am satisfied.' 'Up ! for if not, I will kill you.' The poor little one arose for fear, sat at table, took — poor little one ! — a small bit and feigned to eat, and threw it on the ground. 'Mary ! I am satisfied indeed !'

"In the night, the good man took the iron, heated it, and thrust it into the eyes. The eyes burst forth. 'Ah ! he has killed me !' The good man slipped in among the wool of the sheep, for fear. Groping, groping, the animal goes to take away the stone from the cave, and let out the sheep, one by one. The sheep where the good man was came, and the good man was no longer there. He went to Trapani, to the sea. There were at Trapani all the boats and the sailors. Said he, 'Now let me come there, and I will tell it to you.' They put him in a boat ; the animal went to fish for him, and the mariners began to run with the boat. While the animal was running, he hit a stone with his chest, — for he was blind, — fell and broke his head. The sea, with the blood which came from him, was all reddened. The little monk went away, and the animal stayed there."

In this story, the identification of the Cyclops with a crater of Etna is picturesquely maintained by the images of the eye blinded by fire, the maddened course down the hill, the impediment of the rock, and the crimsoning of the sea. The figure is bold indeed by which all the companions of Ulysses are consolidated in the person of the big monk. A similar legend is found in the collection of folk-lore by Signor Comparetti, and also in Signor Finamore's work upon the traditions of the Abruzzi.

Ulysses, once recognized under the Sicilian cowl, appears evident also as the monacheddu of Calabria. In Naples, too, the *munaciellu* plays the same malicious part. By the way, it seems probable that the brilliant apprehension of Signora Matilde Serao was at fault in connecting, in her Leggende Napoletane, the personality of the little monk with a relatively modern tradition of a forlorn child sheltered in a convent.

No ; whenever, in the Two Sicilies, unaccountable misfortunes befall, it is surely by the work of the belittled wit and the crooked hands of the demoralized adventurer who cannot find repose, but always wanders where in ancient days his wisdom and his force were manifest. It may also be true that in this western continent, the land imagined and sought by Ulysses, his restless shade projects itself, and is cause of the small miseries which make us cry out against fate, and for which we remain uncomforted, as the Cyclops when the other monocular men bade him be patient, since Noman smote him.

THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

### IV.

#### THE WIDOW ANTONIA.

ANTONIA sat in tense quiet, though whitened even across the lips, where all the color of her face usually appeared; and a stalwart and courtly man presented himself in the hall. Some of the best blood of the Dutch republic had evidently gone to his making. He had the vital and reliable presence of a master in affairs, and his clean-shaven face had firm mouth-corners. Marie rose up without pause to meet him. He was freshly and carefully dressed in clothes carried for this purpose across the wilderness, and gained favor even with Lady Dorinda, as a man bearing about him in the New World the atmosphere of Europe. He made his greeting in French, and explained that he was passing through Acadia on a journey to Montreal.

"We stand much beholden to monsieur," said Marie, with a quizzical face, "that he should travel so many hundred leagues out of his way to visit this poor fort. I have heard that the usual route to Montreal is that short, direct one up the lake of Champlain."

Van Corlaer's smile rested openly on Antonia as he answered, "Madame, a man's most direct route is the one that leads to his object."

"Doubtless, monsieur; and you are very welcome to this fort. We have cause to love the New Netherlanders."

Marie turned to deliver Antonia her guest, but Antonia stood without word or look for him. She seemed a scared Dutch child, bending all her strength and all her inherited quiet on maintaining self-control. He approached her, searching her face with his near-sighted large eyes.

"Had Madame Bronck no expectation of seeing Arendt Van Corlaer in Acadia?"

"No, mynheer," whispered Antonia.

"But, since I have come, have you nothing to say to me?"

"I hope I see you well, mynheer."

"You might see me well," reproached Van Corlaer, "if you would look at me."

She lifted her eyes, and dropped them again.

"This Acadian air has given you a wan color," he noted.

"Did you leave Teunis and Marytje Harmentse well?" quavered Antonia, catching at any scrap.

Van Corlaer stared, and answered that Teunis and Marytje were well, and would be grateful to her for inquiring.

"For they also helped to hide this priest from the Mohawks," added Antonia, without coherence. Marie could hear her heart laboring.

"What priest?" inquired Van Corlaer, and as he looked around his eyes fell on the cassocked figure at the other table.

"Monsieur Corlaer," spoke Father Jogues, "I was but waiting fit opportunity to recall myself and your blessed charity to your memory."

Van Corlaer's baffled look changed to instant glad recognition.

"That is Father Jogues!"

He met the priest with both hands, and stood head and shoulders taller while they held each other like brothers.

"I thought to find you in Montreal, Father Jogues, and not here, where in my dim fashion I could mistake you for the chaplain of the fort."

"Monsieur Corlaer, I have not forgotten one look of yours. I was a great trouble to you, with my wounds and my hiding and fever. And what pains you took to put me on board the ship in the night! It would be better indeed to see me at Montreal than ever in such plight again at Fort Orange, Monsieur Corlaer."

"Glad would we be to have you at Fort Orange again, without pain to yourself, Father Jogues."

"And how is my friend who so much enjoyed disputing about religion?"

"Our dominie is well, and sent by my hand a hearty greeting to that very learned scholar Father Jogues. We heard you had come back from France."

Van Corlaer dropped one hand on the donné's shoulder and leaned down to examine his smiling face.

"It is my brother Lalande, the donné of this present mission," said the priest.

"My young monsieur," returned Van Corlaer, "keep Father Jogues out of the Mohawks' mouths henceforth. They have really no stomach for religion, though they will eat saints. It often puzzles a Dutchman to handle that Iroquois nation."

"Our lives are not our own," said the young Frenchman.

"We must bear the truth, whether it be received or not," added Father Jogues.

"Whatever errand brought you into Acadia," said Van Corlaer, turning back to the priest, "I am glad to find you here, for I shall now have your company back to Montreal."

"Impossible, Monsieur Corlaer, for I have set out to plant a mission among the Abenakis. They asked for a missionary. Our guides deserted us, and we have wandered off our course, and been obliged to throw away nearly all the furniture of our mission. But we now hope to make our way along the coast."

"Father Jogues, the Abenakis are all gone northward. We passed through their towns on the Penobscot."

"But they will come back?"

"Some time, though no man at Penobscot would be able to say when."

Father Jogues's perplexed brows drew together. Wanderings, hunger, and imprisonment he could bear serenely, as incidents of his journey; but to have his flock scattered before he could reach it was real calamity.

"We must make shift to follow them," he declared.

"How will you follow them without supplies, and without knowing where they may turn in the woods?"

"I see we shall have to wait for them at Penobscot," said Father Jogues.

"Take a heretic's advice instead; for I speak not as the enemy of your religion when I urge you to journey with me back to Montreal. You can make another and better start to establish this mission."

The priest shook his head. "I do not see my way; but my way will be shown to me, or word will come sending me back."

Some sign from the lady of the fortress recalled Van Corlaer to his duty as a guest. The supper grew cold while he parleyed. So he turned quickly to take the chair she had set for him, and saw that Antonia was gone.

"Madame Bronck will return," said Marie, pitying his chagrin, and searching her own mind for Antonia's excuse. "We brought a half-starved baby home from our last expedition, and it lies dead upstairs. Women have soft hearts,

monsieur; they cannot see such sights unmoved. She hath lost command of herself to-night."

Van Corlaer's face lightened with tenderness. Bachelor though he was, he had held infants in his hands for baptism, and not only the children of Fort Orange, but dark broods of the Mohawks, often rubbed about his knees.

"You brought your men into the fort, Monsieur Corlaer?"

"No, madame. I sent them back to camp by the falls. We are well provisioned. There was no need for them to come within the walls."

"If you lack anything, I hope you will command it of us."

"Madame, you are already too bounteous, and we lack nothing."

"The Sieur de la Tour being away, the conduct and honor of this fort are left in my hands. He has ever been friendly to the people of the colonies."

"That is well known, madame."

Soft waxlight, the ample shine of the fire, trained service, housing from the chill spring night, and abundant food and flask, all failed to bring up the spirits of Van Corlaer. Antonia did not return to the table. The servingmen went and came betwixt hall and cook-house. Every time one of them opened the door the world of darkness peered in, and over the night quiet of the fort could be heard the tidal up-rush of the river.

"The men can now bring our ship to anchor," observed Marie.

Father Jogues and his donné, eating with the habitual self-denial of men who must inure themselves to hunger, still spoke with Van Corlaer about their mission; but during all his talk he furtively watched the stairway.

The dwarf sat on her accustomed stool beside her lady, picking up bits from a well-heaped silver platter on her knees; and she watched Van Corlaer's discomfiture when Lady Dorinda took him in hand and Antonia yet remained away.

## V.

### JONAS BRONCK'S HAND.

The guests had deserted the hall fire and a sentinel was set for the night before Madame La Tour knocked at Antonia's door.

Antonia was slow to open it. But she finally let Marie into her chamber, where the fire had died on the hearth, and retired again behind the screen to continue dabbing her face with water. The candle was also behind the screen, and it threw out Antonia's shadow, and showed her disordered flax-white hair flung free of its cap and falling to its length. Marie sat down in the little world of shadow outside the screen. The joists directly above Antonia flickered with the flickering light. One window high in the wall showed the misty darkness which lay upon Fundy Bay. The room was chilly.

"Monsieur Corlaer is gone, Antonia," said Marie.

Antonia's shadow leaped, magnifying the young Dutchwoman's start.

"Madame, you have not sent him off on his journey in the night?"

"I sent him not. I begged him to remain. But he had such cold welcome from his own countrywoman that he chose the woods rather than the hospitality of Fort St. John."

Much as Antonia stirred and clinked flasks, her sobs grew audible behind the screen. She ran out with her arms extended, and threw herself on the floor at Marie's knees, transformed by anguish. Marie in full compassion drew the girlish creature to her breast, repenting herself while Antonia wept and shook.

"I was cruel to say Monsieur Corlaer is gone. He has only left the fortress to camp with his men at the falls. He will be here two more days, and to-morrow you must urge him to stay our guest."

"Madame, I dare not see him at all!"

"But why should you not see Monsieur Corlaer?"

Antonia settled to the floor, resting her head and arms on her friend's lap.

"For you love him."

"Oh, madame, I did not show that I loved him? No. It would be horrible for me to love him."

"What has he done? It is plain he has come to court you."

"He has long courted me, madame."

"And you met him as a stranger, and fled from him as a wolf, — this Hollandais gentleman who hath saved our French people, even priests, from the savages!"

"All New Amsterdam and Fort Orange hold him in esteem," said Antonia, betraying pride. "I have heard he can do more with the Iroquois tribes than any other man of the New World." She uselessly wiped her eyes. She was weak from long crying.

"Then why do you run from him?"

"Because he hath too witching a power on me, madame. I cannot spin or knit or sew when he is by; I must needs watch every motion of his if he once fastens my eyes."

"I have noticed he draws one's heart," laughed Marie.

"He does. It is like witchcraft. He sets me afloat so that I lose my feet and have scarce any will of my own. I never was so disturbed by my husband, Jonas Bronck," complained Antonia.

"Did you love your husband?" inquired Marie.

"We always love our husbands, madame. Mynheer Bronck was very good to me."

"You have never told me much of Monsieur Bronck, Antonia."

"I don't like to speak of him now, madame. It makes me shiver."

"You are not afraid of the dead?"

"I was never afraid of him living. I regarded him as a father."

"But one's husband is not to be regarded as a father."

"He was old enough to be my father, madame. I was not more than sixteen, besides being an orphan, and Mynheer Bronck was above fifty; yet he married me, and became the best husband in the colony. He was far from putting me in such states as Mynheer Van Corlaer does."

"The difference is that you love Monsieur Corlaer."

"Do not speak that word, madame."

"Would you have him marry another woman?"

"Yes," spoke Antonia in a stoical voice, "if that pleased him best. I should then be driven to no more voyages. He followed me to New Amsterdam; and I ventured on a long journey to Boston, where I had kinspeople, as you know. But there I must have broken down, madame, if I had not met you. It was fortunate for me that the English captain brought you out of your course, for mynheer set out to follow me there. And now he has come across the wilderness even to this fort."

"Confess," said Marie, giving her a little shake, "how pleased you are with such a determined lover."

But instead of doing this, Antonia burst again into frenzied sobbing, and hugged her comforter.

"Oh, madame, you are the only person I dare love in the world!"

Marie smoothed the young widow's damp hair with the quieting stroke which calms children.

"Let mother help thee," she said; and neither of them remembered that she was scarcely as old as Antonia. In love and motherhood, in military peril and contact with riper civilizations, to say nothing of inherited experience, the lady of St. John had lived far beyond Antonia Bronck.

"Your husband made you take an oath not to wed again, — is it so?"

"No, madame, he never did."

"Yet you told me he left you his money?"

"Yes. He was very good to me, for I had neither father nor mother."

"And he bound you by no promise?"

"None at all, madame."

"What then can you find to break your heart upon in the suit of Monsieur Corlaer? You are free; even as my lord, if I were dead, would be free to marry any one, not excepting D'Aulnay's widow." Marie smiled at that improbable union.

"No, I do not feel free." Antonia shivered close to her friend's knees. "Madame, I cannot tell you; but I will show you the token."

"Show me the token, therefore. A sound token it must be, to hold you wedded to a dead man whom in life you regarded as a father."

Antonia rose upon her feet, but stood dreading the task before her.

"I have to look at it once every month," she explained, "and I have looked at it once this month already."

The dim, chill room, with its one eye fixed on darkness, was an eddy in which a single human mind resisted that century's current of superstition. Marie sat ready to judge and destroy whatever spell the cunning old Hollandais had left on a girl to whom he represented law and family.

Antonia beckoned her behind the screen, and took from some ready hiding-place a small oak box studded with nails, which Marie had never before seen. How alien to the simple and open life of the Dutch widow was this secret coffer! Her face changed while she looked at it; grieved girlhood passed into sunken age. Her lips turned wax-white, and drooped at the corners. She set the box on a dressing-table, beside the candle, unlocked it and turned back the lid. Marie was repelled by a faint odor aside from its breath of dead spices.

Antonia unfolded a linen cloth and showed a pallid human hand, its stump concealed by a napkin. It was cunningly preserved, and shrunken only by the countless lines which denote approaching age. It was the right hand of a man who must have had imagination. The fingers were sensitively slim, with shapely blue nails, and without knobs or swollen joints. It was a crafty, firm-possessing hand, ready to spring from its nest to seize and eternally hold you.

The lady of St. John had seen human fragments scattered by cannon, and sword and bullet had done their work before her sight; but a faintness beyond the touch of peril made her grasp the table and turn from that ghastly hand.

"It cannot be, Antonia" —

"Yes, it is Mynheer Bronck's hand," whispered Antonia, subduing herself to take admonition from the grim digits.

"Lock it up, and come directly away from it. Come out of this room. You have opened a grave here."

## VI.

### THE MENDING.

But Antonia delayed to set in order her hair and cap. When Jonas Bronck's hand was snugly locked in its case and no longer obliged her to look at it, she took a pensive pleasure in the relic, bred of usage to its company. She came out of her chamber erect and calm. Marie was at the stairs, speaking to the soldier stationed in the hall below. He had just piled up his fire, and its homely splendor sent back to remoteness all human dreads. He hurried up the stairway to his lady.

"Go knock at the door of the priest Father Jogues and demand his cassock," she said.

The man halted, and asked, "What shall I do with it?"

"Bring it hither to me."

"But if he refuse to have it brought?"

"The good man will not refuse. Yet

if he ask why," returned Madame La Tour, smiling, "tell him it is the custom of the house to take away at night the cassock of any priest who stays here."

"Yes, madame."

The soldier kept to himself his opinion of meddling with black gowns, and after some parleying at the door of Father Jogues's apartment received the garment and brought it to his lady.

"We will take our needles and sit by the hall fire," said Marie to Antonia. "Did you note the raggedness of Father Jogues's cassock? I am an enemy to papists, especially D'Aulnay de Charnisay; but who can harden her heart against a saint because he patters prayers on a rosary? Thou and I will mend his black gown. I cannot see even a transient member of my household uncomfortable."

The soldier put two waxlights on the table by the hearth, and withdrew to the stairway. He was there to guard as prisoner the priest for whom his lady set herself to work. She drew her chair to Antonia's, and they spread the cassock between them. It had been neatly beaten and picked clear of burs, but the rents in it were astonishing. Even within the sumptuous fireshine the black cloth taxed sight; and Marie paused sometimes to curtain her eyes with her hand, but Antonia worked on with Dutch steadiness. The touch of a needle within a woman's fingers cools all her fevers. She stitches herself fast to the race. There are safety and saneness in needlework.

"This spot wants a patch," remarked Antonia.

"Weave it together with stitches," said Marie. "Daughter of presumption! would you add to the gown of a Roman priest?"

"Priest or dominie," commented Antonia, biting a fresh thread, "he would be none the worse for a stout piece of cloth to his garment."

"But we have naught to match with it. I should like to set in a little heresy cut from one of the Sieur de la Tour's good Huguenot doublets."

The girlish faces, bent over the work, grew placid with domestic interest. Marie's cheeks ripened by the fire, but the whiter Hollandaise warmed only through the lips. The hall's glow made more endurable the image of Jonas Bronck's hand.

"When was it cut off?" murmured Marie, stopping to thread a needle.

The perceptible blight again fell over Antonia's face, as she replied, "After he had been one day dead."

"Then he did not grimly lop it off himself?"

"Oh, no," whispered Antonia, with deep sighing. "Mynheer the doctor did that, on his oath to my husband. He was the most learned, cunning man in medicine that ever came to our colony. He kept the hand a month in his furnace before it was ready to send to me."

"Did Monsieur Bronck, before he died, tell you his intention to do this?" pressed Marie, feeling less interest in the Dutch embalmer's method than in the sinuous motive of a man who could leave such a bequest.

"Yes, madame."

"I do marvel at such an act," said the lady of St. John, challenging Jonas Bronck's loyal widow to take up his instant defense.

"Madame, he was obliged to do it by a dream he had."

"He dreamed that his hand would keep off intruders?" smiled Marie.

"Yes," responded Antonia innocently, "and all manner of evil fortune. I have to look at it once a month as long as I live, and carry it with me everywhere. If it should be lost or destroyed, trouble and ruin would fall not only on me, but on every one who loved me."

The woman of larger knowledge did not argue against this credulity. Antonia was of the provinces, bred out of

their darkest hours of superstition and savage danger. But it was easy to see how Jonas Bronck's hand must hold his widow from a second marriage. What lover could she ask to share her monthly gaze upon it, and thus half realize the continued fleshly existence of Jonas Bronck? The rite was in its nature a secret one. Shame, gratitude, the former usages of her life, and a thousand other influences were yet in the grip of that rigid hand. If she lost or destroyed it, nameless and weird calamity, foreseen by a dying man, must light upon the very lover who undertook to separate her from her ghastly company.

"The crafty old Hollandais!" reflected Marie. "He was cunning in his knowledge of Antonia. But he hath made up this fist at a younger Hollandais who will scarce stop for dead hands."

The Dutch gentlewoman snuffed both waxlights. Her lips were drawn in grieved lines. Marie glanced up at one of the portraits on the wall, and said: —

"The agonies which men inflict on the beings they love best must occasion perpetual astonishment in heaven. Look at the Sieur Claude de la Tour, a noble of France, who could stoop to become the first English knight of Acadia, forcing his own son to take up arms against him."

The elder La Tour frowned and flickered in his frame.

"Yet he had a gracious presence," said Antonia. "Lady Dorinda says he was the handsomest man at the English court."

"I doubt it not; the La Tours are a beautiful race. It was that very graciousness which made him a weak prisoner in the hands of the English. They married him to one of the queen's ladies, and granted him all Acadia, and he had only to demand from his son that he should turn it over to England and declare himself an English subject. I can yet see his ships as they rounded Cape Sable, and the face of my lord when he read his father's summons to surrender the claims of France. We were to be loaded with honors. France had driven us out on account of our faith; England opened her arms. We should be enriched, and live forever a happy and united family, sole lords of Acadia."

Marie broke off another thread.

"The king of France, who has outlawed my husband and delivered him to his enemy, should have seen him then, Antonia. Sieur Claude La Tour put both arms around him and pleaded. It was, 'My little Charles, do not disgrace me by refusal;' and 'My father, I love you, but here I represent the rights of France.' 'The king of France is no friend of ours,' says Sieur Claude. 'Whether he rewards or punishes me,' says Charles, 'this province belongs to my country, and I will hold it while I have life to defend it.' And he was obliged to turn his cannon against his own father; and the ships were disabled and driven off."

"Was the old mynheer killed?"

"His pride was killed. He could never hold up his head in England again, and he had betrayed France. My lord built him a house outside our fort, yet neither could he endure Acadia. He died in England. You know I brought his widow thence with me last year. She should have her dower of lands here, if we can hold them against D'Aulnay de Charnisay."

The lady of the fort shook out Father Jogues's cassock and rose from the mending. Antonia picked up their implements, and flicked bits of thread from her skirt.

"I am glad it is done, madame, for you look heavy-eyed, as any one ought after tossing two nights on Fundy Bay, and sewing on a black gown until midnight cockcrow of the third."

"I am not now fit to face a siege," owned Marie. "We must get to bed;

though first I crave one more look at the dead baby Zélie hath in charge. There is a soft weakness in me which mothers even the outcast young of my enemy."

## VII.

### A FRONTIER GRAVEYARD.

The next morning was gray and transparent; a hemisphere of mist filled with light; a world of vapor palpitating with some indwelling spirit. That lonesome lap of country opposite Fort St. John could scarcely be defined. Scraps of its dawning spring color showed through the mobile winding and ascending veil. Trees rose out of the lowlands between the fort and the falls.

Van Corlaer was in the gorge, watching that miracle worked every day in St. John River. The tide was racing inland. The steep rapids within their throat of rock were clear of fog. Foam is the flower of water; and white petal after white petal was swept under by the driving waves. As the tide rose the tumult of falls ceased. The channel filled. All rocks were drowned. For a brief time another ship could have passed up that natural lock, as La Tour's ship had passed on the cream-smooth current at flood tide the day before.

Van Corlaer could not see its ragged sails around the breast of rock, but the hammering of its repairers had been in his ears since dawn; and through the subsiding wash of water he now heard men's voices.

The Indians whose village he had joined were that morning breaking up camp, to begin their spring pilgrimage down the coast along various fishing-haunts; for agriculture was a thing unknown to these savages. They were a seafaring people in canoes. At that time invading Europeans had gained little mastery of the soil. Camp and fortress were on the same side of the river. Lounging braves watched indifferently some figures wading through the fog from the fort; perhaps bringing them a farewell word, perhaps forbidding their departure. The Indian often humored his invader's feudal airs, but he never owned the mastery of any white man. Squaws took down cone-shaped tents, while their half-naked babies sprawled in play upon the ashes of last winter's fires. Van Corlaer's men sauntered through the vanishing town, trying at times to strike some spark of information from Dutch and Etchemin jargon.

Near the river bank, between camp and fort, was an alluvial spot in which the shovel found no rock. A rough line of piled stones severed it from surrounding lands, and a few trees stood there, promising summer shade, though, darkly moist along every budded twig, they now swayed in tuneless nakedness. Here the dead of Fort St. John were buried; and those approaching figures entered a gap of the inclosure instead of going on to the camp. Three of La Tour's soldiers, with Father Jogues and his donné, had come to bury the outcast baby. One of the men was Zélie's husband, and she walked beside him. Marguerite lay sulking in the barracks. The lady had asked Father Jogues to consecrate with the rites of his church the burial of this little victim, probably born into his faith. But he would have followed it in any case, with that instinct which impelled him to baptize dying Indian children with raindrops, and to attempt to pluck converts from the tortures of the stake.

"Has this child been baptized?" he inquired of Zélie, on the path down from the fort.

She answered, shedding tears of resentment against Marguerite, and with fervor she could not restrain: "I 'll warrant me it never had so much as a drop of water on its head, and but little to its body, before my lady took it."

"But hath it not believing parents?"

"Our Swiss says," stated Zélie, with a respectful heretic's sparing of this priest, "that it is the child of D'Aulnay de Charnisay." And she added no comment.

The soldiers set their spades to last year's sod, cut an oblong wound, and soon had the earth heaped out and a grave made. Father Jogues, perplexed, and heavy of heart for the sins of his enlightened as well as his savage children, concluded to consecrate the baby's bed. The Huguenot soldiers stood sullenly by while a Romish service went on. They or their fathers had been driven out of France by the bitterness of that very religion which Father Jogues expressed in sweetness. They had not the broad sympathy of their lady, who could excuse and even stoop to mend a priest's cassock; and they made their pause as brief as possible.

While the spat and clink of spades built up one child's hillock, Zélie was on her knees beside another, some distance from it, scraping away dead leaves. Her lady had bid her look how this grave fared, and she noticed fondly that fern was beginning to curl above the buried lad's head. The heir of the La Tours lay with his feet toward the outcast of the Charnisays, but this was a chance arrangement. Soldiers and servants of the house were scattered about the frontier burial ground, and Zélie noted to report to her lady that winter had partly effaced and driven below the surface some recent graves. Instead of being marked by a cross, each earthen door had a narrow frame of river stones built around it.

Van Corlaer left the drowned falls and passed his own tents, and waited outside the knee-high inclosure for Father Jogues. The missionary, in his usual halo of prayer, dwelt upon the open breviary. Many a tree along the Mohawk Valley yet bore the name "Jesu" which he had carved in its bark, as well as rude crosses. Such marks helped him to turn the woods into one wide oratory. But unconverted savages, tearing with their teeth the hands lifted up in supplication for them, had scarcely taxed his heart as heretics and sinful believers taxed it now. The soldiers, having finished, took up their tools, and Van Corlaer joined the priest as the party came out of the cemetery.

The day was brightening. Some sea birds were spreading their white breasts and wing-linings like flashes of silver against shifting vapor. The party descended to a wrinkle in the land which would be dry at ebb tide. Now it held a stream flowing inland upon grass, — unshriveled long grass bowed flat and sleeked to this daily service. It gave beholders a delicious sensation to see the clean water rushing up so verdant a course. A log, which would seem a misplaced and useless footbridge when the tide was out, was crossed by one after another; and as Van Corlaer fell back to step beside Father Jogues, he said: —

"The Abenakis take to the woods and desert their fishing, and these Etchemins leave the woods and take to the coast. You never know where to have your savage. Did you note that the village was moving?"

"Yes, I saw that, Monsieur Corlaer; and I must now take leave of the lady of the fort and join myself to them."

"If you do, you will give deep offense to La Tour," said the Dutchman, pushing back some strands of light hair which had fallen over his forehead, and turning his great near-sighted eyes on his friend. "These Indians are called Protestant. They are in La Tour's grant. Thou knowest that he and D'Aulnay de Charnisay have enough to quarrel about without drawing churchmen into their broil."

Father Jogues trod on gently. He knew he could not travel with any benighted soul and not try to convert it.

These poor Etchemins appealed to his conscience; but so did the gracious lady of the fort. "If I could mend the rents in her faith," he sighed, "as she hath mended the rents in my cassock!"

Two of the soldiers turned aside with their spades to a slope behind the fortress, where there was a stable for the ponies and horned cattle, and where last year's garden beds lay blackened under last year's refuse growth. Having planted the immortal seed, their next duty was to prepare for the trivial resurrections of the summer. Frenchmen love green messes in their soup. The garden might be trampled by besiegers, but there were other chances that it would yield something. Zélie's husband climbed the height to escort the priest and report to his lady, but he had his wife to chatter beside him. Father Jogues's donné walked behind Van Corlaer, and he alone overheard the Dutchman's talk.

"This lady of Fort St. John, Father Jogues, so housed, and so ground between the millstones of La Tour and D'Aulnay, she hath wrought up my mind until I could not forbear this journey. It is well known through the colonies that La Tour can no longer get help, and is outlawed by his king. This fortress will be sacked. La Tour would best stay at home to defend his own. But what can any other man do? I am here to defend my own; and I will take it and defend it."

Van Corlaer looked up at the walls, and his chest swelled with a large breath of regret.

"God knoweth why so sweet a lady is set here to bear the brunts of a frontier fortress, where no man can aid her without espousing her husband's quarrel, while hundreds of evil women degrade the courts of Europe. But I can only do mine errand and go. And you will best mend your own expedition at this time by a new start from Montreal, Father Jogues."

The priest turned around on the ascent and looked toward the vanishing Indian camp. He was examining as self-indulgence his strong and gentlemanly desire not to involve Madame La Tour in further troubles by proselyting her people.

"Whatever way is pointed out to me, Monsieur Corlaer," he answered, "that way I must take. For the mending of an expedition rests not in the hands of the poor instrument that attempts it."

Their soldier signaled for the gates to be opened, and they entered the fort. Marie was on her morning round of inspection. She had just given back to a guard the key of the powder magazine. Well, store-house, fuel-house, barracks, were in military readiness. But refuse stuff had been thrown in spots which her people were now severely cleaning. She greeted her returning guests, and heard the report of Zélie's husband. A lace mantle was drawn over her head and fastened under the chin, throwing out from its blackness the warm brown beauty of her face.

"So our Indians are leaving the falls already?" she repeated, fixing Zélie's husband with a serious eye.

"Yes, madame," witnessed Zélie. "I myself saw women packing tents."

"Have they heard any rumor which scared them off early, — our good, lazy Etchemins, who hate fighting?"

"No, madame," Van Corlaer answered, being the only person who came directly from the camp, "I think not, though their language is not clear to me like our western tongues. It is simply an early spring calling them out."

"They have always waited until Pâques week heretofore," she remembered. But the wandering forth of an irresponsible village had little to do with the state of her fort. She was going on the walls to look at the cannon, and asked her guests to go with her.

The priest and his donné and Van Corlaer ascended a ladder, and Madame La Tour followed.

"I do not often climb like a sailor," she said, when Van Corlaer gave her his hand at the top. "There is a flight of steps from mine own chamber to the level of the walls; and here Madame Bronck and I have taken the air on winter days when we felt sure of its not blowing us away. But you need not look sad over our pleasures, monsieur. We have had many a sally out of this fort, and monsieur the priest will tell you there is great freedom on snowshoes."

"Madame Bronck has allowed herself little freedom since I came to Fort St. John," observed Van Corlaer.

They all walked the walls from bastion to bastion, and Marie examined the guns and spoke with her soldiers. On the way back, Father Jogues and Lalande paused to watch the Etchemins trail away, and to commune on what their duty directed them to do. Marie walked on with Van Corlaer toward the towered bastion, talking quickly, and ungloving her right hand to help his imagination with it. A bar of sunlight rested with a long slant through vapor on the fortress. Far blue distances were opened on the bay. The rippling full river had already begun to subside, and sink line by line from its island. Van Corlaer gave no attention to the beautiful world. He listened to Madame La Tour with a broadening humorous face, and the invincible port of a man who knows nothing of defeat. The sentinel trod back and forth without disturbing this intent conference, but other feet came rushing up the stone steps which led from Marie's room to the level of the wall.

"Madame! madame!" exclaimed Antonia Bronck; but her flaxen head was arrested in ascent beside Van Corlaer's feet, and her distressed eyes met in his a whimsical look which stung her through with suspicion and resentment.

## VIII.

### VAN CORLAER.

"What is it, Antonia?" demanded Marie.

"Madame, it is nothing."

Antonia owned her suitor's baring of his head, and turned upon the stairs.

"But some alarm drove you out." Marie leaned over the cell inclosing the stone steps. It was not easy to judge from Antonia's erect bearing what had so startled her. Her friend followed her to the door below, and the voices of the two women hummed indistinctly in that vaultlike hollow.

"You have told him!" accused Antonia directly. "He is laughing about Mynheer Bronck's hand!"

"He does take a cheerful view of the matter," conceded the lady of the fort.

Antonia looked at her with all the asperity which could be expressed in a fair Dutch face. "As long as I kept my trouble to myself I could bear it; but I show it to another and the worst befalls me."

"Is that hand lost, Antonia?"

"I cannot find it, or even the box which held it."

"Never accuse me with your eye," said Marie, with droll pathos. "If it were lost or destroyed by accident, I could bear without a groan to see you so bereaved. But the slightest thing shall not be filched in Fort St. John. When did you first miss it?"

"A half hour since. I left the box on my table last night instead of replacing it in my chest, being so disturbed."

"Every room shall be searched," declared Marie. "Where is Le Rossignol?"

"She went after breakfast to call her swan to the fort."

"I saw her not. And I have neglected to send her to the turret for her punishment. That little creature has

a magpie's fondness for plunder. Perhaps she has carried off your box. I will send for her."

Marie left the room. Antonia lingered to glance through a small square pane in the door, — an eye which the commandants of the fort kept on their battlements. It had an inner tapestry, but this remained as Marie had pushed it aside that morning to take her early look at the walls. Van Corlaer was waiting on the steps, and as he detected Antonia in the guilty act of peeping at him his compelling voice reached her in Dutch. She returned into the small stone cell formed by the stairs, and closed the door, submitting defiantly to the interview.

"Will you sit here?" suggested Van Corlaer, taking off his cloak, and making for her a cushion upon the stone.

Antonia reflected that he would be chilly, and therefore hold brief talk, so she made no objection, and sat down on one end of the step, while he sat down on the other. They spoke Dutch; with their formal French fell away the formal phases of this meeting in Acadia. The sentinel's walk moved almost overhead, and died away along the wall, and returned again, but noises within the fort scarcely intruded to their rocky cell. They did not hear even the voices of Lalande and Father Jogues descending the ladder.

"We have never had any satisfactory talk together, Antonia," began Van Corlaer.

"No, mynheer," breathed the girlish relict of Bronck, feeling her heart labor as she faced his eyes.

"It is hard for a man to speak his mind to you."

"It hath seemed easy enough for Mynheer Van Corlaer, seeing how many times he hath done so," observed Antonia, drawing her mufflings around her neck.

"No. I speak always with such folly that you will not hear me. It is not so when I talk among men or work on the minds of savages. Let us now begin reasonably. I do believe you like me, Antonia."

"A most reasonable beginning," observed Antonia, biting her lips.

"Now I am a man in the stress and fury of mid-life, hard to turn from my purpose, and you well know my purpose. Your denials and puttings-off and flights have pleased me. But your own safety may waste no more good time in further play. I have not come into Acadia to tinkle a song under your window, but to wed you and carry you back to Fort Orange with me."

Antonia stirred, to hide her trembling.

"Are you cold?" inquired Van Corlaer.

"No, mynheer."

"If the air chills you, I will warm your hands in mine."

"My hands are well muffled, mynheer."

He adjusted his back against the wall, and again opened the conversation.

"I brought a young dominie with me. He wished to see Montreal. And I took care he should have with him such papers as might be necessary to the marriage."

"He had best get my leave," observed Madame Bronck.

"That is no part of his duty. But set your mind at rest; he is a young dominie of credit. When I was in Boston I saw a rich sedan chair made for the viceroy of Mexico, but brought to the colonies for sale. It put a thought in my head, and I set skilled fellows to work, and they made, and we have carried through the woods, the smallest, most cunning-fashioned sedan chair that woman ever stepped into. I brought it for the comfortable journeying of Madame Van Corlaer."

"That unknown lady will have much satisfaction in it," murmured Antonia.

"I hope so; and be better known than she was as Jonas Bronck's wife."

She colored, but hid a smile within

her mufflings. Her good-humored suitor leaned toward her, resting his arms upon his knees.

"Touching a matter which has never been mentioned between us, — was the curing of Bronck's hand well approved by you?"

"Mynheer, I am angry at Madame La Tour. Or did he," gasped Antonia, not daring to accuse by name the colonial doctor who had managed her dark secret, — "did he show that to you?"

"Would the boldest chemist out of Amsterdam cut off and salt the member of any honest burgher without leave of the patroon?" suggested Van Corlaer. "Besides, my skill was needed, for I was once learned in chemistry."

It was so surprising to see this man override her terror that Antonia stared at him.

"Mynheer, had you no dread of the sight?"

"No; and had I known you would dread it, the hand had spoiled in the curing. I thought the less of Jonas Bronck that he could bequeath a morsel of himself like dried venison."

"Mynheer Bronck was a very good man," asserted Antonia severely.

"But thou knowest in thy heart that I am a better one," laughed Van Corlaer.

"He was the best of husbands," she insisted, trembling with a woman's anxiety to be loyal to affection which she has not too well rewarded. "It was on my account that he had his hand cut off."

"I will outdo Bronck," declared Van Corlaer. "I will have myself skinned, at my death, and spread out as a rug to your feet. So good a housekeeper as Antonia will beat my pelt full often, and so be obliged to think on me."

Afloat in his large personality as she always was in his presence, she yet tried to resist him.

"The relic that you joke about, Mynheer Van Corlaer, I have done worse with: I have lost it."

"Bronck's hand?"

"Yes. It hath been stolen."

"Why, I commend the taste of the thief!"

"And misfortune is sure to follow."

"Well, let misfortune and the hand go together."

"It was not so said." She looked furtively at Bronck's powerful rival, loath to reveal to him the sick old man's prophecies.

"I have heard of the hearts of heroes being sealed in coffers and treasured in the cities from which they sprang," said Van Corlaer, taking his hat from the step and holding it to shield his eyes from the mounting light. "But Jonas was no hero. And I have heard of papists venerating little pieces of saints' bones. Father Jogues might do so, and I could behold him without smiling; but a Protestant woman should have no superstition for relics."

"What I cannot help dreading," confessed Antonia, moving her hands nervously in their wrapping, "is what may follow this loss."

"Nay, let the hand go! What should follow its loss?"

"Some trouble might befall the people who are kindest to me."

"Because Bronck's hand has been mislaid?" inquired Van Corlaer, with shrewd light in his eyes.

"Yes, mynheer," hesitated Antonia.

He burst into laughter, and Antonia looked at him as if he had spoken against religion. She sighed.

"It was my duty to open the box once every month."

Van Corlaer threw his hat down again on the step above.

"Are you cold, mynheer?" inquired Antonia considerately.

"No. I am fired like a man in midbattle. Will nothing move you to show me a little love, madame? Why, look you, there were Frenchwomen among captives ransomed from the Mohawks

who shed tears on these hands of mine. Strangers and alien people have some movement of feeling, but you have none."

"Mynheer," pleaded Antonia, goaded to inconsistent and trembling asperity, "you make my case very hard. I could not tell you why I dare not wed again, but since you know, why do you cruelly blame me? A woman does not weep the night away without some movement of feeling. Yes, mynheer, you have taunted me, and I will tell you the worst. I have thought of you more than of any other person in the world, and felt such satisfaction in your presence that I could hardly forego it. Yet holding me thus bound to you, you are by no means satisfied," sobbed Antonia.

Van Corlaer glowed over her a moment with some smiling compunction, and irresistibly took her in his arms. From the instant that Antonia found herself there unstartled, her point of view was changed. She looked at her limitations no longer alone, but through Van Corlaer's eyes, and beheld them disappearing. The sentinel, glancing down from time to time with a furtive cast of his eye, saw Antonia nodding or shaking her flaxen head in complete unison with Van Corlaer's nods and negations, and caught the sweet monotone of her voice repeating over and over, "Yes, mynheer. Yes, mynheer."

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

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## A DISPUTED CORRESPONDENCE

"Lucius Annæus Seneca, a native of Cordova, disciple of Sotion the Stoic and uncle of the poet Lucan, was a man of most continent life. I should not, however, place him in the catalogue of the saints, were it not for those letters of Paul to Seneca, and Seneca to Paul, which many persons are now reading. In these letters, written when Seneca was Nero's tutor and the most powerful man of the time, he says that he would gladly hold the same place among his own people that Paul held among the Christians. Two years before Peter and Paul received the crown of martyrdom, Seneca was put to death by Nero."

So wrote St. Jerome in his notes on the ecclesiastical authors; and a little later, St. Augustine, when urging upon one Macedonius the duty of charity to sinners, appeals to a maxim of the Roman philosopher: "Rightly says Seneca, who lived in the time of the Apostles, and certain of whose letters to St. Paul are in circulation, 'He who hates evil-doers hates every one.' "

Certainly no imaginable correspondence in the Latin tongue could have a deeper interest than one in which these two men might be seen reasoning together. Fourteen letters purporting to have passed between them exist, but their authenticity, scarcely questioned in the church until near the time of the Reformation, has been warmly debated ever since. Before, however, recapitulating the arguments on either side, and before even referring to the text of the correspondence, it will be well briefly to review the events of Seneca's life up to the time when personal relations between him and St. Paul first became possible, — the year, that is to say, when the latter, having invoked his rights as a Roman citizen, was brought to Rome to stand trial.

L. Annæus Seneca was born very near the beginning of the Christian era, being the second of the three sons of Marcus Annæus Seneca and his wife Helvia. Of his two brothers, the elder, Marcus Novatus, received by adoption

the name of Junius Gallio, and the younger, Lucius Annæus Mela, became the father of the poet Lucan. The elder Seneca came to Rome in the time of Augustus, and made a considerable fortune there. His wife appears to have stayed behind in Cordova, where, however, he paid her frequent visits. He was of equestrian rank and Roman ancestry. She was of genuine Spanish stock, and seems to have been by far the more interesting character of the two. What we know of her early days is chiefly to be gleaned from a letter written by her son to console her for his own exile in the year 41.

The mother of Helvia having died in giving her birth, she and an elder sister grew up under a stepmother, "whom," says Seneca, "you constrained to become a true mother to you by showing her all the love and deference an own daughter could have done." Both of the girls married well, as the phrase goes, and both were left widows in early middle life. The husband of this aunt of Seneca's, "a good, brave, and most indulgent man," was prefect of Egypt for sixteen years, "during which time his wife was never seen in public, nor admitted to her house a single provincial; nor did she ever prefer a request to her husband, or suffer any favor to be sought through herself. And so that gossiping province, ever ingenious in the defamation of its prefects, where to avoid fault is by no means to escape slander, had the opportunity of beholding a unique example of purity of life, and even succeeded in preserving decency of speech (a very difficult thing in a society prone to unsavory jesting), and still desires, though it can scarcely hope, again to behold that lady's like."

Seneca's mother took him to Rome while he was still an infant, and he was educated in the schools of the rhetoricians and philosophers there. At one time he inclined to the legal profession, but relinquished it, some have thought, through fear of the jealousy of Caligula, who piqued himself, as we know, upon his own eloquence. To philosophy, on the contrary, Seneca remained always faithful, making it a point, so long as he lived, to lose no chance of hearing the best instructors.

At first he called himself a Pythagorean, and, having embraced the doctrine that animals have souls, he adopted a vegetarian diet. "And after a year's time," he says in a letter to his friend Lucilius, "this habit had become not only easy, but pleasant, and I fancied that my mind was more alert, though I would not now venture to assert that this was so. Do you ask me why I gave up that regimen? The days of my youth fell in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, a time of great religious agitation and innovation, and the abstinence of certain persons from animal food was considered a proof of superstition.[1] So at the request of my father, who hated not philosophy, but greatly dreaded calumny, I resumed my former habits, easily resigning myself, after all, to better dinners."

During the prefecture of his uncle Seneca paid a visit to Egypt, and some of his biographers have attempted to show that he prolonged his travels as far as the extreme East. A treatise on India he certainly did compose, but it has not been preserved. What the upholders of the Oriental theory wish to prove is that Seneca visited Jerusalem (through which city he would naturally have passed, on his way from Egypt to India), and thus became acquainted with the dogmas of Christianity at their fountain head. There is really no evidence either way.

On his return to Rome he wrote a treatise on Egypt, and also a letter of consolation, which has become a classic, and which has often been compared with the beautiful letter written

[1] In the Roman code the crime of "superstition" was the same as the Jewish "turning unto strange gods."

by Sulpicius to Cicero at the time of Tullia's death, and that by Jerome to Paula on the loss of her daughter Blæsilla. This epistle was addressed to a Roman matron of the *vieille souche*, named Marcia, whose father had been stoned to death, and his books burned in the Forum, for having called Brutus "the last of the Romans," and whose son, also, had just come to an untimely end.

Far less honorable to Seneca was the eulogy upon Messalina, which he seems to have composed at about this time, but which was afterwards suppressed. It is possible, indeed, that the scattered references in other authors to Seneca's laudation of the Empress may all refer to some composition of the time of his exile, and that this, in turn, may not have been a separate piece, but only the missing paragraphs of the Consolation to Polybius. Messalina, at all events, who probably detested his pragmatical ways, procured, in the year 41 or 42, when her influence over her husband, Claudius, was supreme, his disgrace and banishment to Corsica. Certain rhetorical hints of the philosopher's own, dropped in the Consolation to Polybius, would appear to show that the senate, of which he was a member, first condemned him to death, and that Claudius then commuted the sentence to one of exile.

The crime of which he was accused was adultery with Julia Livilla, the Emperor's niece, and the youngest child of Germanicus and Agrippina. She had passed almost the whole of her brother Caligula's reign in exile, and now she was put to death.

From Corsica Seneca dispatched that letter of consolation to his mother Helvia which has been already noted. In this, beside some interesting reminiscences of boyhood and items of family history, we find a clear outline of the writer's philosophy, which he afterwards amplified in the letters to Lucilius. It is the formal stoicism of the man who proposes to be sufficient unto himself; who in prosperity foresees the coming of evil days, and when they are upon him finds comfort in the thought that change is one of the fundamental laws of the universe. "The needs of the body are insignificant," he says, — "food, drink, and shelter from the cold. For myself, what I miss is, not luxury, but occupation." A few sonorous paragraphs in praise of poverty follow, which, though ingenious, do not ring quite true. It was a state of life always recommended (theoretically) by the Stoics, and no doubt there was a certain satisfaction in thus being able publicly to prove one's self equal to its conditions; for the Roman who professed philosophy, in those days, was usually more or less a *poseur*. But Corsica must have been a depressing residence for a popular young Roman senator, of ambitious temper and active mind; and the problem of what to do with the long, long days a hard one to solve. "This country does not abound," he tells his mother, "either in fruit or shade trees. It is watered by no navigable rivers. In fact, it produces none of those things which the foreigner covets, but barely enough to support its own inhabitants. Nor are there any precious stones here, nor do veins of gold or silver anywhere crop out. But it is a narrow mind which finds pleasure in these things of earth; we ought rather to fix our thoughts on those which are everywhere present and illumine all places alike."

Further on he says that he whiles away a good deal of time by observing the stars and their motions, "in so far as a man may lawfully do." He evidently wished to divert any suspicion that he was dabbling in astrology, though it would surely have been pardonable, however futile, had he tried to ascertain in this fashion the probable term of his exile.

He must have written a good deal in Corsica, composing a portion, at least,

of his numerous tragedies, beside some ten epigrams where philosophical resignation is hardly the prevailing note. After reading these, one has little difficulty in accepting as genuine the Consolation to Polybius. This man was a freedman of Claudius, and stood high, during the early years of Seneca's exile, both in the Emperor's good graces and in the yet more compromising favor of Messalina; so that his correspondent, one fears, could have had but one motive in addressing him.

We have lost the first half of this document, but its tenor is easily surmised. Its ostensible occasion was the recent death of a brother of Polybius, and the changes are rung to a wearisome length on the text of *par nobile fratrum*. Polybius is officially told, like the young laureate in the hour of his great bereavement, "that other friends remain, that loss is common to the race," etc.; but, over and above all such trite and obvious considerations, he is reminded that he has a perpetual solace for whatever may befall him in the existence and government of Cæsar. "While he presides over human affairs, you surely need not be sensible of any lack. In him alone is all protection and consolation. Rouse yourself, and when your eyes fill with tears turn them upon Cæsar. At the sight of that august and most glorious divinity they will at once be dry. His dazzling splendor shall rivet your gaze, and render you blind to all meaner objects."

Seneca's panegyrists have endeavored to deny the authenticity of this groveling letter of condolence, but they certainly cannot quote for the defense the testimony of Dion Cassius. "Seneca," he says, "paid court to Messalina and the freedmen of Claudius even to the point of addressing them from his island a book filled with their praises, which book, from very shame, he afterwards suppressed."

In any case, it was not to Polybius, or Claudius, or Messalina that he owed his recall from an exile which lasted until 49. The death of Polybius was contrived by Messalina, whose own shameful career ended in 48. Soon after her death Claudius took for a fourth wife his niece Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus, and widow of Domitius Ahenobarbus, to whom she had borne one son, now eleven years old, destined long to be remembered under the name of Nero. This is the Agrippina whose majestic seated figure and refined, inscrutable, middle-aged face are known to all the world through the Capitoline statue and its reproductions. She soon contrived the betrothal of the son of her first marriage to Octavia, the daughter of Claudius and Messalina, and then began to scheme for the removal of Octavia's only brother Britannicus from the pathway of her boy. She also looked about her to find a suitable tutor for the prince; for she wanted a man of distinction, who should at the same time be devoted to herself, and she made a clever choice.

"Agrippina," says Tacitus, "got Annæus Seneca recalled from exile, and at the same time made prefect; for she thought he would be popular on account of the splendor of his attainments, and she desired to have Domitius" (Nero) "pass his boyhood under that sort of master, and get the benefit of his counsels in case he came into power. Seneca was also supposed to be bound to Agrippina by the memory of her kindness to himself, as well as incensed against Claudius by all he had suffered on account of the injurious accusation of the latter." The fact that Agrippina took Seneca's part from the first is indeed the best possible refutation of the malicious charge brought against him and her sister Julia.

Seneca entered upon his new duties with alacrity, though they involved a return to that costly and artificial mode of life against which he never ceased to protest upon parchment. A couple

of years later Agrippina gave him an associate in the person of Afranius Burrus, and Tacitus tells us how these two distributed their labors, and highly commends the harmony that reigned between them,—"a rare thing, indeed," as he truly remarks, "in a case of divided authority."

"Burrus instructed the imperial pupil in the art of war, at the same time setting him a high example by the strictness of his own life. Seneca taught him the elements of oratory and the principles of honor and courtesy."

It can never be certainly known whether or no Seneca was privy to the poisoning of Claudius. Agrippina was no doubt quite equal to managing the whole affair, but that her son's tutor was no mourner for the Emperor, whom he had flattered so outrageously, he has left us abundant proof in the savagely satirical piece which he composed concerning the death of Claudius and his reception in Olympus.[1] It is written partly in prose and partly in verse, and opens with a kind of jocularly official report of the circumstances attending the Emperor's translation.

"I propose to state what took place in heaven on the thirteenth day of October, in the consulate of Asinius Marcellus and Acilius Acciola, — otherwise the new or initial year of a most fortunate era. I shall nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice" (*nihil offensæ, nec gratiæ dabitur*), he says, in words which one would think that Othello must consciously or unconsciously have quoted. In the mock-heroic numbers which describe the miserable exit of Claudius from this life there is, naturally, no mention of poisoned mushrooms; the scene then changes to the council-hall of Jove. "Word was brought of the arrival of a big fellow with gray hair, who appeared very much put out about something, for he kept wagging his head and scuffing with his right foot.[2] Questioned as to his nationality, he replied in a thick and agitated voice. Apparently he did not know his own language; he seemed to be neither a Greek nor a Roman, nor of any other race with which one is acquainted. Jupiter then commanded Hercules, on the strength of his having been so great a traveler and knowing all nations, to go and find out what manner of man this might be." Hercules was at first rather disgusted with the commission, but concluded to regard it in the light of a thirteenth labor, and, having questioned the newcomer in the plainest of Greek, he finally extracted an intelligible answer in that tongue, to the effect that this was Cæsar, and a descendant of those who fought at Troy. "And he might have made his story go down with Hercules," the narrative goes on to say, "had not the goddess Febris stepped up, who alone of all the divinities of Rome had left her temple upon the Palatine to accompany Claudius on high. 'This fellow is telling you a pack of lies,' she said. 'I can inform you — and I have lived with him long enough to know — that he was born at Lyons. You see before you a fellow-townsman of Munatius. *He was born*, I tell you, sixteen miles from Vienne, and he is a German Gaul; and of course, being a Gaul, he captured Rome. Can't you understand? He was born, I say, at Lyons, where Licinius reigned for so many years. You, at least,' turning upon Hercules, 'who have tramped over more ground than any peripatetic mule-driver, ought to know Lyons, and how far it is from the Xanthus to the Rhone!'"

This is the style of Seneca's mocking *Trauerspiel*. Some of his jokes may be galvanized into a semblance of life

[1] He called this effusion the Ἀποκολύντωσις, or *gourdification;* that is to say, transfiguration into a gourd, — a burlesque on apotheosis.

[2] Claudius was lame and had shaking palsy; moreover, he stuttered.

by free translation, but not all. We need not follow minutely the animated debate which ensued among the Olympians on the merits of Claudius as a candidate for admission to their circle. At length the Emperor Augustus obtained the floor, and, for the first time, apparently, since his deification, arose to speak: —

"I appeal to you, Conscript Fathers, to whom I owe my promotion to divinity, to say whether I have not hitherto kept quiet and minded my own business. But I can no longer dissemble, nor, I may say, contain the sorrow, aggravated by shame, which I feel upon this occasion." He then proceeds to recite a catalogue of Claudius's crimes: "You killed Messalina, whose great-uncle I was,[1] as well as your own. Do you plead ignorance? Then I say — and may the gods confound you! — that such ignorance was worse than the crime itself. Why," again addressing the court, — "why, this fellow is a mere plagiarist of Caius Cæsar" (Caligula), "who is dead. The one killed his father-in-law, the other his son-in-law. Caius Cæsar denied the title of Great to the son of Crassus; this man restored him the title, but took away his head. The scoundrel has put to death in one family alone Crassus Magnus, Scribonia" (his mother), "Tristonia, and Assarion, all of noble blood, and Crassus, such a fool that he might almost have sat on a throne! Only consider, Conscript Fathers, what a monster of ugliness it is who has applied for admission among you. . . . Who would worship such a god as this, who believe in him? All I have to say is, that if you make gods of this kind you will get nobody to believe in your own divinity."

He then offers a resolution excluding Claudius from Olympus, which is unanimously carried, whereupon Mercury gives the neck of the prisoner a twist, and promptly drags him off to Hades; allowing him, as they go, a glimpse of his own funeral procession in the Via Sacra. The occasion seemed to be one for the most part of uproarious merriment; only a few lawyers were shedding tears! But when Seneca goes on to give the words of the dirge which the professional mourners were singing, we experience a slight shock, so strikingly does it resemble some of the best known hymns of the mediæval church: —

> "Fundite fletus,
> Edite planctus,
> Fingite luctus," etc.

The manner in which Messalina is mentioned in this satire may be thought to foreshadow the break which was soon to occur between the tutor of Nero and that *maîtresse femme* his mother. Agrippina was the real head of the government, and such she intended to remain; but Seneca and Burrus could hardly have been faithful to their trust without endeavoring to counteract her influence over the mind of her son. Tacitus tells us that they interfered to prevent her putting to death certain of her private enemies; and a little later he relates how Seneca thwarted her resolve to receive an embassy, seated openly on the throne at Nero's side, instead of remaining discreetly hidden behind the hangings, as etiquette required.

In short, there was soon a declared rivalry between the Emperor's masters and his mother. But Agrippina was not easily beaten. She brought forward Claudius's son Britannicus, now fifteen years of age, and prepared to set up his claim to the throne. Nero discovered her plan, had Britannicus poisoned, and looked on at his last agony with cynical composure. Agrippina's next move was an unsuccessful attempt to bribe the senate. On the strength of this she was accused of con-

[1] Messalina's maternal grandmother was the daughter of Mark Antony and Augustus's sister Octavia.

spiracy and publicly disgraced, though still allowed to reside at Rome.

Seneca and Burrus managed the affairs of the empire ably, and the former appears to have been but moderately hampered in action by the dictates of his cherished philosophy.

"He was proved," says Dion Cassius, "to have followed in many respects a line of conduct wholly inconsistent with his maxims. He blamed tyranny, and educated a tyrant; he lifted up his voice against the hangers-on of princes, and he was perpetually about the palace. . . . He reviled the rich, and himself possessed a fortune of 7,500,000 drachmæ" (or, roughly speaking, a million and a half of our money). "He talked of the luxury of others, and had in his own house five hundred three-legged tables made of citron wood, with ivory feet, and all of the same size and shape; and he gave gorgeous banquets thereon."

It would be unfair, perhaps, to judge Seneca's system of education by its results upon his pupil. Nor need we consider, with Merivale, that the philosopher was privy to the murder of Britannicus. But we really cannot see what excuse he had for congratulating Nero, in the treatise De Clementia, which is dedicated to his imperial patron, on having been *no shedder of blood*.

Seneca was consul in 57, and probably never stood higher in the Emperor's favor than during this year, but with the ensuing one began a new era in the palace. Nero fell captive to the demure yet voluptuous beauty of Poppæa Sabina, and began to consider how best he might remove out of his way the various obstacles to their union. He dismissed his former mistress, the devoted freedwoman Acte; [1] he ordered off Poppæa's husband to a distant province; and then arose the question what was to be done with Agrippina. Many plans were suggested by officious counselors; but that of a certain Anicetus struck Nero as most ingenious. A ship was constructed, warranted to go to pieces at the touch of a spring, and the empress mother was induced, after a pretended reconciliation with her son, to go on board. The mechanism, however, failed to act perfectly, and Agrippina was able to escape by swimming. She saw through the whole plot, of course, but pretended not to do so, and merely sent a freedman to Nero with the significant message that, "by the grace of God and her own good luck, she had escaped a terrible danger."

However much or little Seneca and Burrus may have known or suspected up to this point, they had now to be taken into the Emperor's confidence and counsels. The former observed that it would be easy to order the soldiers to dispatch Agrippina. Burrus answered dryly that the prætorian guard, his own especial command, was too loyal to the house of Germanicus to obey such an order; and that he thought it would be better simply to require of Anicetus the fulfillment of his murderous contract. By Anicetus, therefore, and a band of marines Agrippina was eventually put to death.

"So far," says Tacitus, "all agree. As for Nero's having gazed on his dead mother and praised the beauty of her body, some deny and some affirm it. She was burned that same night on a dining-couch, with shabby trappings; nor, while Nero reigned, was the earth ever piled up into a barrow, or the spot inclosed."

Seneca, alas! composed the false account of the affair dispatched by the Emperor to the senate, and we are not

[1] Tacitus tells us that Nero's ashes were collected by Acte and the Emperor's two nurses Ecloge and Alexandrina, and deposited in that family tomb of the Domitii which is supposed to have been discovered only the other day in the Vigna Nuova. It was a persistent tradition in the early church that Acte was one of the converts to Christianity in Cæsar's household.

sorry to know that he incurred some obloquy thereby.

There remained but one more insignificant obstacle to the union of Nero and Poppæa, and that was the Emperor's neglected wife Octavia, one of the most truly pathetic figures of that cruel time.

The tragedy which bears her name, and which, in certain manuscripts, is included among the works of Seneca, is, however, certainly not by him; the very date of its composition has never been determined. It follows closely enough the lines of Tacitus, and is tolerably bad poetry. Justus Lipsius calls it a schoolboy imposition, yet there is a lifelike touch in the words with which Nero puts a stop to his old tutor's remonstrances against his proposed divorce and remarriage: —

"Desiste tandem, jam gravis nimium mihi
Instare; liceat facere quod Seneca improbat," —

which may be rendered: —

"You press me beyond bounds! Enough, let be!
Seneca's maxims are no law for me."

The divorce was unquestionably an unpopular measure with the Roman people, and for once Nero was compelled to let drop his machinations for bringing it about. The opposition of Burrus was bold and outspoken,[1] and the natural consequences followed. Suetonius remarks, with characteristic phlegm, that Nero, having promised Burrus a cure for his ailing throat, sent him poison; while Tacitus, after admitting that some supposed Burrus to have died a natural death, proceeds to give the following anecdote of the tough soldier upon his death-bed: "The prince came in to see him, but Burrus, who was perfectly cognizant of his crime, turned away his face, and merely replied to the assiduous questions of this visitor, 'I am doing very well.'"

His death foreshadowed the ruin of Seneca. Rufus and Tigellinus, two of the basest of the Emperor's creatures, became joint prefects of the prætorian guard in his stead. Octavia's divorce and murder, and the marriage of Nero and Poppæa, — who hated the philosopher as cordially as Messalina had done before her, — took place in the same year, and Seneca began to entreat for permission to retire from the court.

This is the time during which he is thought by the partisans of the Pauline correspondence not merely to have been himself in constant intercourse with the Apostle, but to have introduced him and his writings to the notice of his imperial master. He must have had enough to do in those days, one would think, to keep his own head on his shoulders, without appearing as the patron of a political prisoner; but let us see what reasons there are for supposing that these two men may have had some personal relations. They may be reduced to three: the great probability that Paul's case would have been brought to the notice of Seneca; a certain superficial similarity in their writings, which may have been due to Paul's influence over Seneca; and the letters as they stand.

A word must also be said concerning the date of Paul's first arrival in Rome. We know that when he was imprisoned at Cæsarea, nearly three years before, Felix, who had been appointed procurator of Judea early in 53, had held the post "many years." That is, Paul could not well have arrived in Rome before 59, and it is even more certain that he cannot have come later than 61, because the Apostle was at once handed over to the prætorian *prefect*, and after the death of Burrus this office was held conjointly by two men.

On the whole, the most probable date is the spring of 61, when Burrus was still in command of the prætorian guard. What more likely than that

[1] Dion Cassius records that Burrus advised Nero at least to restore to Octavia, on divorcing her, the empire which he had received as her marriage portion.

he should have been struck by the aspect of his prisoner, and the crowd that flocked to receive him, and should have mentioned the circumstances to his friend and colleague, who may already have heard the name of the Apostle from his own brother? For it will be remembered that, during Paul's stay at Corinth, the chief Jews of the synagogue there, who were furious at his success as a proselyter, dragged him, upon a trumped-up accusation, into the court of the proconsul of Achaia. Now this high official was no other than the elder brother of our Seneca, adopted by Junius Gallio, — a man of whom we derive, even from the Acts of the Apostles, a decidedly favorable opinion. "Gallio, my brother, a man beloved by all who know him, however slightly," says Seneca to Lucilius, and dwells upon his "courtesy and inimitable dignity."

Some have thought that Gallio may have written to Seneca of the riot at Corinth, and given him his first conceptions of the Christian doctrine nearly ten years before the coming of Paul to Rome. There is not a word in the writings of Seneca as we possess them[1] to support such a theory, any more than there is in the familiar narrative in the Acts: "And when Paul was now about to open his mouth, Gallio said unto the Jews, If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: but if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters. And he drave them from the judgment seat. Then all the Greeks took Sosthenes, the chief ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment seat. And Gallio cared for none of those things."

The Roman proconsul, sitting aloft upon his βῆμα, declining with admirable *sang-froid* either to meddle with a case outside his jurisdiction, or to make too much of the disorderly proceeding whether of Greek or Hebrew mobs, is surely no apologist for the new faith. He is merely a foreign officer, who makes no distinction between Jews and Christians, but confounds them all — as did the average Roman of his class and day — in a common feeling of distrust and contempt.

In Rome, at the time of Paul's arrival, there seem to have been some fifteen thousand Jews in a total population of from two to three millions. Even then these aliens lived for the most part across the Tiber, in that historic Trastevere whose purlieus are at last being penetrated and its crooked ways made straight by the engines of modern improvement. Prisoners brought from the East to swell the triumph of the great Pompey had formed the nucleus of the colony, but it had been constantly recruited since his day, until now it contained a fair proportion of free men; and there was a good deal of wealth among them. Both Tiberius and Claudius had, however, issued oppressive edicts against the Hebrews, and Suetonius, in his history of the reign of the latter, makes the singular observation, "He expelled from Rome the Jews who were incessantly brawling under the instigation of Chrestus."

This would appear, on the face of it, to refer to clashings between Jews and Christians fierce enough to amount to a disturbance of the peace; and it also seems very likely that Paul owed to this very edict of expulsion his first acquaintance with some of the members of the infant church, for it was to them, after their return to Rome from their temporary exile, that he addressed the letter from Corinth which announced his own proposed voyage to the west. How his plans were thwarted and deferred, and under what circumstances he did finally visit the eter-

[1] In the time of Priscian, however, there did exist letters of Seneca to his brother, which have since disappeared.

nal city, we all know. It was early spring, the perfect moment for southern Italy, when he landed at Pozzuoli; and what would not some of us give to see the prospect that met his view as he saw it! Across the purple bay lay sumptuous Baiæ, overshadowed by the fortified villas of Marius, Pompey, and Cæsar upon the heights. Bauli, the sinister scene of Agrippina's murder, was close at hand; the remains of Caligula's preposterous bridge were doubtless visible still. After a few days' rest at Pozzuoli, the Apostle turned his face northward, striking the Appian Way, in all probability, at Capua, which was then a flourishing city and a favorite residence of Nero. He crossed near its mouth the river Liris, flowing down from Cicero's birthplace at Arpinum, and passed through Formiæ, where the best Roman of his day had been murdered not quite a century before. He climbed the hill of Anxur above the modern Terracina, descended thence into the pontine marshes, and, eighteen miles further on, at Appii Forum, was met by a deputation of Roman Christians, while more were waiting for him at the post station of Tres Tabernas, where the cross-road from Antium fell in. At exquisite Aricia he got his first glimpse of Rome; and indeed the rich suburbs of the city must have seemed to begin at his very feet, so crowded was the Campagna at that time with hamlets, villas, and farms. Descending to the plain, he made the final stage of his journey between those pompous lines of tombs of which the very shells and skeletons are still so overpoweringly impressive, and upon his arrival was at once delivered to Burrus, the prætorian prefect.

The liberal treatment of the Apostle by that high officer, who permitted him to hire a house where he could see his friends and expound his doctrine, is, however, no proof that Burrus himself was interested in the new religion. Paul had committed no crime under the Roman law. Agrippa himself had said that he might have been at once released, if he had not appealed to the Emperor. His prosecutors had not arrived in Rome, and there was no reason whatever for treating him with severity in the interval before their appearance. Moreover, there seems to have been no change in his position even in the following year, when Burrus was succeeded by that disreputable pair, Rufus and Tigellinus. The two years of Paul's residence in Rome were years of peace and prosperity for the empire at large, though marked in the moral slums of the imperial palace by the events already narrated. And all this time the Jew of Tarsus, with the Roman soldier to whom even the light terms of his imprisonment necessitated his being chained, was becoming a familiar figure in Rome, and his preaching had begun to make converts in the very house of Cæsar. Four of his authentic epistles — those to the Colossians, Ephesians, Philippians, and to Philemon — were dictated at this time; and to this time, also, if to any, must belong the correspondence with Seneca.

Of the fourteen letters, six are usually assigned to Paul, and eight to Seneca. The first is by the latter, and begins as follows: —

"My dear Paul, — No doubt you have been told that I had quite a discussion yesterday with my friend Lucilius concerning the mysteries of your doctrine and other kindred subjects. Several of the converts to your way of thinking were present. We had retired into the gardens of Sallust for another purpose of our own, when these of whom I have spoken met and joined us. We wished very much that you had been there, and I beg to assure you that, after a reading from your book, — that is to say, after a selection from the various epistles which you have addressed to provincial capitals and other cities, — we found ourselves remarkably refreshed by your precepts

concerning the conduct of this mortal life. Some of these reflections I regard as original with yourself; others as rather transmitted than originated by you. The sentiments are so majestic, they breathe such extraordinary nobility, that the life of man does not seem to me long enough to fathom and acquire them perfectly.

"With best wishes for your good health, I remain, my brother,

"Yours," etc.

By way of answer, we have: —

"My dear Seneca, — I was very glad to receive your letter yesterday, and should have replied immediately if I had had a messenger at hand. You will understand that care has to be exercised concerning the person to whom letters are entrusted, and the when and the how. Pray do not think me insensible to your kindness, therefore, if I exercise some caution in selecting a messenger. As to your flattering remarks regarding the reception of my letters in a certain place, I can but congratulate myself on having won the approval of so distinguished a judge; for I do not think that you, censor, sophist, and master of a great prince, would say such things unless you believed them.

"May you live long and prosper."

Seneca to Paul: —

"I have arranged and classified a number of selections from certain volumes with special reference to their being read by Cæsar; and if I should be so happy as to secure his attention and interest, perhaps you also may be present. Otherwise I will appoint a day when you and I may go over this work together. Perhaps it would even be better for me to communicate with you, if I could do so safely, before bringing these writings to his notice, in order that you might be sure that you had been fairly represented.

"Believe me, my dearest Paul," etc.

Paul to Seneca: —

"Every time I peruse a letter from you, it seems as if you yourself were present; in fact, I have the feeling that you are always with us. When you do begin to come, I trust we shall meet frequently.

"Hoping this will find you well, I remain," etc.

The next note, from Seneca, is supposed to refer to the relations of Paul with the chief rabbi of the synagogue at Rome: —

"I am distressed at your keeping so obstinately in the background. What makes you so reserved? If it be the indignation of the master at your having withdrawn from the old faith and ritual, and fixed your affections elsewhere, you will have an opportunity to claim that you did it, not lightly, but after mature deliberation."

The confused and feeble answer to this mysterious appeal purports to have been addressed by Paul to Seneca and his friend Lucilius conjointly: —

"Concerning the subject of your letter I cannot write with pen and ink, of which the former marks and emphasizes matters, and the latter blazons them abroad; the less since I know that there are certain persons of and among you who are with us and understand me perfectly. Respect must be paid to all, and the more scrupulously the more readily they take offense. If we can but be patient with them, we shall win them over at last, provided only they be capable of repentance.

"Greeting to you both."

Seneca then writes to Paul and Theophilus: —

"My reading of your epistles to the Galatians, Corinthians, and Achaians was very well received; and now may we so live as to illustrate them to the glory of God. The indwelling Spirit is holier and mightier than you; it lifts you out of yourself, and enables you to give a new and loftier utterance to sublime ideas of antiquity. I could wish, therefore, since your matter is so fine, that the dignity of your style were on

a level with it. To be perfectly candid with you, my brother, and also conscientious with myself, I must tell you that the Augustus was greatly struck by your ideas, but that he exclaimed, when he had heard your exordium to virtue, 'It is a marvelous thing that a man who has never been properly instructed can think and speak like this!' I reminded him that the gods are wont to speak by the mouths of 'innocents,' or even of those who are capable of misrepresenting their doctrine, and I cited the example of a simple rustic, Vaticanus of Reate, to whom they who were in fact Castor and Pollux appeared as two men, which seems to have convinced him. Farewell."

Paul to Seneca: —

"However satisfactory it may be to know that Cæsar is interested in our doctrines, I beg that you will not be dismayed, but simply put upon your guard, if, hereafter, he should become less friendly. You took, as I think, a very grave step in merely bringing to his notice a mode of worship so contrary to that in which he was brought up; for even if he does worship the gods of the Gentiles, I do not see why you should force the fact on his attention, — unless, indeed, you do it out of excessive attachment to me. For the future I beg you to desist. You must not allow your partiality for myself to compromise you with your master."

After this insult to the memory of the intrepid Apostle, the reader will perhaps feel that he has had enough. But let us run over rapidly the remaining numbers of this correspondence. They are few and short. Seneca replies with vague assurances that he will be more careful in future, and Paul then offers a sort of apology, in his turn, for having written with a freedom hardly consistent with the principles of humility inculcated by his own religion.

Then follow three letters from Seneca to Paul, of which the order of precedence has been much disputed, but it really makes very little difference which one we take first. Two of them are chiefly complimentary: one containing the passage quoted by St. Jerome about Paul's predominance in his own sect; the other expressing great admiration for the allegorical and interior sense to be detected in so many of the Apostle's writings, but also suggesting once again that he would do well to improve his style. The third letter of this group looks, at first sight, especially interesting. It begins with a profession of deep concern for Paul's personal safety, and a general exhortation, *à la mode stoïque*, to constancy in misfortune. It then alludes to extensive fires in Rome, for which it more than hints at Nero's own responsibility, and to the dangers encompassing the whole Christian community. Supposing the letter to be genuine, this could not refer to the great conflagration; for the details which follow concerning the amount of ground burned over and the number of dwellings destroyed are inconsistent with those given by the unimpeachable chroniclers of the time; and, moreover, the tenor of the letter implies that it was addressed to Paul *in Rome*, whereas the great fire occurred in 64, when we know he was not there.

The fourteenth and last letter of the correspondence purports to be from Paul to Seneca, and runs as follows: —

"There have been revealed to your meditative spirit such things as the Divinity has disclosed to few. I therefore sow good seed in a fertile field; speaking not in a material sense, of that which is corruptible, but of the stable word which cometh forth from God, who liveth and increaseth [!] forever. The fruit of your wisdom can never fail you, provided only you give no heed to the objections whether of Jews or Gentiles. A new career will be open to you as an author when you begin to set forth with the refinements

of rhetoric the irreproachable wisdom of Jesus Christ. It will be yours to recommend your new attainment to the king of the world, his friends and attendants; but their conversion will be no smooth nor easy task, for the greater part will resist arguments instinct with that vital essence of God's truth which bringeth forth a man freed from corruption, and a soul ever ready for the coming of the Lord.

"Farewell, my best beloved Seneca."

Such are the letters which were held by that one of the four great fathers of the church who was best versed in the pagan classics to give Seneca some claim to a place among the holy. One wonders how he could have thought so,— how he, of all men, should have failed to suspect an imposture. To us it seems as if no warm admirer of either correspondent could ever have wished to believe them genuine; and indeed St. Jerome's use of the present tense, *quæ leguntur a plurimis*,— which are (now) read by very many people,— appears in itself to point to the fact that they had been put forth as a recent discovery some time in the fourth century. St. Augustine uses almost precisely the same language; nor has it ever been customary to include the correspondence among the undisputed works either of the Apostle or the philosopher, except for that short period immediately succeeding the revival of learning, — from 1475, say, to 1550, when sacred and profane lore were so wildly and uncritically confounded, in the first glow of humanistic enthusiasm. Erasmus, indeed, who inserted the letters in his edition of the works of Seneca, printed at Bâle in 1529, clears himself conclusively, in his trenchant commentary, from the imputation of accepting them as genuine. He denounces them roundly as a forgery "both frigid and inept;" permits himself even to say that "the divine Hieronymus, who must have seen through the cheat, abused the credulity of the simple by according them such notice as he did;" explodes in righteous wrath at the *chétif* and shuffling figure which "the bravest of gospel warriors" is made to cut in these lines; and apologizes to the reader, at the end of his diatribe, for having said "*nimis multa de re nihili.*"

Modern Catholic writers, on the other hand, have usually rather yearned to establish the orthodoxy of Seneca. One does not quite see why; for, as Erasmus points out, he was surely a more striking moralist, and may be read with more profit, as a pagan than as a Christian. Amédée Fleury, who has consecrated two laborious volumes to the relations of this eminent pair, and who thinks that there have been two sets of spurious letters, and that the one which we possess is not even the same which was read by SS. Jerome and Augustine, sums up his own position by saying that he is by no means as fully convinced of any interchange of letters between Paul and Seneca as he is of the reality of their friendship; while that gloriously overbearing idealist, Count Joseph de Maistre, has seldom given himself a more delightful *démenti* than on this very subject: —

"'Do you believe,' the senator asks him, in the ninth of the Petersburg 'evenings,' 'in the Christianity of Seneca, and his epistolary correspondence with St. Paul?'

"'I should be very unwilling,' replies the count, 'to speak positively one way or the other, but I believe that there is a foundation of truth in both suppositions; *and I am just as sure that Seneca heard Paul preach as that you hear me at this moment.*'"

Considering that the senator was an imaginary interlocutor, this does not appear greatly to strengthen the case in favor of Seneca's Christian privileges.

Fifty years after De Maistre, and

fifteen or so after Fleury, Charles Aubertin, in his Étude sur les Rapports Supposés between St. Paul and Seneca, disposed with little ceremony of the theory of a second false correspondence, and, after an exceedingly minute and learned inquiry into the source of those expressions in the philosophical writings of Seneca which have been thought to savor most of Christian influence, announced it as his conclusion that if Seneca were a Christian, so were Cicero, Zeno, and the entire Porch; even Menander, in his New Comedy, might lay some claim to the title, and Plato was more Christian than they all.[1]

Paul left Rome in the year 63, not returning until 68, — whether voluntarily or under a second arrest we do not know, — to meet, in the serene spirit of the grand passage, "I am now ready to be offered," etc., the death of a Christian martyr. Seneca lived on for two years from the time of Paul's departure, in the semi-retirement which he courted ever after the death of Burrus. During this interval he composed the treatises De Otio, De Providentia, and the Quæstiones Naturales, a few tragedies, and also, it is thought, almost all of those Letters to Lucilius which contain a full exposition of his philosophy. The singular poverty of these last in personal details, or illustrations of the life of the time, will excite no wonder when we find how superciliously Seneca regarded the gossiping propensities of Cicero.

"I am never at a loss," he says, "for the wherewithal to fill my letters, without having recourse to such matters as abound in the epistles of Cicero, such as: who is going to stand for office; who trusts to his own powers, and who to another's; who expects to get the consulate through Cæsar's influence, and who through that of Pompey; what a skinflint Cæcilius is, and how his very relatives cannot get money from him at less than twelve per cent."

In 65, Nero, now perfectly enslaved to the whims of Poppæa, made use of the discovery of Piso's conspiracy to charge his old tutor with complicity in the plot, and so rid himself of a silent but none the less inconvenient censor. Seneca was respectfully permitted to be his own executioner, and to choose the manner of his death; and he followed the example of Thrasea, and so many more of the best Romans of that bitter epoch, in electing to open his veins in the presence of his weeping friends, and of the centurion who had been sent to him, probably in his villa on the Via Nomentana, a few miles from Rome, "to announce," as Tacitus says, "the last necessity." He died like a brave pagan, encouraging his attendants, and endeavoring to console his beloved wife Paulina, whom, with true consideration, he besought to leave the room, that she might not witness his lingering agony. As a pagan we find him honorable and admirable in his end; while the aphorisms which follow, and which are selected almost at random from his grave and sententious letters, may be read, as Erasmus says, with all the more profit, if we regard them as the independent utterances of unassisted pagan wisdom.

"All that we have, dear Lucilius, belongs to others. There is but one thing which is truly our own, and that is time."

"'T is not the man who has little that is poor, but he who desires to have more."

"There is a tricksy element even in misfortune. It may come; it may

[1] As a specimen of those "echoes" of Christianity which the enthusiastic supporters of the theory of Seneca's conversion have detected in his works, we may give the following. It is possible, he says, to avert danger from lightning by an appeal to the gods, "whom we ought always to implore to accord us good and *deliver us from evil*." The last clause has actually been cited as borrowed from the Lord's Prayer.

not. Meanwhile, let us hope for the best."

"Philosophy teaches us to act, not to talk."

"What is wisdom? It is always to choose the same thing, and always to refuse the same. And we need not even add the small proviso that the thing chosen be the right thing, for no one can, by any possibility, find a lasting pleasure in that which is not right."

"The pang which I can bear is light; that which I cannot bear is brief."

"My friend Demetrius says that a perfectly safe life, and one exempt from all reverses, would be a Dead Sea."

"Leisure without letters is death; or, rather, it is being buried alive."

"What am I to do? Life flies from me, and death pursues. Is there no remedy? Yes. If I do not fly from death, life will not fly from me."

"I enjoy life because I am ready to leave it."

"Long time we have been scattering. Now, surely, in our old age, we may begin without reproach to gather in. We have lived at sea; let us die in port."

"That death which we so dread and shun interrupts life, does not destroy it. A day is coming which will restore us to the light."

*Harriet Waters Preston.*
*Louise Dodge.*

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## NOTES FROM THE WILD GARDEN.

I.

THE latest word in botany will have it that flowers are but modified leaves; that their colors, markings, and even honey-sweets are but so many lures to obtain the service of insects as pollen distributers. Be it so. Still unimpaired is the lovely mystery of flowers. Their household economies the poet will not despise, their diplomacies towards the insect world the poet will not arraign. Their value to the imagination and the heart is not lessened, that they know and pursue their own affairs unaware of our delectation. Recently a lady told me of her wonder, and how she of her "wonder made religion," in finding among the grass of a city park a flower so small (speedwell?) that its perfect symmetry and purple pansy-like beauty were fully revealed only by the microscope. The sum of her wonder seemed to be: What was this flower doing there in the grass, invisible, or so minute as to contribute nothing to the human observer at large? What *was* it doing? Leading its own life, a world of pleasure and enterprise within itself; *incidentally* a joy to the chance discoverer.

The last time I saw our earliest and commonest of violets blooming in the grass, its flowers were touched with a strange ethereality, to my eye suggesting so many gleams of purple light shot from a prism into the more earthly and opaque greenness of the surrounding grass. Contemplation of this appearance (subjective and of mood as it may have been) caught back a subtle half memory, half-visionary effect, treasured, doubtless, in farthest childhood: a plot of tender April grass, seen as through a moist depth of various colors, — ineffable blue, violet, mauve, and green, — such as would have been produced had a rainbow been wrecked, and there poured out in aerial liquid suffusion! Violets amid the grass, and all blended in a spring rain, may have been the genesis of this dream-memory. Indeed, if there is any flower dear to Mnemosyne and suitable for her emblem, the violet would

plead to be her first choice. So much, at least, did my seasonable thoughts unconsciously turn in its direction, one springtime when I was a city dweller, that, in walking by a dear ragged purlieu of Washington Square, where the plantain had been allowed to grow, and where its broad leaves caught bluish half lights under the shadowing trees, I seemed to see an indefinite bloom of violets in the mass; yet there were no violets save those of fancy's wistful cultivation.

Is it merely through association that the flowers of the young year affect us as being childlike? Does not this impression arise rather from their delicacy of coloring, their fragility and evanescence? They are the flowers, too, that are especially dear to childhood. Year by year their little lovers come with full hands bringing them from their chosen places. The generations of children change, but these vernal blossoms might be the selfsame ones that appealed to our own lost childhood. Yet the glad juvenescence of wood and field, and the return of these juvenile flowers, give us who are far gone in the prose of our unrelenting years a sense of something miraculous and even anachronistic in nature. Two poets, in opposite mood, drop a word of testimony regarding the ministration which the natural world, through the medium of reminiscence, offers to the heart of man: —

"He did not stir
His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small pulse
Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days."

So might comfort have reached the shepherd Endymion, had he but lifted his eyes from that "hazel cirque of shedded leaves" whereon they dwelt. But nature volunteers no such anæsthetic through memory, if we listen to the witness embodied in these lines: —

"I touch this flower of silken leaf
That once my childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew."

Very lately, borne rapidly past a rich woodland, as I looked from the car window I beheld along the fence border and ditches a waving and fleeting mosaic of bloom. By sympathetic intuition, rather than of visual certainty, I knew the component parts of that mosaic, — sea-shell tints of the anemone and cress, violets white and blue, pale mystical azure of the wild phlox, wan purple-pink of cranesbill, — all so many flakes of fading memory and elusive sentiment. It was enough to know that they were faithful to their trysting places and hours. I did not wish to stand among those darlings of the spring, or to take them in my hands, being so sure that each had acquired the poignant magic of the "flower of silken leaf." I cannot learn that the flowers of the riper season make a like pathetic appeal, though a fellow-rambler testifies that the hillside goldenrod, in the long series of autumns, has come to seem the reflected sunshine of years far past, and that all places under its sway are invested with a kind of luminous melancholy. So the language of this flower interpreted might be "the-pleasure-of-being-sad."

Every flower has its day, when it sits in state in the fields and receives the homage of the heedful and patient courtier. It may be but a brief day, and the small flower sovereign may be attended by no great pomp and circumstance; but for the time being no congener disputes its right to the favors of our eye. There is one minim of June time when even so insignificant a blossom as the sorrel lords it in dry upland meadows, during which time its burnt-sienna flame asserts itself over the snow of the daisies and the rosy purple of the clover. I shall not forget how, one summer morning, as I went through the fields, among other various and more

conspicuous blooms the small vivid star of the blue-eyed grass, for its multiplied numbers, held ascendency in the flowery perspective. Besides, it is to be noticed that each year, in any given spot, nature insists upon some special bloom which in another season would have a qualitative rather than a quantitative value. Sometimes the zeal and partiality of the rambler's eye for a particular plant will lead to the idea that the plant is ubiquitous and abundant above other growths of the place and season. Of one autumn's apparent extravagance in "purple grasses" Thoreau observes: "I may say that I never saw them before, though, when I came to look them face to face, there did come down to me a purple gleam from previous years. Now, wherever I go, I see hardly anything else." To me it happened, after bringing home from a distance roots of the flower by some called innocence, by others bluets, that I found it less than a mile away, in a thriftless poor pasture, blooming in such grasslike luxuriance there was no standing-room left in the whole field for any other flowering stalk. A word in praise of the trooping legions of

INNOCENCE.

Sweetly their rugged lot they can endure,
The bright-eyed, thankful children of the poor.

Other days brought other flowers, which, as they also demanded recognition from their lover, accordingly received some brief ascription.

COLUMBINE.

Along the airy ledge they start in line,
Gay scarlet buglers of the columbine.

CLEMATIS.

Through thickets and by banks the Beauty runs,
And flings her snow-wreaths to midsummer suns.

MILKWEED (SUMMER).

These coral horns hold milk of Paradise,
Yet will detain poor gauze-wings in a vise!

SILKWEED (AUTUMN).

The silkweed's brood still perch about the stem,
Until the west wind comes and fledges them.

HAY.

'T is winter's keepsake from the summer day;
The garner's sachet of sweet-scented hay.

In popular acceptation, the soul of the flower resides in its perfume. But certain loveliest flower-souls sometimes exercise singular repellences for individuals of the human family. There have been those, even, who could not endure the fragrance of the rose. To my knowledge, one observer finds in the scent of lilacs an unpleasant reminder of the odor of escaping gas. Another makes no distinction between the breath of mignonette and the smell of fresh corn meal. To me the scent of the thistle is identical with that of the bumble-bee sprawling luxuriously among its purple filaments; and the first time the delicate, feathery flowers of the beach plum were brought me, surely their odor was the same I had noted in downy chicks and nestling birds!

Beside the gratification which flowers provide for the sense of sight and the sense of smell, there is another and quite distinct pleasure, — that which is conveyed in the contact of a flower; as in a subtle spray of lilacs brushing against your face, the dabbling touches of the snowball, the tender coolness of apple blossoms dashed with rain, the refined sleekness of the lily, which gave an old-time poet countenance in describing his lady's hand: so smooth, so white, so soft it was, "as it had worn a lily for a glove." Further tactile differentiation is to be found in the warm, vital, and airy touch of the rose (so unlike the quality of the lily petal), in the viscid sultriness of the poppy and the petunia, in the tissuey thinness and dryness of the larkspur blossom.

If flowers might but speak, — as the intent and listening looks of certain

flowers almost suggest they might, — or if one might but speak to a flower, calling it by name, and it would recognize the voice, like a pet bird, how such a touch of conscious intelligence would further endear the precious vanishers! Yet I sympathize with the lady who told me that she left a metropolitan orchid show somewhat abruptly because too closely followed by the elfin eyes and mischievous innuendoes of these curious lovely exotics. Nor is it difficult to understand the haunted feeling of reproach experienced by my little neighbor, a child who had stolen some roguish pansies, and who was heard to cry out as she threw them away, "There! will you stop calling me 'thief'?" Some plants are born sorcerers, and require no Medea to release their potencies. Such, to my fancy, is the bloodroot, with its innocent-faced milk-white blossom and its red-bleeding root. Such is the Indian pipe (*monotropa*), ever a moonlight spirit, with not a drop of green blood in its veins. Also of this necromantic order is the mandrake, and I have spent many a fascinated quarter of an hour over a woodside knoll where this plant appeared in all stages of vernal development: first, pale green waxen cones just pushing through the mould; next, with the appearing of the round flower-bud, little musing acolytes, with bowed shaven heads and mantles drawn tightly over their shoulders; and last, the deeply notched leaf now loosened from the stem about which it had been folded, diminutive mandarins, with their umbrellas half or fully spread to the warm sun. I have, however, at times known the most familiar, homely, and serviceable plants to exercise spells of the enchanter. One summer, having my study in an old house through whose broken window entered a weak, pallid, yard-long spray of grapevine, it seemed to me, as I sat by my little table at work, that this branch strove with all its feeble powers to reach me and petition for support. I even fancied a slight oscillation moved it (when there was no stir of the air), and that if I would patiently hold out to it my little finger the vine-branch might in a few hours clasp it with grateful tendrils. Had it done so, who knows whether its spell might ever have been reversed, and I released from durance?

II.

How certain plants, affording as they do a link between regions widely separated, take the fancy voyaging to distant lands! Inevitably, one standing among ranks of luxuriant fern is flattered into a vision of tropic palm groves. When I learned that a variety of beach pea common along the margins of the Great Lakes thrived also in the more ancient sea sands, my interest in the little straggler was very greatly enhanced, for it seemed eloquent with the tales of a traveler. After reading Dr. Kane's account of meeting in north Greenland the "white star of the chickweed," I could not but pay homage to Stellaria when I again saw its blossom in our cold fields, drowsily peeping out at the uncertain sun on a late autumn day. Scandinavia and Odin sent runic messages in the sighings of a grove of seacoast pines; or they appeared to me as so many bearded Charons, *jam senior*, yet green with the immortal youth of the gods, as they stood stanchly together, clothed along their stems with fluttering thready mosses.

Coming from the midland and its usually ranker growth of plants common to the interior and the coast, and observing that such plants, though dwarfed as they approached the sea, had there a tougher fibre, I was impressed that their flower-tints were of a deeper dye and that their fragrance was increased. This impression may be due merely to the mind's impulse to ascribe equivalence, — deeper color for less luxuriant growth; yet it has been asserted that the flowers

met along the path in the ascent of mountains are ever smaller and brighter with the increase of altitude. May not exposure to the rigor of sea winds produce relative effects similar to those resulting from increased altitude?

It was once a besetting temptation (which, however, was resisted) to traffic in a novel way between the tame and the wild garden; not merely to bring home wood and field plants to naturalize with familiar horticultural citizens, but to open the garden gate and call to the home-staying ones to follow me out into the waste places. I did not desire to sow tares in my neighbor's wheat, but I should have been glad to prove whether the poppy of the English cornfields would flourish under the American Ceres. It would have been so easy to blow a little papaverous dust here and there over the emerald plain, and to ascribe the next year's crimson riot to the pranks of the Wild Sower. I did not do this; but I continued to dream of lily-of-the-valley plots, oases of daffodils, and troops of larkspur, which, through a little vagrant and eccentric industry, might arise in unusual places, to the mystery and delight of rambling children, and perhaps to the confusion of amateur botanists.

In botanical descriptions, certain plants not actually indigenous, but gradually becoming wayside and field acquisitions, are designated "Escaped from gardens." I venture upon a parody, "Escaped from the wild garden," and under this designation select and bring together from the notebook of several summers sundry specimens from the wild garden of my rambles, — this free tract one way touching the fresh lips of Erie, and another way running down to meet the salt kisses of the Atlantic. If, in this gathering, a certain grotesquery in flowers, rather than their loveliness, seems to be given emphasis, I can only say that, beside those flowers first notable for their beauty, there are others more conspicuously suggesting pathos, dignity or flippancy of character, shyness, audacity, hauteur, curiosity, humility, and vainglory. Why not also amiable loquacity and lively comradery? Most of the flowers I met in the wild garden were willing to talk to me, or at least to allow me to record the communications that passed among themselves, conveyed by such pantomime and subtle intimations as only flowers know how to use, and sometimes, indeed, by mere facial expression. First in my notebook I find this souvenir of a wild violet, perhaps more common in Ohio than elsewhere; I believe the botanies call it *Viola rostrata*, but I called it

THE WORRIED VIOLET.

By woodside ways, in moist green nooks,
A small pale violet keeps its place;
Three lines are in its tender face, —
How careworn and how sad it looks!

While every other violet
Blooms lightly in the shade or sun,
What trouble clouds this little one,
What sorrow it cannot forget?

Some leaves of the book being turned, and some seasons come and gone, I find myself taking the testimony of a curious floral albino, whose descendants may be this very summer blooming where I found it, along the sea road leading from New London town.

A WHITE THISTLE.

The snowy thistle, sole in all the land,
Thorn-lodged, sat musing of her lonely fate:
"I cannot understand —
Since purple pomp and show
And empery I forego —
Why still I wear the badge of cruel state.
Yet, ah, too well I know
That, if my flower of snow
Might win a gentle love,
It cannot be denied
The hand that would caress must wear a glove,
I am so panoplied with arms of feudal pride!"

It was in this very neighborhood of the white thistle that a famous contest was witnessed between the goddess Feronia and one who had no love for the wild

garden. This contest, I am glad to say, resulted in

THE RESURRECTION OF THE WILD ROSES.

There was a garden of the Lord
Within the old Sea's watch and ward.
It was a blissful dimpled ground,
With morning-colored roses crowned.
The angel Dew did wait on them,
And nightly bathed both leaf and stem;
Warm spices Uriel mingled up
To make the rapture in their cup;
And subtle Air did through them glide,
And drew their spirits when they died.

There came a churl, who saw them not,
But in their stead a dapper plot
With lawn and garden-row precise.
He groped about my Paradise;
He reached his dark and crooked hand,
With flame and harrow scourged the land.
Like Proserpine, the roses fled,
Awhile to dwell among the dead;
Like Proserpine, they could not stay.
Forever closed from airy day;
For when another season came,
Up leaped the roses' living flame.
So all that fire could do was this,—
Deepen their blushes with its kiss;
And what was meant for killing heat
Made them more passionate and sweet.

On the other hand, Cultivation, once smiled upon by the Lares and Penates, holds its own, how tenaciously, how lovingly! I did not have to go far for an illustration of this truth, for I found it in the green and living text that encircled an empty and decaying farm-house, whose hollow window-eyes looked unspeakable desolation.

THE OLD GARDEN.

These still remember, though they are forgot!
The pensile lilacs still their favors throw;
Some star of lilies, plenteous long ago,
Waits on the summer dusk, and faileth not;
The legions of the grass in vain would blot
The spicy box that marks the garden row.
Let but the ground some human tendance know,
It long remaineth an engentled spot.

Nor is it otherwise in that still place
The pleasance of thine heart, where thy loves grew.
Not wholly the rank years despoil its grace;
Strong roots shall evermore some flower renew;
Such constancy to thee did fate allot
The wild shall not reclaim the gardened plot!

Any rambler who has observed the still writhings of a Laocoön group of plants entwined by a certain wily serpent of the fields will justify the moral of the subjoined fable.

DODDER.

A PROTEST FROM MANY CITIZENS OF THE WILD GARDEN.

The bitter goldthread, day by day,
Resistless keeps its stealthy way
By thicket, bank, or crumbling wall;
The bitter goldthread binds us all.

Within its path may none go free,
It marries low with high degree;
Or if it climb, or if it fall,
The bitter goldthread binds us all.

Such hatred with forced union goes,
Whoso it ties wax sullen foes,
And honeyed peace is changed to gall;
The bitter goldthread binds us all!

From a swamp in Cotuit (Cape Cod) came the truculent creature — plant though it be — whose unsparing reprisal I knew not how to meet; but listen!

THE SUNDEW SPEAKS.

A prying creature bore me from my place,
Me much admired, but started back apace
When one who trimmed a *hortus siccus* said,
"Observe how this same tender plant is fed."

For when some few trapped midges were espied,
Straightway my ruddy filaments were dyed
As rank on rank of sanguinary spears, —
Hypocrisy lurked in my jeweled tears!

And why, forsooth, my table do you chide?
No vegetarian you, flesh food denied,
Who now call down with lead the wingèd kind,
Now bid the field, the stream, your diet find!

Moreover (still the Sundew urged the case),
It were but fair the chased at length gave chase,
And, since so long my compeers have fed flesh,
Some plant should tangle *yours* in cunning mesh!

WHITE AZALEAS IN THE WINDOW.

Silent evangels of pure joy and peace,
Soft-lipped, elysium-breathing, take ye lease
Of mortal language for a moment's space,
To tell me of your blessed birth and race;
Broach the still melody that waketh when
Those lute-strings white (your gold-tipped stamens ten)
Tremble to dimness, as the evening wind
Tenderly wooes you through the half-shut blind.

*Azalea?* Nay, ye own no earthly name:
From Paradise, from Paradise ye came,—
Such as the martyr-maid sent back to Rome,
To speak of heav'n and her sweet coming home!
So dear a pleading that the pagan knight
Who slew her turned his soul toward light.

Wild indeed are those we call wild flowers, utterly refusing to let us bring them away from their haunts alive. Most true is this of the wood flowers, that most palely resent the touch of the hand. Their generic name might well be

ELUSION.

This is the trillium flower that grew in the twilight glade:
White is the chalice thereof, faint touched with the violet's shade.

Thou findest no flaw, no lack, — the form of beauty possessed,—
But I, since I bring not its spirit, but lightly esteem the poor rest;
For I saw the soul of the flower as out through the petals it flew,
There in the twilight of leaves when the stem was broken in two!

But most elusive of all was the flower I espied, hastily coming through the ivory gate. Within I learned its name only, but since I have ventured upon its interpretation.

HONEYTROPE.

The bee from the hive, and the lone wild bee,
And the bee from the cave of the blasted tree,
And the leaf-winged moth, and the butterfly
Whose wings are flecked with the blue of the sky,
I met all going one way together.
"What taketh you forth in the cool spring weather,
And what will you earn for your morning labor?"
"Honeytrope, neighbor,
Honeytrope, —
Honeytrope there on the slope!"

I laughed them to scorn, for I deemed that I knew
No flower with this name on earth ever grew;
But they all hurried on in despite of me, —
The butterfly, moth, the notable bee;
And I followed, and came to a hillside sunny, —
'T was swimming in purple, 't was dripping with honey;
And, humming, they fell to their morning labor;
"Honeytrope, neighbor,
Honeytrope, —
Honeytrope, otherwise Hope!"

*Edith M. Thomas.*

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## TWO LITTLE DRUMMERS.

LAST summer I made the acquaintance of an outlaw; an unfortunate fellow-creature under the ban of condemnation, burdened with an opprobrious name, and by general consent given over to the tender mercies of any vagabond who chooses to torture him or take his life. One would naturally sympathize with the "under dog," but when, instead of one of his peers as opponent, a poor little fellow, eight inches long, has arrayed against him the whole human race, with all its devices for catching and killing, his chances for life and the pursuit of happiness are so small that any lover of justice must be roused to his defense, if defense be possible.

The individual of whom I speak is,

properly, the yellow-bellied woodpecker, though he is more commonly known as the sap-sucker, in some places the squealing sap-sucker; and I hailed with joy his presence in a certain protected bit of woods, a little paradise for birds and bird lovers, where, if anywhere, he could be studied. There is some propriety in applying to him the strange epithet "squealing," I must allow, for the bird has a peculiar voice, nasal enough for the conventional Brother Jonathan; but "sap-sucker" is, in the opinion of many who have studied his ways, undeserved. Dr. Merriam, even while admitting that the birds do taste the sap, says positively, "It is my firm belief that their chief object in making these holes is to secure the insects which gather about them."

My introduction to the subject of my study took place just after sundown on a beautiful June evening. We were riding up from the railway station, three miles away. The horses had climbed to the top of the last hill, and trotted gayly through a belt of fragrant woods which reached like an arm around from the forest behind, as if lovingly inclosing the attractive scene, — a pleasant, old-fashioned homestead, with ample lawn sloping down toward the valley we had left, and looking away over low hills to the apparently unbroken forests of the Adirondacks.

At this moment there arose a loud, strange cry, of distress it seemed, and I turned hastily to see a black and white bird, with bright red crown and throat, bounding straight up the trunk of an elm-tree, throwing back his head at every jerk with a comical suggestion of Jack's "Hitchety! hatchety! up I go!" as he joyously mounted his beanstalk, in the old nursery story. There was surely nothing amiss with this little fellow, and, knowing almost nothing of the

> "Greys, whites, and reds,
> Of pranked woodpeckers that ne'er gossip out,
> But always tap at doors and gad about,"

I eagerly demanded his name, and was delighted to hear in answer, "The sap-sucker." I was delighted because I hoped to see for myself whether the bird merited the offensive name bestowed upon him, or was the victim of hasty generalization from careless observation or insufficient data, like others of his race. The close investigations of scientific men have reversed many popular decisions. They have proved the crow to be the farmer's friend, most of the hawks and owls to be laborers in his interest, the kingbird to fare almost entirely upon destructive insects rather than bees, and other birds to be more sinned against than sinning.

The first thing noted was the sap-sucker's peculiar food-seeking habit. One bird made the lawn a daily haunt, and we, nearly living on the veranda, saw him before us at all hours, from dawn to dusk, and thus had the best possible chance to catch him in mischief, if to mischief he inclined. He generally made his appearance flying in bounding, wavelike fashion, uttering his loud mournful cry, which, though an apparent wail, was evidently not inspired by sadness. Alighting near the foot of a tree trunk, with many repetitions of his complaining note, he gayly bobbed his way up the bark highway as if it were a ladder. When he reached the branches, he flew to another tree. This bird's custom of delivering his striking call as he approached and mounted a tree not far from his "food tree" may be a newly acquired habit; for Dr. Merriam, who observed this species ten years ago on the same place, says that he "never heard a note of any description from them, either while in the neighborhood of these trees, or in flying to and fro between them and the forests." On his own trees the sap-sucker was not in such haste, but lingered about the prepared rings, evidently taking his pick of the insects attracted there.

The array of traps prepared for the woodpecker's use was most curious, and readily explained how he came by his name. The clever little workman had selected for his purpose two trees. One was a large elm, and around its trunk, about fifteen feet from the ground, he had laboriously cut with his sharp beak several rings of cups. These receptacles were somewhat less than half an inch in diameter, and nearly their own width apart, and the rings encircled the trunk as regularly as though laid out with mechanical instruments. His second depot of supplies was one of a close group of mountain ashes, which seemed to spring from one root, and were thickly shaded by leaves to the ground. The elm would naturally attract the high-flying insects, and the ash those which stay nearer the earth, though I do not presume to say that was the bird's intention in so arranging them. The mountain-ash trunk was perforated in a different way from the elm, the holes being in lines up and down, and the whole trunk covered five or six feet above the root. These places were not at all moist or sticky on the several occasions when I examined them, and both trees were in a flourishing condition.

The habit of the author of this elaborate arrangement was to fly from one tree to the other almost constantly. It appeared to lookers-on that he visited the traps on one and secured whatever was caught or lingered there, then went to the other for the same purpose; thus allowing insects a chance to settle on each while he was absent. At almost any hour of the day he could be found vigorously carrying on his insect hunt in this singular fashion.

It was too late in the season to see the sap-sucker in his most frolicsome humor, although occasionally we met in the woods two of them in a lively mood, eagerly discussing in garrulous tones their own private affairs, or chasing each other with droll, taunting cries, some of which resembled the boy's yell, "oy-ee," but others defied description. During courtship, observes Dr. Merriam, they are inexpressibly comical, with queer rollicking ways and eccentric pranks, making the woods ring with their extraordinary voices. At this time — early in June — the season of woodpecker wooing was past. Each little couple had built a castle in the air, and set up a household of its own, somewhere in the woods surrounding the house.

The two storehouses on the lawn seemed to belong to one family, whose labor alone had prepared them; certainly they were the property of the sap-suckers. But the bird world, like the human, has its spoilers. A frequent visitor to the elm, on poaching bent, was a humming-bird, who treated the beguiling cups like so many flowers, hovering lightly before them, and testing one after another in regular order. The owner naturally objected, and if present flew at the dainty robber; but the elusive birdling simply moved to another place, not in the least awed by his comparatively clumsy assailant. Large flies, perhaps bees also, buzzed around the tempting bait, and doubtless many paid with their lives for their folly.

The most unexpected plunderer of the sap-sucker stores was a gray squirrel, who lay spread out flat against the trunk as though glued there, body, arms, legs, and even tail, with head down and closely pressed against the bark. I cannot positively affirm that he was sucking the sap or feeding upon the insects attracted to it, but it is a fact that his mouth rested exactly over one of the rings of holes; and his position seemed very satisfactory, for some reason, for he hung there motionless so long that I began to fear he was dead. All these petty pilferers may possibly have regarded the treasure as nature's own provision, like the flowers, but one visitor to his neighbor's

magazine certainly knew better. This was the brilliant cousin of the sap-sucker, the red-headed woodpecker, whose vagaries I shall speak of a little later.

Nothing about the tri-colored family is more interesting than its habit of drumming.

> "The ceaseless rap
> Of the yellow-hammer's tap,
> Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip.
> 'T is the merry pitter-patter
> Of the yellow-hammer's tap."

Whether or not it is mere play is perhaps yet an open question. The drumming of the sap-sucker, one of the most common sounds of the woods and lawn, seemed sometimes simply for amusement, but again it appeared exceedingly like a signal. A bird frequently settled himself in plain sight of us, on one of the trespass notices in the woods, and spent several minutes in that occupation, changing his place now and then, and thus producing different sounds, whether with that intention or not. Now he would tap on top of the board, again down one side, and then on a corner, but always on the edge. Nor was it a regular and monotonous rapping; it was curiously varied. One performance that I carefully noted down at the moment reminded me of the click of a telegraph instrument. It was "rat-tat-tat-t-t-t - t - rat - tat," — the first three notes rather quick and sharp, the next four very rapid, and the last two quite slow. After tapping, the bird always seemed to listen. Often while I was watching one at his hammering, a signal of the same sort would come from a distance. Sometimes my bird replied; sometimes he instantly flew in the direction from which it came. Around the house the woodpeckers selected particular spots to use as drums, generally a bit of tin on a roof, or an eave-gutter of the same metal. A favorite place was the hindquarters of a gorgeous gilded deer that swung with the wind on the roof of the barn.

So closely were they watched that the sap-suckers themselves were like old acquaintances before the babes in the woods began to make themselves heard. No sooner had these little folk found their voices than they made the woods fairly echo. Cry-babies in feathers I thought I knew before, but the young woodpecker outdoes anything in my experience. No wonder the woodpecker mamma sets up her nursery out of the reach of prowlers of all sorts; so loud and so persistent are the demands of her nestlings that they would not be safe an hour, if they could be got at. The tone, too, must always arrest attention, for it is of the nasal quality I have mentioned. The first baby whisper, hardly heard at the foot of the tree, has a squeaky twang, which strengthens with the infant's strength, and the grown-up murmurs of love and screams of war are of the same order.

It was during the nest-feeding days that we discovered most of the sap-sucker homesteads; for, having many nests nearer our own level to study, we never sought them, and noticed them only when the baby voices attracted our attention. The home that apparently belonged to our bird of the lawn was beautifully placed in a beech-tree heavy with foliage. At first we thought the owner an eccentric personage, who had violated all sap-sucker traditions by building in a living tree; but, on looking closely, it was evident that the top of the tree had been blown off, and from that break the trunk was dead two or three feet down. In that part was the opening, and the foliage that nearly hid it grew on the large branches below. Most of the nests, however, were in the customary dead trunks, on which we could gently rap, and bring out whoever was at home to answer our call.

Young woodpeckers are somewhat precocious; or, to speak more correctly, they stay in the nest till almost mature. We see in this family no half-

fledged youngster wandering aimlessly about, unable to fly or to help itself, a sight very common among the feathered folk whose homes are nearer the ground. One morning, a young bird, not yet familiar with the mysteries of the world about him, flew into the open window of a room in the house, and for an hour we had a fine opportunity to study him near at hand. The moment he entered he went to the cornice, and although he flew around freely, he did not descend so low as the top of the window, wide open for his benefit. He was not in the least afraid or embarrassed by his staring audience, nor did he beat himself against the wall and the furniture, as would many birds in his position; in fact, he showed unusual self-possession and self-reliance. He was exceedingly curious about his surroundings: tapped the wall, tested the top of picture frames, drummed on the curtain cornice, and closely examined the ceiling. He was beautifully dressed in soft gray all mottled and spotted and barred with white, but he had not as yet put on the red cap of his fathers. While we watched him, he heard outside a sap-sucker cry, to which he listened eagerly; then he drummed quite vigorously on the cornice, as if in reply. It was not till he must have been very hungry that he blundered out of the window, as he had doubtless blundered in.

The beauty of the drumming family, at least in that part of the country, is the red-headed woodpecker, which it happened I did not know. The first time I saw one, he was out for an airing with his mate, one lovely evening in June. The pair were scrambling about, as if in play, on the trunk of a tall maple-tree across the lane. They did not welcome our visit, nor our perhaps rather rude way of gazing at them; for one flew away, and the other perched on the topmost dead branch of a tree a little farther off, and proceeded to express his mind by a scolding "kr-r-r," accompanied by violent bows toward us. Finding his demonstration unavailing, he soon followed his mate, and weeks passed before we saw him again, although we often walked down the lane with the hope of doing so.

One beautiful morning, after the hay had been cut from the meadow, and all the hidden nests we had looked at and longed for while grass was growing were opened to us, I had taken my comfortable folding-chair to a specially delightful nook between a clump of evergreens, which screened it from the house, and a row of maples, elms, and other trees, much frequented by birds. Close before me was a beautiful hawthorn-tree, in which a pair of kingbirds had long ago built their nest. On one side I could look over to an impenetrable, somewhat swampy thicket, where song sparrows and indigo birds nested; on the other, past the picturesque old-fashioned arbor, half buried under vines and untrimmed trees, far down the pretty carriage-drive between young elms and flowering shrubs, where the bobolink had raised her brood, and the meadow lark had chanted his vesper hymn for us all through June. Many winged strangers came to feast on the treasures uncovered by the hay-cutter, and then the shy red-head showed himself on our grounds. To my surprise, he was searching the freshly cut stubble not at all like a woodpecker, but hobbling about most awkwardly, half flying, half hopping, seeking some delectable morsel, which, when found, he carried to the side of a tree trunk, thrust into a crack, and ate at his leisure. The object I saw him treat in this way was as large as a bee, and he was some time in disposing of it, even after it was anchored in the crack. Then, observing that, although a long way off, I was interested in his doings, he slipped around behind the trunk, and peered at me first from one side, then in an instant from the other.

The next performance with which

this bird entertained me was poaching upon his cousin's preserves. Sitting one evening on the veranda, looking over the meadow, I heard his low "kr-r-r," and saw him alight upon the sap-sucker's elm. Whether he stumbled upon the feast or went with malice aforethought, he was not slow to appreciate the charms of his position. It may have been the nectar from the tree, or the minute victims of its attractions, — I could not tell which, — but something pleased him, for he devoted himself to the task of exploring the tiny cups his industrious relative had carved, driving away one of the younger members of the family already in possession. The young bird could not refuse to go before the big beak and determined manner of the stranger, but he did refuse to stay away; and every time he was ousted he returned to the tree, though he settled on a different place. Before the red-head had shown any signs of exhausting his find, the sap-sucker himself appeared, and at once fell upon his bigger cousin with savage cries. Disturbed so rudely from his pleasing occupation, the intruder retired before the attack, though he protested vigorously; and so great was the fascination of the spot that he returned again and again, every time to go through the same process of being driven away.

The raspberry hedge before my windows was the decoy that gave me my best chance to study the red-headed woodpecker. Day after day, as the berries ripened, I watched the dwellers of wood and meadow drawn to the rich feast, and at last, one morning, to my great joy, I saw the interesting drummer alight on a post overlooking the loaded vines. He plainly felt himself a stranger, and not certain of his reception by the residents of the neighborhood, for he crouched close to the fence, and looked warily about on every side. He had been there but a few moments when a robin, self-constituted dictator of that particular corner of the premises, came down a few feet from him, as if to inquire his business. The woodpecker acknowledged the courtesy by drawing himself up very straight and bowing. The bow impressed, not to say awed, the native bird. He stood staring blankly, till the new-comer proclaimed his errand by dropping into the bushes, helping himself to a berry, and returning to the fence to dispose of his plunder. This was too much; the outraged redbreast dashed suddenly over the head of the impertinent visitor, almost touching it as he passed. The woodpecker kept his ground in spite of this demonstration, and I learned how a bird accustomed to rest, and even to work, hanging to the trunk of a tree would manage to pluck and eat fruit from a bush. He first sidled along the top of the board fence, looking down, till he had selected his berry. Then he half dropped, half flew, into the bushes, and sometimes seized the ripe morsel instantly, without alighting, but generally hung, back down, on a stalk which bent and swayed with his weight, while he deliberately gathered the fruit. He then returned to the fence, laid his prize down, and pecked it apart, making three or four bites of it. After some practice he learned to swallow a berry whole, though it often required three or four attempts, and seemed almost more than he could manage. When he had accomplished this feat, he sat with his head drawn down into his shoulders, as though he found himself uncomfortably stuffed. Having eaten two or three raspberries, our distinguished visitor always picked another, with which he flew away, — doubtless for the babies growing up in some dead tree across the lane.

The little difficulty with the robin was easily settled by the stranger. Somewhat later in that first day, he took his revenge for the insulting dash over him by turning the tables and sweeping over the lofty head of the

astonished robin, who ducked ingloriously, in his surprise, and called out, "Tut! tut!" as who should say, "Can such things be?" After that Master Bobby undertook a closer surveillance of that highway the fence, and might be seen at all hours perched on the tall gatepost, looking out for callers in brilliant array, or running along its whole length to see that no wily woodpecker was hiding in the bushes. He could not be on guard every moment, for his nursery up under the eaves of the barn was full of clamorous babies, and he was obliged to give some attention to them; but the red-head was not afraid of him, and, finding the fruit to his taste, he soon became a daily guest.

Sometimes the spouse of the gay little fellow came also. She was always greeted by a low-whispered "kr-r-r," and the husky-toned conversation between the two was kept up so long as both were there. Now, too, as the male began to feel at home, I saw more of his odd ways. His attitudes were especially comical. Sometimes he clung to the edge of the top board, his tail pressed against it, his wings drooped and spread a little, exposing his whole back, and thus remained for perhaps ten minutes. Again he flattened himself out on top of a post for a sun bath. He sprawled and spread himself, every feather standing independent of its neighbor, till he looked as if he had been smashed flat, and more like some of the feather monstrosities with which milliners disfigure their hats than a living bird.

Another curious habit of my versatile guest was his fly-catching. It is already notorious that the golden-wing is giving up the profession of woodpecker and becoming a ground bird; it is equally patent to one who observes him that the red-head is learning the trade of fly-catching. Frequently, during the weeks that I had him under observation, I saw him fly up in the air and return to the fence, exactly like the kingbird.

All the time I had been making this pleasing acquaintance I had longed in vain to find the red-head's nest. It was probably in the pasture in which we had first met him, where the somewhat spirited cattle in possession prevented my explorations. I hoped at least to see his young family; but July days passed away, and though the bonny couple spent much time among the raspberries, they always carried off the nestlings' share.

In the very last hours of my stay, after trunks were packed, fate relented, and I spent nearly the whole day studying the "tricks and manners" of a red-headed baby. I had returned from my last morning's walk in the woods, and was seated by my window, thinking half sadly that my summer was ended, when I saw the woodpecker come to the raspberries, gather one, and fly away with it. Instead, however, of heading, as usual, for the woods across the pasture, he alighted on a fence near by. A small dark head rose above the edge of a board, opened a bill, and received the berry in it. Instantly I turned my glass upon that meek-looking head. So soon as the old bird disappeared the young one came up in sight, and in a few moments flew over to the nearer fence, beside the bushes. Then one of the parents returned, fed him two or three times, apparently to show him that berries grew on bushes, and not in the beak, and then departed with an air that said, "There, my son, are the berries; help yourself!"

Left now to his own devices, the little woodpecker was my study for hours. He was like his parents, except that he was gray where they were red, and the white on the wings was barred off with a dark color which on theirs did not appear. Like young creatures the world over, he at once began to amuse himself, working at a hole in the top of a post, digging into it vehemently,

and at last, after violent effort, bringing out a stick nearly as long as himself. This he brandished about as a child flourishes a whip, and presently laid it down, worried it, flung it about, and had a rare frolic with it. Tiring of that, he closely examined the fence, going over it inch by inch, and pecking every mark and stain on it. When startled by a bird flying over or alighting near him, he sprang back instantly, slipped over behind the fence or post, and hung on by his claws, leaving only his head in sight. He was a true woodpecker in his manners; bowing to strangers who appeared, driving away one of his sap-sucker cousins who came about, and keeping up a low cry of "kr-r-r" almost exactly like his parents. He showed also great interest in a party of goldfinches, who seemed to have gone mad that morning.

Finally the thought of berries struck the young red-head. He began to consider going for them. One could fairly see the idea grow in his mind. He leaned over and peered into the bushes; he hitched along the fence, a little nearer, bent over again, then came down on the side of the board, and hung there, with body inclined toward the fruit. After many such feints, he actually did drop to the second board, and a little later secured a berry, which he took to the top of the post to eat. In spite of the fact that he was amply able to help himself, as he proved, he still demanded food when his parents came near, bowing and calling eagerly, but not fluttering his wings, as do most young birds.

Nearly all day the little fellow entertained himself; working industriously on the fence, hammering the posts as if to keep in practice, as children play at their parents' life work, and varying these occupations with occasional excursions into the bushes for berries. The notion of flying away from where he had been left never appeared to enter his head. He seemed to be an unusually well-balanced young person, and intelligent beyond his years, — days, I should say.

*Olive Thorne Miller.*

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## THE PEA FIELDS.

THESE are the fields of light, and laughing air,
And yellow butterflies, and foraging bees,
And whitish wayward blossoms winged as these,
And pale green tangles like a sea-maid's hair.
Pale, pale the blue, but pure beyond compare,
And pale the sparkle of the far-off seas
A-shimmer like these fluttering slopes of peas,
And pale the open landscape everywhere.

From fence to fence a perfumed breath exhales
O'er the bright pallor of the well-loved fields, —
My fields of Tantramar in summer time;
And scorning the poor feed their pasture yields,
Up from the bushy lots the cattle climb,
To gaze with longing through the gray-mossed rails.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

# A COLONIAL INQUISITOR.

Of the various causes which contributed to the decadence of the great Spanish Monarchy, not the least efficient was the preponderance obtained by the Church. Through popular fanaticism carefully stimulated, it was enabled to maintain in many ways the claims put forward during the Middle Ages, and in some directions to develop them almost into the ideal of ecclesiastical supremacy, with the result of disintegrating the powers of the State. The immunity from subjection to secular law which the Church had secured for its members during the anarchy consequent upon the breaking up of the Carlovingian empire was zealously upheld, rendering churchmen of all ranks exempt from responsibility to the royal courts. When to this the Inquisition was superadded by Ferdinand and Isabella, the piety of the sovereigns granted it exclusive jurisdiction, not only over its own members, but also over its numerous lay officials and dependents. Thus there grew up three independent and competing jurisdictions, whose unseemly quarrels filled the land with confusion, exposed to contempt the administration of justice, and undermined the respect for the laws which is essential to the development of a well-ordered state.

In the perpetual struggles of this rivalry, the royal jurisdiction commonly had to succumb. The ecclesiastics had the enormous advantage of wielding the dreaded weapon of excommunication, which paralyzed its victim, deprived him of his functions, no matter how exalted was his office, and left him scarce an alternative but submission. To some extent the bishops were restricted in the use of this weapon, and there was a process of appeal from their arbitrary acts to the royal court, but the inquisitor was untrammeled. His authority was derived directly from the Pope, and was popularly regarded as far more formidable than that of the bishops; all attempts to limit him in its exercise were stigmatized as an assault upon the faith, and the only appeal from him lay through the inquisitor-general to the king or the pope. He was, therefore, in a position to make good whatever claims he saw fit to advance, and the internal history of Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is a history of constant encroachments, bitterly resisted by the other departments of the State.

In the colonies, distance from the central authority diminished what little restraint existed at home, and the violence thence arising coöperated with the insane commercial policy of the mother country to render its American possessions a source of weakness rather than of strength. Details happen to be preserved of one of the frequent conflicts of authority occurring at the close of the seventeenth century, which may serve as a typical illustration of the mutually destructive passions always lying latent, and ready to be aroused at any moment.

The city of Cartagena de las Indias enjoyed a complete organization, secular and ecclesiastical. It had a royal governor, subject to the president or captain-general of New Granada, and also a bishop, suffragan to the Archbishop of Santa Fé. In addition it was the seat of a tribunal of the Inquisition, which had an extensive jurisdiction, including the Antilles, and which, in 1692, attempted without success to establish a subordinate inquisition in Florida. These various authorities were almost always at odds with one another, and carried on their quarrels with a ready recourse to the most violent methods. In 1681 we hear of a dispute

between the President Castillo and the Archbishop Sanz Lozano, in the course of which the former banished the latter and seized his temporalities, while the archbishop responded by excommunicating the president and proclaiming a general interdict.

Hardly had this been settled, when, in 1683, a still more vicious struggle broke out in Cartagena. The nuns of the convent of Santa Clara desired to withdraw themselves from obedience to the Franciscan friars, who were accused of too great an intimacy with some of the sisters, and to place themselves under the direction of the episcopal provisor. In the interest of morality, the bishop, Miguel Antonio Benavides y Piedrola, seconded the wishes of the nuns. The Franciscans resisted; passions on both sides grew hot, till the president of New Granada espoused the cause of the friars and issued a sentence of banishment on the bishop, who left the city after casting an interdict over it. The population took so lively an interest in the question that it became divided into two factions, between which riots were frequent, and civil war seemed imminent. At this conjuncture there arrived a new inquisitor, Doctor Don Francisco Varela, who speedily ranged himself with the friars, because the bishop refused him the privilege of celebrating mass in his own house during the interdict. In defiance of the prohibition he continued to celebrate, thus giving great encouragement to the anti-episcopal party; for, although some of them had already disregarded the interdict, the authority of the inquisitor was conclusive. Thus emboldened, the secular authorities sent a party of armed men to break into the cathedral, where three ecclesiastics were seized, whom the governor threw into prison, in violation of their sacred immunities. Then President Castillo prevailed on the neighboring Bishop of Santamarta to come to Cartagena and remove the interdict. There was a lively interchange of excommunications between the bishops, and the quarrel grew fiercer and more intricate than ever when Bishop Benavides cast his censures over the president and some of his officials. It chanced that one of these, the advocate Jerónimo Isabal, was likewise advocate of the Inquisition, and this afforded Valera the opportunity to intervene again. He denounced the excommunication as an infringement of his jurisdiction, as he alone had cognizance of the offenses of his subordinates; he prohibited the bishop from further action, and demanded the surrender of all the papers in the case. To this Bishop Benavides responded by excommunicating the inquisitor, and announcing that, to prevent injury to the interests of religion from the disability thus inflicted on the Inquisition, he would assume its functions himself, in the exercise of his episcopal jurisdiction over heresy. He caused placards to this effect to be posted throughout the city, whereupon the alguazil of the Inquisition arrested and threw into prison all who were concerned in the publication.

In an effort to procure the release of his ecclesiastics, the bishop had a personal altercation with the governor, Don Rafael Capcir, which resulted in fresh excommunications and a renewal of the interdict; this was speedily declared null by the Bishop of Santamarta, and the inquisitor issued notices that he had removed it. The confusion was at its height when the royal court of Santa Fé declared the see vacant; the cathedral doors were broken open; the chapter was ordered to obey the decree, and, on its refusal, the officials of the church were arrested. The anti-episcopal faction was now supreme, and the friends of the bishop were persecuted, imprisoned, and banished, and their property was confiscated. The bishop himself was kept a prisoner in his house, with guards in his bedroom. The nuns of Santa Clara, after endur-

ing a virtual siege for six months, were overpowered; their convent was forced June 4, 1684. Some of them were beaten and others ironed, and all were imprisoned on bread and water. The archbishop sent an order to the Bishop of Santamarta to leave the city, but the document was declared to be forged, and all who professed belief in it were prosecuted.

Thus far the inquisitor and governor were triumphant, but the situation was suddenly reversed by the receipt of a papal brief, approved by the Council of the Indies. Although issued in response to an appeal from the hostile secular authorities, it pronounced in favor of the bishop, and placed the nuns of Santa Clara under his care. For a time this reduced to peace the warring factions. Benavides was reinstated in his episcopal seat, but he was unable to obtain the return of his ecclesiastics and servants who had been banished by the inquisitor. The sentences of the tribunal could be reversed only by itself.

Permanent peace, however, was impossible when passions had grown so vehement and so unrestrained. A new president, Don Gil de Cabrera y Davilos, replaced Castillo, and endeavored without success to effect a reconciliation. Another inquisitor, Juan Martinez de Zárate, came to join Varela, and shared his indignation at the rebuff which the tribunal had experienced. Nothing but an excuse was lacking for a fresh outbreak, and it was readily found. The inquisitors and governor placed chairs in the cathedral; the bishop ordered them removed, in consequence of the disturbance to divine service caused by the *tertulia* to which they gave rise. The quarrel over this rapidly became envenomed; the inquisitors excommunicated the bishop, and forbade the mention of his name in the mass; and when the dean and prior of San Augustin disobeyed the command, the inquisitors excommunicated, fined, and banished them. Having thus asserted their power over the city, they proceeded to abuse it, until even the governor was alarmed and sought reconciliation with the bishop, who rejected his advances. The inquisitors were virtually absolute, and disorder reigned unchecked; the majority of the people favored the bishop, but terror kept them quiet, and most of the better clergy fled. Then the judge of Santa Fé came, bearing a royal commission to heal the troubles, which he sought to do by dismissing the governor, and replacing him with Don Francisco Castro; but the latter promptly formed an alliance with the inquisitors, and matters were no better than before. Then came a royal order, drawn in accordance with the papal brief, commanding the bishop to be obeyed and respected; but it was wholly disregarded. When the bishop preached in Holy Week, the inquisitors again declared him excommunicate; and when so abusive a sermon against him was delivered by Fray Laureano Salvador that the preacher's superiors suspended him, the inquisitors interposed and restored him.

Yet so long as the bishop was at liberty he was an obstacle, and the inquisitors asked the governor for an armed force to arrest him. Fearing the consequences, the governor applied to the central authority at Santa Fé, and was told that the bishop was to be respected. In spite of this a guard was set around his palace, and the chapter was assembled, with instructions to declare the see vacant; but all the canons save two voted in the negative and left the room, when the remaining two deposed the bishop and appointed provisors to govern the diocese. Then there arrived vessels from Spain. The dispatches which they brought were not made public; but it was observed that the guards at the episcopal palace were silently withdrawn, and the bishop was liberated after a confinement which had lasted from April 13 to August 22,

1687. Still more significant was the fact that the fleet brought another inquisitor, Don Gomez Suarez de Figueroa, with orders transferring Inquisitor Valera to Lima.

Figueroa proved to be a worthy successor to Valera. He commenced by requiring all who had communicated with the bishop to seek absolution at his hands for having disregarded the excommunication of the Inquisition. It was in vain that the bishop published a new papal brief, declaring valid the excommunications which he had issued, and those of the inquisitors to be null, and requiring them to seek absolution from him. This was repudiated as a forgery; the prisons were filled with his friends, and a Franciscan friar named Francisco Ramirez was garroted in the public square, the governor himself performing the office of executioner. Then a new governor arrived, — Don Martin Ceballos y la Cerda, — bringing a royal order commanding the restitution of the bishop to his full rights and jurisdiction. This was greeted with immense popular rejoicings, and was published amid general enthusiasm at the prospect of deliverance from inquisitorial tyranny. Yet one clause of the order, requiring the return of all confiscated property, could not be enforced; for the sentences of the Inquisition were subject to revision, not by the king, but by the Supreme Council of the Holy Office. Governor Ceballos soon found that it was better to take sides with the Inquisition, and he speedily quarreled with the bishop. The inquisitors were encouraged to make fresh trouble, and in 1688 Benavides gladly obeyed an order summoning him to the court. The last we hear of him is in 1696, thirteen years after the outbreak of the disturbances, when he was still at work in Rome vainly seeking to obtain the enforcement of the papal brief which had never been obeyed. At this time Inquisitor Valera was comfortably settled at Lima, where he seems to have profited by experience and to have conducted himself peaceably. The proverbial delays of Spanish procedure postponed his punishment for many years, and he eluded it at last. Inquisitors were treated with too much consideration to be dismissed for malfeasance; they were merely *jubilado*, or consigned to honorable retirement on half pay, when the Supreme Council could no longer protect them. In 1703 an order reached Lima that Valera should be thus jubilado, and that the half of his salary should be assigned to the cathedral of Cartagena in reparation of his misdeeds. To this his colleagues replied that they would obey the command with all exactitude, but that Valera had died on August 2, 1702.

Governor Ceballos had not much reason to congratulate himself on the support which he had given to Inquisitor Figueroa. In a dispatch of January 16, 1693, to the Council of the Indies, he complains piteously of Figueroa's high-handed proceedings. It appears that the butcher of the public shambles, in serving meat, refused to give preference to a negro slave of the inquisitor, whereupon the latter promptly sent his alcayde with orders to bring the offender, securely bound, to the inquisitorial prison, or, if he could not be found, one of the *regidores*, or magistrates of the city. The unlucky butcher was captured, manacled, and cast into prison, where he was still lying. Imprisonment by the Inquisition was one of the heaviest misfortunes that could befall a man; it inferred suspicion of heresy, and left an ineffaceable stigma not only on him, but on his family and his descendants for several generations; for the fact of his imprisonment remained, while its cause was forgotten, and the burden of disproof was thrown upon children and grandchildren who might aspire to public employment or ecclesiastical benefices, for which they were disqualified if they had a heretic

ancestor. The governor says he was afraid to take proper steps for the liberation of the unfortunate man, and contented himself with a courteous request to the inquisitor, which was disregarded. Then he endeavored to collect legal evidence to send to Madrid, but such was the terror inspired by the Inquisition that, though there were plenty of witnesses, no one dared to make a deposition. The fact of his seeking to obtain evidence leaked out, and on January 13 his residence was invaded by a mob, headed by the secretary of the Inquisition, who, with much insolence, required him, under threat of major excommunication and other censures, to sign a declaration that he abandoned the case to the Inquisition, to which its jurisdiction belonged, and also that all reference to the matter should be removed from the books of the municipality, and all papers concerning it be delivered to the inquisitor. In his perplexity the governor consulted Don Francisco Garrechategui, the highest judicial officer of New Granada, and Don Fernando de la Riva Aguera, judge of the royal court of Panama; but they could give him no comfort, and for the sake of peace he meekly obeyed.

When such was the internal condition of the Spanish colonies, a career like that of Sir Henry Morgan becomes intelligible, and we can understand the easy capture of Cartagena in 1697 by the French and the buccaneers, in spite of the valor of the governor, Don Sancho Jimeno. We can also understand the deplorable state of New Granada as described in 1772 in a report by Francisco Antonio Moreno y Escandon. The frontier territories, he tells us, were "missions," under the charge of friars, whose expenses were defrayed and who were furnished with a guard of soldiers by the government, entailing heavy outlays with little result, owing to the lack of the missionary spirit in the friars, who sought the position only in order to enjoy a life of ease and sloth. These missions had been established for a hundred years, but had accomplished nothing for the propagation of the faith, because, when the Indians were apparently converted and collected into pueblos, they would escape and take to the mountains. The lower class of the so-called civilized population consisted largely of mixed breeds. Every one of Spanish blood sought to live on the government by obtaining some little office, and when obtained its duties were discharged with the utmost negligence. Poverty reigned everywhere; trade was almost extinct; capital was lacking, and had it existed there would have been no opportunity for its employment. The only industry was gold-mining, and, though the mines were as rich as ever, the product was constantly decreasing; those of the province of Choco could be made to yield well, but they could only be approached by way of the river Atrato, and since 1730 the navigation of this had been forbidden, under pain of death. It may be added that, in 1772, the Viceroy Megia obtained permission to send two vessels a year up the stream, but the permits were held at so high a price that they proved virtually prohibitive. The only foreign commerce allowed was with Spain, and this consisted of one or two ships a year from Cadiz to Cartagena; but the goods they brought were so burdened with duties and expenses that no profit could be made on them. The country was rich in resources, — in cocoa, tobacco, and precious woods; but the restrictions on trade were such that they could not be cultivated and exported. Moreno y Escandon can find no comfort in the present and can see no hope in the future. Such was the condition to which mistaken policy and priestly misrule had reduced one of the fairest portions of God's earth.

*Henry Charles Lea.*

# GENERAL SHERMAN.

Probably no general in the Union army has been more honored and appreciated, at least in the Northern States, than General Sherman. His achievements in the war were perhaps, on the whole, more striking and brilliant than those performed by any other officer, Federal or Confederate. They were of a kind calculated powerfully to excite the imagination, and they were crowned by complete and dazzling success. Then he was a man of most marked and individual traits of character. He was bold in action and in speech. He possessed all the peculiarly American characteristics. He was not only enterprising, full of resources, aggressive, but he was all this in a way distinctively his own ; he was the type of the American general in these respects. More than this, he took the public into his confidence to a degree that no other general ever thought of doing. Not that he sought popularity by any unfair methods, but that he could not help stating to the world his views and conclusions, proclaiming his likes and his dislikes, as he went along. And although he was always a very plain-spoken man, and his opinions frequently ran counter to the popular notions, his evident honesty and sincerity took wonderfully with the people. There has been nobody in our time like General Sherman.

It may be too soon properly to estimate his military abilities. We are perhaps too near to the war, too familiar with the actors themselves, and with the local and temporary tradition about their doings ; we are perhaps too much interested in them to be able to be thoroughly impartial. Yet the contemporary generation possesses certain manifest advantages for coming to a correct judgment of the men and affairs of its day which cannot, in the nature of things, be possessed by the generations that come after. The men of the time cannot easily be grossly deceived or greatly mistaken. They have not gained all their knowledge from books. When they do read about the events through which they have passed, they know something about the writers of the books and their qualifications, and something about the events themselves from sources independent of the books. Eye-witnesses and direct testimony count, and ought to count, for a good deal. Let us then try to state in a very brief way what we, in this generation, know and think of the great soldier who has so recently left us.

General Sherman was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from the State of Ohio in 1836, and graduated in 1840, sixth in his class. Although, during the Mexican war, he was employed in the expedition to California, and therefore missed the opportunities for distinction in the field which the campaigns of Scott and Taylor so liberally afforded, and although he subsequently left the service, his appointment in the regular army as colonel of one of the new regiments of infantry, and also as brigadier-general of volunteers in May, 1861, shows how highly his abilities were rated by his contemporaries and superiors. After the first battle of Bull Run, where he commanded a brigade, he was sent to Kentucky to serve under General Robert Anderson. The latter's health, however, soon failing him, Sherman assumed command of the department of the Cumberland.

General Sherman's connection with the Army of the Cumberland did not long continue, for, superseded at his own request by General Buell, he was transferred to General Halleck's department of the Mississippi. Here began his connection with the troops which were after-

wards organized into the Army of the Tennessee. The history of these two famous commands is virtually the history of the war in the Mississippi Valley. Grant, Sherman, and McPherson are the heroes of the Army of the Tennessee; Buell, Rosecrans, and Thomas of the Army of the Cumberland.

Halleck's forces opened the campaign of 1862 with a brilliant stroke. The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson by the troops under Grant and the fleet under Foote in February caused the immediate fall of Nashville and the evacuation by the enemy of the greater part of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. It was determined to push forward on the line of the Tennessee River as large a force as could be collected. Grant, with the confidence born of his recent victory, established his army at Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, on the western side of the river, having his headquarters at Savannah, some eight miles further down the river, — that is, to the northward, — and on the opposite or eastern bank. Sherman commanded a division in this army. Buell, now under Halleck's orders, had been directed to march with all his disposable forces from Nashville to Savannah, thence to be transferred to Pittsburg Landing, from which point the whole command was to advance southwestwardly to Corinth, a town on the great railroad which, running from west to east, connected Memphis with Chattanooga, intersecting the railroad from Mobile to the Ohio River, and constituted one of the most important avenues of communication for the enemy in that region. It was supposed at the time that the Confederate troops had been thoroughly discouraged by their recent heavy losses in men, material, and territory, and that we should have no serious difficulty in attaining our objective point, and thus opening the way for further operations.

Everybody knows what happened: how Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard saw their opportunity in the exposed situation of Grant's army; how they rapidly and secretly gathered their forces together; how they were delayed by bad weather and frightful roads, but how, on Sunday morning, the 6th of April, they struck the unsuspecting army of Grant a terrible blow; how stubbornly and bravely Grant and his lieutenants resisted and held out, fighting to the last, Sherman especially distinguishing himself not only for gallantry, but for readiness and skill in making his dispositions; how, nevertheless, they were pressed back in disorder; how at the close of the day the advance guard of Buell's army arrived just in time to check the last assaults of the exhausted Confederates; and how the battle was renewed the next day, and resulted in a great success for the Union arms.

Grant and Sherman have always persistently maintained that they were not surprised at Shiloh; but the world has never been able to take their statements seriously. Grant wrote to Halleck, the day before the battle, that he had scarcely the faintest idea of a general attack being made upon him. Sherman, the same day, wrote from Pittsburg Landing to Grant at Savannah that he did not apprehend anything like an attack upon his position. They unquestionably said what they thought at the time. The battle began at half past five o'clock in the morning. Grant did not reach the field till after nine. It stands to reason that such tardiness on the part of an army commander to arrive on the field of battle is susceptible of no more natural, and assuredly of no more honorable explanation than that he was expecting no battle to occur. Surprised, however, as was the Federal commander, he was not thrown off his balance. Never did Grant display to better advantage the firmness and steadfast courage which he possessed in so unusual a degree. Sherman's conduct, too, after the fighting began, was above all praise. His division was made

up of troops perfectly new, who had never been under fire; but he handled them with such skill and ability that he made a reputation on that disastrous field.

As a subordinate commander, Sherman had the rare good fortune of serving under a man whom he greatly admired and in whom he fully trusted; and General Grant returned the confidence which his lieutenant reposed in him. The perfect understanding between these two eminent men was not only one of the most interesting facts of the war, but it was productive of great good to the public service. It showed in many ways how wise it is for the superior, whenever it is possible to do so, to rely confidently on the subordinate; to refrain from undertaking to regulate his decisions as to matters under his own eye; not to attempt to prescribe the details of his action or to criticise his dispositions in the spirit of a taskmaster. Cordial coöperation in their work was the fruit of this unique relation between Sherman and Grant.

While it cannot be said that this part of Sherman's life was marked by any brilliant successes in the field, his reputation with the army, with Grant, his immediate superior, and with Halleck, the general-in-chief at Washington, steadily increased. He was seen to be a careful, energetic, and trustworthy corps commander. But that was all. The army that reduced Vicksburg had no great battles to fight like those of Stone River and Chickamauga. The Vicksburg campaign was won by superior strategy. Therefore Sherman, when summoned by Grant to join him at Chattanooga, in October, 1863, after the latter had been assigned to the command of all the forces in the West, brought with him no such reputation as a brilliant fighter as Longstreet bore when he came to add his veteran Virginians to the army of Bragg.

On the other hand, Thomas, who had succeeded Rosecrans in command of the Army of the Cumberland, had just won great distinction by his extremely able and courageous conduct on the bloody field of Chickamauga, where he stopped the rout, rallied the fugitives, and maintained his position with entire and splendid success against the desperate assaults of the Confederates, flushed with their victory over the right of the line led by Rosecrans in person. There was no denying that Thomas had proved himself not only equal to the situation, but superior to it. It would have been only just to have entrusted to him the supreme conduct of affairs in that region, and to have reinforced him with all the troops that were available. But General Grant's great success at Vicksburg induced the government to give to him the chief command in the Mississippi Valley; and he at once ordered Sherman to march at the head of the Army of the Tennessee to the assistance of the Army of the Cumberland. Moreover, Grant determined to give to Sherman the principal part in the forthcoming battle, by which he expected to raise the siege of Chattanooga. Sherman, with five divisions, was to attack the enemy's right and completely turn his position; when this should have been done, Thomas was to attack the centre; Hooker, meanwhile, was to operate against his extreme left. Owing, however, to the unexpectedly difficult nature of the ground, Sherman failed to make any impression. To create a diversion for him, Grant ordered Thomas's command, consisting of four divisions, to carry the rifle-pits at the foot of the enemy's position. In an incredibly short time his troops had executed this task. But they could not stay in the works they had won. Yet they had no orders to go forward. They took the matter into their own hands. Without orders, and to the amazement of the commanding general, they clambered up the slopes of Missionary Ridge, and after a brief and brilliant fight they stood victorious on its summit.

It must be confessed that in their accounts of this great battle, as of Shiloh, Grant and Sherman have allowed their personal feelings to color, if not to distort, the narrative. Sherman has stated that the object of the attacks made upon the flanks of Bragg's position by General Hooker and himself "was to disturb him [Bragg] to such an extent that he would naturally detach from his centre as against us, so that Thomas's army could break through his centre." And Grant, in his Memoirs, obviously intends to convey the impression that this was his plan of battle, and that the battle was fought and won as he had planned it. Yet the dispatches and reports prove conclusively that the movement which Grant ordered was intended merely to relieve Sherman by distracting the enemy's attention; and that it was limited to the capture of the rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge. General Grant's original orders to both Sherman and Thomas show that he intended a joint attack to be made by their united commands, when Sherman should have carried the north end of the Ridge. Instead of this, Sherman failed, owing to unforeseen difficulties, to accomplish his part of the programme. Grant, thinking him hard pressed, ordered an advance to carry the rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge, in order to relieve the pressure on him; this diversion was all that was intended by this move. But the gallantry of the troops and the fortune of war turned this incidental operation into a brilliant success, which resembled in its execution and consequences the famous assault on the heights of Pratzen which decided the battle of Austerlitz. The glory of this unexpected victory belongs mainly to the troops themselves, and specially to the men of Sheridan's and Wood's divisions, and cannot properly be claimed by either Grant or his lieutenants.

To Sherman, however, as Grant's favorite officer, was given the chief command in the West, when, in the spring of 1864, the new lieutenant-general was placed in control of all the armies of the United States. In May of that year a new career opened for General Sherman, that of commander of a large army, and the famous Atlanta campaign began. At the same time, General Grant, accompanying the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, crossed the Rapidan and advanced against General Lee.

The objects of both commanders were similar. They were laid down clearly by Grant himself. On the 4th of April he wrote to Sherman: "You I propose to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources." To the same effect, substantially, he wrote to Meade on the 9th: "Lee's army will be your objective point. Wherever Lee goes, there you will go also." That Sherman clearly understood his chief's intention is certain. He says in his Memoirs: "Neither Atlanta, nor Augusta, nor Savannah was the objective, but the 'army of Jos. Johnston' [*sic*], go where it might."

There can be no doubt as to the soundness of General Grant's view. If the two armies of Lee and Johnston could be destroyed, there would be an end of the war. If these armies should not be destroyed, the occupation of the Southern cities would avail little. New York and Philadelphia, Charleston and Savannah, were held by the British in the war of the Revolution; but so long as Washington and Greene were at the head of armies in New Jersey and the Carolinas the rebellion was not put down. Grant's idea of the true objects to be accomplished by himself and Sherman was unquestionably sound and clearly stated. It is, therefore, rather remarkable that neither he nor Sherman succeeded, in the campaigns which they began in May, 1864, in accomplishing

these objects. At the close of that year the main army of Lee lay in its lines in front of Petersburg and Richmond; only that part of Lee's army which he had sent into the Shenandoah Valley had been destroyed. This certainly had been effected by Sheridan. Sherman, also, reached, occupied, demolished, and left Atlanta without destroying the army of Johnston and Hood. That task he finally abandoned to Thomas, who executed it in the memorable and decisive victory of Nashville. Let us briefly examine Sherman's movements.

Sherman undoubtedly started out with the intention of fighting, and if possible overwhelming, Johnston's army. He had with him about a hundred thousand men, under Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield, three very able commanders. His opponent, General Joseph E. Johnston, was, next to Lee, the best general in the Southern army. His army was probably about sixty thousand strong. It was well intrenched at Dalton.

We cannot, of course, follow this most interesting campaign in detail. Sherman lost, at the very outset, the best and perhaps the only chance he had during the whole summer of inflicting a decisive defeat upon his antagonist. Had he followed Thomas's advice, had he marched immediately, with the great bulk of his army, through Snake Creek Gap and seized the railroad in Johnston's rear at Resaca, instead of sending McPherson through the Gap with a comparatively small force, he might have ended the campaign with a sudden and brilliant victory. But he missed this opportunity, and his wary and skillful opponent presented him with no other. Sherman was compelled to turn his adversary's positions and force him to fall back without ever being able to bring him to bay in a situation where the superior numbers of the Union army would tell. Sometimes, in his endeavor to find the weak places in the enemy's positions, Sherman lost more men than he need have lost; and it must be said that his assaults at Kenesaw Mountain did not do credit to his tactical judgment. In his desire to bring matters to a crisis, he failed to recognize that his orders could not be carried out, and that his losses would not only be severe, but fruitless. Nevertheless, on the whole, he husbanded his army. He cannot be charged with having adopted the wasteful policy of "attrition," which Grant tried during May and June, 1864, and which cost the Army of the Potomac so many thousands of valuable lives, with such meagre results. And in point of caring for stores, supplies, ammunition, and subsistence, Sherman was a marvelous provider. No one could march a large army through an unproductive country more successfully than he. But so long as Johnston remained in command of the Confederate army Sherman could not get at it. When Johnston was superseded by Hood, Sherman had indeed to repel the latter's fierce attacks upon him, but, from one cause or another, he could not or did not force Hood to a general battle; and when he had, by another turning movement, caused the evacuation of Atlanta, the Confederate army was still intact and still formidable.

General Sherman thus found himself in a very difficult position. He had, it is true, possession of Atlanta, which the public undoubtedly considered to have been the objective point of his campaign; certainly its capture effected a great change in the minds of the Northern people in respect to their expectation of final success in the war. But Sherman knew that the capture of Atlanta of itself signified little. He knew perfectly well that he had not set out from Dalton with the object of getting possession of Atlanta, but with the object of destroying the main Confederate army in the West; and he knew also that he had done practically nothing towards

carrying out his intention. He recognized, in fact, that he was in most respects far less favorably situated for destroying that army than he had been on the 1st of May; for, difficult as he had found it to be to obtain supplies in his march to Atlanta, — drawing them, as he was obliged to do, from Nashville and Chattanooga, — he had yet successfully accomplished this task; he had carried his army as far south as Atlanta, and he had had a chance to strike the Confederate army in his front all the time. But now he knew he must stop. His line of communication was already dangerously long. He could not follow up Hood's army into the interior of the country, relying on his existing arrangements, and transport with him all the stores, equipment, and ammunition that, in a serious pursuit of such a powerful force as the Confederate army was, are necessarily required. Moreover, he had by no means as large an army as that with which he had moved upon Dalton at the outset of the campaign. Nearly one third of his men and many of his best officers had to be employed in guarding the railroad, and in garrisoning the subsidiary depots of subsistence and ammunition. Diminished, then, as his active army was to two thirds its original size, and arrived as he was at the end of his line of supply, what was there for him to do?

For nearly a month after the fall of Atlanta, which took place on the 2d of September, 1864, the situation in Georgia was substantially as described above. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that General Sherman felt himself to be at the end of his resources. He applied to the problem before him a mind exceptionally active and ingenious, and full of enterprise and industry. He was constantly devising new plans by which the prestige which the Federal army had won in capturing Atlanta could be utilized, and by which, in some way, by combinations with other commands which were to operate either from the Gulf of Mexico or from the Atlantic Ocean, the initiative, with all its inestimable advantages, could be maintained. To read his correspondence at this period with Grant and Halleck is most interesting, albeit at times rather puzzling. He proposes plan after plan; and some of his suggestions strike the reader as wild enough. But they were merely suggestions; they did not in any way commit him to action. It is true that no man was ever more fertile in expedients than General Sherman; but then no man was ever more particular than he in arranging the details of a military operation. No general ever lived who realized more fully than General Sherman the importance of knowing just where every pound of beef and every ounce of ammunition was to come from; and it is quite safe to say that he had not the slightest intention of changing his base until he had settled all these and all other important details to his own complete satisfaction. Therefore, when we find him speaking of a movement to be made from Mobile, utilizing the Alabama and Chattahoochee rivers as lines of supply, or the capture of Savannah by troops to be sent by Grant from Virginia, and then the establishment of a new base on the upper part of the Savannah River, we may admire the fertility of the mind which could find such ways of escape from an enforced inaction, and at the same time feel entire confidence that, before any important step should be taken, matters would be arranged with the utmost care and precaution, so far, at any rate, as General Sherman's own movements were concerned.

Nothing, however, came of these suggestions, for the very good reason that, considerably to Sherman's surprise, General Hood was the one to take the initiative. His cavalry, under two able leaders, Forrest and Wheeler, had during

September been threatening the railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and also the railroads running south from Nashville, and in some places cutting the line for a time; but in the last week of September Hood's main army broke camp and marched north. The most famous episode of this movement of Hood's was the resolute and successful defense made on October 5th by General Corse of our post at Allatoona Pass, — one of the most memorable occurrences in the whole war. But we cannot go into details here. Suffice it to say that Hood struck the railroad in several places, broke up the communication for a time, but finally drew off his army, towards the end of October, to Gadsden, in the northern part of Alabama, without a serious engagement. Sherman then reëstablished the railroad service to Atlanta, and, concentrating the greater part of his army at Gaylesville, Alabama, waited to see what his adversary, whose army was lying not many miles to the southwest, would do next.

Sherman had been convinced by this raid of Hood's that Atlanta was not permanently tenable, so long, at least, as the Confederate army of the West remained substantially intact, nor was it worth the cost of holding it. What was the good of remaining at such an advanced post as Atlanta, where every mile of the only railway by which the army could be supplied offered a temptation to an enemy's army substantially in good order and condition? For, unless he should cut loose from his base at Chattanooga and march south, giving up his hold on the railroad, or else should retreat to Tennessee, Sherman must remain at Atlanta, since the railroad communication could be extended no further. A large Federal army stalemated at Atlanta, if we may use an expression borrowed from the chessboard, and whose long line of communications temptingly invited attack, was certainly a lame and impotent conclusion of the campaign so bravely and hopefully begun on the 4th of May. Some issue must be found from this unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The natural thing to do, and the thing which at this time General Sherman undoubtedly wanted to do, was to resume the original plan; that is, to make the destruction of the Confederate army the sole object of the campaign. There is abundant evidence that when Hood's movements against the railroad forced Sherman not only to send Thomas to Chattanooga, but to go north himself with the bulk of the army, leaving only one corps at Atlanta, he greatly desired to bring Hood to battle. But Hood was too wary to accommodate him. He saw perfectly the great advantage to the Confederates in prolonging the existing state of things; to his mind, nothing could well be more gratifying than to see the main Federal army of the West flying from point to point on the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad, — here repairing a burnt trestle, there rebuilding a blockhouse, here, again, relaying a few miles of railroad track; and all this time suffering occasional panics whenever Forrest's cavalry approached dangerously near the railroads south of Nashville. Hood kept well to the west of the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad; and he knew that he could, in case Sherman should move against him, lead him a chase through a difficult country, across considerable rivers, and put him to great trouble to obtain his subsistence and forage. For, in moving against Hood's army with the intention of engaging and in the hope of destroying it, Sherman could not afford to use the light equipment which sufficed for the unopposed march to the sea; nor would it do to scatter his army in order to obtain provisions, as he then so freely did. If he was to make Hood's army his objective, he must arrange his dispositions accordingly; he must carry with him abundance of artillery, of ammunition,

of supplies of all sorts, and be prepared to fight battles. This Hood calculated Sherman did not wish to do, situated as he then was.

And in this calculation Hood was quite right. The Federal commander was indeed prepared, and in fact anxious, to move against Hood, if Hood should be so unwise as to cross the Tennessee River, on his northward march, within a short distance of Gaylesville, where Sherman's army lay. Not to operate against an army which should thus recklessly expose its communications would indeed be unpardonable. But Hood had no intention of committing such a blunder as this. He moved westward as far as Florence, Alabama, some hundred and fifty miles west of Chattanooga, and there concentrated his troops and supplies. Here he was on the 1st of November. Here he and Beauregard, who was advising with him, had fixed their base of operations for their proposed advance on Nashville. Now, for Sherman to march across the country from Gaylesville towards Florence with a large army was not only not an easy task, but it involved the abandonment — so Sherman thought — of Atlanta, and an entire rearrangement of bases and lines of supply. On the other hand, to retire the army to Tennessee, and there repel an invasion of the enemy, seemed like a confession of defeat, or at least of having entirely failed to carry out the true objects of the spring campaign, — a thing, as Sherman thought, certainly to be avoided, if possible. There remained another course, — and it was one which fascinated the Federal commander alike by its originality and its startling audacity, — and that was to reinforce Thomas so as to make him equal to the task of repelling the invasion, if one should be undertaken, while the main army, under Sherman in person, should march across the State of Georgia to Savannah and the sea.

Bearing now in mind the great attraction which this project possessed for General Sherman, as appears from his correspondence with the Washington authorities, we must not be surprised to find in Sherman's letters to Grant and Halleck evidences of an unwillingness on his part to look the matter in all its bearings squarely in the face, and of a strong desire to dwell only on the more favorable conditions of the problem, and especially to present the scheme so that only its most attractive features should be displayed. The idea of a march to the sea, which should demonstrate the hollowness of the Confederacy, which should amaze and delight the world by its novelty and its audacity, and which should yet involve no risk to the sixty thousand picked veterans who were to perform the feat, took manifest possession of General Sherman's mind. But Grant, whose imagination, if he ever had any, was not excited beyond bounds even by this brilliant proposal of his favorite lieutenant, urged, in a letter dated November 1st, upon Sherman that he had better "entirely ruin" Hood before starting on his proposed campaign; that, "with Hood's army destroyed," he could go where he pleased "with impunity." "If you can see the chance for destroying Hood's army, attend to that first, and make your other move secondary."

This was unquestionably sound advice; the destruction of Hood's army would, as Grant said, make everything possible in the West. The Confederacy had no other army but Lee's east of the Mississippi; and if Hood's army should be broken up, the Gulf and the Southern Atlantic States must fall before the forces of the Union. But Sherman was not to be dissuaded from his project. He convinced himself, and so represented to Grant and Halleck, that Thomas was not only able to "hold the line of the Tennessee" River, but would "very shortly be able to assume the offensive," — even talking about ordering him to

move on Selma, Alabama, before long. How far these representations were from giving Grant a correct notion of the actual state of things appears from the fact that it was not until November 30th, the day of the battle of Franklin, that Thomas could be said to have had at Nashville a force large enough to be called an army. On that day, General A. J. Smith's corps of twelve thousand men arrived there from Missouri; and on the next day, Schofield, whose little army had been obliged to fall back from the Tennessee River to Franklin, where it had desperately and successfully defended itself against the determined onslaught of Hood, made good his retreat to the same place.

General Sherman succeeded, however, in convincing Grant, who wrote to him on November 2d: "With the force you have left with General Thomas, he must be able to take care of Hood and destroy him. . . . I say, then, go on as you propose." Sherman thus obtained the assent of his superior to his startling project of leaving to Thomas the accomplishment of the task which had originally been assigned to Sherman himself, — the destruction of the main Confederate army in the West. Grant at last yielded to Sherman's persistent representations, and consented to assume that this task, for which in the spring the whole Federal army of the West was deemed no more than adequate, might in the fall safely be entrusted to a congeries of commands then widely separated, soon, to be sure, to be brought together, but which could not be properly called an army at all until its scattered parts should be assembled. And this, too, when there was no pretense of any exigency demanding the presence of the bulk and flower of the Federal army of the West on the Atlantic seaboard. In view of such a decision as this, it is impossible not to say that those who made it trusted largely in their good luck. To transport the greater part of the Federal army of the West far from the theatre of war, while the Confederate army in that region was still a large, well-organized, well-commanded, and formidable force, was certainly a most amazing step to take. It turned out all right, indeed; but no one can read the story of Hood's invasion of Tennessee in November and December, 1864, without at times holding his breath. It seems almost as if the goddess known as the Fortune of War from time to time visibly interfered to hinder and derange the operations of Hood and his lieutenants, and to further the combinations and movements of Thomas and his subordinates. No one familiar with this campaign can honestly say that he thinks that such luck could fairly have been counted on by Grant and Sherman. It is a clear case where the maxim *Exitus acta probat* is applicable, if that maxim ever is applicable.

For his great march, however, Sherman, his mind now relieved by Grant's tardy assent from all anxiety about the situation in Tennessee, made his most careful preparations. Sixty-two thousand of the best troops in the army, well organized, well officered, every detail of equipment most carefully attended to, full of ardor, elation, enterprise, and courage, began on the 15th of November, 1864, one of the most unexpected and startling military movements on record. They met no foe until they reached the sea. The North was electrified, the South dismayed. And while Sherman's army was besieging Savannah, Hood had made his invasion; had forced back Schofield from the Tennessee to the Harpeth; had furiously assaulted him at Franklin, only to be repelled with unheard-of loss; had pursued him to Nashville; had then sat down before that city as if on purpose to give the cool and resolute commander of the Union forces all the time he needed to equip and consolidate his heterogeneous command; and had, on December 15th,

succumbed utterly to the well-conceived and well-delivered blows of General Thomas. The battle of Nashville, unlike nearly all our battles, well-nigh destroyed the beaten army.

Hence, when Savannah surrendered, the country was already in a state of exultation at Thomas's glorious and decisive victory; and men's minds, as always in such cases, welcomed with almost frantic excitement the novel sight of the other great Western general now arriving on the Atlantic coast. Savannah was presented by the victor as a Christmas present to President Lincoln; and together with the destruction of the Confederate army in the West by Thomas, and the addition of this splendid Western army under Sherman to the Union forces east of the Alleghanies, it was evident to the dullest understanding that the end was rapidly drawing nigh.

And in truth the "March to the Sea," as Sherman had calculated it would do, absorbed public attention to the exclusion of everything else. Its novelty and audacity, the ease with which it had been conducted, the demonstration which it afforded of the superior power of the North, filled the public mind with exultation and hope. The imagination of the people was captivated. Sherman became the hero of the day.

Yet the propriety of the withdrawal of this army from the seat of war in the West can be defended only by the event. To have imperiled the hold of the Union government on the States of Tennessee and Kentucky; to have exposed all the posts from Chattanooga to Nashville, to say nothing of Louisville, to assault and capture by the Confederate army under Hood; in short, to have left so much to chance when everything might so easily have been made secure, was to count unwarrantably upon the favors of fortune. No margin was left for accidents. It is not easy to see why fifty thousand men would not have served Sherman's purpose as well as sixty-two thousand men; and assuredly twelve thousand good troops would have added greatly to Thomas's scanty resources, and contributed largely to insure the destruction of Hood's army, which alone could give to the strategy which sanctioned the withdrawal of so many troops to the Atlantic coast the possibility of leading to useful results. It is true that Thomas's victory practically attained this end. In the march of his army through the Carolinas, Sherman had to encounter only the remnants of Hood's defeated and discouraged troops added to the insignificant garrisons of the Atlantic cities; and with these forces he was abundantly able to cope. But Thomas's success was really unprecedented. It could not fairly have been anticipated. And it would have been an entirely different matter for Sherman if Hood's whole army, or the greater part of it, had confronted him at the marshes and rivers over which his toilsome and difficult route lay.

Sherman used his advantages with the greatest skill. His hold on his army was perfect; there was nothing that the men would not do at his bidding. The labors of the march northward from Savannah were enormous, the weather was terrible, but everything was cheerfully borne. Sherman's masterly manœuvres deceived and confused his adversaries. He aimed to reach a new base, where he should find supplies and reinforcements, at Goldsboro', North Carolina; he recalled the fate of Cornwallis, who, in the interior of North Carolina, was obliged to give battle to Greene, and, although remaining master of the field, was forced by his losses in men and ammunition to retire to Wilmington. Sherman turned off at Columbia to the northeast, though feigning with a part of his force to keep on moving north. Hence the enemy were unable to strike him until he was close upon Goldsboro'. At Averysboro' he

had a brisk and successful engagement; at Bentonville the action was more severe, but we held our own at the end of the day. Once arrived at Goldsboro' the task was easy. Here Schofield, with the twenty-third corps, joined the army; and from Goldsboro' as a new base the march was resumed, until on April 13, 1865, a flag of truce was received from General Johnston, opening negotiations for the surrender of the Confederate forces.

It would not be right to close a review of General Sherman's character and services without referring to his often-announced policy of devastation. It can hardly be doubted that a desire to inflict punishment on the people of the South for their course in breaking up the Union was a strong element in favor of his project of marching across the country. Thus, on October 9, 1864, he telegraphs to General Grant: —

"Until we can repopulate Georgia it is useless for us to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources. . . . I can make this march, and can make Georgia howl!"

October 17th, to General Schofield:

"I will . . . make the interior of Georgia feel the weight of war."

October 19th, to General Beckwith:

"I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, to sally forth to ruin Georgia, and bring up on the seashore."

So, when he arrived before Savannah, he wrote to the Confederate General Hardee as follows: —

"Should I be forced to assault, or the slower and surer process of starvation, I shall then feel justified in resorting to the harshest measures, and shall make little effort to restrain my army, burning to avenge the national wrong which they attach to Savannah and other large cities which have been so prominent in dragging our country into civil war."

To General Grant, December 18th:

"With Savannah in our possession, at some future time, if not now, we can punish South Carolina as she deserves, and as thousands of the people in Georgia hoped we would do. I do sincerely believe that the whole United States, North and South, would rejoice to have this army turned loose on South Carolina, to devastate that State in the manner we have done in Georgia, and it would have a direct and immediate bearing on your campaign in Virginia."

To General Halleck, December 24th:

"I attach more importance to these deep incisions into the enemy's country because this war differs from European wars in this particular: we are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies. I know that this recent movement of mine through Georgia has had a wonderful effect in this respect. . . . The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble for her, but feel she deserves all that seems in store for her. . . .

"I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston, and I doubt if we shall spare the public buildings there as we did at Milledgeville."

From the above citations, — and they might easily be multiplied, — it seems clear that General Sherman conceived that he was justified in causing loss and damage to private and public property as a punishment for political conduct. It can hardly be pretended that the devastation spoken of is that which follows naturally and inevitably in the wake of an invading army. If that is all that is referred to, then the language employed is a great deal too strong to convey the meaning of the writer. It is true that the orders issued to his army for its conduct on the great march are, though by no means strict, yet not in

principle objectionable. Foraging was to be confined to regular foraging parties; soldiers were not to enter houses or commit any trespass. Corps commanders only could destroy mills, houses, and like property; and then solely in districts and neighborhoods where the inhabitants had burnt bridges, obstructed roads, or otherwise manifested hostility.

It may well be believed, certainly, that there was much greater license exercised than was warranted by the terms of these orders. But granting that this was so, it was due in great measure to the unavoidable circumstance that the army had to live off the country; and acts of this nature do not tend to settle the question whether devastation for the sake of punishment was ordered or allowed by General Sherman. It seems to us that General Sherman, in the passages cited above, did enunciate in distinct terms the principle that the infliction of such punishment by a general commanding an army is within his rights; that is, that it is sanctioned by the laws of modern civilized warfare.

If we are correct in attributing this position to Sherman, we cannot lose the opportunity of pointing out that the authorities are against him. Military operations are not carried on for the purpose of inflicting punishment for political offenses. The desolation and destruction inseparable from them are not the result of acts done for the purpose of producing suffering, but are to be considered as merely incidental to the military movements; and the object of military movements is to overcome armed resistance. The amount of such suffering cannot be unnecessarily increased without a violation of the humane rules of modern war. The true principle is stated with sufficient accuracy in Sherman's orders at the commencement of his great march. If he transgressed these rules, as it would appear from his own letters and dispatches that he did, he cannot be defended. Whatever the Georgians and South Carolinians suffered by having to supply provisions, forage, fuel, horses, or military stores of any kind to Sherman's invading army, whether more or less in amount, was a mere incident of a state of war, for which neither General Sherman nor his army was to blame. But if Sherman purposely destroyed, or connived at the destruction of, property which was not needed for the supply of his army or of the enemy's army, he violated one of the fundamental canons of modern warfare; and just so far as he directed or permitted this, he conducted war on obsolete and barbarous principles. As to the facts, they are not perfectly easy to ascertain. In his official report, Sherman estimated the entire damage done to the State of Georgia at one hundred millions of dollars, of which only twenty millions "inured to our advantage," the remainder being "simple waste and destruction." Still, much of this may have been inevitable. We have no space here to review the evidence, and must content ourselves with stating the rule as we understand it.

We cannot, in this connection, avoid remarking that General Sherman was proved by the event to have been entirely mistaken in thinking that "to devastate" the State of South Carolina "would have a direct and immediate bearing on" Grant's "campaign in Virginia." This is clearly a case of seeking far afield for a reason for a thing which a man has made up his mind to do. As a matter of fact, General Lee remained in his lines at Petersburg and Richmond until the season was sufficiently advanced for Grant to commence operations; and it was not until the battle of Five Forks had been lost that Lee evacuated his works and began his disastrous retreat.

Much the same criticism may be passed upon General Sherman's state-

ment, above cited, of the importance which he attached to "these deep incisions into the enemy's country," namely, that we were not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make everybody "feel the hard hand of war." There is a sort of *ad captandum* semblance of logic about this remark that no doubt made it popular at the time. But surely it needs but a moment's reflection to see that nothing is gained by adding anything to the task of the soldier, which is to defeat and destroy the hostile force. To infuriate needlessly a population already known to be unfriendly assuredly cannot make the soldier's task easier; on the contrary, it must rather multiply his difficulties, and tend to render success less certain, besides making the population, when conquered, more hostile than ever before.

There is, it must be confessed, in many of these utterances of General Sherman's a good deal that will not stand the test of careful examination. They show that Sherman's mind was not occupied solely in the work which alone it was his duty to attend to, that is in the endeavor to solve the military problem before him; in other words, that he concerned himself more or less all the time with the popular and political questions connected with the war, — in this respect presenting a great contrast to Grant and Thomas. Evidences of this are to be found everywhere in his dispatches and correspondence, — notably in his letters to General Hood and to the mayor and city government of Atlanta, in September, 1864, and in the Memorandum or Basis of Agreement between him and General J. E. Johnston, in April, 1865. At the same time, Sherman never for an instant pretermitted his active attention to the welfare of his army, or his study of the military problems which his masterly manœuvres were constantly presenting for his solution.

In truth, it is far from easy to draw the portrait of General Sherman. Here is an officer of high rank, who began his service in the war at the first battle of Bull Run; who received the surrender of the last of the Confederate generals; who was at the head of one of the finest armies in the country, but who never commanded in a great, still less a decisive battle; whose most famous exploit consisted in marching a large and well-appointed force almost unopposed through the enemy's country; and whose reputation nevertheless stands as high, at least with the Northern public, as that of any of the generals of the Union. Such a sketch as the above certainly leaves much to be accounted for. Yet it is true so far as it goes. What is not stated in it contains, however, the solution of the apparent paradox. General Sherman's military abilities, though not exhibited conspicuously on the battlefield, were confessedly of a very high order. His Atlanta campaign proves this by universal admission. If we are surprised at his leaving to Thomas the task of resisting, and if possible destroying, the principal Confederate army in the West; if we fail, as we fairly may, to see in what respect Sherman gained anything in not following Grant's advice to "entirely ruin" Hood before "starting" on his "proposed campaign," we must at the same time admit that no operation in the war was more skillfully carried out than that "proposed campaign." It accomplished all that Sherman had expected or hoped from it. It won not only the assent, but the admiration, of Grant and Lincoln. It captivated the popular mind. Closing as it did with the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston, it virtually ended the war. And as Thomas's skill, endurance, courage, and good fortune enabled him to win the great victory which was the indispensable condition of success for the whole undertaking, the world has naturally not been over-curious to search for

defects in arrangements which yielded such wonderfully complete results.

It is nevertheless to be remembered that if Sherman had followed up Hood, as the Washington authorities originally intended and desired him to do, before marching to the sea, the destruction of the Confederate army could hardly have failed to be more thorough than it was. The Southwestern and South Atlantic States would have been almost absolutely without defense; and the result of the campaign could hardly have been other than decisive. A certain amount of risk, on the other hand, it cannot be denied, attended the transfer of the greater part of Sherman's command to the Atlantic coast before Hood's army had been disposed of. Grant — who was easily converted to any project of his favorite lieutenant — and Sherman have sometimes shown a disposition to minimize this risk, and hence to consider the victory of Nashville a very ordinary affair; but it must not be forgotten that when Thomas's campaign was being fought Grant was terribly anxious. He did not know at the time, nor was he afterwards quite willing to admit, the existence of the difficulties under which Thomas labored, and which induced the delay on Thomas's part which Grant thought so unnecessary and so perilous to the retention of our hold on the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. But there were real and potent causes for Grant's anxiety; and of course the action of General Sherman in carrying off sixty thousand men to the seacoast before the campaign in the West had been brought to a successful termination was the underlying cause of it all. Thomas, however, was equal to the occasion. He scored a magnificent success at Nashville. Sherman at the same time captured Savannah. Everything turned out marvelously well. Both officers showed themselves at their best. The risk having passed by, the North reaped the full advantage of the daring march. The task then before Sherman was one to which he was by nature wonderfully adapted, and which he soon brought to a triumphant end.

*John C. Ropes.*

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## HAREBELL.

### A REPARATION.

"GRANT him," I said, "a well-earned name,
The stage's knight, the keen essayer
Of parts whence all save greatness came,
But — not a player.

"Strange, as of fate's perverseness, this
Proud, eager soul, this fine-strung creature,
Should seem forever just to miss
That touch of nature;

"The instinct she so lightly gives
Some fellow at his rivals snarling,
Some churl who gains the boards, and lives
Transformed — her darling!"

"You think so?" he replied — "Well, I
Thought likewise, maugre Lanciotto,
And Yorick, — though his Cassius nigh
Won Hamlet's motto.

"But would you learn, as I, his clue
To nature's heart, and judge him fairly, —
Go see his rustic bard, go view
His Man o' Airlie.

"See that defenseless minstrel brought
From hope to wan despair, from laughter
To frenzy's moan: — the image wrought
Will haunt you after.

"Then see him crowned at last! If such
A guerdon waits the stricken poet,
'T were well, you 'll own, to bear as much —
Even die, to know it."

"Bravo!" cried I, — "I too the thrill
Must feel, which thus your blood can waken."
And once I saw upon the bill
That part retaken;

But leagues of travel stretched between
Me and that idyl played so rarely:
And then — his death! nor had I seen
"The Man o' Airlie."

My failure; not the actor's, loved
By all to art and nature loyal;
Not his, whom Harebell's passion proved
Of the blood royal.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

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## THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

### XLI.

MISS LANISTON.

At eight o'clock that evening I was at the house of Miss Laniston. The lady was at home, and received me. She advanced with both hands extended.

"Truly," she exclaimed, "this is the most charming instance of masculine forgiveness I have ever witnessed."

I took one of her hands; this much for the sake of policy. "Madam," I said, "I am not thinking of forgiveness or unforgiveness. I am here to ask a favor; and if you grant it, I am willing that it shall counterbalance

everything between us which suggests forgiveness."

"Dear me!" she cried, leading the way to a sofa. "Sit down, and let me know my opportunities."

I did not want to sit down, but, as I said before, I felt that I must be politic, and so took a seat on the other end of the sofa.

"My errand is a very simple one," I said. "I merely want to know the address of Mother Anastasia in Washington."

The lady folded her hands in her lap, and looked at me steadily.

"Very simple indeed," she assented. "Why do you come to me for this address? Would not the sisters give it to you?"

"For various reasons I did not care to ask them," I replied.

"One of them being, I suppose, that you knew you would not get it."

I did not reply to this remark.

"If you know the address," I inquired, "will you kindly give it to me? It is necessary that I should have it at once."

"To telegraph?" she asked.

"No, I am going to her."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lady, and there was a pause in the conversation. "It does not strike me," she said presently, "that I have any authority to tell gentlemen where to find Mother Anastasia, but I can telegraph and ask her if she is willing that I shall send you to her."

This proposition did not suit me at all. I was quite sure that the Mother Superior would not consider it advisable that I should come to her, and would ask me to postpone my communication until she should return to Arden. But Arden, as I had found, would be a very poor place for the long and earnest interview which I desired.

"That would not do," I answered; "she would not understand. I wish to see her on an important matter, which can be explained only in a personal interview."

"You excite my curiosity," said Miss Laniston. "Why don't you make me your confidante? In that case, I might decide whether or not it would be proper to give you the address."

"Impossible," I said,—"that would be impossible."

Miss Laniston's eyes were of a blue gray, and very fine ones, and she fixed them upon me with a lively intentness.

"Do you still hope," she asked, "to marry Sylvia Raynor? Surely you must know that is impossible. She is now a member for life of the sisterhood."

"I know all that," I replied impatiently. "It is not about that matter that I wish to see the Mother Superior."

"Is it then about Mother Anastasia herself? Do you wish to marry her?"

I sprang to my feet in my excitement. "Why do you speak to me in that way," I exclaimed, "and about a woman who is at the head of a religious institution, and whose earthly existence is devoted to it?"

"Not at all," quietly answered the lady. "Mother Anastasia is not a life member of the sisterhood of the House of Martha."

At these words my blood began to boil within me in a manner which I could not comprehend. My eyeballs seemed to burn, as I stood and gazed speechlessly at my companion.

"You take such an interest in these sisters," she said, "that I supposed you knew that Mother Anastasia joined the sisterhood only for a term of years, now nearly expired. She was made Mother Superior because those who helped form the institution knew that no one else could so well fill the place, especially during its first years. I was one of those persons."

I do not remember a time when my mind was in such a state of ungovernable emotion. Not only was I unable

to control my feelings, but I did not know what they were. One thing only could I comprehend: I must remove this impression from the mind of Miss Laniston, and I could think of no other way of doing it than to confide to her the business on which I wished to see Mother Anastasia. I reseated myself on the sofa, and without delay or preface I laid before her my plan of collaboration with the sisters of the House of Martha; explaining how much better a man could attend to certain outside business than the sisters could do it, and showing how, in a manner, I proposed to become a brother of the House of Martha. Thus only could I defend myself against her irrational and agitating suppositions.

She heard me to the end, and then she leaned back on the sofa and laughed, — laughed until I thought the people in the street must hear her. I was hurt, but said nothing.

"You must excuse me," she said, when she was able to speak, "but this is so sudden my mind is not prepared for it. And so you wish to become a brother of the House of Martha? I would be solemn about it if I could, but really I cannot," and again she laughed.

I was about to retire, but she checked me.

"Do not go," she said; "do not be angry. Forget that I laughed. Now perhaps I can help you. I will make you a promise. If you will agree faithfully to tell me how Mother Anastasia receives your proposition, I will give you her address."

"Promise?" I said severely. "You may remember that this is not the first time you have made me a promise."

"Don't bring up that old affair!" she exclaimed. "What I did then could not be helped. When we had our talk about the sister with whom you had fallen in love, I had no idea she was Sylvia Raynor, the daughter of my hostess. When I discovered the truth, I had to drop the whole affair. Any person of honor would have done that. I could not help its being funny, you know."

I had become calmer, and was able to be politic again.

"If Mother Anastasia will allow me," I said, "I am willing to promise to tell you what she thinks of my plan."

"Very good," was the reply, "it is a bargain. She is stopping with a friend, Mrs. Gardley, at 906 Alaska Avenue. I address her as 'Miss Raynor,' — I always do when I have a chance, — but I think it will be well for you to ask for 'Mother Anastasia.'"

I arose, and she followed my example.

"Now, then," said she, "we are friends," and her sparkling eyes seemed to have communicated their merriment to the gems upon the white hand which she held out to me.

I took the hand, and as I did so a politic idea flashed up within me. If I must be friends with this woman, why not make use of her? This was a moment when she was well disposed to serve me.

"If you are willing to consider me a friend," I replied, still holding her hand, "you will not refuse to tell me something which I have long wanted to know, and which I ought to know."

"What is it?" she asked.

"What was the trouble which caused Sylvia Raynor to enter the House of Martha?"

She withdrew her hand, and reflected for a moment.

"Man is an inquisitive animal," she answered; "but we cannot alter his nature, and there is some excuse for your wanting to know all about Sylvia. She is out of your reach, of course, but you have certainly taken as much interest in her as a man can take in a woman. The matter is not a close secret, and I suppose I may as well tell you that the cause of her entering the sisterhood was nothing at all out of the

common. It was simply a thwarted love affair. You don't like that, I can see by your face."

"No, I do not like it, and I am very sorry to hear it."

"My dear sir," said she, "you must be early on hand and prompt in action to be Number One with a girl like Sylvia; but then, you know, a Number One seldom counts. In this case, however, he did count, for he made a Number Two impossible."

"Not so!" I cried hotly. "I am Number Two, and shall always continue so."

She laughed. "I am afraid," she said, "that it will be necessary for a brother of the House of Martha to get rid of that sort of feeling."

"How was she thwarted?" I asked quickly.

"The story is briefly this," replied Miss Laniston: "A certain gentleman courted Sylvia's cousin, and everybody supposed they would be married; but in some way or other he treated her badly, and the match was broken off. Then, a few years later, this same person fell in love with Sylvia, who knew nothing of the previous affair. The young girl found him a most attractive lover, and he surely would have won her had not her mother stepped in and put an extinguisher upon the whole affair. She knew what had happened before, and would not have the man in her family. Then it was that Sylvia found the world a blank, and concluded to enter the sisterhood."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that the cousin with whom the man was first in love was Marcia Raynor, Mother Anastasia?"

"Yes," answered Miss Laniston, "it was she. You do not like that?"

Like it! A cold and tingling pain ran through my body, and there sprang up in me an emotion of the intensest hatred for a person whom I had never seen.

My feelings were such as I could not express; the situation was one which I could not discuss. I took leave of Miss Laniston without giving sufficient consideration to her expression of countenance and to her final words now to be able to say whether they indicated amusement or sympathy.

## XLII.

### THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Seldom, I think, has a berth in a sleeping-car held a more turbulent-minded man than I was during my journey from New York to Washington. The revelation that the same man had loved and been loved by Mother Anastasia and Sylvia had disquieted me in a manner not easily to be explained; but I knew that I was being torn by jealousy, and jealousy is a passion which it is sometimes impossible to explain.

An idea which came into my mind in the night increased the storm within me. I imagined that the wretch who had made suit to Marcia and Sylvia was Walkirk. He knew a good deal about these women; sometimes I was surprised to discover how much he knew. Perhaps now, acting in a base disguise, he was endeavoring to make of me a stepping-stone to his ultimate success with one or the other. Hound! I would crush him!

My thoughts ran rapidly backward. I remembered how zealous Walkirk had been in following Mrs. Raynor's yacht. He had told me of his conversations with Sylvia, but what reason had I to believe he spoke the truth? That any man should have loved these two women filled me with rage. That that man should be Walkirk was an insupportable thought. I was not only jealous, but I felt myself the victim of a treacherous insult.

It was seven o'clock when I reached Washington, but, although I had ar-

rived at my destination, I could give no thought to the object of my journey until I had discovered the truth about Walkirk. That was all-important.

But of whom should I inquire? I could think of no one but Miss Laniston. I had been a fool not to ask her the name of the man when I was with her; but I would telegraph to her now and ask for it. She might be asleep at this hour, but I believed she was a woman who would awake and answer my question and then go to sleep again.

I immediately went to the telegraph office, and sent this message: "What is the name of the man of whom we spoke last evening? It is necessary that I know it. Please answer at once." She would understand this. We had spoken of but one man.

For nearly an hour I walked the floor and tossed over the morning papers, and then came the answer to my message. It was this: "Brownson. He is dead."

There is a quality in the air of Washington which is always delightful to me, but I think it has never affected me as it did that morning. As I breathed it, it exhilarated me; it cheered and elated me; it rose-tinted my emotions; it gave me an appetite for my breakfast; it made me feel ready for any enterprise.

As soon as I thought it proper to make a morning call I went to number 906 Alaska Avenue. There I found a large and handsome house, of that independent and highly commendable style of architecture which characterizes many of the houses of Washington. I had not yet made up my mind whether I should inquire for "Mother Anastasia" or "Miss Raynor." I did not know the custom of Mother Superiors when traveling or visiting, and I determined, as I ascended the steps, to be guided in this matter by the aspect of the person who opened the door.

It has always been interesting to me to study the character, as well as I can do so in the brief opportunity generally afforded, of the servants who open to me the doors of houses. To a certain degree, although of course it does not do to apply this rule too rigidly, these persons indicate the characters of the dwellers in the house. My friends have disputed this point with me, and have asserted that they do not wish to be so represented, but nevertheless I have frequently found my position correct.

I prefer to visit those houses whose door service is performed by a neat, good-looking, intelligent, bright-witted, kindly-tempered, conscientious, and sympathetic maid-servant. A man is generally very unsatisfactory. He performs his duty in a perfunctory manner. His heart is not in it. He fears to say a word more than he thinks absolutely necessary, lest you should imagine him so new in service that he had not lost his interest in answering questions.

But even if the person you ask for be not at home, it is sometimes a pleasure to be told so by an intelligent maid such as I have described above. Your subsequent action is frequently influenced by her counsel and information. Frequently she is able to indicate to you your true relation with the household; sometimes she assists in establishing it.

When the door before me opened, I saw a colored woman. I was utterly discomfited. None of my rules applied to a middle-aged colored woman, who gazed upon me as if she recognized me as one whom she carried in her arms when an infant. Actuated by impulse only, I inquired for "Miss Raynor."

"I reckon," said she, "you 's got to de wrong house. Dat lady doan' live hyar."

"Well, then," I asked quickly, "is there a lady here named 'Mother Anastasia'?"

The woman showed thirty-two perfectly developed teeth.

"Oh, dat 's she? You means de sister. She 's hyar; yes, sah. Want to see her? "

I stated that I certainly desired to see her.

"She 's gone out now, sah, an' dere 's no tellin' when dey 'll git back. Dey ginerally all gits back 'bout dark. Commonly jist a little arter dark."

"Not return before dark! " I cried. "That is bad. Can you give me any idea where I might find Mother Anastasia? "

"I 'spects you kin fin' her mighty easy. Mos' likely she 's at de Patent Office, or at de Army and Navy Buildin', or de White House, or de Treasury, or de Smifsonian, or de Navy Yard, or de new 'Servatory, or on de avenue shoppin', or gone to de Capitol to de Senate or de House, one; or perhaps she druv out to Arlin'ton, or else she 's gone to de 'Gressional Libr'y. Mos' likely she 's at one or de odder of dem places; an' about one o'clock she an' Mis' Gardley is mighty sure to eat der luncheon somewhar, an' arter dat I reckon dey 'll go to 'bout four arternoon teas. I doan' know 'xactly whar de teas 'll be dis arternoon, but ye kin tell de houses whar dar is a tea inside by de carriages a-waitin', — an' ef it ain't a tea, it 's a fun'ral, — an' all yer 's got to do is to go inside an' see if she 's dar."

I could not refrain from smiling, but I was greatly discouraged. How could I wait until evening for the desired interview?

"If you is kin to de sister," said the woman, — "an' I reckon you is, for I see de likeness powerful strong, — she 'll be mighty glad to see ye, sah. Want me to tell her ye 'll come back dis evening, if ye doan' fin' her before dat? "

I desired her to give such a message, and went away well pleased that the woman had not asked my name. It was desirable that Mother Anastasia should not know who was coming to call on her.

I am, as I have said before, much given to the consideration of motives and all that sort of thing, and in the course of the day I found myself wondering why I should have taken the trouble to walk through the Patent Office and half a dozen other public buildings, continually gazing about me, not at the objects of interest therein, but at the visitors; that is, if they were ladies. Why this uneasy desire to find the Mother Superior, when by quietly waiting until evening I was almost certain to see her? But in the midst of my self-questionings I went on looking for Mother Anastasia.

I finished my long ramble by a visit to the gallery of the House of Representatives. A member was making a speech on a bill to establish a national medical college for women. The speech and the subject may have interested some people, but I did not care for either, and I am afraid I was a little drowsy. After a time I took a cab and went to my hotel. At all events, the long day of waiting was nearly over.

Early in the evening I called again at Mrs. Gardley's house, and, to my delight, was informed that the lady I desired to see was at home.

When Mother Anastasia came into the drawing-room, where I awaited her, she wore the gray gown of her sisterhood, but no head covering. I had before discovered that a woman could be beautiful in a Martha gown, but at this moment the fact asserted itself with peculiar force. She greeted me with a smile and an extended hand.

"You do not seem surprised to see me," I said.

"Why should I be? " she answered. "I saw you in the House of Representatives, and wondered why you should doze when such an interesting matter was being discussed; and when I came home, and heard that a gentleman an-

swering your description intended to call on me this evening, I declined to go out to the theatre, wishing to be here to receive you."

I was disgusted to think that she had caught me napping, and that she had been near me in the House and I had not known it, but I said nothing of this.

"You are very good," I remarked, "to give up the theatre" —

"Oh, don't thank me," she interrupted; "perhaps you will not think I am good. Before we say anything more, I want you to tell me whether or not you have come here to talk about Sylvia Raynor."

Here was a blunt question, but from the bottom of my heart I believed that I answered truly when I said I had not come for that purpose.

"Very good," said Mother Anastasia, leaning back in her chair. "Now I can freely say that I am glad to see you. I was dreadfully afraid you had come to talk to me on that forbidden subject, and I must admit that this fear had a very powerful influence in keeping me at home this evening. If you had come to talk to me of her, I should have had something very important to say to you; but I am delighted that my fears were groundless. And now tell me how you could help being interested in that grand scheme for a woman's college."

"I have never given it any thought. Do you care for it?"

"Care for it!" she exclaimed. "I am enlisted in the cause hand and heart. I came down here because the bill was to be brought before the House. If the college is established, — and I believe it will be, — I expect to be one of the faculty."

"You are not a physician?" said I.

"Oh, I have studied and practiced medicine," she answered, "and expect to do a great deal more of it before we begin operations. The physician's art is my true vocation."

"And you will leave the House of Martha?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "The period for which I entered it has nearly expired. I do not regret the time I have spent there, but I must admit I shall be glad to leave the sisterhood. That life is too narrow for me, and perhaps too shallow. I say nothing against it in a general way; I only speak of it as it relates to myself. The very manner in which I rejoice in the prospect of freedom proves to me that I ought to be free, and that I did a wise thing in limiting the term of my sisterhood."

As Mother Anastasia spoke there was a glow of earnest pleasure upon her face. She was truly very happy to be able to talk of her approaching freedom.

I am a prudent man and a cautious one. This frank enthusiasm alarmed me. How deftly she had put Sylvia out of sight! How skillfully she had brought herself into full view, free and untrammeled by vows and rules, — a woman as other women!

The more I saw of Mother Anastasia the better I liked her, but I perceived that she was a woman with whom it was very necessary to be cautious. She was apt, I thought, to make convictions of her presumptions. If she presumed that my love for Sylvia was an utterly hopeless affection, to be given up and forgotten, I did not like it. It might be that it was hopeless, but I did not care to have any one else settle the matter for me in that way, — not even Mother Anastasia.

"Of course," I remarked, "I am glad that you have concluded to withdraw from a vocation which I am sure is not suited to you, and yet I feel a little disappointed to hear that you will not continue at the head of the House of Martha, for I came to Washington on purpose to make you a proposition in regard to that institution."

"Came to Washington on purpose to see me and to make a proposition! What can it possibly be?"

I now laid before her, with considerable attention to detail, my plan for working in coöperation with the House of Martha. I showed her the advantages of the scheme as they had suggested themselves to me, and as an example of what could be done I mentioned Sylvia's fancy for typewriting, and demonstrated how easily I could undertake the outside management of this very lucrative and pleasant occupation. I warmed up as I talked, and spoke quite strongly about what I — and perhaps in time other men — might do for the benefit of the sisterhood, if my proposition were accepted.

She listened to me attentively, her face growing paler and harder as I proceeded. When I had finished she said: —

"It is not at all necessary for me to discuss this utterly preposterous scheme, nor even to refer to it, except to say that I plainly see its object. Whatever you may have persuaded yourself to think of your plan, I know that its real object is to reëstablish a connection with Sylvia. You would know, if you would allow yourself to think about it, that your absurd and even wicked scheme of typewriting, companionship in work, and all that stuff could only result in making the girl miserable, and perhaps breaking her heart. You know that she loves you, and that it has been a terrible trial to her to yield to her conscience and do what she has done; and you know, furthermore, — and this more than anything else darkens your intention, — that Sylvia's artless, ingenuous, and impulsive nature would give you advantages which would not be afforded by one who did not love you, and who better understood the world and you."

"Madam," I exclaimed, "you do me an injustice!"

She paid no attention to this remark, and proceeded: "And now let me tell you that what you have said to me to-night has changed my plans, my life. I shall not leave Sylvia exposed to your cruel attacks, — attacks which I believe will come in every practical form that your ingenuity can devise. It was my example that brought that girl into the House of Martha, and now that she has vowed to devote her life and her work to its service I shall not desert her. I will not have her pure purpose shaken and weakened, little by little, day by day, until it falls listless and deadened, with nothing to take its place. Therefore, until I know that you are no longer a source of danger to her, I shall remain Mother Superior of the House of Martha; and rest assured that while I am in that position Sylvia shall be safe from you." And with that she rose and walked out of the room.

## XLIII.

### WAS HIS HEART TRUE TO POLL?

Never before had any one spoken to me as Mother Anastasia had just done. Never before had I felt as I felt in leaving the house where she had so treated me. I did not admit all that she had said; and yet, not even to myself could I gainsay her statements. I was not convinced that I had been wrong, but I could not help feeling that she was right. I was angry, I was mortified, I was grieved. The world seemed cold and dark, and the coldest and darkest thing in it was the figure of Mother Anastasia as she rose to leave me.

When I reached New York, I bethought myself of my promise to Miss Laniston. It tortured my soul to think of what had happened; I knew it would torture it still more to talk of these things. But I am a man who keeps his promises; besides, I wanted to see Miss Laniston. I did not like her very much, but the people whom I did like seemed to be falling away from me, and she was a woman of vigorous

spirit, to whom one in my plight would naturally turn. That she could give me any encouragement was not likely, but she might offer me an enheartening sympathy; and, moreover, she was well acquainted with Mother Anastasia, and there were a good many questions I wanted to ask about that lady.

I found Miss Laniston at home, but I was obliged to wait a good while before she made her appearance.

"If you were any other man in this world," she said, "I should have felt obliged to excuse myself from seeing you, for I am engaged on most important business with a modiste who is designing a gown for me; but I am perfectly wild to hear about your interview with Mother Anastasia, and I was afraid, if I sent you away, that you would not come back again; so tell me about it, I pray you. I know you have seen her, for you look so uncommonly glum. I am afraid that you have not yet become a brother of the House of Martha."

There was nothing inspiring about this badinage, but I braced myself to the work, and told her what had happened in Washington.

"This is truly dreadful," she declared. "Of course I had no idea that Mother Anastasia would consider your plan as anything more than the wild outreachings of a baffled lover, but I did not imagine that she would take it in this way. This is very bad."

"It is," I answered. "Everything is knocked from under me."

"Oh, bless you," said the lady, "I was n't thinking of you, but of Mother Anastasia. It was the happiest news I can remember when I heard that she was soon to drop that name and all that belonged to it, and to begin a life in which she would be a woman among her peers, no matter with what sex they happen to be classed. But if she stops short and remains in that miserable House of Martha, the result is bound to be disastrous. If she believes it is necessary to spend her life in protecting Sylvia from your assaults, she is the woman to spend her life in that way."

"What her friends should do," said I, "is to convince her that it is not necessary."

Miss Laniston gazed upon me fixedly. "You think it would be a great pity for a beautiful woman — a remarkably fine woman like Mother Anastasia — to hide herself away in that make-believe convent?"

"Indeed I do," I answered, with animation.

"And since one fine woman is shut up for life in that prison, you think it a shame that another one should remain within its walls?"

I assented warmly.

"Now, then," remarked Miss Laniston, rising, "it is absolutely necessary for me to go to the Frenchwoman, who I know is fuming for me, and whose time is very precious. I shall be with you again in about twenty minutes, and during that time I wish you would make up your mind with whom you are in love, Mother Anastasia or Sylvia Raynor. When that point is settled, we will see what can be done."

It was a man of a bewildered mind who was left alone in that drawing-room. I did not understand what had been said to me, but now that ideas of this kind had been put into words there seemed to be a certain familiarity about them. How dared she speak to me in that way? What ground had she for such words? And yet — Sylvia was shut up for life in the House of Martha. I could not gainsay that.

I could not put my thoughts into form, and, with my mind in chaos, I strode up and down the room until Miss Laniston returned.

"What an uneasy person you are!" she said. "Have you settled that little point?"

"Settled it! There is nothing to settle."

She laughed. "I am not so sure about that. I thought I saw a change in the wind when you were here last, and it is natural enough that it should change. What is the good of its blowing steadfastly from the north, when the north is nothing but ice?"

"You have no right to talk in that way!" I exclaimed angrily. "I utterly repudiate your supposition."

"Come, come," she said, "let us be practical. I really take an interest in you, you know, and, besides that, I take an interest in my friends; and it is quite plain to me that you must not be allowed to wander about in a detached way, making all sorts of trouble. You have made a good deal already. So if we must consider Sylvia Raynor as really out of the race, on account of being tied up by her sisterhood obligations, we must turn our attention to Mother Anastasia, who probably has not yet done anything definite in regard to retaining her position in the House of Martha. If anything can be done in this direction, it will be quite satisfactory, because, if you get the ex-Mother Superior, of course you will be content to leave the young sister alone."

"Madam, you insult me!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"By which, I suppose," she answered, "you wish me to understand that your heart is true to Poll,— by Poll meaning Sylvia Raynor."

"You know that as well as I do," I replied. "I have taken you into my confidence; I have told you that I love her, that I shall always love her; and it is unwomanly in you" —

"That will do," she interrupted, — "that will do; don't say hard words to one of your best friends. If you will continue to be true to Poll, not as the sailor was in the song, but constant and steadfast in all sorts of weather, and without any regard to that mere material point of eventually getting her for your own, why then I am your fast friend to the end, and will do everything that I can to soften your woes and lighten your pathway; and all the reward I desire for my labors is the pleasure of knowing that there is at least one man in the world who can love truly and unchangeably without seeing any chance ahead of him of winning the woman he loves. Do you think you can fill that position?"

I looked at her sternly, and answered: "I have said all upon that point that it is necessary to say. When I love a woman, I love her forever."

"Very good," said Miss Laniston, — "very good; and I dare say your little side flights did n't mean anything at all. And now I shall talk with Mother Anastasia as soon as possible, and make her understand that she has no right to sacrifice herself to Sylvia or any one else. If I can get her started off on the right road, I will see what I can do with the new Mother Superior, whoever she may be. Perhaps you may yet be able to establish that delightful brotherhood of the House of Martha. Any way, I promise you, you shall have something. It may not be much and it may not be often, but it shall be enough to keep your love alive; and that, you see, is my great object. I want to make of you a monument of masculine constancy."

As I took leave of her, Miss Laniston gave my hand a vigorous pressure, which seemed to me to indicate that her intentions were better than her words. As I went away my mind was quieter, though not cheered. There was in it a certain void and emptiness, but this was compensated for by a sense of self-approbation which was strengthening and comforting. I was even able to smile at the notion of the interview between Miss Laniston and Sister Sarah, when the former should propose my plan of the brotherhood.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

## THE QUEEN'S CLOSET OPENED.

THERE lies before me a leather-bound, time-stained, dingy little quarto of four hundred and fifty pages that was printed in the year 1656. Its contents comprise three parts or books. First, "The Queens Closet Opened, or The Pearl of Practise: Accurate, Physical, and Chirurgical Receipts." Second, "A Queens Delight, or The Art of Preserving, Conserving, and Candying, as also a Right Knowledge of Making Perfumes and Distilling the most Excellent Waters." Third, "The Compleat Cook, Expertly Prescribing the most ready wayes, whether Italian, Spanish, or French, For Dressing of Flesh and Fish, Ordering of Sauces, or Making of PASTRY," — "pastry" in capitals, as is due so distinguished an article and art.

This conjunction of medicine and cooking was far from being considered demeaning to the healing art. A great number of the cook-books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were written by physicians. Dr. Lister, physician to Queen Anne, wrote plainly, "I do not consider myself as hazarding anything when I say no man can be a good physician who has not a competent knowledge of cookery."

This book contains a long, pompous preface, in which it is asserted that these receipts had been collected originally for "her distress'd Soveraigne Majesty the Queen," Henrietta Maria; that they had been "laid at her feet by Persons of Honour and Quality;" and that, since false and poor copies had been circulated during the queen's banishment, the compiler — who "fell with the Court," not being able to render his beloved queen any further service — felt that he could "prevent all disservices" by giving in print to her friends these true rules. Thus could he keep the absent queen in their minds; and also he could give a fair copy to her, since she had lost her receipts in her flight. He complains, however, that some are "altered and corrupted by the failing of printing, some disordered, others false Printed: which kind of dealing I must impute to the most unfortunate customes of Printers, whose triviall excuses cannot free me from the highest misfortune that may befall me on this earthe should my Royall Mistress be displeased."

The preface is signed with initials only, W. M. Do they stand for the "little Vill Murray" of the queen's letters, the Will Murray so often mentioned in Evelyn's Diary as a faithful friend and letter-carrier for the king and queen? Or was W. M. Walter Montagu, the queen's almoner, who wrote for her pleasure The Queen's Pastoral, and remained her true follower through all her adversity? Though W. M. blamed the printer, I cannot. Clear and black is the type and firm the paper; and as for the bookbinder, let me, though rather late in the day, sound the praises of Nathaniel Brook at The Angel in Cornhill. Securely sewed, firmly glued, strongly backed, his work has stood the hard wear and tear of two centuries, and is still in good condition. The portrait of the queen, on the first page of the book, is said by Agnes Strickland to be a good likeness. It shows the royal widow in a black gown, a black veil with a triangular frontlet, a straight white cape, and one jewel, a cross. Doubtless the book was published with the hope of endearing the queen to the middle classes, who would care more for her skill in medicine and cooking than for her courage and magnanimity; especially would the book interest the people since it stated that she had practiced these receipts personally in her leisure hours.

As I open this old book, there runs across the yellow, time-stained pages, zigzagging sideways and backwards, crab fashion, on his ugly crooked legs, a pigmy brown book-spider, — one of those little insect bibliophiles that seem flatter even than the close-pressed pages that form their home. Skinny and active is this special spider who has chosen my drug-scented volume to live in; eager is he to hide in the old binding, where he can inhale the healing medicinal aroma, and rear in undisturbed quiet his hideous little progeny.

Two or three names are carefully written on the inside of the cover of this book, — names of past owners, without doubt. "Edward Talbot, his Book" is in the most faded ink. In a different handwriting is this rhyme: —

"When land is Gone and money Spent
then Learning is Most Axelant.
When I am gone & Rotton
If these you se Remember me,
When Others is Forgotton.

"Edward Reynolds, his Book, 1704."

In still another chirography is a rival effusion: —

"Dont steal this Book
for fear of Shame,
for underneathe you see
the oners name.
The first is J by
all mens site,
the second is R
if you spell Right.

"John Russel, His Book, in the year 1733."

A musty, leathery smell pervades and exhales from the pages, and is mingled with whiffs of an equally ancient and more penetrating odor, that of old drugs and medicines. For this book was not fated to dwell always among "persons of honour and quality" in Old England; it crossed the waters to the new land, and was for many years the pocket-companion of an old New England physician. Many a journey over bleak hills and lonely dales has it made, safely reposing at the bottom of its owner's pocket, or lying cheek by jowl with the box of drugs and medicines and case of lancets in his ample saddle-bags. This country doctor had not studied deeply in college and in hospital; nor had he taken any long courses of instruction in foreign schools and universities. When he had decided to become a doctor, he had simply ridden with an old-established physician — ridden literally — in a half-menial, half-medical capacity. He had cared for the doctor's horse, swept the doctor's office, run the doctor's errands, pounded drugs, gathered herbs, and mixed plasters, until he was fitted to "ride" for himself. Then he had applied to the court and received a license to practice, — that was all. I doubt not that this book of mine and a few Latin treatises that he could hardly decipher formed his entire pharmacopœia. As he had chanced to inherit a small fortune from a relative, he became quite a physician; for in colonial days wealth and position were as essential as were learning and experience to enable one to become a good doctor.

I like to think of the rich and pompous old doctor a-riding out to see his patients, clad in his suit of sober brown or claret color with great shining buttons made of silver coins. The full-skirted coat had great pockets and flaps, as did the long waistcoat that reached well over the hips. Rather short were the sleeves of the coat, to show the white ruffles and frills at the wrist; but the forearm was well protected in cold weather by the long gauntlets of his riding-gloves and by his muffetees. Full kneebreeches dressed his shapely legs, while fine silk stockings and buckled shoes displayed his well-turned calves and ankles. But in muddy weather high leather boots took the place of the fine hose and shoes, and his handsome breeches were covered with long tow overalls, or "tongs," as they were called. On his head the doctor wore a cocked hat and wig. He owned and wore in

turn wigs of different sizes and dignity, — ties, bags, periwigs, and bobs. His portrait was painted in a full-bottomed wig that rivaled the Lord Chancellor's in size; but his every-day riding-wig was a rather commonplace horsehair affair with a stiff eelskin cue. One wig he lost by a mysterious accident, one day while he was attending a patient who was lying ill of a fever, of which the crisis seemed at hand. The doctor decided to remain all night, and sat down by the side of a table in the sick man's room. The hours passed slowly away. Physician and nurse and goodwife talked and droned on; the sick man moaned and tossed in his bed, and begged fruitlessly for water. At last the room grew silent; the tired watchers dozed in their chairs; the doctor nodded and nodded, bringing his eelskin cue dangerously near the flame of the candle that stood on the table. Suddenly there was heard a violent explosion, a hiss, a sizzle; and when the smoke cleared, and the terrified occupants of the room collected their senses, the nurse and wife were discovered under the valance of the bed; the doctor stood, scorched and bareheaded, looking for his wig; while the sick man, who had jumped out of bed, in the confusion, and captured a pitcher of water, drunk half the contents and thrown the remainder over the doctor's head, was lying behind the bed-curtains laughing hysterically at the ridiculous appearance of the man of medicine. Instant death was predicted for the invalid, who, strange to say, either from the laughter or the water, began to recover from that moment. The terrified physician was uncertain whether he ought to attribute the explosion and conflagration of his wig to a violent demonstration of the devil in his effort to obtain possession of the sick man's soul, or to the powerful influence of some conjunction of the planets, or to the new-fangled power of electricity which Dr. Franklin had just discovered, and was making so much talk about, and was so recklessly tinkering with in Philadelphia at that very time. The doctor had strongly disapproved of Franklin's reprehensible and meddlesome boldness, but he felt that it was best, nevertheless, to write and obtain the philosopher's advice as to the feasibility, advisability, and best convenience of having one of the new lightning-rods rigged upon his medical back, and running thence up through his wig, thus warding off further alarming accident. Ere this was done the mystery of the explosion was solved. When the doctor's new wig arrived from Boston, he ordered his Indian servant to powder it well ere it was worn. He was horrified to see Noantum give the wig a liberal sprinkling of gunpowder from the powder-horn, instead of starch from the dredging-box. So the explosion of the old wig was no longer assigned to diabolical, thaumaturgical, or meteorological influences.

But I must turn from the doctor and the wig to the book; let us see what he did when he singed his head and burnt his face. He whipped my little book out of his pocket and turned to page 77: there he was told to make "Oyl of Eggs. Take twelve yolks of eggs and put them in a pot over the fire, and let them stand till you percieve them to turn black; then put them in a press and press out the Oyl." Or he could make "Oyl of Fennel," if he preferred it. But probably the goodwife had on hand one of the dozen astounding salves described in the book, that the doctor had ere this instructed her to make, and in which I trust he found due relief.

One cannot wonder that the sick man craved water, when we read what he had had to drink. He had been given, a spoonful at a time, this "Comfortable Juleb for a Feaver," made of "Barley water & VVhite VVine each one pint, VVhey one quart, two ounces of Conserves of Barberries, and the Juyces of two limmons and 2 Oranges." The

doctor had also taken (if he followed his Pearl of Practise) "two Salt white herrings & slit them down the back and bound them to the soles of the feet" of his patient; and I doubt not he had bled the sufferer at once, for he always did that on every possible occasion.

The "Water of Life" was also given for fevers, a few drops at a time, and as a tonic in health doubtless it proved strengthening.

"Take Balm leaves and stalks, Betony leaves and flowers, Rosemary, red sage, Taragon, Tormentil leaves, Rossolis and Roses, Carnation, Hyssop, Thyme, red strings that grow upon Savory, red Fennel leaves and root, red Mints, of each a handful; bruise these hearbs and put them in a great earthern pot, & pour on them enough VVhite VVine as wil cover them, stop them close, and let them steep for eight or nine days; then put to it Cinnamon, Ginger, Angelica-seeds, Cloves, and Nuttmegs, of each an ounce, a little Saffron, Sugar one pound, Raysins solis stoned one pound, Dates stoned and sliced half a pound, the loyns and legs of an old Coney, a fleshy running Capon, the red flesh of the sinews of a leg of Mutton, four young Chickens, twelve larks, the yolks of twelve Eggs, a Loaf of VVhite-bread cut in sops, and two or three ounces of Mithridate or Treacle & as much Muscadine as will cover them all. Distil al with a moderate fire, and keep the first and second waters by themselves; and when there comes no more by Distilling put more VVine into the pot upon the same stuffe and distil it again, and you shal have another good water. This water strengtheneth the Spirit, Brain, Heart, Liver and stomack. Take when need is by itself, or with Ale, Beer, or VVine mingled with Sugar."

Who could doubt that it strengthened the spirit? Plainly here do we see the need of a doctor being a good cook. But what pot would hold all that flesh and fowl, that blooming flower garden of herbs and posies, that assorted lot of fruits and spices, to say nothing of the muscadine?

Surely our ancestors spared no pains to prepare these medicines. They did not, shifting all responsibility, run to a chemist or apothecary with a little slip of paper; with their own hands they picked, pulled, pounded, stamped, shredded, dropped, powdered, and distilled, regardless of expense, or trouble, or hard work. Truly they deserved to be cured.

Of course the remedies given in this book were largely for the diseases of the day. Physicians and parsons, lords and ladies, combined to furnish complex and elaborate prescriptions and perfumes to cure and avert the plague; and the list includes one plague-cure that "the Lord-Mayor had from the Queen;" and I may add that it is a particularly unpleasant and revolting one. But all these "sure cures" were of little avail; the whole score could not stop the terrible course of that terrible disease when, nine years later, it swept throughout England, killing in London alone one hundred thousand persons. Many a one of that great army of dead men took confidingly and faithfully medicines such as are given in this little book of mine: the king's feeble and much-vaunted dose of "VVhite VVine, Ginger Treacle, and Sage;" the celebrated Dr. Butler and Dr. Read's ineffectual preservatives of wood sorrel and sugar; Dr. Butler's cordial-water "to drive al venome from the heart," composed of a few herbs, rose water, and Venice treacle; "Dr. Atkinson's excellent perfume against the Plague," of "Angelica roots and VVine Vinegar, that if taken fasting, your breath would kill the Plague" (it must have been a fearful dose); "Mr. Fenton's the Chirurgeon's Posset and his Sedour Root;" and the Countess of Arundel's drink of malmsey, grain, and Jean treacle, that "saved 38 commons of Windsor the last great Plague of 1593, and was proved upon many poor people

and they recovered." Alas, alas! the great bells tolled, the death-carts rumbled, and the deep trenches were filled, in spite of all this printed wisdom of great chirurgeons and doctors that I find in my Pearl of Practise.

Cures for smallpox and for gout are many. Varied are the lotions for the "pin and web in the eye;" so many are there of these that it makes me suspect that our English forefathers were sadly sore-eyed.

One very prevalent ail that our ancestors had to endure (if we can judge from the number of prescriptions for its relief) was a "cold stomack;" literally cold, one might think, since most of the cures were by external application. Lady Spencer used a plebeian "green turfe of grasse" to warm her stomach, with the green side, not the dirt side, placed next the skin. She could scarcely have worn this turf when she was up and around the house, could she? She must have had it placed upon her while she was in bed. The Countess of Mounteagle gave her remedy for a "cold stomack" as periwinkle and rosemary tops made hot. A "Restorative Bag" of herbs and spices heated in "boyl'd Vinegar" is asserted to be "comfortable." "It must be as hot as can be endured, and keep yourself from studying and musing and it will comfort you much." So it seems that you ought not to study or muse if your stomach be cold.

Many and manifold are the remedies to "chear the heart," to "drive melancholy," to "cure one pensive," "for a grief," and without doubt the queen often needed them. We know, too, that "things ill for the heart" were "beans, pease, sadness, onions, anger, evil-tidings, and loss of friends," — a very arbitrary and unjust classification. Melancholy was evidently regarded as a disease, and a much-to-be-lamented one. External applications were made to "drive the worms out of the Brain as well as Dross out of the Stomack." Here is "A pretious water to revive the Spirits:" —

"Take four gallons of strong Ale, five ounces of Aniseeds, Liquorish scraped half a pound, Sweet Mints, Angelica, Eccony, Cowslip flowers, Sage & Rosemary Flowers, sweet Marjoram, of each three handfuls, Palitory of the VVal one handful. After it is fermented two or three dayes, distil it in a Limbeck, and in the water infuse one handful of the flowers aforsaid, Cinnamon and Fennel-seed of each half an ounce, Juniper berries bruised one dram, red Rosebuds, roasted Apples & dates sliced and stoned, of each half a pound; distil it again and sweeten it with some Sugarcandy, and take of Ambergreese, Pearl, Red Coral, Hartshorn pounded, and leaf Gold, of each half a Dram, put them in a fine Linnen bag, and hang them by a thread in a Glasse."

Think of taking all that trouble to make something to cheer the spirits, when the four gallons of strong ale with spices would have fully answered the purpose, without bothering with such an assorted lot of herbs and fruits! I suppose the gold and jewels were particularly cheering ingredients, and perhaps entitled the drink to its name of "pretious water." Indeed, it would be cheering to the spirits of any one nowadays to have the precious metals and gems that were so lavishly used in these ancient medicines.

Full jeweled were the works of English "persons of quality" in the time of the Merry Monarch and his sire. The gold and gems were not always hung in bags in the medicines; frequently they were powdered and dissolved, and formed a large portion of the dose. Dr. Gifford's "Amber Pils for Consumption" contained a large quantity of pearls, white amber, and coral, as did also Lady Kent's powder. Sir Edward Spencer's eye-salve was rich in powdered pearls. The Bishop of Worcester's "admirable curing powder" (which included much

thaumaturgical nonsense, that the "black tips of Crabs Claws must be taken when the Sun enters Cancer," and that the "hartshorn must be from a red deer killed when the moon is in Leo") was composed largely of "ten skins of snakes or adders or Slow worms" mixed with "Magistery of Pearls." The latter was a common ingredient, and under the head of Choice Secrets Made Known we are told how to manufacture it: —

"Dissolve two or three ounces of fine seed Pearl in distill'd Vinegar, and when it 's perfectly dissolved and all taken up, pour the Vinegar into a clean glasse Bason; then drop some few drops of oyl of Tartar upon it, and it will call down the Pearl into the powder; then pour the Vinegar clean off softly; then put to the Pearl clear Conduit or Spring water; pour that off, and do so often until the taste of the Vinegar and Tartar be clean gone; then dry the powder of Pearl upon warm embers and keep for your use."

Gold and precious stones were specially necessary "to ease the passion of the Heart," as indeed they are nowadays. In that century, however, they applied the mercenary cure inwardly, and prepared it thus: —

"Take Damask Roses half-blown, cut off thier whites, and stamp them very fine, and straine out the Juyce very strong; moisten it in the stamping with a little Damask Rose water; then put thereto fine powder Sugar, and boyl it gently to a fine Syrup; then take the Powders of Amber, Pearl & Rubies, of each half a dram, Ambergresse one scruple, and mingle them with the said syrup till it be somewhat thick, and take a little thereof on a knifes point morning and evening."

Red and white roses formed the base of the majority of these compounds, but the white roses were never taken internally.

I can now understand the reason for the unceasing, the incurable melancholy that hung like a heavy black shadow over so many of the Puritan divines in the early days of New England, as their gloomy sermons, their sad diaries and letters, plainly show. Those poor ministers had no chance to use such receipts, and thus get cured of "worms in the brain," with annual salaries of only £60, which they had to take in corn, wheat, codfish, or bearskins, in any kind of county pay, or even in wampum, in order to get it at all. Rubies and pearls and gold and coral were scarce in clerical circles in Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth plantations. Even amber and ivory were far from plentiful. Cleopatra drinks were out of fashion in the New World. So Mather and Hooker and Warham were condemned to die with "uncheered spirits" and unjeweled stomachs.

Another ingredient, unicorns' horns, which were ground and used in powders, must have been difficult to obtain in New England, although I believe Governor Winthrop had one sent to him as a gift from Old England. The horn of a unicorn was a sovereign detective to search out poison. If you fancied that your host was poisoning you (as was too often the case), you had only triumphantly to fetch out your trusty unicorn's horn, thrust it into the suspected cup, and either drink down the liquid with profuse apologies if your shockingly insulting suspicions proved incorrect, or kill your host if your horn turned color. Ambergris was also too rare and costly for American Puritans to use. A large lump of "ambergreese" was one of the most valued gifts to Queen Henrietta Maria in honor of the birth of her first child.

Insomnia is not a bane of our modern civilization alone. This little book shows that our ancestors craved and sought sleep just as we do. Here is a receipt to cure sleeplessness which might be tried by any wakeful soul of modern times, since it requires neither rubies, pearls, nor gold in its manufacture: —

"Bruise a handful of Annis-seeds, and steep them in Red Rose Water, & make it up in little bags, & binde one of them to ech Nostrill, and it will cause sleep."

So aniseed bags were used in those days for a purpose very different and remote from our modern one; if your nineteenth-century nose should refuse to accustom itself to having bags hung on it, you can "Chop Chammomile & crumbs of Brown Bread smal and boyl them with VVhite VVine Vinegar, stir it wel and spred it on a cloth & binde it to the soles of the feet as hot as you can suffer it." And if that should not make you sleepy, there are frankincense-perfumed paper bags for your head, and some very pleasant things made of rose leaves for your temples, and hard-boiled eggs for the nape of your neck, — you can choose from all of these.

I fancy these remedies for sleeplessness were collected specially for Queen Henrietta Maria, whose well-known wakefulness inspired the elegant lines of Waller inscribed To the Lady who could do Anything but Sleep when she Chose. Small wonder she could not sleep in those troubled days; uneasy lay her fair crowned head. I do not like to think of her, though, with wet bags tied to her nose; I know her remedy was the rose leaves. Nor do I wish to remember that the poor sleepless queen at last found her death in a narcotic which was not as harmless as these in my Pearl of Practise.

They had abounding faith, these old Englishmen. Several of the prescriptions in The Queen's Closet are to cure people at a remote distance, by applying the nostrums to a linen cloth previously wet with the patient's blood. They had "plasters of power" that they put on the back of the head to draw the palate into place; and wonderful elixirs that would keep a dying man alive five years; and herb juices to make a dumb man speak. The following prescription shows plainly their confiding spirit: —

"To Cure Deafnesse. — Take the Garden Dasie roots and make juyce therof, and lay the worst side of the head low upon the bolster & drop three or four drops therof into the better Ear: this do three or four dayes together."

The vanity of our far-away grandmothers was carefully catered to in this book. There are many receipts to "make the face fair." "Take the flowers of Rosemary and seeth them in VVhite VVine, with which wash your face, and if you drink therof it wil make you have a sweet breath." They were also told to gather the sweet May dew from the grass in the early morning to make a fair face; and pretty it were to see Cicely, Peg, and Joan in petticoat and sack or smock, each with a "faire linnen cloath" a-dipping her rosy face in the fresh May dew. Could this have been only a sly trick to get the maids from bed betimes? We know the early hour at which Madam Pepys bathed her "mighty handsome face" in the beautifying spring dew. The vain dames were also instructed to use gourd seed, liverwort, and almond milk for "Flaming Noses." Various tooth-washes and "dentifrices" were given (and under this name, which I had fancied to be quite a modern one).

"If you will keep your teeth from rot, plug, or aking, wash the mouth continually with Juyce of Lemons, and afterwards rub your teeth with a Sage Leaf and VVash your teeth after meat with faire water. To cure Tooth Ach. 1: Take Mastick and chew it in your mouth till it is as soft as VVax, then stop your teeth with it, if hollow, there remaining till it 's consumed, and it wil certainly cure you. 2: The tooth of a dead man carried about a man presently suppresses the pains of the Teeth."

I suppose this latter ghoulish cure would not affect a woman; but if a seventeenth-century dame could cure the

toothache simply with a plug of mastic, she was much to be envied by her degenerate nineteenth-century sister with her long dentist's bill. Another "Dentifrice much approved at Court" runs thus: —

"First take eight ounces of Irios roots, also four ounces of Pomistone, and eight ounces of cutel bone, also eight ounces Mother of Pearl, and eight ounces of Coral, and a pound of Brown Sugar Candy, and a pound of Brick if you desire to make them red, but he did oftner make them white, and he did then instead of the Brick take a pound of white Alabaster; al this being thouroughly beaten and sifted through a fine searse, the powder is then prepared to make up in a past."

The paste was made with damask-rose water and gum "dragant" into "long rowls of Dentifrices." These dentifrices were rubbed on the teeth, toothbrushes not being used. Just fancy scouring the teeth with a stick of brick dust, pumice stone, powdered cuttle bone, mother of pearl, and coral! A short course of such treatment would leave no teeth to scour.

Hair restorers these ancients also used; and in these days of manifold mysterious nostrums that gild the head of declining age and make glad the waste places on bald young masculine pates, let us read the simple receipts of the good old times: —

"Take half a Pound of Aqua Mellis in the Springtime of the Year, warm a little of it every morning when you rise in a Sawcer, and tie a little Spunge to a fine Box combe, and dip it in the water and therewith moisten the roots of the hair in Combing it, and it will grow long and thick and curled in a very short time."

"Take three spoonfuls of Honey and a good handful of Vine Twigs that twist like VVire, and beat them wel, and strain thier Juyce into the Honey and anoynt the Bald Places therewith."

These washes were not so expensive as Hirsutus or Tricopherous, but quite as effective, perhaps. There were hair-dyes, too, "to make hair grow black though of any color;" and the leaf that holds this precious instruction is sadly worn and spotted with various-tinted inks, as though the words had been often read and copied: —

"Take a little Aqua Fortis, put therein a groat or sixpence, as to the quantity of the aforesaid water, then set both to dissolve before the fire, then dip a smal Spunge in the said water, and wet your beard or hair therewith, but touch not the skin."

Perfumes and powders were given that waft faint, balmy odors to our nostrils down through these long centuries. The fair dames were ordered to "wash the Gloves and Jerkins first in old red Rose water and then lay your perfume in." Orris root, clover, violet flowers, lavender, orange flowers, ambergris, damask rosebuds, "civit," musk, gillyflowers, cloves, and cowslips combine their fragrance in these old receipts. Queen Elizabeth's perfume was made of rosemary and benjamin, while King Edward, who had a pretty taste in such trifles, furnished a rule to make the house sweet with damask roses.

In a "medical dispensatory" of the times, the different varieties of medicines are enumerated. They are "leaves, herbs, roots, barks, seeds, flowers, juices, distilled waters, syrups, juleps, decoctions, oils, electuaries, conserves, preserves, lohocks, ointments, plaisters, poultices, troches, and pills." These words and articles are all used nowadays except the "lohock," which was to be *licked* up, and in consistency stood in the intermediate ground between an electuary and a syrup. These terms, of course, were in the Galenic practice. In The Queen's Closet all the physic was found afield, with the exception of the precious metals and one compound, "rubila," which was made of antimony and

nitre. To this latter mixture the Americans did not take kindly; Giles Firmin called it a "meene helpe." There was also an "oyntment" made of quicksilver, verdigris, and brimstone mixed with "barrows grease," which was good for "horse, man, or other beast." Alum and copperas were once recommended for external use. The powerful "plaister of Paracelsus" was not composed of mineral drugs, as might be supposed, but was of herbs, and from the ingredients named must have been particularly nasty smelling as well as powerful.

The medicine mithridate forms a part in many of these prescriptions; it does not seem to be regarded as an alexipharmic, but as a soporific. It is said to have been the cure-all of King Mithridates. I will not give an account of the process of its manufacture; it would fill about three pages of this magazine, and I should think it would take about six weeks to compound a good dose of it. There are forty-five different articles used, each to be prepared "by slow degrees," and introduced with great care; some of them (such as treacle mustard, the rape of storax, camel's hay, and bellies of skinks) might also be inconvenient to procure. Mithridates would hardly recognize his own medicine in this conglomeration, for when Pompey found his precious receipt it was simple enough: "Pound with care two walnuts, two dried figs, twenty pounds of rice, and *a grain of salt*." I think we might take this *cum grano salis*.

Queer were the names of some of the herbs: alehoof, which was ground-ivy, or gill-go-by-ground, or haymaids, or twinhoof, or gill-creep-by-ground, and was an herb of Venus, and thus in special use for "passions of the heart;" the blessed thistle, of which one scandalized old writer says, "I supose the name was put upon it by them that had little holiness themselves;" clary, or clear-eye, or Christ's-eye, which latter name makes the same writer indignantly say, "I could wish from my soul that blasphemy and ignorance were ceased among physicians," — as if the poor doctors gave these folk-names. The "crabs-claws" so often mentioned was also an herb, otherwise known as knights-pond water and freshwater-soldier. The "mints" to flavor were horsemint, spearmint, peppermint, catmint, and heartmint.

The earliest New England colonists did not discover in the new country all the herbs and simples of their native land, but the Indian powwows knew of others that answered every purpose; very healing herbs, too, as Wood in his New England's Prospects unwillingly acknowledges and explains: "Sometimes the devill for requitall of thier worship recovers the partie to muzzle them up in thier devilish Religion." The planters sent to England for herbs and drugs, as existing inventories show; and they planted seeds, and soon had plenty of home herbs that grew apace. The New Haven colony passed a law at an early date to force the destruction of a "great stinking poisonous weed" which is said to have been the Datura stramonium, a medicinal herb. It had been brought over by the Jamestown colonists, and had spread miraculously, and was known as "Jimson" or Jamestown weed.

These old Englishmen did not measure the drugs with precision in preparing their medicines, as do our chemists nowadays, nor were their prescriptions written in Latin nor with cabalistic marks, — the asbestos stomachs and colossal minds of our ancestors were above such petty minuteness; nor did they administer the doses with exactness. "The bigth of a walnut," "enough to lie on a pen knifes point," "the weight of a shilling," "enough to cover a French crown," "as bigg as a haslenut," "as great as a charger," "the bigth of a Turkeys Egg," "a pretty draught," "a pretty bunch of herbs," "take a little

handful," "take a pretty quantity as often as you please," — such are the lax directions that accompany these old prescriptions.

There is a charm in these medical rules in my old book, in spite of the earthworms and wood-lice and adders and vipers in which some of them abound (to say nothing of other and more shocking ingredients). In surprising and unpleasant compounds they do not excel the prescriptions in a serious medical book published in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1835. Nor is Cotton Mather's favorite and much-vaunted ingredient millepeds, or *sowbugs*, once mentioned within. All are not vile in my Queen's Closet, — far from it. Medicines composed of Canary wine or sack, with rose water, juice of oranges and lemons, syrup of clove-gillyflower, loaf sugar, "Mallago raisins," nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, mace, remind me strongly of Josselyn's "New England nectar," and render me quite dissatisfied with our modern innovations of quinine, iron, antipyrine, and phenacetin, and even make only passively welcome the innocuous and uninteresting homœopathic pellet and drop.

But whatever the medicines were, of the cooking receipts in The Compleat Cook but one word can be said, — that of praise. This book was printed one hundred years before the cook-book of the celebrated Mrs. Glass, and I read "in great amaze" at the luxury, the refinement, of the court of Charles I. Not only did the seventeenth-century cooks possess delicious materials, but they knew how to use them. I never pity the Pilgrim mothers and Puritan goodwives who came to these lonely, desolate shores of New England more than when I read this cook-book. Although they were not of the court, these pious women gave up the most dainty, most nourishing, most appetizing food to live upon mussels, codfish, corn bread, peas and pork, and "pompions." Even in the large towns and plantations, in the year 1656, such a cook-book as this would have been of little use, for the goodwives were too frugal and too poor to afford any luxury. Small wonder The Queen's Closet Opened is more worn than The Compleat Cook.

Let me give one of the delicious dishes. With so much "richness" I hardly know which to choose.

"To make a Pigeon Pye. — Take your Pigeons (if they be not very young, cut them into four quarters,) one sweet-bread sliced the long way, that it may be thin, and the peeces not too big, one Sheeps tongue, little more than parboyl'd and the skin pul'd off, and the tongue cut in slices, two or three slices of Veale, as much of Mutton, young Chickens (if not little, quarter them), chick Heads, larks or any such like, Pullets, Coxcombs, Oysters, Calves' Udder cut in peeces, good Store of Marrow for seasoning; take as much Pepper & Salt as you think fit to season it Slightly, good Store of Sweet Marjoram, a little Time and Lemon-Pill fine sliced; season it well with these spices as the time of the year will afford; put in either of Chesnuts (if you put in Chesnuts they must be either boyl'd or roasted,) Goose berries or Guage; large Mace will do well in this Pye; then take a little Piece of Veal parboyl'd and slice it very fine, as much Marrow as meat stirred amongst it; then take grated Bread, as much as a quarter of the meat, four yelks of Eggs or more according to the Stuff you make; shred Dates as small as may be, season it with salt, Nutmeg as much as will season it, sweet Marjoram a pretty store but very small shred, work it up with as much sweet Creame as will make it up in little puddings, some long, some round, so put as many of them in the Pye as you please; put therein two or three spoonfulls of Gravy of Mutton, or so much strong Mutton Broth, before you put it in the Oven, the bottome of boyl'd Hartichoks, minced Marrow over and in the bottom

of the Pye after your Pye is baked; when you put it up, have some five yelks of Eggs minced, and the juyce of two or three Oranges, the meat of one Lemon cut in Peeces, a little VVhite and Claret VVine; put this in your Pye, being well mingled, and shake it very well together."

By this time you have lost the pigeons, but you have found a pie worthy of Brillat-Savarin; and its lordly lavishness makes a pleasant picture of the luxury of the times.

The receipt for Virginia trout I regard with keen disfavor, as an entirely needless and disagreeable seventeenth-century British sneer at America; somewhat after the fashion of calling salt codfish "Cape Cod turkey."

"To make Virginia Trout. — Take pickled Herrings, cut off thier Heads, and lay the bodies two dayes and nights in water, then wash them well, then season them with Mace, Cinamon, Cloves, Pepper, and a little red Saunders, then lay them close in a pot with a little onyon strewed small upon them, and cast between every Layer; when you have thus done, put in a pint of Clarret VVine to them, and cover them with a double paper tyed on the pot, and set them in the oven with household bread. They are to be eaten cold."

This is as simple a receipt as any of the three hundred in the book; but, after all, Virginia trout could not have been ill to eat, though they were but masquerading herring.

Long have I known a sack posset. Oft hath my old friend Will Shakespeare spoken of it, but ne'er till now have I known how to mix it.

"Take a Quart of Cream and boyle it very well with Sugar, Mace, and Nutmeg, take half a pint of Sack and as much Ale, and boyle them well together with Some Sugar; then put your Cream into your Bason to your Sack, then heat a pewter dish very hot and cover your Bason with it, and set it by the fireside, and let it stand t[illegible]ere two or three houres before you use it.

If you have no cream, you can "make a Sack Posset without Milk or Cream."

"Take eighteen Egs, whites and all, taking out the treads, let them be beaten very well; take a pint of Sack and a quart of Ale boyl'd, and scum it, then put in three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a little Nutmeg, let it boyl a little together, then take it off the fire, stirring the Egs still; put into them two or three Ladlefuls of drink; then mingle all together, and set it on the fire, and keepe it stirring till you find it thick; then serve it up."

All the possets, paps, caudles, furmities, and syllabubs are delightful; a toper would long for the king's strong ales and meads and metheglins, for the "usquebarbs" and dainty wines. The "Taffaty Tarts," "Apple Tanseys," "Pye Slumps," "Gooseberry Fools," "Angelots," "Poor Knights," and "Devonshire VVhite Pots" make one's mouth water. The preserves, candies, and cakes are concocted with judgment, and can hardly be excelled by Miss Parloa; the curds and cheeses and creams — clouted cream, sack cream, "piramids" cream, Spanish cream, French barley cream, and almond cream — are quite beyond her. I think she might learn from The Compleat Cook much about the dressing of fish, for the receipts are the most toothsome, the most dainty, that I have ever seen.

They were as exact and nice in speaking of fish in those days as they were in dressing it. They could not refer to serving or helping salmon. They had to say "chine that salmon," "string that lamprey," "splat that pike," "sauce that plaice or tench," "splay that bream," "side that haddock," "tusk that barbel," "culpon that trout," "fin that chevin," "transom that eel," "tranch that sturgeon," "undertranch that porpoise," "tame that crab," and "barb that lobster." I suppose, had a

diner-out said, "Will you culpon that salmon and let me have a slice?" or "Will you kindly tranch that trout?" he would have been hopelessly lost, — stamped at once as low bred and plebeian. They had also to mind their manners when they carved or asked for game or fowl. They had to speak of "rearing a goose," "lifting a swan," "saucing a capon," "spoiling a hen," "trussing a chicken," "unbracing a mallard," "unlacing a cony," "dismembering a heron," "displaying a crane," "disfiguring a peacock," "unjointing a bittern," "untacking a curlew," "allaying a pheasant," "winging a partridge or a quail," "mincing a plover," "thighing a pigeon or woodcock." It must have been very embarrassing when they did not really recognize whether it were a crane or a heron that was placed before them; or, worse yet, when they had to draw a fine line between a hen and a chicken. Perhaps it is better, after all, to have our game and fowl served as they are nowadays, cut up secretly in a "Black Hole" of a butler's pantry, and shoved in warmish slices in front of us, — the very kind and cut we don't like. We should never have the patience for so much etiquette, or, as the book says, "a-la-mode ways," in carving in this century.

In all the list no mention is made of what we regard as a most characteristic English viand, — roast beef. Though cooked and served in Queen Elizabeth's day, it did not become popular until the reign of Charles II. The Merry Monarch knighted the Sirloin of Beef. The barons and cavaliers fought upon minces and stews and made dishes; but they were good ones, and nourished good soldiers. Not until the fork was introduced was spoon meat crowded out. Nor are turkeys alluded to, though "turkies, carp, hops, piccarel & beare came into England all in one yeare," the year 1524. In The Accomplisht Cook, printed in 1678 (and in which many of the receipts are taken word for word from The Compleat Cook), turkeys are frequently named, and Pepys often dined upon them. There was not the great variety of vegetables that we have to cook with; onions, parsley, "caphers," "chibals," mushrooms, pompions, "spinage," "clove of garlick," rice, and artichokes comprise the short list. "Turneps" are mentioned in the medicines. A receipt for "patis," or cabbage cream, is given, but I can discover no cabbage in it.

Potatoes are not named, though they appear in The Accomplisht Cook, where, I may say in passing, they are ordered to be boiled and blanched; seasoned with nutmeg, cinnamon, and pepper; mixed with "eringo roots," dates, lemons, and whole mace; covered with butter, sugar, and grape verjuice; made with pastry into a pie, and iced with rose water and sugar. Alas! poor, ill-used, besugared potato! I can well understand why Englishmen did not take kindly to the new vegetable.

But one objection could be brought to any of these receipts by the owner of a modern palate, — the use of perfumes. Musk and civet are employed in some confections, as well as rose and violet and orange-flower water. The coloring matters seem also rather curious, — "saunders, saffron, chochineli, and blew starch," and juices of violets, gillyflowers, and marigolds.

Obsolete words are found, and words with obsolete meanings. Cakes and puddings were baked in "coffins;" sugar and spices were "searsed;" they "coddled," "seethed," "bottomed," "endored." In bread they had "cheat-loaves" and "mauchets" and "cracknels," as well as many other varieties. They had "strikes of malt," "coasts of beef," "cheese mots," and "ranioles," and yet the receipts are all easy to comprehend. I am surprised to find that they had "marchepans," "fritturs," "jumbals," and "sallets," all of which

I had thought to be comparatively modern dishes.

Now shall you receive from this old book the choicest, rarest, most delectable receipt of all that are therein — No, marry! you shall not! Preserve to myself will I this Old English riddle, this seventeenth-century secret. Be it a quiddany or a marmalet, an electuary or a lohock, a hypocras or a pomander, be it made of horrihocks or mushrumps or fricats, you shall never know. Live proudly shall I the rest of my days in the surety that I am the only dame in this New World who knows how to make for you a Damnable Hum.

*Alice Morse Earle.*

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## THE REFORM OF THE SENATE.

It might plausibly be maintained that the United States Senate is the most corrupting element in our national political system. This is not because it has become, as is sometimes alleged, a club of millionaires. Such a consummation would not have displeased certain of the framers of the Constitution. General Pinckney opposed the payment of salaries to Senators, on the ground that their branch "was meant to represent the wealth of the country," and that, in the absence of salaries, "the wealthy alone would undertake the service." Franklin seconded his motion. George Mason would have annexed a property qualification, since "one important object in constituting the Senate was to secure the rights of property." Their views did not prevail, but the millionaires have arrived, and make no scruple about drawing their salaries. They are a consequence of the mode of electing Senators established by the Constitution, and a part of the general demoralization ascribable to the same cause.

Notoriously, the Senate was the great stumbling-block — almost the *crux* — in the constitutional settlement. Edmund Randolph's plan provided for its election by the House "out of a proper number of persons nominated by the individual legislatures." George Read's substituted the President for the House. Dickinson, following Spaight, of North Carolina, moved that the legislatures elect. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, on the other hand, advocated direct popular election; arguing that a choice by the legislatures would "introduce and cherish local interests and local prejudices." Any of the rejected schemes, we can see, would have had its own dangers and abuses; but who can say whether the result would have been more disastrous than that of Dickinson's, under which we have worked for a century? Read thought he foresaw, from the general character of the Constitution, an end of the federal system by absorption, so that the state governments would "soon be reduced to the mere office of electing the national Senate;" and this fear found an echo in the ratifying conventions. Thus, in Pennsylvania, John Smilie, speaking for the minority in opposition, said the state legislature would "necessarily degenerate into a mere name, or at most settle in a formal board of electors, periodically assembled to exhibit the servile farce of filling up the federal representation." In New York, again, it was objected that the Senate would tend to perpetuate itself, and Chancellor Livingston retorted: "Can they make interest with their legislatures, who are themselves varying every year, sufficient for such a purpose? Can we suppose two Senators will be able to corrupt the whole legis-

lature of this State? The idea, I say, is chimerical. The thing is impossible."

No contemporary, so far as I can discover, anticipated the precise evil which has brought us to our present pass, and which is touched upon, all too lightly, by Mr. Bryce in the chapter on the Senate in his American Commonwealth. After quoting Hamilton, in The Federalist, as saying that the Senate would furnish "a convenient link" between the federal and state systems, Mr. Bryce remarks (the italics are mine): —

"In one respect this connection is no unmixed benefit, for it has helped to make the national parties powerful and their strife intense, in these last-named bodies. *Every vote in the Senate is so important to the great parties that they are forced to struggle for ascendency in each of the state legislatures by whom the Senators are elected.*"

In other words, the Constitution from the beginning insured the coincidence of state with federal party lines. This, it may be admitted, tended irresistibly to the consolidation of the country, but it had also the effect of mischievously prolonging the term of party existence; producing artificial divisions in local matters; making party fealty, and not competence or honesty or patriotism, the credential of office-holding at every degree of the scale, whether state or federal; and so leading to the steady deterioration of the personnel of state legislatures, the growth of machine rule, the purchasability of senatorships, and the decline of the federal Senate to what we now see it, — in large measure a medley of millionaires, "bosses," and the representatives of selfish interests.

If we must have parties, it is highly desirable that they should arise spontaneously, on clearly formulated principles and with definite objects; that they should cease to exist as soon as possible after these objects have been attained; that they should be easily attacked when the love of power becomes the real motive for existence, and when insincere professions take the place of genuine beliefs and aspirations; that honest members should be free to withdraw, and coöperate patriotically with others of like mind; that we should not go on stupidly transmitting from sire to son the antipathy begotten by obsolete party differences which have been outlasted by party names. To such flexibility the Constitution has erected a formidable barrier in the provision which forces state politics to turn upon the national complexion of the legislature, and makes the arbitrary control of that body by the managing spirits of the great parties the key to the political game.

That a governor, again, in ordinary times, or a mayor, a town collector, an overseer of the poor, a constable, should be selected for his national party badge, and not for fitness and probity, is of course destructive of the idea that public office is a public trust, derived from the people and answerable to the people. Have we not here the germ of the most of our civic corruption? The very existence of the machine and the boss is involved in keeping up this vicious confusion of things entirely distinct, and in hindering the subservient partisan from voting upon the real local (state or municipal) issue, or upon the character of the candidate, by making his concern for the success of the national party paramount. So long as this state of things continues, it seems hopeless to look for any such purification of our politics as will tempt men of refinement, honor, training, and public spirit to seek a statesman's career. The federal Senate, which should be the assured goal of the class competent to govern, and a model of legislative dignity, capacity, and behavior, cannot be expected to fulfill these functions while the state legislatures remain vulgar, petty, and sordid; and the state legislatures, in their turn, cannot avoid these vices so long as their excuse for being is prima-

rily to elect Senators, and only secondarily to attend to the affairs of their respective commonwealths.

One who examines the subject closely, in search of a remedy short of an amendment of the Constitution, will fix upon the abrogation of the existing statute regulating the election of Senators, and propose either the substitution of a new law, or the relegation to the several States of the control of the whole matter. The statute in question was approved on July 25, 1866, by President Johnson. It was introduced by Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, pursuant to instructions to the Judiciary Committee, on motion of Senator Williams, of Oregon, to inquire into the expediency of providing a uniform and effective mode of securing the election of Senators in Congress by the legislatures of the several States. It was reported — as Senate Bill 414, "to regulate the times and manner of holding elections for Senators of Congress" — and read and passed to a second reading on July 9, 1866. It excited no partisan opposition, and was passed two days later, after a short debate. On July 12 it was ordered printed by the House; on July 23 it was read three times without debate, and passed by a large majority. It was intended, in the language of Senator Clark, "to avoid the questions and differences that have sometimes existed." In this it has only partially succeeded, while it has tended steadily to impair the quality of the Senators returnable under it.

The law provides that the two houses of the legislature shall meet and vote separately for Senator on the first ballot, afterwards in joint convention; that voting shall be *viva voce*, and election by majority; and that at least one vote daily shall be taken till election is arrived at.

All these provisions encountered weighty objections. Senator Sherman, who voted in the negative, and who, from past experience, saw little need of Congress availing itself of its constitutional right to interfere, preferred a joint convention at once, advocated election by plurality, and was indisposed to interrupt the legislature's proper work till the senatorial election was got out of the way. He also pointed out the awkward effect of the law in the case of States holding biennial elections, — that a vote for Senator might have to be taken fifteen or eighteen months in advance. Senator Fessenden made a strong but ineffectual stand against the viva voce vote, as not being the usage in his State of Maine for one thing, and because "it is generally understood that the ballot is a more free and unembarrassed mode of voting." Moreover, he said, the viva voce vote was liable to put men "under restraints from party discipline which would lead them to act against their conscientious convictions of what was right and proper in the individual case, and which might bring a sort of compulsory pressure upon them which might be objectionable." Against this, Western usage was held up by Senators Trumbull and Williams: Trumbull saying that constituents had a right to know how members voted, and that there would be no chance to cheat by false or double ballots; and Williams, that members were frequently instructed by constituents how to vote, and the latter had a right to know if their mandate was obeyed as it should be. Senator Anthony, of the pocket borough of Rhode Island, even advocated open voting by the people at the polls as the only true way; alleging, "It prevents corruption, it prevents deception, and cultivates a manly spirit everywhere." Senator Sumner was of the contrary opinion as regarded popular elections, but held that in the legislature the votes belonged to the constituents. Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Sherman voted with Mr. Fessenden, and there were three others of like mind; but twenty-eight held to viva voce.

It cannot be doubted that the overruling of these objections played admirably into the hands of the machine, insuring its control of the nominations and its marshaling of supporters by party pressure and by purchase. The open vote does not "prevent corruption;" it favors it by putting an obstacle in the way of treachery on the part of the bribed. It "prevents deception" of a certain kind, while fostering the grave deception that the legislator is voting according to his "conscientious convictions," and not from "compulsory pressure." It "cultivates a manly spirit," such as rings and machines most delight in, or manufacturers who wish to coerce the vote of their employees. Happily there is no need to insist on this point, as we are in the midst of an extraordinary movement, State after State, to substitute everywhere the secret for the open ballot as a means of restoring a manly spirit to the voter, protecting him from the consequences of his vote, and, above all, enabling him to baffle the cut-and-dried schemes of the caucus and the machine with independent nominations, having a chance of success without great outlay or preliminary organization. The Australian ballot, in fact, whose potency in purifying our politics cannot now be calculated, but which is certain to be very great, commends itself for adoption wherever the corruptionist or the boss finds a field for his devilish activity; and were the States once more free to elect Senators in their own fashion, this mode of voting might stand a chance of being prescribed for senatorial elections.

To make it of the greatest utility for this purpose, however, it ought to operate on a greater number of nominations than are commonly presented to a legislature by the respective party machines or caucuses. To secure these we must look to the people, making an appeal to them in advance of the mischief which they are now powerless to stave off or to repair. For this we have the warrant of the supporters of the statute of 1866 themselves. Senator Williams, as we have seen, held that, despite the constitutional injunction that the legislature should choose Senators, constituents had a right to instruct members how to vote, and to be obeyed; and Senator Sumner quite as frankly took the same ground. Both, in other words, acknowledged the rightful force of public opinion in shaping the legislature's action; and, as a matter of history, Senators have, in certain States, again and again owed their reëlection to respect for the popular sentiment and tradition in favor of retaining faithful servants in office.

Let us, then, suppose the States free to give to the people the power of nominating, at the proper general election, candidates for the approaching senatorial vacancy. Suppose that these nominations were reached as now under the ballot-reform laws; the State printing on the official ballot the names of such as had a certain group of petitioners behind them (say three to five thousand). Then let the five to ten highest be the popular instruction to the legislature to choose from among these, and let the legislative voting take place in joint convention, again by the Australian system, each member to vote on the first ballot for three on the list; on the second, for one (or two, as the case may be) out of the three highest as determined by the first ballot. In case of a tie, let the decision be by lot.

From this method certain obvious benefits would accrue. The legislator's choice would no longer be — as it too often is now, as the common voter's generally is — merely a choice of two evils. The people of the State would scan eagerly their own list of candidates, and could not avoid the comparison between the most worthy and the least, especially if the latter were the party nominees. A man fit to be Senator

would have a decided prestige when proposed in this manner as against the product of intrigue and jobbery. Such men would tend to multiply in the popular nominations, inasmuch as they could allow their names to be used without loss of self-respect, and with no obligation to work in their own behalf. Their appearance in the public view as ready to serve the State would recommend them for election to the legislature or to the lower house of Congress; in either of which positions they would demonstrate their fitness for promotion to the federal Senate, while meantime elevating the bodies to which they were elected. Moreover, if an abundance of good material were always in sight, the practice of nominating non-residents of the congressional districts, which is much to be desired, and which was signally exemplified last year in Massachusetts in the case of Dr. William Everett, would become common.

If a precedent be demanded for nominations in the manner just described, we can cite that recalled to mind by President Welling in a recent address on Connecticut Federalism before the New York Historical Society.

"I must add," he says, "that the old electoral system of Connecticut was ingeniously devised to promote the genesis of a natural aristocracy, — the aristocracy of talents and virtues. Each freeman in the colony was required, in September of each year, to name twenty men whom he wished to have placed in nomination for the office of 'Assistant,' the so-called 'Assistants' being the dignitaries who composed the Council, or colonial Senate. From the mass of nominations made at these primary assemblies of the townships, the General Assembly, six months before each election, selected and published the names of the twenty men who had received the highest number of nominating votes, and these men alone could be voted for at the ensuing of the final election, when twelve out of the twenty were to be elected."

Nearer in point of time and to our present purpose is the Massachusetts practice during the first quarter of the century, by which each congressional district nominated three presidential electors, of whom the legislature chose one for each district, besides the two electors at large.

Still closer and more recent is the provision of the Constitution of Nebraska (1875) noticed by Mr. Bryce. The electors, in voting for state legislators, are allowed to "express by ballot their preference for some person for the office of United States Senator. The votes cast for such candidates shall be canvassed and returned in the same manner as for state officers." The futility of this, however, is apparent, as the legislature is in no way constrained to pay any heed to public sentiment. In fact, in actual practice, this privilege has only once been availed of by the people of Nebraska, namely, in 1886, when General Van Wyck made an active canvass in his own behalf as an anti-monopolist. The Republican and Democratic parties abstained from preliminary nominations, and General Van Wyck secured in November about a third as many votes as were cast for governor. In January, on the first two ballots, he received a plurality of the legislative vote, but was finally rejected.

To head off the machine, to give back to the people the right of *nomination* as well as of election, to restore to the state legislatures their stateward-looking character and duties, to divorce (so far as is possible) national from state politics, to fill the federal Senate with men whose prime qualifications are unpartisan and whose election is spontaneous, to pave the way for the reëntrance into politics of the cultivated classes to whom it has become abhorrent, — all this may be accomplished by making the choice of United States Senator un-

certain to such a degree that no political rewards can be promised or obtained in connection with it. Let the people nominate, let the legislature choose, within limits. Mr. Bryce remarks on the Nebraska provision that it is "an attempt to evade, and by a side wind defeat, the provision of the federal Constitution which vests the choice in the legislature;" and of course the same criticism would apply *a fortiori* to the scheme set forth in this paper. But is it certain that the courts would so pronounce? The legislature would still *choose*, if under conditions prescribed by the state laws, supposing the statute of 1866 to have been abrogated. Moreover, in practice, its range of choice would be, not diminished, but enlarged. Nobody has challenged, or would venture to challenge, Mr. Bryce's own account of the existing procedure. Senators, he observes, "are still nominally chosen, as under the letter of the Constitution they must be chosen, by the state legislatures. The state legislature means, of course, the party for the time dominant, which holds a party meeting (caucus) and decides on the candidate, who is thereupon elected, the party going solid for whomsoever the majority has approved. Now the determination of the caucus has almost always been arranged beforehand by the party managers. . . . Circumstances may change, compromises may be necessary; still, it is now generally true that in most States little freedom of choice remains with the legislature. The people, or rather those wire-pullers who manage the people and act in their name, have practically settled the matter at the election of the state legislature."

But what if the wire-pullers find that electing the legislature is not the same as electing the Senator? They will lose the chief reason for interfering with these elections, which will tend more and more to be governed by local issues and personal merit. The men thus sent up will be more independent of party, and more free to choose wisely and patriotically from the list for Senator returned by their constituents.

The stability of the federal Senate is, no doubt, a wholesome feature of our Constitution, but we must not forget that this branch became the bulwark of slavery, which measured its term of life by the preponderance of its supporters in the upper house. Two years ago, the promoters of our present tariff legislation were confident that their control of the Senate would prevent for years to come the undoing of the extremest measure they might carry in the short interval of their having a majority in the House of Representatives also. Certain accidents by which the engineer was hoist with his own petard have falsified this calculation; but the danger is a standing one, and the Senate ought never to be counted upon as the citadel of sectional or selfish combinations. The law under which it is now renewed favors such a perversion of it, and it has not prevented deadlocks. It is time that the States should ask to have their freedom restored to them,[1] and take the penalty of going unrepresented so long as they cannot agree upon a candidate. We might then introduce by degrees the combination of popular nomination and secret balloting described above, and trust to a steady if slow amelioration of the whole tone of our politics, a decline in the persistence of parties and a falling-off in party management, the emancipation of the state legislatures, the reformation of the federal Senate.

*Wendell P. Garrison.*

[1] While this article has been passing through the press, the Illinois legislature has taken the initiative in a movement to amend the Constitution so as to provide for the election of United States Senators by popular vote.

# THE MARRIAGES.

## I.

"Won't you stay a little longer?" the hostess said, holding the girl's hand and smiling. "It 's too early for every one to go; it 's too absurd." Mrs. Churchley inclined her head to one side and looked gracious; she held up to her face, in a vague, protecting, sheltering way, an enormous fan of red feathers. Everything about her, to Adela Chart, was enormous. She had big eyes, big teeth, big shoulders, big hands, big rings and bracelets, big jewels of every sort and many of them. The train of her crimson dress was longer than any other; her house was huge; her drawing-room, especially now that the company had left it, looked vast, and it offered to the girl's eyes a collection of the largest sofas and chairs, pictures, mirrors, and clocks that she had ever beheld. Was Mrs. Churchley's fortune also large, to account for so many immensities? Of this Adela could know nothing, but she reflected, while she smiled sweetly back at their entertainer, that she had better try to find out. Mrs. Churchley had at least a high-hung carriage drawn by the tallest horses, and in the Row she was to be seen perched on a mighty hunter. She was high and expansive herself, though not exactly fat; her bones were big, her limbs were long, and she had a loud, hurrying voice, like the bell of a steamboat. While she spoke to his daughter she had the air of hiding from Colonel Chart, a little shyly, behind the wide ostrich fan. But Colonel Chart was not a man to be either ignored or eluded.

"Of course every one is going on to something else," he said. "I believe there are a lot of things to-night."

"And where are *you* going?" Mrs. Churchley asked, dropping her fan and turning her bright, hard eyes on the colonel.

"Oh, I don't do that sort of thing!" he replied, in a tone of resentment just perceptible to his daughter. She saw in it that he thought Mrs. Churchley might have done him a little more justice. But what made the honest soul think that she was a person to look to for a perception of fine shades? Indeed, the shade was one that it might have been a little difficult to seize — the difference between "going on" and coming to a dinner of twenty people. The pair were in mourning; the second year had not lightened it for Adela, but the colonel had not objected to dining with Mrs. Churchley, any more than he had objected, at Easter, to going down to the Millwards', where he had met her, and where the girl had her reasons for believing him to have known he should meet her. Adela was not clear about the occasion of their original meeting, to which a certain mystery attached. In Mrs. Churchley's exclamation now there was the fullest concurrence in Colonel Chart's idea; she did n't say, "Ah, yes, dear friend, I understand!" but this was the note of sympathy she plainly wished to sound. It immediately made Adela say to her, "Surely you must be going on somewhere yourself."

"Yes, you must have a lot of places," the colonel observed, looking at her shining raiment with a sort of invidious directness. Adela could read the tacit implication: "You 're not in sorrow, in desolation."

Mrs. Churchley turned away from her at this, waiting just a moment before answering. The red fan was up again, and this time it sheltered her from Adela. "I 'll give everything up — for *you*," were the words that issued from behind it. "*Do* stay a little. I always think

this is such a nice hour. One can really talk," Mrs. Churchley went on. The colonel laughed; he said it was n't fair. But their hostess continued, to Adela, "Do sit down; it 's the only time to have any talk." The girl saw her father sit down, but she wandered away, turning her back and pretending to look at a picture. She was so far from agreeing with Mrs. Churchley that it was an hour she particularly disliked. She was conscious of the queerness, the shyness, in London; of the gregarious flight of guests, after a dinner, the general *sauve qui peut* and panic fear of being left with the host and hostess. But personally she always felt the contagion, always conformed to the flurry. Besides, she felt herself turning red now, flushed with a conviction that had come over her and that she wished not to show.

Her father sat down on one of the big sofas with Mrs. Churchley; fortunately, he was also a person with a presence that could hold its own. Adela did n't care to sit and watch them while they made love, as she crudely formulated it, and she cared still less to join in their conversation. She wandered further away, went into another of the bright, "handsome," rather nude rooms — they were like women dressed for a ball — where the displaced chairs, at awkward angles to each other, seemed to retain the attitudes of bored talkers. Her heart beat strangely, but she continued to make a pretense of looking at the pictures on the walls and the ornaments on the tables, while she hoped that, as she preferred it, it would be also the course that her father would like best. She hoped "awfully," as she would have said, that he would n't think her rude. She was a person of courage, and he was a kind, an intensely good-natured man; nevertheless, she was a good deal afraid of him. At home it had always been a religion with them to be nice to the people he liked. How, in the old days, her mother, her incomparable mother, so clever, so unerring, so perfect — how in the precious days her mother had practiced that art! Oh, her mother, her irrecoverable mother! One of the pictures that she was looking at swam before her eyes. Mrs. Churchley, in the natural course, would have begun immediately to climb staircases. Adela could see the high bony shoulders, and the long crimson tail, and the universal coruscating nod wriggle their business-like way through the rest of the night. Therefore she *must* have had her reasons for detaining them. There were mothers who thought every one wanted to marry their eldest son, and the girl asked herself if *she* belonged to the class of daughters who thought every one wanted to marry their father. Her companions left her alone; and though she did n't want to be near them, it angered her that Mrs. Churchley did n't call her. That proved that she was conscious of the situation. She would have called her, only Colonel Chart had probably murmured, "Don't." That proved that he also was conscious. The time was really not long — ten minutes at the most elapsed — when he cried out, gayly, pleasantly, as if with a little jocular reproach, "I say, Adela, we must release this dear lady!" He spoke, of course, as if it had been Adela's fault that they lingered. When they took leave, she gave Mrs. Churchley, without intention and without defiance, but from the simple sincerity of her anxiety, a longer look into the eyes than she had ever given her before. Mrs. Churchley's onyx pupils reflected the question; they seemed to say, "Yes, I *am*, if that 's what you want to know!"

What made the case worse, what made the girl more sure, was the silence preserved by her companion in the brougham, on their way home. They rolled along in the June darkness from Prince's Gate to Seymour Street, each looking out of a window in conscious dumbness; watching without seeing the

hurry of the London night, the flash of lamps, the quick roll on the wood of hansoms and other broughams. Adela had expected that her father would say something about Mrs. Churchley; but when he said nothing, it was, strangely, still more as if he had spoken. In Seymour Street he asked the footman if Mr. Godfrey had come in, to which the servant replied that he had come in early and gone straight to his room. Adela had perceived as much, without saying so, by a lighted window in the third story; but she contributed no remark to the question. At the foot of the stairs her father halted a moment, hesitating, as if he had something on his mind; but what it amounted to, apparently, was only the dry "Good-night" with which he presently ascended. It was the first time since her mother's death that he had bidden her good-night without kissing her. They were a kissing family, and after her mother's death the habit had taken a fresh spring. She had left behind her such a general passion of regret that in kissing each other they seemed to themselves a little to be kissing her. Now, as, standing in the hall, with the stiff watching footman (she could have said to him angrily, "Go away!") planted near her, she looked with unspeakable pain at her father's back while he mounted, the effect was of his having withheld from other and still more sensitive lips the touch of his own.

He was going to his room, and after a moment she heard his door close. Then she said to the servant, "Shut up the house" (she tried to do everything her mother had done, to be a little of what she had been, conscious only of mediocrity), and took her own way upstairs. After she had reached her room she waited, listening, shaken by the apprehension that she should hear her father come out again and mount to Godfrey's room. He would go up to tell him, to have it over without delay, precisely because it would be so difficult. She asked herself, indeed, why he should tell Godfrey, when he had not taken the occasion — their drive home was an occasion — to tell herself. However, she wanted no announcing, no telling; there was such a horrible clearness in her mind that what she now waited for was only to be sure her father would n't leave his room. At the end of ten minutes she saw that this particular danger was over, upon which she came out and stole up to Godfrey. Exactly what she wanted to say to him first, if her father counted on the boy's greater indulgence, and before he could say anything, was, "Don't forgive him; don't, don't!"

He was to go up for an examination, poor fellow, and during these weeks his lamp burned till the small hours. It was for the diplomatic service, and there was to be some frightful number of competitors; but Adela had great hopes of him — she believed so in his talents, and she saw, with pity, how hard he worked. This would have made her spare him, not trouble his night, his scanty rest, if anything less dreadful had been at stake. It was a blessing, however, that one could count upon his coolness, young as he was — his bright, good-looking discretion. Moreover, he was the one who would care most. If Leonard was the eldest son — he had, as a matter of course, gone into the army, and was in India, on the staff, by good luck, of a governor-general — it was exactly this that would make him comparatively indifferent. His life was elsewhere, and his father and he had been in a measure military comrades, so that he would be deterred by a certain delicacy from protesting; he would n't have liked his father to protest in an affair of *his*. Beatrice and Muriel would care, but they were too young to speak, and this was just why her own responsibility was so great.

Godfrey was in working-gear — shirt

and trousers and slippers and a beautiful silk jacket. His room felt hot, though a window was open to the summer night; the lamp on the table shed its studious light over a formidable heap of textbooks and papers, and the bed showed that he had flung himself down to think out a problem. As soon as she got in she said to him, "Father 's going to marry Mrs. Churchley!"

She saw the poor boy's pink face turn pale. "How do you know?"

"I 've seen with my eyes. We 've been dining there — we 've just come home. He 's in love with her — she 's in love with him; they 'll arrange it."

"Oh, I say!" Godfrey exclaimed, incredulous.

"He will, he will, he will!" cried the girl; and with this she burst into tears.

Godfrey, who had a cigarette in his hand, lighted it at one of the candles on the mantelpiece as if he were embarrassed. As Adela, who had dropped into his armchair, continued to sob, he said, after a moment, "He ought n't to — he ought n't to."

"Oh, think of mamma — think of mamma!" the girl went on.

"Yes, he ought to think of mamma," and Godfrey looked at the tip of his cigarette.

"To such a woman as that, after *her!*"

"Dear old mamma!" said Godfrey, smoking.

Adela rose again, drying her eyes. "It 's like an insult to her; it 's as if he denied her." Now that she spoke of it, she felt herself tremendously exalted. "It 's as if he rubbed out at a stroke all the years of their happiness."

"They were awfully happy," said Godfrey.

"Think what she was — think how no one else will ever again be like her!" the girl cried.

"I suppose he 's not very happy now," Godfrey continued vaguely.

"Of course he is n't, any more than you and I are; and it 's dreadful of him to want to be."

"Well, don't make yourself miserable till you 're sure," the young man said.

But his sister showed him confidently that she was sure, from the way the pair had behaved together and from her father's attitude on the drive home. If Godfrey had been there he would have seen everything; it could n't be explained, but he would have *felt*. When he asked at what moment the girl had first had her suspicion, she replied that it had all come at once, that evening; or that at least she had had no conscious fear till then. There had been signs for two or three weeks, but she had n't understood them — ever since the day Mrs. Churchley had dined in Seymour Street. Adela had thought it odd then that her father had wished to invite her, in the quiet way they were living; she was a person they knew so little. He had said something about her having been very civil to him, and that evening, already, she had guessed that he had been to Mrs. Churchley's oftener than she had supposed. To-night it had come to her clearly that he had been to see her every day since the day she dined with them; every afternoon, about the hour she thought he was at his club. Mrs. Churchley was his club, — she was just like a club. At this Godfrey laughed; he wanted to know what his sister knew about clubs. She was slightly disappointed in his laugh, slightly wounded by it, but she knew perfectly what she meant: she meant that Mrs. Churchley was public and florid, promiscuous and mannish.

"Oh, I dare say she 's all right," said Godfrey, as if he wanted to get on with his work. He looked at the clock on the mantelshelf; he would have to put in another hour.

"All right to come and take darling mamma's place — to sit where *she* used to sit, to lay her horrible hands on *her*

things?" Adela was appalled — all the more that she had not expected it — at her brother's apparent acceptance of such a prospect.

He colored; there was something in her passionate piety that scorched him. She glared at him with her tragic eyes as if he had profaned an altar. "Oh, I mean nothing will come of it."

"Not if we do our duty," said Adela.

"Our duty?"

"You must speak to him — tell him how we feel; that we shall never forgive him, that we can't endure it."

"He 'll think I 'm cheeky," returned Godfrey, looking down at his papers, with his back to her and his hands in his pockets.

"Cheeky, to plead for *her* memory?"

"He 'll say it 's none of my business."

"Then you believe he 'll do it?" cried the girl.

"Not a bit. Go to bed!"

"*I* 'll speak to him," said Adela, as pale as a young priestess.

"Don't cry out till you 're hurt; wait till he speaks to *you*."

"He won't, he won't!" the girl declared. "He 'll do it without telling us."

Her brother had faced round to her again; he started a little at this, and again, at one of the candles, lighted his cigarette, which had gone out. She looked at him a moment; then he said something that surprised her.

"Is Mrs. Churchley very rich?"

"I have n't the least idea. What has that to do with it?"

Godfrey puffed his cigarette. "Does she live as if she were?"

"She 's surrounded with vulgar luxury."

"Well, we must keep our eyes open," said Godfrey. "And now you *must* let me get on." He kissed his sister, as if to make up for dismissing her, or for his failure to take fire; and she held him a moment, burying her head on his shoulder. A wave of emotion surged through her; she broke out with a wail:

"Ah, why did she leave us? Why did she leave us?"

"Yes, why indeed?" the young man sighed, disengaging himself with a movement of oppression.

## II.

Adela was so far right as that by the end of the week, though she remained certain, her father had not made the announcement she dreaded. What made her certain was the sense of her changed relations with him — of there being between them something unexpressed, something of which she was as conscious as she would have been of an unhealed wound. When she spoke of this to Godfrey, he said the change was of her own making, that she was cruelly unjust to the governor. She suffered even more from her brother's unexpected perversity; she had had so different a theory about him that her disappointment was almost an humiliation, and she needed all her fortitude to pitch her faith lower. She wondered what had happened to him and why he had changed. She would have trusted him to feel right about anything, above all about such a matter as this. Their worship of their mother's memory; their recognition of her sacred place in their past, her exquisite influence in their father's life, his fortunes, his career, in the whole history of the family and welfare of the house — accomplished, clever, gentle, good, beautiful, and capable as she had been, a woman whose soft distinction was universally proclaimed, so that on her death one of the Princesses, the most august of her friends, had written Adela such a note about her as princesses were understood very seldom to write: their hushed tenderness over all this was a kind of religion, and also a sort of honor, in falling away from which there was a semblance of treachery. This was not the way people usually felt in Lon-

don, she knew; but, strenuous, ardent, observant girl as she was, with secrecies of sentiment and dim originalities of attitude, she had already made up her mind that London was no place to look for delicacies. Remembrance there was hammered thin, and to be faithful was to be a bore. The patient dead were sacrificed; they had no shrines, for people were literally ashamed of mourning. When they had hustled all sensibility out of their lives, they invented the fiction that they felt too much to utter. Adela said nothing to her sisters; this reticence was part of the virtue it was her system to exercise for them. *She* was to be their mother, a direct deputy and representative. Before the vision of that other woman parading in such a character she felt capable of ingenuities and subtleties. The foremost of these was tremulously to watch her father. Five days after they had dined together at Mrs. Churchley's he asked her if she had been to see that lady.

"No, indeed, why should I?" Adela knew that he knew she had not been, since Mrs. Churchley would have told him.

"Don't you call on people after you dine with them?" said Colonel Chart.

"Yes, in the course of time. I don't rush off within the week."

Her father looked at her, and his eyes were colder than she had ever seen them, which was probably, she reflected, just the way her own appeared to him. "Then you 'll please rush off to-morrow. She 's to dine with us on the 12th, and I shall expect your sisters to come down."

Adela stared. "To a dinner party?"

"It 's not to be a dinner party. I want them to know Mrs. Churchley."

"Is there to be nobody else?"

"Godfrey, of course. A family party."

The girl asked her brother that evening if *that* was not tantamount to an announcement. He looked at her queerly, and then he said, "*I* 've been to see her."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"Father told me he wished it."

"Then he *has* told you?"

"Told me what?" Godfrey asked, while her heart sank with the sense that he was making difficulties for her.

"That they 're engaged, of course. What else can all this mean?"

"He did n't tell me that, but I like her."

"*Like* her!" the girl shrieked.

"She 's very kind, very good."

"To thrust herself upon us when we hate her? Is that what you call kind? Is that what you call decent?"

"Oh, *I* don't hate her," Godfrey rejoined, turning away as if his sister bored him.

She went the next day to see Mrs. Churchley, with a vague plan of breaking out to her, appealing to her, saying, "Oh, spare us! have mercy on us! let him alone! go away!" But that was not easy when they were face to face. Mrs. Churchley had every intention of getting, as she would have said — she was perpetually using the expression — into touch; but her good intentions were so many boisterous blunders. She could never understand that they had no place for her vulgar charity; that their life was filled with a fragrance of perfection for which she had no sense fine enough. She was as undomestic as a shop-front, and as out of tune as a parrot. She would make them live in the streets, or bring the streets into their lives — it was the same thing. She had evidently never read a book, and she used intonations that Adela had never heard, as if she had been an Australian or an American. She understood everything in a vulgar sense; speaking of Godfrey's visit to her and praising him according to her idea, saying horrid things about him — that he was awfully good-looking, a perfect gentleman, the kind she liked. How

could her father, who was after all, in everything else, such a dear, listen to a woman, or endure her, who thought she was pleasing when she called the son of his dead wife a perfect gentleman? What would he have been, pray? Much she knew about what any of them were! When she told Adela she wanted her to like her, the girl thought for an instant her opportunity had come — the chance to plead with her and beg her off. But she presented such an impenetrable surface that it would have been like giving a message to a varnished door. She was n't a woman, said Adela; she was an address.

When she dined in Seymour Street, the "children," as the girl called the others, including Godfrey, liked her. Beatrice and Muriel stared shyly and silently at the wonders of her apparel (she was brutally overdressed) without, of course, guessing the danger that hung over them. They supposed her, in their innocence, to be amusing, and they did n't know, any more than she did herself, that she patronized them. When she was upstairs with them, after dinner, Adela could see her looking round the room at the things she meant to alter; their mother's things, not a bit like her own and not good enough for her. After a quarter of an hour of this, our young lady felt sure she was deciding that Seymour Street would n't do at all, the dear old home that had done for their mother for twenty years. Was she plotting to transport them all to her horrible Prince's Gate? Of one thing, at any rate, Adela was certain: her father, at that moment, alone in the dining-room with Godfrey, pretending to drink another glass of wine to make time, was coming to the point, was telling the news. When they came upstairs, they both, to her eyes, looked strange: the news had been told.

She had it from Godfrey before Mrs. Churchley left the house, when, after a brief interval, he followed her out of the drawing-room when she took her sisters to bed. She was waiting for him at the door of her room. Her father was then alone with his *fiancée* (the word was grotesque to Adela); it was already as if it were her home.

"What did you say to him?" the girl asked, when her brother had told her.

"I said nothing." Then he added, coloring (the expression of her face was such), "There was nothing to say."

"Is that how it strikes you?" said Adela, staring at the lamp.

"He asked me to speak to her," Godfrey went on.

"To speak to her?"

"To tell her I was glad."

"And did you?" Adela panted.

"I don't know. I said something. She kissed me."

"Oh, how *could* you?" shuddered the girl, covering her face with her hands.

"He says she 's very rich," said Godfrey simply.

"Is that why you kissed her?"

"I did n't kiss her. Good-night," and the young man, turning his back upon her, went out.

When her brother was gone Adela locked herself in, as if with the fear that she should be overtaken or invaded, and during a sleepless, feverish, memorable night she took counsel of her uncompromising spirit. She saw things as they were, in all the indignity of life. The levity, the mockery, the infidelity, the ugliness, lay as plain as a map before her; it was a world *pour rire*, but she cried about it, all the same. The morning dawned early, or rather it seemed to her that there had been no night, nothing but a sickly, creeping day. But by the time she heard the house stirring again she had determined what to do. When she came down to the breakfast-room her father was already in his place, with newspapers and letters; and she expected the first words he would utter to be a rebuke to her for having

disappeared, the night before, without taking leave of Mrs. Churchley. Then she saw that he wished to be intensely kind, to make every allowance, to placate and console her. He knew that she knew from Godfrey, and he got up and kissed her. He told her as quickly as possible, to have it over, stammering a little, with an "I've a piece of news for you that will probably shock you," yet looking even exaggeratedly grave and rather pompous, to inspire the respect he didn't deserve. When he kissed her she melted, she burst into tears. He held her against him, kissing her again and again, saying tenderly, "Yes, yes, I know, I know." But he didn't know, or he could never have done it. Beatrice and Muriel came in, frightened when they saw her crying, and still more scared when she turned to them with words and an air that were terrible in their comfortable little lives: "Papa's going to be married; he's going to marry Mrs. Churchley!" After staring a moment and seeing their father look as strange, on his side, as Adela, though in a different way, the children also began to cry, so that when the servants arrived, with tea and boiled eggs, these functionaries were greatly embarrassed with their burden, not knowing whether to come in or hang back. They all scraped together a decorum, and as soon as the things had been put on the table the colonel banished the men with a glance. Then he made a little affectionate speech to Beatrice and Muriel, in which he assured them that Mrs. Churchley was the kindest, the most delightful, of women, only wanting to make them happy, only wanting to make him happy, and convinced that he would be if they were, and that they would be if he was.

"What do such words mean?" Adela asked herself. She declared, privately, that they meant nothing, but she was silent, and every one was silent, on account of the advent of Miss Flynn, the governess, before whom Colonel Chart preferred not to discuss the situation. Adela recognized on the spot that, if things were to go as he wished, his children would practically never again be alone with him. He would spend all his time with Mrs. Churchley till they were married, and then Mrs. Churchley would spend all her time with him. Adela was ashamed of him, and that was horrible — all the more that every one else would be, all his other friends, every one who had known her mother. But the public dishonor to that high memory should not be enacted, he should not do as he wished.

After breakfast her father told her that it would give him pleasure if, in a day or two, she would take her sisters to see Mrs. Churchley, and she replied that he should be obeyed. He held her hand a moment, looking at her with an appeal in his eyes which presently hardened into sternness. He wanted to know that she forgave him, but he also wanted to say to her that he expected her to mind what she did, to go straight. She turned away her eyes; she was indeed ashamed of him.

She waited three days, and then she took her sisters to see Mrs. Churchley. That lady was surrounded with callers, as Adela knew she would be; it was her "day" and the occasion the girl preferred. Before this she had spent all her time with her sisters, talking to them about their mother, playing upon their memory of her, making them cry and making them laugh, reminding them of certain hours of their early childhood, telling them anecdotes of her own. None the less she assured them that she believed there was no harm at all in Mrs. Churchley, and that when the time should come she would probably take them out immensely. She saw with smothered irritation that they enjoyed their visit in Prince's Gate; they had never been at anything so "grown up," nor seen so many smart bonnets and

brilliant complexions. Moreover, they were considered with interest, as if, as features of Mrs. Churchley's new life, they had been described in advance and were the heroines of the occasion. There were so many ladies present that Mrs. Churchley did n't talk to them much; but she called them her "chicks," and asked them to hand about teacups and bread and butter. All this was highly agreeable and indeed intensely exciting to Beatrice and Muriel, who had little round red spots in their cheeks when they came away. Adela quivered with the sense that her mother's children were now Mrs. Churchley's "chicks" and features of Mrs. Churchley's life.

It was one thing to have made up her mind, however; it was another thing to make her attempt. It was when she learned from Godfrey that the day was fixed, the 20th of July, only six weeks removed, that she felt the importance of prompt action. She learned everything from Godfrey now, having determined that it would be hypocrisy to question her father. Even her silence was hypocritical, but she could n't weep and wail. Her father showed extreme tact; taking no notice of her detachment, treating her as if it were a moment of *bouderie* which he was bound to allow her and which would pout itself away. She debated much as to whether she should take Godfrey into her confidence; she would have done so without hesitation if he had not disappointed her. He was so strange and so perversely preoccupied that she could explain it only by the high pressure at which he was living, his anxiety about his "exam." He was in a fidget, in a fever, putting on a spurt to come in first; skeptical, moreover, about his success and cynical about everything else. He appeared to agree to the general axiom that they did n't want a strange woman thrust into their home, but he found Mrs. Churchley "very jolly as a person to know." He had been to see her by himself; he had been to see her three times. He said to his sister that he would make the most of her now; he should probably be so little in Seymour Street after these days. What Adela at last determined to say to him was that the marriage would never take place. When he asked her what she meant and who was to prevent it, she replied that the interesting couple would give it up themselves, or that Mrs. Churchley, at least, would, after a week or two, back out of it.

"That will be really horrid, then," Godfrey rejoined. "The only respectable thing, at the point they 've come to, is to put it through. Charming for poor father to have the air of being thrown over."

This made her hesitate two days more, but she found answers more valid than any objections. The many-voiced answer to everything — it was like the autumn wind round the house — was the backward affront to her mother. She was dead, but it killed her again. So one morning, at eleven o'clock, when Adela knew her father was writing letters, she went out quietly, and, stopping the first hansom she met, drove to Prince's Gate. Mrs. Churchley was at home, and she was shown into the drawing-room with the request that she would wait five minutes. She waited, without the sense of breaking down at the last, the impulse to run away, which was what she had expected to have. In the cab and at the door her heart had beat terribly, but now, suddenly, with the game really to play, she found herself lucid and calm. It was a joy to her to feel, later, that this was the way Mrs. Churchley found her; not confused, not stammering nor prevaricating, only a little amazed at her own courage, conscious of the immense responsibility of her step, and wonderfully older than her years. Her hostess fixed her at first with the waiting eyes of a cashier, but after a little, to Adela's surprise, she burst into tears. At this the girl cried

herself, but it was with the secret happiness of believing they were saved. Mrs. Churchley said she would think over what she had been told, and she promised Adela, freely enough and very firmly, not to betray the secret of her visit to the colonel. They were saved — they were saved: the words sung themselves in the girl's soul as she came downstairs. When the door was opened for her she saw her brother on the step, and they looked at each other in surprise, each finding it on the part of the other an odd hour for Prince's Gate. Godfrey remarked that Mrs. Churchley would have enough of the family, and Adela answered that she would perhaps have too much. None the less the young man went in, while his sister took her way home.

## III.

Adela Chart saw nothing of her brother for nearly a week; he had more and more his own time and hours, adjusted to his tremendous responsibilities, and he spent whole days at his crammer's. When she knocked at his door, late in the evening, he was not in his room. It was known in the house that he was greatly worried; he was horribly nervous about his ordeal. It was to begin on the 23d of June, and his father was as worried as himself. The wedding had been arranged in relation to this; they wished poor Godfrey's fate settled first, though it was felt that the nuptials would be darkened if it should not be settled right.

Ten days after her morning visit to Mrs. Churchley Adela began to perceive that there was a difference in the air; but as yet she was afraid to exult. It was not a difference for the better, so that there might be still many hours of pain. Her father, since the announcement of his intended marriage, had been visibly pleased with himself, but that pleasure appeared to have undergone a check. Adela had the impression which the passengers on a great steamer receive when, in the middle of the night, they hear the engines stop. As this impression resolves itself into the general sense that something serious has happened, so the girl asked herself what had happened now. She had expected something serious; but it was as if she could n't keep still in her cabin — she wanted to go up and see. On the 20th, just before breakfast, her maid brought her a message from her brother. Mr. Godfrey would be obliged if she would speak to him in his room. She went straight up to him, dreading to find him ill, broken down, on the eve of his formidable week. This was not the case, however, inasmuch as he appeared to be already at work, to have been at work since dawn. But he was very white, and his eyes had a strange and new expression. Her beautiful young brother looked older; he looked haggard and hard. He met her there as if he had been waiting for her, and he said immediately, "Please to tell me this, Adela: what was the purpose of your visit, the other morning, to Mrs. Churchley — the day I met you at her door?"

She stared — she hesitated. "The purpose? What 's the matter? Why do you ask?"

"They 've put it off — they 've put it off a month."

"Ah, thank God!" said Adela.

"Why do you thank God?" Godfrey exclaimed roughly.

His sister gave a strained, intense smile. "You know I think it 's all wrong."

He stood looking at her up and down. "What did you do there? How did you interfere?"

"Who told you I interfered?" she asked, flushing.

"You said something — you did something. I knew you had done it when I saw you come out."

"What I did was my own business."

"Damn your own business!" cried the young man.

She had never in her life been so spoken to, and in advance, if she had been given the choice, she would have said that she would rather die than be so spoken to by Godfrey. But her spirit was high, and for a moment she was as angry as if some one had cut at her with a whip. She escaped the blow, but she felt the insult. "And *your* business, then?" she asked. "I wondered what that was when I saw *you*."

He stood a moment longer frowning at her; then, with the exclamation "You 've made a pretty mess!" he turned away from her and sat down to his books.

They had put it off, as he said; her father was dry and stiff and official about it. "I suppose I had better let you know that we have thought it best to postpone our marriage till the end of the summer — Mrs. Churchley has so many arrangements to make:" he was not more expansive than that. She neither knew nor greatly cared whether it was her fancy or a reality that he watched her obliquely, to see how she would take these words. She flattered herself that, thanks to Godfrey's preparation, cruel as the form of it had been, she took them very cleverly. She had a perfectly good conscience, for she was now able to judge what odious elements Mrs. Churchley, whom she had not seen since the morning in Prince's Gate, had already introduced into their relations with each other. She was able to infer that her father had not concurred in the postponement, for he was more restless than before, more absent, and distinctly irritable. There was of course still the question of how much of this condition was to be attributed to his solicitude about Godfrey. That young man took occasion to say a horrible thing to his sister: "If I don't pass it will be your fault." These were dreadful days for the girl, and she asked herself how she could have borne them if the hovering spirit of her mother had not been at her side. Fortunately, she always felt it there, sustaining, commending, sanctifying. Suddenly her father announced to her that he wished her to go immediately, with her sisters, down to Overland, where there was always part of a household, and where for a few weeks they would be sufficiently comfortable. The only explanation he gave of this desire was that he wanted them out of the way. "Out of the way of what?" she queried, since, for the time, there were to be no preparations in Seymour Street. She was willing to believe that it was out of the way of his nerves.

She never needed urging, however, to go to Overland, the dearest old house in the world, where the happiest days of her young life had been spent and the silent nearness of her mother always seemed greatest. She was happy again, with Beatrice and Muriel and Miss Flynn, and the air of summer, and the haunted rooms, and her mother's garden, and the talking oaks, and the nightingales. She wrote briefly to her father, to give him, as he had requested, an account of things; and he wrote back that, since she was so contented (she did n't remember telling him that), she had better not return to town at all. The rest of the season was not important for her, and he was getting on very well. He mentioned that Godfrey had finished his examination; but, as she knew, there would be a tiresome wait before they could learn the result. Godfrey was going abroad for a month with young Sherard — he had earned a little rest and a little fun. He went abroad without a word to Adela, but in his beautiful little hand he took a chaffing leave of Beatrice. The child showed her sister the letter, of which she was very proud and which contained no message for Adela. This was the worst bitterness of the whole crisis for that young lady — that it exhibited so

strangely the creature in the world whom, after her mother, she had loved best.

Colonel Chart had said he would "run down" while his children were at Overland, but they heard no more about it. He only wrote two or three times to Miss Flynn, upon matters in regard to which Adela was surprised that he should not have communicated with herself. Muriel accomplished an upright little letter to Mrs. Churchley — her eldest sister neither fostered nor discouraged the performance — to which Mrs. Churchley replied, after a fortnight, in a meagre and, as Adela thought, illiterate fashion, making no allusion to the approach of any closer tie. Evidently the situation had changed; the question of the marriage was dropped, at any rate for the time. This idea gave the girl a singular and almost intoxicating sense of power; she felt as if she were riding on a great wave of responsibility. She had chosen and acted, and the greatest could do no more than that. The grand thing was to see one's results, and what else was she doing? These results were in important and opulent lives; the stage was large on which she moved her figures. Such a vision was exciting, and as they had the use of a couple of ponies at Overland she worked off her excitement by a long ride. A day or two after this, however, came news of which the effect was to rekindle it. Godfrey had come back, the list had been published, he had passed first. These happy tidings proceeded from the young man himself; he announced them by a telegram to Beatrice, who had never in her life before received such a missive, and was proportionately inflated. Adela reflected that she herself ought to have felt snubbed, but she was too happy. They were free again, they were themselves, the nightmare of the previous weeks was blown away, the unity and dignity of her father's life were restored, and, to round off her sense of success, Godfrey had achieved his first step toward high distinction. She wrote to him the next day, as frankly and affectionately as if there had been no estrangement between them; and besides telling him that she rejoiced in his triumph, she begged him in charity to let them know exactly how the case stood with regard to Mrs. Churchley.

Late in the summer afternoon she walked through the park to the village with her letter, posted it, and came back. Suddenly, at one of the turns of the avenue, halfway to the house, she saw a young man looking toward her and waiting for her — a young man who proved to be Godfrey, on his way, on foot, across from the station. He had seen her, as he took his short cut, and if he had come down to Overland it was not, apparently, to avoid her. There was none of the joy of his triumph in his face, however, as he came a very few steps to meet her; and although, stiffly enough, he let her kiss him and say, "I 'm so glad — I 'm so glad!" she felt that this tolerance was not quite the calmness of the rising diplomatist. He turned toward the house with her and walked on a short distance, while she uttered the hope that he had come to stay some days.

"Only till to-morrow morning. They are sending me straight to Madrid. I came down to say good-by; there 's a fellow bringing my portmanteau."

"To Madrid? How awfully nice! And it 's awfully nice of you to have come," Adela said, passing her hand into his arm.

The movement made him stop; and, stopping, he turned on her, in a flash, a face of something more than suspicion — of passionate reprobation. "What I really came for — you might as well know without more delay — is to ask you a question."

"A question?" Adela repeated, with a beating heart.

They stood there, under the old trees,

in the lingering light, and, young and fine and fair as they both were, they were in complete superficial accord with the peaceful English scene. A near view, however, would have shown that Godfrey Chart had not come down to Overland to be superficial. He looked deep into his sister's eyes and demanded, "What was it you said, that morning, to Mrs. Churchley?"

Adela gazed at the ground a moment; then, raising her eyes, "If she has told you, why do you ask?"

"She has told me nothing. I've seen for myself."

"What have you seen?"

"She has broken it off — everything's over — father's in the depths."

"In the depths?" the girl quavered.

"Did you think it would make him jolly?" asked her brother.

"He'll get over it; he'll be glad."

"That remains to be seen. You interfered, you invented something, you got round her. I insist on knowing what you did."

Adela felt that she could be obstinate if she wished, and that if it should be a question of organizing a defense she should find treasures of perversity under her hand. She stood looking down again a moment, and saying to herself, "I could be dumb and dogged if I chose, but I scorn to be." She was not ashamed of what she had done, but she wanted to be clear. "Are you absolutely certain it's broken off?"

"He is, and she is; so that's as good."

"What reason has she given?"

"None at all — or half a dozen; it's the same thing. She has changed her mind — she mistook her feelings — she can't part with her independence; moreover, he has too many children."

"Did he tell you this?" said Adela.

"Mrs. Churchley told me. She has gone abroad for a year."

"And she did n't tell you what I said to her?"

"Why should I take this trouble if she had?"

"You might have taken it to make me suffer," said Adela. "That appears to be what you want to do."

"No, I leave that to *you;* it's the good turn you've done me!" cried the young man, with hot tears in his eyes.

She stared, aghast with the perception that there was some dreadful thing she did n't know; but he walked on, dropping the question angrily and turning his back to her as if he could n't trust himself. She read his disgust in his averted face, in the way he squared his shoulders and smote the ground with his stick, and she hurried after him, and presently overtook him. She accompanied him for a moment in silence; then she pleaded: "What do you mean? What in the world have I done to you?"

"She would have helped me; she was all ready to do it," said Godfrey.

"Helped you in what?" She wondered what he meant; if he had made debts that he was afraid to confess to his father, and — of all horrible things — had been looking to Mrs. Churchley to pay. She turned red with the mere apprehension of this, and, on the heels of her guess, exulted again at having perhaps averted such a shame.

"Can't you see that I'm in trouble? Where are your eyes, your senses, your sympathy, that you talk so much about? Have n't you seen these six months that I've a cursed worry in my life?"

She seized his arm, she made him stop, she stood looking up at him like a frightened little girl. "What's the matter, Godfrey — what *is* the matter?"

"You've vexed me so — I could strangle you!" he growled. This idea added nothing to her dread; her dread was that he had done some wrong, was stained with some guilt. She uttered it to him with clasped hands, begging him to tell her the worst; but, still more passionately, he cut her short with his own

cry: "In God's name, satisfy me! What infernal thing did you do?"

"It was not infernal; it was right. I told her mamma had been wretched," said Adela.

"Wretched? You told her such a lie?"

"It was the only way, and she believed me."

"Wretched how — wretched when — wretched where?" the young man stammered.

"I told her papa had made her so, and that *she* ought to know it. I told her the question troubled me unspeakably, but that I had made up my mind it was my duty to initiate her." Adela paused, with the light of bravado in her face, as if, though struck, while she phrased it, with the monstrosity of what she had done, she was incapable of abating a jot of it. "I notified her that he had faults and peculiarities that made mamma's life a long worry — a martyrdom that she hid wonderfully from the world, but that we saw and that I had often pitied. I told her what they were, these faults and peculiarities; I put the dots on the *i*'s. I said it was n't fair to let another person marry him without a warning. I warned her; I satisfied my conscience. She could do as she liked. My responsibility was over."

Godfrey gazed at her; he listened, with parted lips, incredulous and appalled. "You invented such a tissue of falsities and calumnies, and you talk about your conscience? You stand there in your senses and proclaim your crime?"

"I would have committed any crime that would have rescued us."

"You insult and defame your own father?" Godfrey continued.

"He 'll never know it; she took a vow she would n't tell him."

"I 'll be damned if *I* won't tell him!" Godfrey cried.

Adela felt sick at this, but she flamed up to resent the treachery, as it struck her, of such a menace. "I did right — I did right!" she vehemently declared. "I went down on my knees to pray for guidance, and I saved mamma's memory from outrage. But if I had n't — if I had n't" — she faltered for an instant — "I 'm not worse than you, and I 'm not as bad, for you 've done something that you are ashamed to tell me."

Godfrey had taken out his watch; he looked at it with quick intensity, as if he were not hearing nor heeding her. Then, glancing up with his calculating eye, he fixed her long enough to exclaim, with unsurpassable horror and contempt, "You raving maniac!" He turned away from her; he bounded down the avenue in the direction from which they had come, and, while she watched him, strode away across the grass, toward the short cut to the station.

## IV.

Godfrey's portmanteau, by the time Adela got home, had been brought to the house, but Beatrice and Muriel, who had been informed of this, waited for their brother in vain. Their sister said nothing to them about having seen him, and she accepted, after a little, with a calmness that surprised herself, the idea that he had returned to town to denounce her. She believed that would make no difference now, and she had done what she had done. She had, somehow, a faith in Mrs. Churchley. If Mrs. Churchley had broken off, she would n't renew. She was a heavy-footed person, incapable of further prancing. Adela recognized, too, that it might well have come over her that there were too many children. Lastly, the girl fortified herself with the reflection, grotesque under the circumstances, and tending to prove that her sense of humor was not high, that her father, after all, was not a man to be played

with. It seemed to her, at any rate, that if she *had* prevented his marriage she could bear anything — bear imprisonment and bread and water, bear lashes and torture, bear even his lifelong reproach. What she could bear least was the wonder of the inconvenience she had inflicted on Godfrey. She had time to turn this over, very vainly, for a succession of days — days more numerous than she had expected, which passed without bringing her from London any summons to come up and take her punishment. She sounded the possible, she compared the degrees of the probable; feeling, however, that, as a cloistered girl, she was poorly equipped for speculation. She tried to imagine the calamitous things young men might do, and could only feel that such things would naturally be connected either with money or with women. She became conscious that after all she knew almost nothing about either subject. Meanwhile, there was no reverberation from Seymour Street, only a sultry silence.

At Overland she spent hours in her mother's garden, where she had grown up, where she considered that she was training for old age, for she meant not to depend upon whist. She loved the place as, had she been a good Catholic, she would have loved her church; and indeed there was in her passion for flowers something of the respect of a religion. They seemed to her the only things in the world that really respected themselves, unless one made an exception for Nutkins, who had been in command all through her mother's time, with whom she had a real friendship, and who had been affected by their pure example. He was the person left in the world with whom, on the whole, she could talk most intimately about her mother. They never had to name her together — they only said "she;" and Nutkins freely conceded that she had taught him everything he knew. When Beatrice and Muriel said "she" they referred to Mrs. Churchley. Adela had reason to believe that she should never marry, and that some day she should have about a thousand a year. This made her see in the far future a little garden of her own, under a hill, full of rare and exquisite things, where she would spend most of her old age on her knees, with an apron and stout gloves, a pair of shears and a trowel, surrounded by the general comfort of being thought mad.

One morning, ten days after her scene with Godfrey, upon coming back into the house shortly before lunch, she was met by Miss Flynn with the notification that a lady in the drawing-room had been waiting for her for some minutes. "A lady" suggested immediately Mrs. Churchley. It came over Adela that the form in which her penalty was to descend would be a personal explanation with that misdirected woman. The lady had not given her name, and Miss Flynn had not seen Mrs. Churchley; nevertheless the governess was certain that Adela's surmise was wrong.

"Is she big and dreadful?" the girl asked.

Miss Flynn, who was circumspection itself, hesitated a moment. "She 's dreadful, but she 's not big." She added that she was not sure she ought to let Adela go in alone; but this young lady felt throughout like a heroine, and it was not for a heroine to shrink from any encounter. Was she not, every instant, in transcendent contact with her mother? The visitor might have no connection whatever with the drama of her father's frustrated marriage; but everything, to-day, to Adela, was a part of that.

Miss Flynn's description had prepared her for a considerable shock, but she was not agitated by her first glimpse of the person who awaited her. A youngish, well-dressed woman stood there, and there was a silence between them while they looked at each other.

Before either of them had spoken, however, Adela began to see what Miss Flynn had intended. In the light of the drawing-room window, the lady was five-and-thirty years of age and had vivid yellow hair. She also had a blue cloth suit with brass buttons, a stick-up collar like a gentleman's, a necktie arranged in a sailor's knot, with a golden pin in the shape of a little lawn-tennis racket, and pearl-gray gloves with big black stitchings. Adela's second impression was that she was an actress; her third was that no such person had ever before crossed that threshold.

"I 'll tell you what I 've come for," said the apparition. "I 've come to ask you to intercede." She was not an actress; an actress would have had a nicer voice.

"To intercede?" Adela was too bewildered to ask her to sit down.

"With your father, you know. He does n't know, but he 'll have to." Her "have" sounded like "'ave." She explained, with many more such sounds, that she was Mrs. Godfrey, that they had been married seven months. If Godfrey was going abroad, she must go with him, and the only way she could go with him would be for his father to do something. He was afraid of his father — that was clear; he was afraid even to tell him. What she had come down for was to see some other member of the family face to face ("fice to fice" Mrs. Godfrey called it), and try if he could n't be approached by another side. If no one else would act, then she would just have to act herself. The colonel would have to do something — that was the only way out of it.

What really happened Adela never quite understood; what seemed to be happening was that the room went round and round. Through the blur of perception accompanying this effect the sharp stabs of her visitor's revelation came to her like the words heard by a patient "going off" under ether. She denied passionately, afterwards, even to herself, that she had done anything so abject as to faint; but there was a lapse in her consciousness in relation to Miss Flynn's intervention. This intervention had evidently been active, for when they talked the matter over, later in the day, with bated breath and infinite dissimulation for the schoolroom quarter, the governess had more information, and still stranger, to impart than to receive. She was at any rate under the impression that she had contended, in the drawing-room, with the yellow hair, after removing Adela from the scene and before inducing Mrs. Godfrey to withdraw. Miss Flynn had never known a more thrilling day, for all the rest of it, too, was pervaded with agitations and conversations, precautions and alarms. It was given out to Beatrice and Muriel that their sister had been taken suddenly ill, and the governess ministered to her in her room. Indeed, Adela had never found herself less at ease; for this time she had received a blow that she could n't return. There was nothing to do but to take it, to endure the humiliation of her wound.

At first she declined to take it; it was much easier to consider that her visitor was a monstrous masquerader. On the face of the matter, moreover, it was not fair to believe till one heard; and to hear, in such a case, was to hear Godfrey himself. Whatever his sister had tried to imagine about him, she had not arrived at anything so belittling as an idiotic secret marriage with a dyed and painted hag. Adela repeated this last word as if it gave her some comfort; and indeed, where everything was so bad, fifteen years of seniority made the case little worse. Miss Flynn was portentous, for Miss Flynn had had it out with the wretch. She had cross-questioned her and had not broken her down. This was the most important hour of Miss Flynn's life; for whereas she usually had to content herself with

being humbly and gloomily in the right, she could now be magnanimously and showily so. Her only perplexity was as to what she ought to do — write to Colonel Chart or go up to town to see him. She bloomed with alternatives, never having had such a thing before. Toward evening Adela was obliged to recognize that Godfrey's worry, of which he had spoken to her, had appeared bad enough to consist even of a low wife, and to remember that, so far from its being inconceivable that a young man in his position should clandestinely take one, she had been present, years before, during her mother's lifetime, when Lady Molesley declared gayly, over a cup of tea, that this was precisely what she expected of her eldest son. The next morning it was the worst possibilities that seemed the clearest; the only thing left with a tatter of dusky comfort being the ambiguity of Godfrey's charge that his sister's action had "done" for him. That was a matter by itself, and she racked her brains for a connecting link between Mrs. Churchley and Mrs. Godfrey. At last she made up her mind that they were related by blood; very likely, though differing in fortune, they were sisters. But even then what did her brother mean?

Arrested by the unnatural fascination of opportunity, Miss Flynn received before lunch a telegram from Colonel Chart — an order for dinner and a vehicle; he and Godfrey were to arrive at six o'clock. Adela had plenty of occupation for the interval, for she was pitying her father when she was not rejoicing that her mother had gone too soon to know. She flattered herself that she could scan the providential reason of that cruelty now. She found time, however, still to wonder for what purpose, under the circumstances, Godfrey was to be brought down. She was not unconscious, it is true, that she had little general knowledge of what usually was done with young men in that predicament. One talked about the circumstances, but the circumstances were an abyss. She felt this still more when she found, on her father's arrival, that nothing, apparently, was to happen as she had taken for granted it would. There was a kind of inviolable hush over the whole affair, but no tragedy, no publicity, nothing ugly. The tragedy had been in town, and the faces of the two men spoke of it, in spite of themselves; so that at present there was only a family dinner, with Beatrice and Muriel and the governess, and almost a company tone, the result of the desire to avoid publicity. Adela admired her father; she knew what he was feeling, if Mrs. Godfrey had been at him, and yet she saw him positively gallant. He was very gentle, he never looked at his son, and there were moments when he seemed almost sick with sadness. Godfrey was equally inscrutable, and therefore wholly different from what he had been as he stood before her in the park. If he was to start on his career (with such a wife! — would n't she utterly blight it?), he was already professional enough to know how to wear a mask.

Before they rose from table the girl was wholly bewildered, so little could she perceive the effects of such large causes. She had nerved herself for a great ordeal, but the air was as sweet as an anodyne. It was constantly plain to her that her father was deadly sad — as pathetic as a creature jilted. He was broken, but he showed no resentment; there was a weight on his heart, but he had lightened it by dressing as immaculately as usual for dinner. She asked herself what immensity of a row there could have been in town, to have left his anger so spent. He went through everything, even to sitting with his son after dinner. When they came out together, he invited Beatrice and Muriel to the billiard-room; and as Miss Flynn discreetly withdrew Adela was left alone with Godfrey, who was completely

changed, and not in a rage any more. He was broken, too, but he was not so pathetic as his father. He was only very correct and apologetic; he said to his sister, "I 'm awfully sorry *you* were annoyed; it was something I never dreamed of."

She could n't think immediately what he meant; then she grasped the reference to the yellow hair. She was uncertain, however, what tone to take; perhaps his father had arranged with him that they were to make the best of it. But she spoke her own despair in the way she murmured, "O Godfrey, Godfrey, is it true?"

"I 've been the most unutterable donkey — you can say what you like to me. You can't say anything worse than I 've said to myself."

"My brother, my brother!" his words made her moan. He hushed her, with a movement, and she asked, "What has father said?"

Godfrey looked over her head. "He 'll give her six hundred a year."

"Ah, the angel!"

"On condition she never comes near me. She has solemnly promised; and she 'll probably leave me alone, to get the money. If she does n't — in diplomacy — I 'm lost." The young man had been turning his eyes vaguely about, this way and that, to avoid meeting hers; but after another instant he gave up the effort, and she had the miserable confession of his glance. "I 've been living in hell," he said.

"My brother, my brother!" she repeated.

"I 'm not an idiot; yet for her I 've behaved like one. Don't ask me — you must n't know. It was all done in a day, and since then, fancy my condition — fancy my work!"

"Thank God you passed!" cried Adela.

"I would have shot myself if I had n't. I had an awful day yesterday with father; it was late at night before it was over. I leave England next week. He brought me down here for it to look well — so that the children sha'n't know."

"He 's wonderful!" she murmured.

"He 's wonderful!" said Godfrey.

"Did *she* tell him?" the girl asked.

"She came straight to Seymour Street from here. She saw him alone first; then he called me in. *That* luxury lasted about an hour."

Adela said, "Poor, poor father!" to this; on which her brother remained silent. Then, after he had remarked that it had been the scene he had lived in terror of all through his cramming, and she had stammered her pity and admiration at such a mixture of anxieties and such a triumph of talent, she demanded, "And have you told him?"

"Told him what?"

"What you said you would — what *I* did."

Godfrey turned away as if at present he had very little interest in that inferior tribulation. "I was angry with you, but I cooled off. I held my tongue."

Adela clasped her hands. "You thought of mamma!"

"Oh, don't speak of mamma," said the young man tenderly.

It was indeed not a happy moment; and she murmured, "No; if you *had* thought of her" —

This made Godfrey turn back at her, with a little flare in his eyes. "Oh, *then* it did n't prevent. I thought that woman was good. I believed in her."

"Is she *very* bad?" his sister inquired.

"I shall never mention her to you again," Godfrey answered, with dignity.

"You may believe that *I* won't speak of her. So father does n't know?" she added.

"Does n't know what?"

"That I said that to Mrs. Churchley."

"I don't think so, but you must find out for yourself."

"I shall find out," said Adela. "But

what had Mrs. Churchley to do with it?"

"With *my* misery? I told her. I had to tell some one."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

Godfrey hesitated. "Oh, you take things so beastly hard — you make such rows." Adela covered her face with her hands, and he went on: "What I wanted was comfort — not to be lashed up. I thought I should go mad. I wanted Mrs. Churchley to break it to father, to intercede for me and help him to meet it. She was awfully kind to me: she listened and she understood; she could fancy how it had happened. Without her I should n't have pulled through. She liked me, you know," Godfrey dropped. "She said she would do what she could for me; she was full of sympathy and resource; I really leaned on her. But when you cut in, of course it spoiled everything. That 's why I was so angry with you. She could n't do anything then."

Adela dropped her hands, staring; she felt that she had walked in darkness. "So that he had to meet it alone?"

"*Dame!*" said Godfrey, who had got up his French tremendously.

Muriel came to the door to say papa wished the two others to join them, and the next day Godfrey returned to town. His father remained at Overland, without an intermission, the rest of the summer and the whole of the autumn, and Adela had a chance to find out, as she had said, whether he knew that she had interfered. But in spite of her chance she never found out. He knew that Mrs. Churchley had thrown him over and he knew that his daughter rejoiced in it, but he appeared not to have divined the relation between the two facts. It was strange that one of the matters he was clearest about — Adela's secret triumph — should have been just the thing which, from this time on, justified less and less such a confidence. She was too sorry for him to be consistently glad. She watched his attempts to wind himself up on the subject of shorthorns and drainage, and she favored to the utmost of her ability his intermittent disposition to make a figure in orchids. She wondered whether they might n't have a few people at Overland; but when she mentioned the idea, her father asked what in the world there would be to attract them. It was a confoundedly stupid house, he remarked, with all respect to *her* cleverness. Beatrice and Muriel were mystified; the prospect of going out immensely had faded so utterly away. They were apparently not to go out at all. Colonel Chart was aimless and bored; he paced up and down, and went back to smoking, which was bad for him, and looked drearily out of windows, as if on the bare chance that something might arrive. Did he expect Mrs. Churchley to arrive, to relent? It was Adela's belief that she gave no sign. But the girl thought it really remarkable of her not to have betrayed her ingenious young visitor. Adela's judgment of human nature was perhaps harsh, but she believed that many women, under the circumstances, would not have been so straight. This lady's conception of the point of honor presented her as rather a nicer woman than one might have supposed.

Adela knew her father found the burden of Godfrey's folly very heavy to bear, and was incommoded at having to pay the horrible woman six hundred a year. Doubtless he was having dreadful letters from her; doubtless she threatened them all with a hideous exposure. If the matter should be bruited, Godfrey's prospects would collapse on the spot. He thought Madrid very charming and curious, but Mrs. Godfrey was in England, so that his father had to face the music. Adela took a dolorous comfort in thinking that her mother was out of *that* — it would have killed her; but this did n't blind her to the fact that the comfort for her father would per-

haps have been greater if he had had some one to talk to about his trouble. He never dreamed of doing so to her, and she felt that she could n't ask him. In the family life he wanted utter silence about it. Early in the winter he went abroad for ten weeks, leaving her with her sisters in the country, where it was not to be denied that at this time existence had very little point. She half expected that her sister-in-law would descend upon her again ; but the fear was not justified, and the quietude of such a personage savored terribly of expense. There were sure to be extras. Colonel Chart went to Paris and to Monte Carlo, and then to Madrid to see his boy. Adela wondered whether he would meet Mrs. Churchley somewhere, since, if she had gone for a year, she would still be on the Continent. If he should meet her, perhaps the affair would come on again : she caught herself musing over this. Her father brought back no news of her, and seeing him after an interval, she was struck afresh with his jilted and wasted air. She did n't like it ; she resented it. A little more and she would have said that was no way to treat such a man.

They all went up to town in March, and on one of the first days of April she saw Mrs. Churchley in the park. She herself remained apparently invisible to that lady — she herself and Beatrice and Muriel, who sat with her in their mother's old bottle-green landau. Mrs. Churchley, perched higher than ever, rolled by without a recognition ; but this did n't prevent Adela from going to her before the month was over. As on her great previous occasion she went in the morning, and she again had the good fortune to be admitted. But this time her visit was shorter, and a week after making it — the week was a desolation — she addressed to her brother at Madrid a letter which contained these words : —

" I could endure it no longer — I confessed and retracted ; I explained to her as well as I could the falsity of what I said to her ten months ago, and the benighted purity of my motives for saying it. I besought her to regard it as unsaid, to forgive me, not to despise me too much, to take pity on poor *perfect* papa and come back to him. She was more good-natured than you might have expected ; indeed, she laughed extravagantly. She had never believed me — it was too absurd ; she had only, at the time, disliked me. She found me utterly false (she was very frank with me about this), and she told papa that she thought I was horrid. She said she could never live with such a girl, and as I would certainly never marry I must be sent away ; in short, she quite loathed me. Papa defended me, he refused to sacrifice me, and this led, practically, to their rupture. Papa gave her up, as it were, for me. Fancy the angel, and fancy what I must try to be to him for the rest of his life ! Mrs. Churchley can never come back — she 's going to marry Lord Dovedale."

*Henry James.*

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## SWEET PEAS.

A CROWD of butterflies (white-emblemed souls . . .
Pale Psyches) leashed together by a stem.
Most fragrant-breathed, but trembling with deep doles
Lest Love come not apace to rescue them.

*Julie M. Lippmann.*

## THE OPPRESSION OF NOTES.

That innocent nondescript, the average reader, is suffering very sorely at the present day from what might be justly called the oppression or tyranny of notes. I hear, indeed, from time to time bitter complaints of editorial inaccuracy, of the unscholarly treatment of quite forgotten masterpieces by the industrious gentlemen who seek to reintroduce them to the public; but such inaccuracy can wound only the limited number who know more than the editor, and who in their secret souls are not sorry to prove him wrong. The average reader, even though he hold himself to be of moderate intelligence, is happily ignorant of such fine shadings, and only asks that he may enjoy his books in a moderately intelligent manner; that he may be helped over hedges and ditches, and allowed to ramble unmolested where the ground seems tolerably smooth. This is precisely the privilege, however, which a too liberal editor is disinclined to allow. He will build you a bridge over a raindrop, put ladders up a pebble, and encompass you on every side with ingenious alpenstocks and climbing-irons; yet when, perchance, you stumble and hold out a hand for help, behold, he is never there to grasp it. He merely refers you, with some coldness, to a remote authority who will give you the assistance you require when you have reached the end of your journey. Mr. Ritchie, for example, who has recently edited a volume of Mrs. Carlyle's early letters, expects you patiently to search for the information you want in Mr. Froude's pages, which is always a disheartening thing to be asked to do. Yet when Jeanie Welsh, writing cheerfully of an inconstant lover, says, "Mais n'importe! It is only one more Spanish castle demolished; another may start up like a mushroom in its place," an explanatory note carefully reveals to you that "Spanish castle" really means "château en Espagne," — a circumstance which even Macaulay's schoolboy would probably have deciphered for himself.

If it is hard on the average reader to be referred chillingly to modern writers who are at least within approachable distance, it is harder still to be requested to look up classical authorities. If it is hard to be told occasionally by that prince of good editors, Mr. Alfred Ainger, to please turn elsewhere for the little bits of information which we think he might give us about Charles Lamb, it is harder still to have Mr. Wright refuse to translate for us Edward Fitzgerald's infrequent lapses into Greek. What is the use of saying in a note "v. 9" when Fitzgerald quotes Herodotus? If I can read the quotation for myself, I have no need to hunt up v. 9; and if I can't, v. 9 is of no use to me when found. Even "Hor. Od. I. 4, 14, 15," is not altogether satisfactory to the indifferent scholar, for whom Fitzgerald himself had such generous sympathy, and for whom his translations were avowedly undertaken.

These are merely cases, however, in which notes refuse to be helpful; they are apt to become absolutely oppressive when accompanying older writers. A few years ago I bought a little English edition of the Religio Medici, to which are added the Letter to a Friend and Christian Morals. The book is one of Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series, and is edited by Mr. W. A. Greenhill, who opens with an "Editor's Preface," eighteen pages long, and fairly bristling with knowledge points. After this come a "Chronological Table of Dates connected with Sir Thomas Browne," two pages long; "Note on the Discovery of the Remains of Sir Thomas

Browne in 1840," two pages; "Brief Notices of Former Editors of the Religio Medici," four pages; "List of Editions of Religio Medici," thirteen pages; "Collations of some Old Editions of Religio Medici," three pages; "List of Editions of Letter to a Friend and Christian Morals," five pages; "Addenda et Corrigenda," one page. Having thus laboriously cleared the way, we are at last gladdened by a sight of the Religio Medici itself, which, together with the Letter and Christian Morals, occupies two hundred and thirty pages. Then, following close, like the mighty luggage of a Persian army, come an array of "Notes Critical and Explanatory," eighty-eight pages; and an Index, just sixty-nine pages long. Thus it will be seen that two hundred and five pages of editorial work are deemed necessary to elucidate two hundred and thirty pages of Sir Thomas Browne, which seems like an intolerable deal of sack for such a quantity of bread. To compress all this into a small volume requires close printing and flimsy paper, and the ungrateful reader thinks in his hardened heart that he would rather a little more space had been given to the author, and a little less to the editor, who is for most of us, after all, a secondary consideration. It is also manifestly impossible, with such a number of notes, even to refer to them at the bottom of the page; yet without this guiding finger they are often practically useless. We are not as a rule aware, when we read, what information we lack, and it becomes a grievous duty to examine every few minutes and see if we ought not to be finding something out.

A glance at the notes themselves is very discouraging: —

"P. 10, l. 14, directed, A to E, G; direct, F, H to L.

"P. 10, l. 16, rectified, A to I; rectifie, J, K, L.

"P. 10, l. 28, consist, A to J; resist, K, L,"

Reading with such helps as these becomes a literary nightmare: —

"P. 8, l. 8, distinguished] Chapman (R) and Gardiner (W) read 'being distinguished.'

"P. 8, l. 8, distinguished not only] Wilkin (T) reads 'not only distinguished.'"

And this is weirder still: —

"P. 59, l. 4, antimetathesis, C to M; antanaclasis, A, B; transposition of words, N, O."

It may easily be surmised that eighty-eight pages of such concentrated and deadly erudition weigh very heavily on the unscholarly soul. We are reminded forcibly of the impatience manifested by Mr. E. S. Dallas, in The Gay Science, over Porson's notes on Euripides, from which he had hoped so much and gleaned so little, which were all about words and less than words, — syllables, letters, accents, punctuation.

"Codex A and Codex B, Codex Cantabrigiensis and Codex Cottonianus, were ransacked in turn to show how this noun should be in the dative, not in the accusative; how that verb should have the accent paroxytone, not perispomenon; and how, by all the rules of prosody, there should be an iambus, not a spondee, in this place or that." The lad who has heard all his college life about the wonderful supplement to the Hecuba turns to it with wistful eyes, expecting to find some subtle key to Greek tragedy. "Behold, it is a treatise on certain Greek metres. Its talk is of cæsural pauses, penthemimeral and hephthemimeral, of isochronous feet, of enclitics and cretic terminations; and the grand doctrine it promulgates is expressed in the canon regarding the pause which, from the discoverer, has been named the Porsonian, — that when the iambic trimeter after a word of more than one syllable has the cretic termination included either in one word or in two, then the fifth foot must be an iambus. The young student throws down

the book thus prefaced and supplemented, and wonders if this be all that giants of Porsonian height can see or care to speak about in Greek literature."

But then be it remembered that Euripides, as edited by Porson, was intended for the use of scholars, and there exists an impression — perhaps erroneous — that this is the sort of food for which scholars hunger and thirst. Sir Thomas Browne has, happily, not yet passed out of the hands of the general reader, whose appetite for intellectual abstraction and the rigors of precision is distinctly moderate, and in whose behalf I urge my plea to-day.

After the oppressively erudite notes come those which interpret trifles with painstaking fidelity, and which reveal to us the meaning of quite familiar words. In Ferrier's admirable edition of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, for example, we are told with naive gravity that "wiselike" means "judicious," that "glowering" means "staring," that "parritch" is "porridge," that "guffaw" is a "loud laugh," that "douce" is "sedate," that "gane" is "gone," and that "in a jiffy" means "immediately." But surely the readers of Christopher North do not require information like this. "Douce" and "parritch" and "guffaw" are not difficult words to understand, and "in a jiffy" would seem to come within the intellectual grasp of many who have not yet made the acquaintance of the alphabet.

It may be, however, that there are people who really like to be instructed in this manner, just as there are people who like to go to lectures and to organ recitals. It may even be that a taste for notes, like a taste for gin, or opium, or Dr. Ibsen's dramas, increases with what it feeds on. In that tiny volume of Selected Poems by Gray which Mr. Gosse has edited for the Clarendon Press, there are forty-two pages of notes to sixty pages of poetry; and while some of them are valuable and interesting, many more seem strangely superfluous. But Mr. Gosse, who has his finger on the literary pulse of his generation, is probably the last man in England to furnish information unless it is desired. He knows, better than most purveyors of knowledge, what it is that readers want; he is not prone to waste his precious minutes; he has a saving sense of humor; and he does not aspire to be a lettered philanthropist fretting to enlighten mankind. If, then, he finds it necessary to elucidate that happy trifle, On the Death of a Favorite Cat, with no less than seven notes, which is at the rate of one for every verse, it must be that he is filling an expressed demand; it must be that he is aware that modern students of Gray — every one who reads a poet is a "student" nowadays — like to be told by an editor about Tyrian purple, and about Arion's dolphin, and about the difference between a tortoise-shell and a tabby. As for the seven pages of notes that accompany the Elegy, they carry me back in spirit to the friend of my childhood, Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond, who was expected to understand every word of every poem she studied. What a blessing Mr. Gosse's notes would have been to that poor dear misguided little girl, who rashly committed the Elegy to memory because, in honest childish fashion, she loved its pretty sound! Who can forget the pathetic scene where she attempts to recite it, and has only finished the first line,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

when Godfrey, whom I always thought, and still think, a very disagreeable boy, interrupts her ruthlessly.

"'What is meant by the "curfew"? What is meant by "tolls"? What is a "knell"? What is meant by "parting day"?'

"'Godfrey, I cannot tell the meaning of every word, but I know the general meaning. It means that the day is going, that it is evening, that it is growing dark. Now let me go on.'

"'Go on,' said Godfrey, 'and let us see what you will do when you come to "the boast of heraldry," to "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," to the "village Hampden," to "some mute inglorious Milton," and to "some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," — you who have not come to Cromwell yet, in the history of England.'"

No wonder poor Rosamond is disheartened and silenced by such an array of difficulties in her path. It is comforting to know that Godfrey himself comes to grief, a little later, with The Bard, and that even the wise and irreproachable Laura confesses to have been baffled by the lines

> "If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
> May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear."

"Oaten stop" was a mystery, and "eve" she thought — and was none the worse for thinking it — meant our first great erring mother.

No such wholesome blunders — pleasant to recall in later weary, well-instructed days — would be possible for Miss Edgeworth's little people if they lived in our age of pitiless enlightenment, when even a book framed for their especial joy, like The Children's Treasury of English Song, bristles with marginal notes. Here Rosamond would have found an explanation of no less than forty-eight words in the Elegy, and would probably have understood it a great deal better, and loved it a great deal less. It is healthy and natural for a child to be forcibly attracted by what she does not wholly comprehend; the music of words appeals very sweetly to childish ears, and their meaning comes later, — comes often after the first keen unconscious pleasure is past. I once knew a tiny boy who so delighted in Byron's description of the dying Gladiator that he made me read it to him over, and over, and over again. He did not know — and I never told him — what a gladiator was. He did not know that it was a statue, and not a real man, described. He had not the faintest notion of what was meant by the Danube, or the "Dacian mother," or "a Roman holiday." Historically and geographically, the boy's mind was a happy blank. There was nothing intelligent or sagacious in his enjoyment; only a blissful stirring of the heartstrings by reason of strong words, and swinging verse, and his own tangle of groping thoughts. But what child who reads Cowper's pretty remonstrance to his spaniel, and the spaniel's neat reply, wants to be told in a succession of dismal notes that "allures" means "tempts," that "remedy" means "cure," that "killing time" means "wasting time," that "destined" means "meant for," and that "behest" means "command"? Cowper is one of the simplest of writers, and the little boys and girls who cannot be trusted unarmed in his company had better confine their reading to Robinson Crusoe in Words of One Syllable, or to the veracious pages of Mother Goose. But perhaps the day is not far distant when even Mother Goose will afford food for instruction and a fresh industry for authors, and when the hapless children of the dawning century will be confronted with a dozen highly abbreviated and unintelligible notes referring them to some Icelandic Saga or remote Indian epic for the bloody history of the Three Blind Mice.

*Agnes Repplier.*

# SIX CENTURIES OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

On the first day of August, 1291, just six hundred years ago, a group of unpretentious patriots, ignored by the great world, signed a document which united into a loose confederation the three peasant communities of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, situated on the Lake of Lucerne in Switzerland. By this act they laid the foundation upon which the Swiss state was afterward reared, and it is therefore with just pride that the Swiss people have determined to celebrate this summer the sixth centennial of their national existence with popular holidays and appropriate festivities. In their naive but prophetic faith the contracting parties called this agreement a perpetual pact, and they set forth in the Latin legal phraseology of the day that, seeing the malice of the times, they found it necessary to take an oath to defend one another against outsiders, and to keep order within their own boundaries; at the same time carefully stating that the object of the league was to maintain lawfully established conditions. On the whole, it was a conservative utterance, — a sort of compromise between a declaration of independence from the petty nobles who harassed them and an oath of allegiance to the feudal system itself, as befitting a people conscious of a grievance, and yet unwilling to break with the past.

Nothing more beautiful could be imagined than the surroundings amid which this historic document was signed. The name of the exact spot is not given in the text, but, judging from indirect evidence, the choice lies among three places so near to one another upon the Lake of Lucerne that in any case the environment must have been very much the same. There is a strong probability in favor of the village of Brunnen, because the text of a subsequent pact, which the Confederates concluded in 1315, mentions it as the place of signature. Travelers will remember this village on account of its incomparable position in the angle formed by the abrupt turn which the Lake of Lucerne takes to the south, where it opens out into an arm known as the Lake of Uri. Brunnen is now a favorite summer resort, with large hotels, monumental omnibuses, wood-carving stalls, and all the other paraphernalia of a Swiss tourist place; yet at the time of the primitive pact it must have been a little hamlet of sunburnt chalets. But that delightful outlook over both branches of the lake has never changed, where, touched by the sun, the water sparkles into vivid blues and greens; nor can the matchless velvet of the higher slopes lose its gentle charm, or the snows on the Uri Rothstock their tranquil magnificence, for they are immutable glories on the face of Nature.

According to the White Book of Sarnen, the semi-legendary chronicle which contains the first full version of the story of William Tell, the three lands, when once united, "held diets at Beckenried, when they had aught to do;" while in another part of the chronicle it is said that the three Confederates and their companions "went by night towards the Myten Stein to a corner called *jm Rüdli* [Rütli], . . . and held diets at that time nowhere but *jm Rüdli*." Beckenried is a modest village, within sight of Brunnen, on the southern shore of the lake, hiding behind some enormous walnut-trees that stand by the water side, — a rural hamlet, whose habitual quiet is disturbed only by the periodic visits of the brisk little steamer that stops at the dock with much churning of the water and ringing of bells. The Rütli is a sloping, uneven meadow upon the

flank of the mountain opposite Brunnen, and dear to every Swiss heart as the traditional cradle of national liberty; while the Myten Stein is a striking landmark, being a jagged rock that rises some eighty feet from the surface of the water, and is now covered with an inscription in honor of Schiller. In point of fact, the evidence in favor of Brunnen or Beckenried as the place of signature in 1291 is incomplete; but it must be acknowledged that the position of the Rütli is a strong argument in favor of its being the scene of earlier secret meetings. For who that has visited the spot can have failed to notice how wonderfully it is adapted for the meeting of confederates? At once central for the inhabitants of the three Forest States, and yet secluded to a remarkable degree, it possesses in reality all the requirements of an ideal trysting-place.

It is the misfortune of Swiss history that although very little is popularly known about it, that little is almost invariably incorrect. The subject has so long lain neglected in the literary garret that the cobwebs have gathered over it and hidden the treasure. The task of brushing them all away would be too great for the writer of this article; suffice it to set aside the fundamental misconception which obtains concerning the origin of the Swiss Confederation. There is a widespread but vague idea that a regularly organized republic has existed in the Alps from time immemorial under the name of Helvetia. Nothing could be more misleading; for, as a matter of fact, the Swiss Confederation had no existence before the perpetual pact of 1291, at which date it makes its first entry upon the historic stage. As for the Celtic tribe of the Helvetii, who inhabited parts of Switzerland under the Roman dominion, they had no more to do with founding the Swiss Confederation than had the Indians in America to do with framing the Constitution of the United States. Around the three communities, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, as a nucleus, the Swiss Confederation grew in course of time by the adherence of other sovereign communities, until it reached its present proportions of twenty-two cantons in 1815. The very name of Switzerland was unknown before the fifteenth century, when for the first time the eight states which then composed the Confederation began to be called collectively Die Schweiz, after the community of Schwyz, which was the most pronounced of the primitive states in its opposition to the pretensions of the German nobility. Nor did the early Swiss set up a sovereign republic, in our acceptation of the word, either in internal or external policy. The class distinctions of the feudal age continued to exist in their midst, and they by no means disputed the supreme rule of the head of the German Empire over them, but rather gloried in the protection which this direct dependence afforded them against a multitude of intermediate preying nobles. It was not until 1648, by the Peace of Westphalia, that the complete independence of the Swiss from the German Empire was established beyond question. There is another fact which must be borne in mind, namely, that Swiss self-government is Teutonic in character, like that of England and the United States. Although Switzerland is now a polyglot state, and her constitution expressly says that German, French, and Italian shall all alike be considered national languages, the majority of the inhabitants are German-speaking, and determine the quality of government which shall be in force. The other Romance-speaking cantons were acquired by conquest, and were not admitted on a footing of equality until the beginning of the present century.

A good map is an indispensable commentary on Swiss history, for the peculiar geographical features of the country have their counterparts in its political institutions. The great mountain ranges

divide the territory into deep valleys, each of which naturally forms a political unit, the commune or parish, a miniature world, concentrated in a small space, and representing the sum total of life to its inhabitants. Eugène Rambert, a Swiss author who has written charmingly upon this subject in his Études Historiques, thus describes a typical Swiss valley: "In the centre is the village. The church and the parsonage are upon an eminence; sometimes the houses are grouped around in a circle; sometimes they form a line in the direction of the valley; at other times they are scattered about here and there. Not far off lies what is known as the end [bottom-land], which is the most fertile part of the valley, the best cultivated, the portion set apart for the tilled fields. . . . On the slopes of the valley are the common pastures, the forests, the grazing-lands for the summer, and finally the peaks that cut off further view." It was only natural that, thus bounded and hemmed in, the inhabitants of each valley should acquire the practice of managing their own affairs in sovereign communes; self-government becoming a second nature to them, and any other political methods perfectly incomprehensible. But the peculiar form which self-government assumed in those secluded regions is worthy of note. It took the shape of patriarchal democracy; that is, certain men and certain families maintained themselves at the head of public affairs, but with the consent and coöperation of the whole population, much in the same way as the Landsgemeinde cantons are governed to this day.

In support of this statement, which is somewhat at variance with the usual conception of the political life of the early Swiss, let me cite only one piece of evidence. The names of the persons who signed the memorable pact of 1291 are, unfortunately, unknown, but a little more than two months after the conclusion of that league Uri and Schwyz entered into a separate alliance with Zürich, and the names of their representatives on that occasion have luckily been preserved in the text of the document then drawn up. For Uri there was the Landammann Arnold, Mayor of Silenen, besides Knight Werner von Attinghausen, Burkart, the late Landammann, and Conrad, Mayor of Erstfeld; and for Schwyz there was the Landammann Conrad Ab Iberg, Rudolf Stauffacher, and Conrad Hunn, — representatives of all the classes in the community, from noblemen to serfs. The title of "mayor" had originally been given to a set of officials who governed Uri in the name of the Abbey of Nuns in Zürich, to which institution the greater part of Uri had been deeded by the Emperor Ludwig, the German, in 853; but in course of time the mayors became hereditary nobles, and retained their titles even when the valley had become free from the rule of the abbey. To this day the towers of their habitations may be seen, in a more or less ruinous condition, at Altdorf, Bürglen, Silenen, and Erstfeld. If then the representatives of Uri and Schwyz in the alliance with Zürich may be taken as typical leaders in their communities, the conclusion is legitimate that the early leagues were in reality the work of a native aristocracy as well as of the common people. Moreover, if the names of any men are to supplant that of William Tell in the hearts of the Swiss people, now that the archer has been declared a legendary character, they are those of the patriots mentioned above, who, with the addition of the unknown Landammann of Unterwalden, and perhaps Knight Henry von Winkelried, were the great personages then living in the Forest States. It is not too much, therefore, to proclaim them the real founders of the Swiss Confederation.[1]

From a modern standpoint, this prim-

[1] Walter Fürst and Werner Stauffacher belonged to the next generation, whose task it was to fight for independence at Morgarten.

itive, patriarchal type of democracy is by no means satisfactory, although of course it was a great step in advance of the various forms of feudal government which were in force throughout Europe during the Middle Ages. It has a tendency to breed a sort of collective despotism, intolerant of new things. Sordid and selfish, it develops a narrow conception of public duty, turning always to what the Germans so aptly call *Kirchthurmpolitik;* that is, to the political interests of a small circle with the church tower as a centre. In fact, during the eighteenth century, prior to the French Revolution, the democracy of these valleys had degenerated into barefaced oligarchy, and must inevitably have perished altogether amid the cries of the infuriated mountaineers had not certain ancient regulations concerning the holding of common lands mitigated its evil qualities. As the writer has already on another occasion referred, in the pages of The Atlantic, to the part played by these common lands in preserving the wonderful stability of the commonwealth of Uri, it will suffice to mention only one more influence which helped to produce this good result. The life upon the summer pastures, which the herders led then for half the year, as they do still, what was it but a training-school in the best principles of true democracy? Up there the wind sweeps free across a heath common to all; the torrent, the avalanche, and the precipice are no respecters of persons; the very flowers smile on all alike; the buzz of the straying bee and the cry of the wild bird are for all who will face the dangers and brave the hardships: and that is why, in the clusters of storm-beaten chalets where the herders live, no man dare speak of class distinctions, for these would sound like satire in the face of those serene snows and unchanging heights. Through all the centuries the idea of liberty, of man's divine individuality, was nurtured on the mountains, and defeated the ambitions of those in the valleys who might attempt to herd the mountaineers into submissive masses. The influences in favor of true democracy were always stronger than the powers of the small aristocracy.

From the commune to the canton, and from the canton to the Confederation, — those were the steps by which the Swiss state was consolidated; the communes uniting to form cantons, and the cantons the Confederation. In the course of this growth Switzerland has passed through three great constitutional stages, has thrice halted before advancing again, and is now in the midst of a fourth epoch, which is distinctly superior to the rest in all that goes to make up a noble national life. The first period may be described as that of the League of the Eight States, which lasted about one hundred and thirty years; the second as the League of the Thirteen States, which remained unaltered for more than two hundred and fifty years; the third was the so-called Helvetic Republic; and the fourth is represented by the Swiss Confederation of to-day.

The first pacts concluded by the states were but little more than offensive and defensive alliances against Habsburg-Austria; there was no intention of setting up a separate state, and there was, in fact, no national idea upon which to found one. When the Confederation had grown to be a league of eight states, it resembled an agglomeration of independent communities, rather than a well-balanced, logical scheme of government. There was neither a perfect political union nor a geographical one; for not only did the constitutions of the individual states vary as much as possible from one another, but the states themselves did not together form a compact territory, since here and there alien tracts of land were wedged in between them, while others were completely cut off and surrounded by hostile ground. In view of the looseness of this bond, one may well

marvel that the Confederation held together at all. Its wonderful vitality seems to have resulted from the pressure exerted on the outside by Habsburg-Austria's enmity, and from the principle of perpetuity inserted into all the successive pacts, which proved sufficiently strong to maintain this imperfect union without the aid of any central authority whatever, executive, legislative, or judiciary.

In those early days there was no federal constitution, unless the sum of the enactments contained in the pacts which were drawn up as the new states were admitted to membership can be considered as the rudiments of a constitution. But as time went on new problems came up for solution, and it was found necessary to agree upon certain charters and covenants, which, taken together, formed for some five centuries the only body of organic law which the Confederates possessed.

The first of these ordinances, the so-called Priests' Charter (*Pfaffenbrief*), had its origin in a somewhat trivial cause. It seems that the chief magistrate (*Schultheiss*) of Lucerne was returning, in the autumn of 1370, from the annual fair at Zürich, when he was seized and cast into prison by order of the Provost of the minster in Zürich, a great personage, with whom he was involved in a lawsuit. Widespread indignation followed this act, and the Confederates united for the first time in passing a series of resolutions to protect the liberty of the individual and restrain the secular power of the priesthood within their boundaries. Another advance towards closer union was made in the Covenant (*Verkommniss*) of Sempach, concluded in 1386, just after the battle of that name, and designed to remedy certain defects in the discipline of the military forces. Again in 1481, at the close of the great war with Charles the Bold of Burgundy, delegates from the various states, convened at Stans in Unterwalden, issued a new agreement, the Covenant of Stans, which is principally noteworthy on account of certain clauses of a restrictive character, forbidding popular gatherings without the permission of the authorities in power. It is related by the only contemporary chronicler of this convention that the delegates, unable to arrive at an agreement upon certain articles, were on the point of adjourning amid scenes of great disorder, and civil war seemed inevitable, when Nicholas von der Flüe, a hermit who lived at Sachseln, near Stans, suddenly appeared in the hall, restored order, and persuaded the angry crowd to listen to his words of peace. In consequence of this timely intervention the delegates resumed their labors, and brought them to a successful termination.

The fifteenth century marks an era of great extension in the territory of the Confederation, for there was something contagious in the example of the Swiss fighting successfully against the feudal lords, which tempted the peasantry in neighboring lands to do the same, and then to seek admission within their ranks. Unfortunately for the stability of their union, the Confederates themselves, inflamed by successive victories, sent out expeditions of conquest, dividing up the lands thus acquired amongst themselves, or governing them in joint ownership. It is evident that such a system could not fail to be fraught with disastrous consequences, opposed as it was to the democratic traditions of earlier periods.

The League of the Thirteen States was, therefore, no improvement over that of the Eight, for there was the same want of a central controlling force, although the Confederates now began to meet occasionally in diets. The whole presented the same appearance of a motley group of communities united rather by force of circumstances than by premeditation. Besides the thirteen real members of the Confederation, there were a number of allies (*Zugewandte Orte*), bound some-

times to one, sometimes to several, of the thirteen states. There were also subject lands (*Unterthanenlande*) under the rule of various combinations among the thirteen. Not to enlarge too much upon the fatal weaknesses inherent in the organization of the old Confederation, let me simply enumerate the causes which finally produced its complete downfall at the time of the French Revolution. There was first the inequality of the states amongst themselves, for they had not all been admitted on the same footing; and then the holding of conquered lands, which resulted in all sorts of rivalries and jealousies, and produced governing classes. Moreover, the surprising success which had followed the Swiss arms on all occasions had suggested to the great powers the desirability of hiring Swiss soldiers for their wars, and so the corrupting mercenary system had arisen. To these disrupting influences the religious contentions of the Reformation were added, leaving the country divided into two armed camps, and all sentiment of a distinct nationality obscured by questions of faith. When the cry of the French Revolution fell upon the air, the Swiss Confederation was too weak from internal degeneration to offer a successful resistance to the call for surrender which came from Bonaparte. De Tocqueville once said, before the French Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, that the ordinary political liberties in the states of the old Confederation were "more unknown to the great majority of the citizens of these republics [the individual states] than they could have been, at the same period, to the subjects of most monarchies." Under the auspices of the French Revolutionists an Helvetic Republic was erected in 1798, from which all feudal inequalities were banished; but, unfortunately, the federal principle which was indispensable to the very existence of the Swiss state was also uprooted, and the country declared "one and indivisible," after the model of the French Republic. The experiment lasted five years, but was so little appreciated by the people that Bonaparte, in 1803, modified the constitution to correspond more closely to the real needs of the land. After his overthrow the liberated cantons attempted to revive the antiquated features of the old government, but in 1848 they finally united in adopting a definite constitution, which, with a few amendments, is now the organic law of Switzerland.

There is a process in the animal world which, in its various phases, so nearly resembles the development of the Swiss Confederation that the writer cannot refrain from applying it, although it may seem somewhat fanciful in connection with an historical subject. The old Confederation seems like the caterpillar, destined in dying to give place to something better; the Helvetic Republic like the chrysalis, acting as a means of transformation; and the present Confederation like the butterfly which finally emerges, the fair product of the decay which has preceded it.

Such is the brief record of Switzerland's experiments in self-government. The six centuries during which she has grappled with this problem display a veritable catalogue of priceless precedents for the benefit of all nations engaged in the same task. Unostentatious, and seemingly so insignificant amongst the great powers of the world, she has in the past had a noble mission, and in the future will have a still nobler one. The patriotic Swiss writer, Eugène Rambert, whom I have already quoted, closes one of his best chapters by saying: "A majority of Teutonic stock respecting a minority of Romance origin, a Protestant majority respecting a Catholic minority, a certain number of relatively populous and strong states, thrown with full sails into the current of modern life, respecting the slowness of those old pastoral democracies for whom centuries seem like years, — that is the example which

Switzerland must present to the world; that is the mission imposed upon her by nature. It is worth the while to live in a country destined to so noble a trial."

We Americans may therefore well send our congratulations to the Lake of Lucerne at this season, where the inhabitants of the oldest republic in existence are celebrating their great anniversary, wishing the brave little nation Godspeed on her mission, and another six centuries of self-government.

*W. D. McCrackan.*

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## BROWNING'S LIFE.

THE well-known reluctance of Browning to admit the public to a view of his private life, shown by the care he took in sheltering his wife's memory from the revelations of a biographer, and by the destruction of his own letters and other papers which might have illustrated his career and the development of his genius, has led to an expectation of rather a meagre and dry biography; and it is a welcome surprise to find Mrs. Orr's work[1] so interesting as it is. The absence hitherto of any Life of Mrs. Browning which could make a fair claim to be authoritative is greatly advantageous to the present volumes; for we have in them an account of both authors, and the relations between them and the contrast of their characters were such that the interest of each is much enhanced. The personality of Mrs. Browning, too, found expression in her letters far more than was the case with her husband, and the description of their domestic life comes more gracefully from her pen. Those whom she has attached by her poems, or whom womanhood naturally attracts, may well find her confidences to her friends the most entertaining portion of this work, and value it as much for her sake as for the poet's. She gives, at least, the main human interest to it; and in comparison with the chapters dealing with Browning's life before his marriage and after his loss of her, these which she contributes have a vitality and directness that set them in high relief. She reveals herself; but of Browning we have only a portrait which Mrs. Orr has drawn, and which results from many minute touches, made with painstaking care and fidelity to fact, but requiring much attention from the reader in order to comprehend it and give it the wholeness of a personal impression.

In the opening chapters Mrs. Orr prepares the reader for some modification of the popular conception of Browning. It is a minor though an important matter that she sets at rest the suggestion of any Jewish or negro strain in his blood inheritance. The stock was English, so far as can be known, except by his mother, who was "the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman," Carlyle said, and who was of German descent on her father's side. The notion that Browning was a person of great physical vitality, and in some way peculiarly "manly," is one that will not so readily yield to a different view; for it is a part of the secret of his attraction for women. It would be almost "grotesque," Mrs. Orr thinks, "to say that only a delicate woman could have been the mother of Robert Browning;" but his mother was such a woman, and transmitted to her son, in the author's opinion, a "slow and not strong pulse," a marked "nervousness of nature," which appears to have been the ground of his temperament,

[1] *Life and Letters of Robert Browning.* By Mrs. SUTHERLAND ORR. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

and in general infused into his physique an element of weakness, sensibility, and consciousness of pain which powerfully modified the perfect health which should have descended to him from his father's family. This is observable at once in "the fiery child and the impatient boy" whom she describes, with his precocity of talent, his restlessness, and what we should call his unmanageableness in many ways. His education was carefully attended to by his father, a man of bookish tastes; somewhat whimsical, perhaps, but evidently proud of his son, and well pleased to support him in an unprofitable literary career. The boy's social circle was narrow, and of the sort in which a youthful prodigy would easily develop independence and conceit. The tastes which filled his after life were early cultivated. He wrote his first book of poems at twelve years, and before he was out of his boyhood he had composed music for songs, shared in theatrical representations, and shown an inclination for art.

It is possibly more important still to notice his early interest in religious speculation. He was brought up in a somewhat narrow school of religion, and in his childhood, under the tutelage of his mother, was subjected to a strain of feeling which seems to have been premature. He had no sooner come to his first thinking for himself than he revolted from what he had been taught, and, finding in the early poems of Shelley the reflection of his own state of mind, he "became a professing atheist," and, humorously following his youthful guide, "a practicing vegetarian." Two years of the vegetable diet satisfied him in that part of the field, but he remained unsettled in religion; and even in mature life, while believing in a direct relation with the Creator and professing a certain faith, there was still so large an element of skepticism in his mind that Mrs. Orr frankly pronounces him "heterodox" and a disbeliever in any such revelation as Christianity affirms. At first the only effect of these novel views was to intensify his independence, aggressiveness, and general defiance of those about him, to the distress of his mother, to whom he was fondly attached. It was an unamiable period in his life, so much so that in later years he was unwilling to dwell upon his youth and early manhood. "I am better now," he used to say, when the attempt was made to direct his memory to those days.

Shelley's influence is also clearly perceptible in the inspiration of the early poem Pauline, but Browning's own genius soon passed from the reflective (it is too much to call it imitative) stage. In Paracelsus, the dramas, and Bells and Pomegranates he showed his qualities and those modes of mental action and imagination which were most native to him and remained permanent. He was young, and had the defects of youth, both in the use of his talents and in his character; but his work was sufficiently distinguished to secure his mingling with literary men, and his individuality was attractive enough to engage their good will. He was ambitious, keen for success and fame, and admired the "hero in literature" from the start. Self-assertive, with a will and a way of his own, evidently full to overflowing of self-consciousness, he did not perhaps make the best impression upon all he met; but Carlyle knew and liked him in those days; others were kindly disposed toward him, and Macready, at least, was his friend. He had been to Russia and to Italy, and in Sordello he had written the most characteristic of his first works, and with it he closed the period of immaturity in thought and art. He had not, however, won acceptance with the public; his literary acquaintance had not helped his vogue, — a fact of which he afterwards complained; at most, his friendship with Macready had encouraged his dramatic faculty and got his plays acted. The most striking thing

in all this early period, lasting until past his thirtieth year, is specially brought out by Mrs. Orr: he made no warm friendships, and in general his emotional life was slight. This implies a self-concentration unusual in degree, and an absence, or at least a feebleness, of that form of passion which has been associated with his individuality.

The romance of his own life began with his acquaintance with Miss Barrett, to whom Mr. Kenyon, her cousin, known too as a friend of Wordsworth and other literary men, introduced him. She was an invalid, and received him always lying down. Her family believed her to be in a decline, and marriage would seem to have been the least likely thing in the world for her. Browning saw her three times a week, and corresponded with her; and finally, acting impulsively, he proposed marriage. At this critical moment the family physician advised a winter in the south of Europe as the only means of prolonging her life, and her father refused his consent to such a journey. He thought her case was hopeless. She decided, therefore, knowing that she could not win her father's approval, to elope with Browning. They were secretly married, with the knowledge of only her sisters; and a week later Mrs. Browning stole away while the family were at dinner, joined her husband and went abroad with him. It was certainly a very grave responsibility that Browning took, and that Mrs. Browning allowed him to take; but none of the serious consequences that were most probable occurred. She never recovered her health, but she became much better, and at times was able to join in an out-of-doors existence that she could never have anticipated. In Italy she found life, and to keep it they were obliged to live there. They were very happy, and Browning, on his side, was a thoroughly good husband to his invalid wife, considerate, attentive, and devoted. Their life, however, with its frequent changes of residence and its cares, was not favorable to his poetical productiveness. Mrs. Orr thinks that he felt the weakening effects of the climate, and his constitution was not fitted to sustain them without real loss of energy. It is to be remembered that he had not met with recognition in poetry. With his new friends, the Storys, he was diverted from literature to an amateurish work in drawing and modeling. Perhaps no better impression of the final effect upon him can be given than by a quotation from one of his wife's letters near the end of their life together: —

"Robert has made his third bust copied from the antique. He breaks them all up as they are finished — it 's only matter of education. When the power of execution is achieved, he will try at something original. Then reading hurts him; as long as I have known him he has not been able to read long at a time — he can do it now better than at the beginning. The consequence of which is that an active occupation is salvation to him. . . . Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe. . . . He had a room all last summer, and did nothing. Then he worked himself out by riding for three or four hours together. There has been little poetry done since last winter, when he did much. He was not inclined to write this winter. The modeling combines body-work and soul-work, and the more tired he has been, and the more his back ached, poor fellow, the more he has exulted and been happy."

The ease with which his wife wrote may have been a discouraging contrast, though he rejoiced in her success. He thought she had the more inspired genius. "Can't you imagine," he writes, "a clever sort of angel who plots and plans, and tries to build up something — he wants to make you see it as he sees it — shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you

to understand; and whilst this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you off a little star — that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine." In one way or another, whatever the causes may have been, his residence in Italy was useful to him in storing impressions and feeding his sense of beauty through other modes of expression than poetry, but it was not fruitful in original work.

Mrs. Browning, on the other hand, owed everything to the Italian climate. She enjoyed it physically, as an invalid would. "Mountain air without its keenness — sheathed in Italian sunshine — think what that must be!" she writes; and in other ways the experience was to her, after her London confinement at home, a return to life. Thus she describes Vallombrosa: "Such scenery, such hills, such a sea of hills looking alive among the clouds — which rolled it was difficult to discern. Such fine woods, supernaturally silent, with the ground black as ink. There were eagles there, too, and there was no road. Robert went on horseback, and Wilson and I were drawn on a sledge (that is, an old hamper, a basket wine-hamper — without a wheel) by two white bullocks up the precipitous mountains. Think of my traveling in those wild places at four o'clock in the morning! a little frightened, dreadfully tired, but in an ecstasy of admiration." Again at the Baths of Lucca: "It seems like a dream when I find myself able to climb the hills with Robert, and help him to lose himself in the forests. Ever since my confinement I have been growing stronger and stronger, and where it is to stop I can't tell, really. I can do as much or more than at any point of my life since I arrived at woman's estate." She thoroughly enjoyed this Italian life, and often gives expression to the enthusiasm she felt in beholding the mere scenery, the hills at the Baths of Lucca, the olives of Spezzia, the rock of Ancona. And besides this, she was interested in the spectacles of life itself, and her pen is never more full of spirit than in describing some adventure, such as her attendance at the masked ball of the Carnival. Her entire correspondence is entertaining, and exhibits her curiously compounded nature very frankly and in an unconventional way. She wrote, as we know, a mass of verse during these years, and her life was full. Only one cause of difference arose between herself and her husband, the subject of spiritualism, and it did not disturb her as it did him. The end came, however, and in 1861 Browning returned to London a widower.

The remainder of his life was occupied only by the events of the publication of his successive volumes, his outings on the French coast and in Italy, the education of his son, and the social pleasures of a diner-out at London. The immediate result of the change to English air was to renew his diminished energy as an author, though Mrs. Orr thinks he remained always rather a passive than an active man, and grew continually more fond of ease, cultivated happiness for its own sake, acquiesced in human conditions of action and knowledge rather than struggled to better them, and in general showed the qualities of optimistic weakness rather than of intellectual and moral vigor. Perhaps the impression made by her words is deeper than she intended; but, whatever be its degree, her opinion runs counter to that which is commonly held. The fact is that in her later chapters she makes Browning known as he appeared in London rather than as he expressed himself in his works. She is not reticent in respect to his qualities, whether they make for hero-worship or not. The most noticeable confession is that he was defective in broad human sympathy, and to the end very self-centred, although not deficient in moral power of sacrifice when he was personally interested. She forces forward, more than is necessary,

the points at which he was out of touch with Christianity, and emphasizes the incongruities in his religious ideas and feelings. She uses criticism very freely throughout the work to give full prominence to whatever of personal meaning his poems can be made to convey. It is all very interesting, always able, though in our judgment it is not always convincing. Some of it must prove perplexing to the devout admirer of Browning. The most special matter is her belief that he studied Pompilia in his wife's nature, and that this character, which Mrs. Orr thinks his "masterpiece," is an instance of "reflected inspiration." She bases this opinion upon the feebleness of Browning's parental instinct, — "the weakest in his nature," — and supports it as follows: "The ingenuously unbounded maternal pride, the almost luscious maternal sentiment, of Pompilia's dying moments can only associate themselves in our mind with Mrs. Browning's personal utterances, and some notable passages in Casa Guidi Windows and Aurora Leigh. Even the exalted fervor of the invocation to Caponsacchi, its blending of spiritual ecstasy with half-realized earthly emotion, has, I think, no parallel in her husband's work."

This is interesting in itself, and also in its connection with Browning's relation to women. He was always a "woman's man." He preferred the society of women to that of men, made them his confidantes, and appears to have held a somewhat unconventional attitude toward them. Mrs. Orr thinks he never understood the essential difference in their position and point of view that their sex makes. It should be added that he supported the woman suffrage movement until near the end of his life.

It would carry this notice to an unreasonable length to attempt to gather up the various statements that are made about Browning's traits, the nature they inhered in and the character that resulted. It is enough to say that he showed at the end of his career, as at the beginning, that natural irritability or "nervousness of nature" which made him impatient, hard to differ from amiably, excitable, effusive in manner, and in general what is called impulsive. He enjoyed his fame to the full, and was sensible of the honors done him. He thought his last works the best. He was constant in his friendships, and he prized them more as life went on. His later London life appears to have been, on the whole, the most congenial to him. He shows the marks of its influence. To what extent the late recognition of his work affected his genius unfavorably by making him indifferent to criticism in the higher sense is a curious question. His individuality was perhaps strong enough to have resisted all modification, and as he was plainly without that artistic sense on which the faculty of self-criticism depends, the criticism of others, whether express or felt merely in the reaction of an author's audience upon himself, might have been useless to him. It appears that his learning was much less than has been supposed. In thought he never passed beyond the vague sphere in which his early poems moved, but he became increasingly interested in incident and character, and in his study of them he accomplished the better part of his non-lyrical work. It is curious that this interest should have been so specialized as it was and limited to particular cases; he did not care for history, — that is, for humanity in the abstract or the collective form. This is connected with that defective human sympathy on which Mrs. Orr remarks. In the light of these volumes much Browning criticism will have to be rewritten, and by that light all such criticism may be made more searching and exact. Whether Browning's reputation, on the personal side, will gain or lose by the biography is, we think, doubtful.

The truth has been told perhaps too dispassionately. There is an *aura* about every man to his friends, which they may fairly, and should justly, preserve. It is the very thing which, well rendered, gives charm to biography. We feel it here only when Mrs. Browning speaks.

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## MURRAY'S MEMOIRS.

A VIEW of the literature of a whole period from the publisher's counting-room is as useful as it is novel, and the history of the house of Murray favors us with such an outlook on the world of books of the most interesting character. The time of Scott and Byron was a great literary epoch, and Murray was its most distinguished business agent. His name is associated with its annals so closely that if he has not a literary immortality, he is yet the most famous of publishers; the memoirs[1] of his house are, personally and historically, most valuable. We already owed to him the best of the letters of Byron, and it was not to be expected that the papers of the house would yield anything of equal individual interest; but out of the mass of authors' correspondence which came to him a collection has been made that is extraordinary for the breadth and diversity of its literary information. Murray himself is the central figure, and the story is of his transactions with authors. It is a work of the memoirs of trade, with a leading attention to the financial fortunes of literature. There is much about profit and loss, the prices paid, the avarice of authors, the relations of the house with Edinburgh and with other London firms, the condition of bookselling in general, the plans and ventures of business, and like unpromising matters; but these topics are so well handled, and the persons involved are themselves so notable, that there is no tediousness even in this most barren part of knowledge. On the other hand, the literary interest, though occasionally subordinated, is unflagging. Murray's own character is constantly felt in a human way; and though the authors find it a hard matter to lay aside completely the traditional hostility of the craft, they show appreciation of his excellent qualities. He was, as Sir Walter said, "much a gentleman;" and, so far as we observe, not only was his behavior in business handsome, but as a man he showed himself more creditably in difficult circumstances than the genteel authors who found it almost impossible to forget that he was "in trade."

He came in at a fortunate moment in the development of bookselling, just at the time when the association of the trade had given a certain dignity and high standards of conduct to its members, and before individual competition had worked unfavorable effects. He was attached to the older methods which were already breaking up before he died, and in his career more than one incident could be noted to show how fine a strain of business honor he maintained. His relations with authors in the delicate sphere of pecuniary transactions are well known. If the time, in consequence of the gains of Scott and Byron, is often

[1] *A Publisher and his Friends.* Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House, 1768–1843. SAMUEL SMILES, LL. D. In two volumes. With portraits. London: John Murray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

called the "golden age" of authorship, this is always with a reference to Murray's generosity. No doubt Murray found his advantage in large payments, especially to the great writers. He was a man of business first, and was not intentionally over-generous except when he meant to be charitable; he lost money, for example, on Crabbe, but he did not mean to do so. He was certainly shrewd, but he was not sordid, and he was able to take large instead of short-sighted views of his own interest. He was ambitious to be distinguished in his trade, and he knew that to be Byron's publisher was worth much more to him on business grounds than merely the profits of the sales. He thus attracted authors to him, and he also extended his custom; and he was willing to pay for the value of the reputation which being the publisher of celebrated authors gave him, in addition to the price that would be justified by the probable cash receipts from their works. The Cookery Book might be, in fact, a more valuable property than Childe Harold, but he did not confuse the different natures of their values. There is no reason to think that he ever lost money on Byron, but if he had it would not have been a real loss; and it was apparently on this liberal interpretation of his self-interest generally that he adopted the policy of large prices. There were some disadvantages also in the rule. He set a standard of payment which led inferior authors, like Leigh Hunt, to ask more for their work than it was worth; but he always had a remedy by adopting the fair procedure of assuring to the author his full share, if he proved successful, either by the system of division of profits, or by bargaining for a limited edition and leaving future contracts open. The business element is less discernible in the liberality with which he paid his reviewers for the Quarterly. In this it appears more plainly that he took pride in being generous, and there can be little question that he paid his regular contributors more than the market price. To those whom he regarded with special friendship, and to whom he felt obliged for their advice and countenance, particularly Gifford, Croker, and Southey, and in later years Lockhart, he was unwearied in attention, and most of these supporters were frank to say that they were so well treated as to feel uncomfortably overpaid. The policy of liberality to writers of distinction, and of fairness to those whose success was still doubtful, worked well. He gave it as his opinion that not one book in fifty paid expenses, but, notwithstanding all risks and at a time when several great houses failed, he made a fortune. His only error was in attempting, in conjunction with the younger Disraeli, to found a daily newspaper, with insufficient preparation. He sank in the enterprise twenty thousand pounds in six months; but on giving it up he wrote that he hoped to replace the loss by his "shop" in a few months, and this was at the time when Constable and others broke.

These volumes, however, are far from being only a record of the fortunes of trade. Their more important interest lies in the wide view they give of book-making in the first half of the century. The larger number of works mentioned, and a considerable part of the correspondence, do not belong to literature in the higher sense. The history of the current reading of the day is reflected on the page, and great works appear only as incidents, just as they were at the time. We see the beginning of the vast number of travels in the East and Africa, and of polar exploration, and the earliest of the collections for popular reading, the "cabinets" and "libraries," in which the increasing spread of information that specially marks this century commenced. More curious, perhaps, to the student of letters are the dead books, which in their time had a certain vogue, often

great, and are now swept away, — poetical works, by Croker, Canning, Milman, and the rest. An occasional estray of the literary life is met with, like Maturin, in whom a pathetic human interest survives apart from the dramas that have perished even in their titles. The memoirs are rich in this sort of driftwood, and not the least interesting passages are those which concern these obscurities. The task of selection would be a hopeless one.

Almost equally unsatisfactory would be any attempt to exhibit the wealth of illustration of character here contained concerning distinguished writers. Sir Walter Scott shines wherever he appears, and his pen and life contribute to the whole. His literary industry apart from writing novels is astonishing, and his large plans, such as that for the collection of British novelists, show the large mind, the inexhaustible energy that seems indifferent to the amount of labor involved in any project; and everywhere the natural kindness, the humanity and tolerance, and the sound sense of the Scott whom Lockhart first made known to the world are delightfully revealed. The attitude he held toward Byron, as it is shown here in several letters, is the most considerate morally, and the finest so far as regards the personal aspect of the matter, that could be conceived in the case. A letter recommending Lockhart, or rather defending him against some faultfinders when about to become the editor of the Quarterly, is perfect in taste and admirable in substance, — a model of what such a letter should be; and the letter to Murray, on the resignation by him of his copyright in Marmion, is faultless. Unfortunately, Murray was seldom Scott's publisher. In the correspondence with Byron, the other protagonist of the work, it is Murray who deserves the praise. He addressed him as the noble lord, but he retained much of the freedom of the friend, and while conveying to him in liberal measure the flattery of the coterie, he stimulated his genius, urged him to his best, and expressed his regrets at the errors of taste and heart that so much impaired the excellence of Byron's later and satirical works. He shared in the reverence for Byron's genius which now appears so much exaggerated, but he also spoke as a man; and when Byron used something of the insolence of rank, Murray's reply, in the single instance in which he noticed it, was excellent in temper. The letters of the Byron connection also include several characteristic notes of Lady Caroline Lamb. The whole ends with a detailed account of the destruction of the Byron Memoirs, an act which, from the business point of view, was as honorable to him as anything in Murray's career. Of other writers, Coleridge and Wordsworth both figure, but not in any material way, and Southey comes in often, but usually in a discontented or perverse frame of mind, since he was obliged to live by reviews and suffer Gifford to "mutilate" them, when he would have preferred to live by famous histories and great poems. Campbell, Hogg, and Moore are also writers who do little more than appear on the page, but in each case long enough to yield a striking portrait of their personalities. Irving is brought in principally, it would seem, to illustrate how much better his bargains were for himself than for Murray. Other authors of repute of whom we learn something are Hallam, Milman, Napier, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Francis Head, the elder D'Israeli, Madame de Staël, Hope, Cunningham, Belzoni, Ugo Foscolo, Basil Hall, Lyell, Murchison, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Norton, Borrow, and a host of the less known whose books were the literature of the twenties and thirties.

The third leading interest of the work is the history of the great Quarterly, of which Murray was perhaps prouder than of his connection with Byron. There was

some justice in the phrase which called this a "National Work." The Edinburgh preceded it, and showed the power as well as the usefulness of such a publication. The Quarterly was founded to be its rival, and was intended to have political weight from the start. Canning's interest was engaged, and from time to time an article was "inspired." Murray, nevertheless, was eventually disappointed in his hopes of what the party in power would do for it. He was obliged to rely virtually upon the corps of contributors which was early gathered about it and was always diligently recruited. Sir Walter lent his powerful aid from the start, and many readers may be surprised at the considerable number of reviews that he wrote for its pages down to his death. Southey and Croker were a main dependence. The former was particularly useful, both from his facility and range, and from the quality of his thought, which was largely leavened with the average opinion of the class to which it appealed; while Croker had qualities of a more effective if less admirable kind. But the strength of the Review was its editor, Gifford. It is a pleasure to find out what sort of a man he was, and here are excellent materials for judgment. Gifford is perhaps as well hated a name as there is in English critical annals; or, if this be too strong a statement, there is certainly something sinister in his reputation. His early life, which was one of uncommon hardship and difficulty, is sketched in detail, and the fortunes of the poor and misformed boy are followed through childhood and college to the time when he was asked to preside over the destinies of the Review; much besides is told of his personal life and character, but more noticeable than such biographical details, though honorable to him, is the light thrown on his editorial work. He wrote nothing, but he rewrote a great deal. Such supervision as he exercised would hardly be tolerated to-day by authors who were more than hacks. His judgment, if hard, was sound, and there can be no question that the quality of the Review, its English-thoroughbred quality, was due to him. He acted besides as Murray's literary adviser, as did Croker and the elder D'Israeli, and in his intimate connection with the house he became a sort of prime minister. Murray was devoted to him, and cared for him with the fidelity and forethought of a brother. He was highly regarded in many quarters, and the perusal of these papers must do much to convince the reader of the gross injustice that has been done to an able and conscientious, though sometimes bitter man, of very solid intellectual power. Under his guidance and with the assistance of Murray's untiring energy, the Review became an organ of intellectual opinion of the first consequence. Its notable articles and their writers are followed here year by year, and thus a chapter is disclosed and given to the history of English writers of this century which well deserved to be written. On Gifford's death, Sir John Coleridge succeeded for a short time, to be in turn followed by Lockhart. The reflections made upon Gifford apply also in some degree to this latter much-disliked critic. He had personal defects, but as a critic he had excellent discernment. In regard to his earlier life, — and he was barely thirty when he took the Quarterly, — more particularly in all that relates to his writings in Blackwood's, the letter of Sir Walter Scott, already referred to, says the last word. All that we have space to say is that he had some of the best qualities of an editor for the authors and public with which he had to deal. Murray had been connected with Blackwood's during the time of the personal articles in that review, and it is in consonance with his character that he continually protested against them, and finally severed his connection with it on this ground alone. The Quarterly, though

sufficiently severe, was never afflicted by the youthful wantonness of Blackwood's, and when Lockhart undertook the editorship he had left that mood behind. The conduct of the Review from its start to the close of Murray's life is capitally illustrated, and on the whole effectively defended.

The little that has been said of these volumes, we are well aware, does them scanty justice, and indicates only too superficially the mine of literary information which they contain. Their wealth is almost purely of details, and cannot be generally treated. To authors, they tell the publisher's side of the story; to literary scholars, they bring much information about persons and books that is new and historically valuable. Murray himself — and the work is essentially his biography, though his labors are dealt with more than his life — is set forth with a character of honorable dealing and liberal ideas that is most pleasing, and with a personal attractiveness which is not the less strong because its main element is something that earns our respect. His portrait was needed to complete the group of the authors of the period.

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## CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is an earnest man, and he writes with an earnest pen; he has strong convictions, and he is frank in expressing them. Enthusiastic and confident, his diction is forcible, and everything he produces is readable. His latest work[1] is readable, and all the more so, perhaps, because it is one-sided. It is characteristic, too, of the later Smith. There was an early Raphael and a later Raphael. There was an early Smith, whose orderly and decorous bearing reflected the calmness and self-control of the cloister, and there is a post-professorial Smith, flitting hither and yon, with a style in literature which betrays one long steeped in controversy. We tire of inversion, and grow impatient at turning sentences upside down in order to get at their meaning. There is a plentiful lack of tact: it grates upon our Yankee touchiness to have the Father of the Constitution stigmatized as unconscientious, and to have Henry Clay styled an aggressive demagogue; and we cannot resist the suspicion that the devils of Canadian Tories, bad as we know them to be, are not as black as their detractor has painted them. Mr. Smith's wealth of words, indeed, is as great as ever, in spite of the deterioration of style, and he is still master of apt expression. Raciness, innuendo, banter, irony, and sarcasm, now as of yore, heighten the effect of paragraphs, though they sometimes detract from the force of pages which Bryce would have treated with gravity and Tacitus with severity. Nevertheless, with contemporary history itself to sustain him, — nay, with the living scene before us, — his statements carry conviction. We may wish that it had not been possible, from the nature of things, for any one to write the chapter on The Fruits of Confederation; but we know, from what is before our very eyes, that, sooner or later, it would have to be written. Is it true that in Canada the race from which we sprang has been slipping backward? If so, all the physical energy and all the material advance of the British in Canada go for nothing, since it is revealed that

[1] *Canada and the Canadian Question.* By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

the race has little to show in government but failure, and in public morals but corruption. It is the most deplorable revelation made in America since the days of Bigot; but Bigot did not speak English.

This work bears out the character given it by the writer: it is neither elaborate description nor detailed history, but the presentation of a case and of a problem which, some day or other, solved or unsolved, will take its place as a chapter, and an exceedingly impressive chapter, in American history.

It must be said against this book that it has no index. The first chapter stands in the place of a preface, but the second is given to a survey of the social condition of the French Province of Quebec as it exists to-day, and the third to that of the British Provinces. Of Quebec we learn that it is *imperium in imperio;* that the bitterness following the conquest may have passed away, but that estrangement remains; that the French obstinately refuse to become anglicized; that assimilation is hopeless; that as the French population increases the British population decreases; and that there is an irrepressible conflict of races, tongues, customs, and religions.

We turn from this repellent picture to the British Provinces, and there the aspect brightens. There is no necessity of reproducing a view of society which in everything essential is a counterpart of our own. The social structure of Ontario, for example, is the same as that of New York. The possession of the soil is in the hands of a yeoman proprietorship; public opinion is *magister morum*, and exhibits the same development, the same varieties of expression. There are not two public opinions, one for the United States and another for the British Provinces; the same wave passes over both territories, leaving behind it the same changes. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the modification of public opinion now going on in the United States in respect to immigration. One would suppose that the day was far distant when the scanty population of British America would eye askance accession to its numbers; but what says our author? "Till lately the portals were opened wide, and all the destitute of the earth were bidden to come in. . . . Now the door is half shut, and there are a good many who, if they could, would shut it altogether. Malthus has his day again." The objection to the quality of immigration which affects public opinion in the United States affects it in Manitoba. It is not that the Canadians grudge their acres to the Sicilian, but that they decline to admit to their society one who has failed to prove his right to membership. Malthus has nothing to do with the matter.

The author advises the general reader to skip the chapter on federal polity, entitled The Federal Constitution, because, "to impart anything like liveliness to a discussion of the British North America Act, one must have the touch of Voltaire." We cannot agree with him, for, whether or no he has the Voltairean touch, he has made a chapter which the most general of readers is certain to find interesting. It is indeed more than interesting; it will prove extremely useful, for, in language perspicuously expressed, and in as brief a compass as is possible, the very facts indispensable to a clear conception of what the political structure of the Dominion is will here be found. Its advantages are set forth, its deficiencies are exposed, and, best of all, there is a parallel showing the difference between the constitutional structure of the Dominion and that of the United States. Here, in brief, is answered the ever-recurring question, How does the Canadian government differ from ours? The division of power is the same; the checks and balances, the legislatures, the administration of jus-

tice, the subordination of the military to the civil power, the political division of territory, the freedom of the citizen, — everything to all appearance is the same, and yet there is a difference. Wherein does this difference lie, in what does it consist? It is in this chapter on The Federal Constitution that this and questions like it are answered, and we must pay the author the compliment of rejecting his advice to skip this topic, and urge the reader to peruse carefully, as we know he will do with pleasure, one of the most entertaining and profitable portions of the work. The popularity and freedom of style make one of the best recommendations possible to "the general reader."

It is, however, when we come to his observations upon The Fruits of Confederation that we arrive at the marrow of the author's work. We wish it were a less painful subject: there is a revelation in store for those unacquainted with Canada and its politics. The reputation of the Canadian politicians is not the most savory in the world; and from time to time rumors have been wafted across the border which have led us to think that, in the little capitals of the Provinces and in the general capital of the Dominion, there may be concentrated more political iniquity than that existing in the Augean stables which sporadically defile our own land. "In Canada," has it been said, "there is more politics to the square foot than there is in any other country under the sun." If the fruits of confederation are not overdrawn, it must be said that in Canada there is more political rascality to the square foot than anywhere else this side of St. Petersburg or Constantinople! Senators — and such a Senate! — are tempted with offices and titles; members of the Lower House are bribed with the hope of becoming Senators, with offices, fat contracts, privileges, and money or pelf in some shape or another, for themselves, their relatives and henchmen. When they are not bribed, they are whipped in. Is there no Brutus in that servile pack, no Lot in the Sodom on the Ottawa? One reads on in bewilderment from one squandering of the public moneys to another. Here is a railway built ostensibly to connect the Maritime Provinces with the St. Lawrence: there never was and never can be anything or anybody to carry, and there is an annual deficit of half a million. There is another railway connecting the Atlantic tide water with the Pacific. It was to be purely Canadian; it was to develop Canada and to make a power of the Dominion. It is in the hands of the Americans; its eastern terminal is to run through Maine; a part of its business has been carrying Canadians disgusted with its exactions out of Canada into the United States; but, worse than all, it is the main reliance of the harpies that flock at Ottawa to debauch the people at the polls.

The Dominion is too much constitutioned, too much governed. The population of British America is about equal to that of Pennsylvania. Think of Pennsylvania split up into seven provinces, with seven governors, seven legislatures (five of them with two houses), and seven constitutions, and over these a governor-general, with a little court, and a general constitution which is local, and all under another constitution which is not local, but which exists three thousand miles away and across the north Atlantic, — a constitution at which the Pennsylvanians might pooh-pooh to their heart's content, but one which they would have to recognize when they came to inquire where their court of last resort was! Think of the "Premiers," the "Parliaments," the "ushers of the Black Rod;" think of the "Honorables," the "Right Honorables;" but, above all, think of the Sir Sam Slicks! Is there not a palpable absurdity on the

face of this Lilliputian business? How is it supported? "There is a perfect scramble among the whole body to get as much as possible out of this fund for their respective constituents: cabals are formed by which the different members mutually play into each other's hands; general politics are made to bear on private business, and private business on general politics; and at the close of the Parliament the member who has succeeded in securing the largest portion of the prize for his constituents renders an easy account of his stewardship with confident assurance of reëlection." Such is the description of the Canadian politicians given by one of the Governors-general. No wonder the Canadians never liked Lord Durham. He came in a Pique, and went off in a Huff, say they. He did something more: he told the truth about them. The breed still swarms: see the circular of his Grace of Antigonish; see the address of that typical Canadian statesman, Couture. "Sir Hector me disait toujours: 'Mon cher Couture, ne crains rien; les subsides ne sont pas encore votés, mais nous n'oublierons pas ton conté.'" Like master like man: did Sir Hector echo Sir John?

Mr. Smith takes comfort in the reflection that Canadian society in general is sound. How can he do so in the face of Lord Durham's assertion that the plunder was for the "respective constituents"? The respective constituents form the body of the people. These wretched politicians could not exist a day if public sentiment did not sustain them. We appeal to himself. West Montreal wants something. "Get it for us at Quebec," say the mendicants to their member, "or your head rolls in the basket!" The member importunes at Quebec. In vain; there is nothing there, but there is sure to be something at Ottawa. To Ottawa forthwith, and once there this is what happens: "My dear P., I want you, before we take any step about T. Y.'s appointment, to see about the selection of our candidate for West Montreal. From all I can learn, W. W. will run the best. . . . You can easily hint to him that if he runs for West Montreal and carries it, we will consider that he has a claim to an early seat in the Senate. This is the great object of his ambition." The circle is complete; corruption has run its round, and doubles on itself; and this is government, and the people are sound! It is an echo, rather, from the East Side in the palmy days of Boss Tweed; but then we hounded the Boss to the Iberian peninsula, and his henchmen to — West Montreal.

Thomas Jefferson narrates that at a dinner at his house, where a discussion as to the best form of government came in with the apples, John Adams declared in favor of "the British model, but without its corruption." "No," cried Hamilton, "the British model, and with its corruption!" Upon this vital subject it would have been interesting to have had the opinion of that master mind in the government of one of the dominions of this world, Sir John A. Macdonald, the late Premier of Canada.

We lay this chapter down with a cold chill creeping over us. Is this a true picture of the British in Canada? They had a fair field before them in those wilds, and they should be doing great things; yet is this their natural outcome, failure in the art of government, and corruption, rank corruption, in public morals? But the people are sound! So they were in Florence nearly six hundred years ago; nevertheless, this was the cry which broke in bitterness of heart from "the man who had been through hell:" —

> "Le leggi son, ma chi pon mano ad esse?
> Nullo."

What is the Canadian question? In view of the political and social conditions set forth by the writer, we

should have no hesitation in saying that the pressing need of the Canadians is a diligent perusal of the catechism, and next the performance of their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them. Not so our author: with him the Canadian question is not a spiritual, but an economical one. It is, Shall Canada have Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, or no? The final chapter of his volume is given to an argument in favor of the affirmative, and doubtless, in his eyes, it is the most important part of his work; but we fancy that to the American the value of this book will lie not so much in what it urges as in what it reveals. What it tells of Canadian life and manners is worth more to us than any argument of a purely economical nature can possibly be. It is a question which cannot affect us as it does the Canadians. Moreover, it is ominous that, after a trial of Reciprocity, the United States display no eagerness to renew it. With what can Canada reciprocate? Not with any good example of its own. Suffice it to say that just now Unrestricted Reciprocity is held up as the panacea for Canada's woes. We are, nevertheless, old-fashioned enough to doubt that mere material development will ever prove efficacious to eradicate the poison which is in the blood of the Dominion, or that of itself it will make the Canadians a prosperous and happy people.

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## NOVEL ECONOMICS.[1]

THE interest which the modern world takes in analyzing conditions of material existence is certainly not due to any mere enjoyment in intellectual exercise or in metaphysical subtleties. The age is far too serious for that. Nor is this broadening interest in economic questions confined to the people of any one form of government; it spreads impartially both in monarchies and republics. This stir, moreover, is not confined merely to the so-called working classes; for, to go no further for illustration, it is in the educated and titled classes of London that we find the most active propagation of socialism in England. Widespread as is this interest, still its sources lie too deep for easy or dogmatic explanation. Whatever they may be, they are probably connected more with the heart than with the head; they are mingled, one might suppose, with the stir in ethical and religious questions. It may be said that the marvelous growth of wealth and the profuse extravagance of modern life have accentuated the differences between social classes, and started even sluggish minds to thinking over the causes of material inequality; but this cannot be wholly true, since a century ago the social chasm between classes was even greater than it is now, and yet there was not then this same state of mind we see in those about us. But true it is that, whatever the cause, the heart of man is stirred by a new interest in his fellow-creatures.

The charming *naïveté* of Bellamy wins admirers, probably, because warm-hearted, impulsive, and helpful people have had their sympathies touched by the bitter sufferings of the poor, and they rebel against the conditions which make such things possible. They are not troubled, however, by the inade-

[1] *Principles of Social Economics inductively Considered and practically Applied.* With Criticisms on Current Theories. By GEORGE GUNTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

quacy of the means to the end. Again, the hold which socialism has on its followers is due far less to the little-understood theories of Marx or Lasalle than to the appeals often made to feelings and passions. In themselves the ideals of socialism are lofty and even noble; in the contemplation of them there goes out a great expenditure of sympathy. It would be pathetic indeed were all this exercise of feeling to be in vain; but we need not think so. This new interest will have its effect, doubtless, in broadening views and deepening insight. It will add its part to the coral reef of social growth, and will help insensibly in the building up of a firmer foothold for human life. Morality and character are essentially the bases of social growth. To the extent that a sense of right becomes more generally diffused and conscience more often consulted will social life find support, and not damage, in the unavoidable interdependence of different classes of society.

Our author, however, sees progress toward a higher intellectual and moral plane by the antecedent operation of material gain alone. "We can only be helpful to others," he says, "in proportion as we are well provided for ourselves. The poor, the weak, and the inferior are always a burden rather than a help to their friends." Morality cannot exist except by the previous operation of material comfort, — "the material being the basis, the intellectual the means, and the moral qualities the result." According to this philosophy, the hard conditions of existence to the Scot or the New Englander, on a thin and barren soil, led to a scanty moral life; while the rich soil, the comfortable existence, of tropical lands yielded a crop of higher morality and larger social growth. Wherefore New England must capitulate to Brazil or Mexico.

In attempting to show that his principle is supported by historical data, the author disappears in the trackless forest of his own speculations, where no historian can possibly follow him. "The most superficial acquaintance with the history of the United States is sufficient to show that our republican institutions are the consequence, and not the cause, of our material prosperity. The republic was born of the social and intellectual character growing out of a long period of previous industrial prosperity, and this prosperity was due to causes long antedating the slightest observable democratic tendency in our political institutions." The author, evidently, has overlooked the facts that "republican institutions" were a fixture in Virginia in 1619; that officers were chosen by the people, and local self-government existed, from the very beginning, in the settlements of Connecticut and Rhode Island. He goes even further by characterizing the French Revolution as a struggle "for material existence only." It is useless to pause at these errors; for to such a mind history is but putty, to be turned to any shape, as the purpose presents itself. We may then pass on to the author's economic proposals.

Acknowledging the evils with which society is crowded to-day, and filled with a longing to see the aims of socialism accomplished, to the end that human life may be less unequal and human hearts less scarred by needless suffering, we must bluntly ask by what means the evils can be remedied, and a new order of things be brought into existence. Depraved as we are, but few of us would be unwilling to see poverty exchanged for comfort and the lives about us irradiated by happiness. The task is not in bringing society to want this; we all long for this consummation. The real difficulty, however, — and it is the *crux* of the whole matter, — is in the means. How can bad people be made better? How can employers be made less selfish? How can the improvident be made provi-

dent? How can people be made to think, and not act on mere impulse? These are serious questions, as important as they are hard to answer. He who will give practical answers to them deserves well of the state. But the quacks who teach that character can be created by public legislation, and who revel in orgies of annual enactments, should at least be given a little less attention.

Although Mr. Gunton is not a socialist, he flouts the work of the past, contending for a break with all past economic thinking, and the construction *de novo* of a new fabric of social philosophy. Here, in truth, we find ourselves sympathizing with him in the regret that former writers have not solved all the knotty questions. To escape these difficulties, he takes refuge in the porches of the "New School;" but residence therein makes him less hopeful than we could wish. "The New School," he says, "has been critical rather than constructive. It has contributed *far more to break up the old* than to establish a new body of economic doctrine. . . . No approximately adequate explanation of wage phenomena has been furnished, nor any affirmative principle of public policy suggested." Yet as to the amount of destruction of the old principles Mr. Gunton's own friends do not agree with him. Adolf Wagner, "the corypheus of German economists" (as he is styled by Dr. R. T. Ely, who himself may be regarded as the "corybant" of the American school), after mentioning as parts of the old principles the law of diminishing returns from land, the doctrine of population, the limitation of production by capital, and the wages-fund theory with a few modifications, adds very strongly, "All these old doctrines are maintained by Cohn, as they have been by Röscher, by Schäfle, and myself." Disavowing these principles, Mr. Gunton is unsupported by the greatest of German economists, who are usually — and wrongly, it seems — spoken of as despisers of the so-called "Old School." In short, much of the talk about the old and new schools of economics is spoken for Buncombe. The results of the past are not absolute, as they are not in any scientific study. In recent years there has been no break in the continuity of economic thinking, but only progress and movement; not a building of new foundations, but an improving of the old structure.

There are those, nevertheless, who insist upon a radical departure from all past economic thinking, and Mr. Gunton is one of them. He introduces a new distinction between economic and social wants. The former are the primal wants of "food, clothing, and shelter;" the latter "are mainly acquired, and . . . arise from the quickening influences of social intercourse; these are luxuries at first, but by frequent repetition finally become necessities of social life." The moment, however, we consider the means of obtaining satisfaction for wants in both of these classes, the distinction disappears; the same principles govern the means by which we satisfy a want for corn as well as a want for a Roman blanket.

The author's pivotal doctrine, furthermore, is that "consumption" precedes "production," paradoxical as that may seem. "To-day's wants determine to-morrow's efforts, and yesterday's actual consumption determines to-day's actual production. Clearly, then, consumption is not only potentially prior to, but it is actually the cause of production." The latter statement seems to be an argument for a predetermined wages fund, which the author abhors. If not that, then it is weak. "Demand," he says, "always means want, consumption, and supply means service, production." The reasoning in this is far to seek. For if demand is always want, and no more, then capital has no place in production; a beggar will

avail as much in production as the owner of buildings and machinery. The absurdity of this is so evident that a critic might be thought to have perverted the author's meaning. Yet he says further on this point, "If . . . a want is accompanied by a willingness to give the necessary effort . . . to produce it, a greater quantity of the commodity will be produced to-morrow." That is, a desire, without capital, can produce wealth, effort only being necessary. That an oversight like this should lead to a *reductio ad absurdum* is to be expected, and before the paragraph closes it is said that the "effective intensity and extent [of desire] are economically measured by and registered in actual consumption." He sums up by making consumption "the final regulator of production." Now, this surely is nothing more than an identical proposition: what men actually get for consumption is the regulator of what they have produced. Verily, men do not consume more than they have produced. And yet the author regards this as a great discovery, saying, "Simple as this truth is, it is far from being generally understood; indeed, the reverse view is commonly held."

It is not necessary further to discuss the arguments of a writer who does not believe that capital is the result of saving. Naturally, if capital has no function in production, there is little use in hunting for the cause of its existence. The author teaches also that there can be no rise of prices, and that "wages do not fall." His reasoning on value and prices, and on wages, is contradictory and confusing. It is therefore a matter of regret that the study of the means for aiding the unfortunate, for lessening the sufferings of poverty, for implanting the desire for better things in men's hearts, should be associated with defective reasoning, and even with chimerical speculation. There are means for improving our fellow-men which we constantly pass by; and in these means Christian principles will be found to be fundamental.

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## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Travel and Nature.* Our Italy, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Harpers.) Mr. Warner sings, with wonder in his voice, the praises of Southern California. The song is not a mere rhapsody, but has very articulate sentences concerning oranges, grapes, raisins, and climate. The mellifluous Spanish words which label the towns and the occasional missions give the mellowness of age to what otherwise impresses one as the most splendid achievement of the age of electricity; while the wonderful air in which this chosen spot is bathed melts and blends new and old into a golden present. If reading Mr. Warner's books and looking at his pictures so uplift a staid commenter, what must the reality do? — Noto, an Unexplored Corner of Japan, by Percival Lowell. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic who followed Mr. Lowell as he led them by devious ways through a sort of land of dreams to the wide sea will find a fresh pleasure in taking up the pretty book which holds the whole excursion. Now that the world has been covered with the tracks of explorers, there is a new pleasure to be gained in entrusting one's self to a voyageur who travels in the pure joy of motion, and has the art to communicate his delight to others. Mr. Lowell's book is for readers who love literature rather than for those who wish to add to knowledge patience. — Spain and Morocco, Studies in Local Color, by Henry T. Finck. (Scribners.) Mr. Finck is a capital traveler, and has a quick eye for those points which every traveler thinks he has seen when he reads about them. In this bright group of

sketches, what is omitted calls for a bow to the author almost as much as what is included; for one is not called on to accept opinions, views, judgments, which only long habitude in the person delivering them would justify. Rather, he finds himself in the companionship of a good observer and swift sketcher. Let him go to Spain and Morocco with Mr. Finck on his first journey, and take Mr. Ford, Mr. Hay, or Irving on his next trip. — The Blessed Birds, or Highways and Byways, by Eldridge Eugene Fish. (Otto Ulbrich, Buffalo.) A dozen papers on birds, and flowers, and trees, and country rambles, by a writer who confines himself mainly to the neighborhood of Buffalo, and writes not only with a genuine love of his subject and from first-hand acquaintance with it, but in a style which wins the reader, because the writer, without obtrusion, has thrown into it the spirit which animates him in his researches. He shows a familiarity with other writers in a similar vein, but is none the less individual and agreeable.

*History and Biography.* Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration, by L. E. Chittenden, his Register of the Treasury. (Harpers.) Mr. Chittenden has written an extremely interesting book; and not the least interesting figure in the group is the author himself, who appears first as a Green Mountain lawyer engaging in the canvass for Lincoln in 1860, and gives a vivid account of his part in that canvass. As a politician Mr. Chittenden is refreshingly open, and his book is in many ways a capital record of political methods and of the common talk of men, as well as of the relations of men of distinction. We wish he had transcribed his notebooks verbatim when reporting conversations. Perhaps he has done so, but one is tempted to think that there is here a mixture of current impressions and later recollections, and so is in doubt just what credence to give. There are remarks accredited to Lincoln, for example, which one hesitates to accept. — The Old Navy and the New, by Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, with an Appendix of Personal Letters from General Grant. (Lippincott.) Under this title Admiral Ammen gives in effect his autobiography and reminiscences which go back nearly to the War of 1812. He writes with a sailor's frankness and with a sailor's faculty for roving. His strong interest in the Nicaragua route leads him to treat of the Isthmus and its waterways at some length, and his lifelong friendship with General Grant enables him not only to give many reminiscences of his great associate, but to print a number of pleasing letters from him. — The latest volume in American Religious Leaders (Houghton) is Charles Grandison Finney, by George Frederick Wright. The *grotesquerie* of the full name is increased when the reader learns that the famous revivalist was actually named after Richardson's hero. Finney's name in the extreme East is a dying echo of what was once a mighty sound, but in Ohio it stands for institutions and a very positive religious movement. It was well worth while to have an Oberlin professor detail the career of so individual a preacher and theologian, and the reader of the book will find himself crossing battlefields famous in theological warfare. The figure of Finney himself is one which it would seem impossible now to copy, and it has thus a strong historical interest. — Charles Darwin, his Life and Work, by Charles Frederick Holder. (Putnams.) A volume in the Leaders in Science Series. Mr. Holder has made a sort of compendium of Darwin's books of travel, and interjected a few personalia, but he has done little toward presenting the man vividly to young readers, and, in spite of the abundance of material from which he could draw, the book seems singularly lifeless. — The April Bulletin of the Boston Public Library (The Trustees, Boston) contains, besides the Classified List of recent accessions, a finding list of works by and relating to Rousseau in Bates Hall, and a continuation of Mr. Ford's Bibliography of the Official Publications of the Continental Congress.

*Education and Textbooks.* Sketch of the Philosophy of American Literature, by Greenough White. (Ginn.) A rapid survey of the subject, with more of an attempt at discovering the rationale of the development of literature than such sketches usually contain. If Mr. White had given either more or less detail, we think his success would have been greater. That is, if he had assumed full acquaintance with facts, and had written for scholars in the same space, he might have made his speculation more profitable; if he had, on the other hand,

confined himself to the really important figures, and given more detail, he might have made his book a good introduction to the study for the use of schools and colleges. — Mademoiselle de la Seiglière, by Jules Sandeau, is added to Heath's Modern Language Series. It is edited by F. M. Warren, of Johns Hopkins. The play is one recommended for the courses preparatory to entrance into New England colleges, and the editor has therefore had somewhat immature students chiefly in view ; but he has kept well in mind that he is introducing students to literature, and not merely to a school exercise. — English Prose, its Elements, History, and Usage, by John Earle. (Putnams.) The reader who has wearied of formal treatises on rhetoric, and doubts the power of any one to escape a sort of dry rot when dealing with language as it finds expression in literary art, should take up this book. It is a refreshingly independent work, and is so inductive in its method, building its results upon such a wide range of independent examples, that one finds himself always in the company, not of a dogmatic schoolmaster, but of an intelligent, curious student. The writer of English, in particular, cannot fail to get capital suggestions from it, chapter by chapter. — Tales from Shakespeare's Tragedies, by Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) Upon the same plan as the Comedies, to which we have before referred. The book is for school use, and as such might well have dispensed with the feeble woodcuts inserted here and there. — In Heath's Modern Language Series, a recent number is Colomba, by Prosper Mérimée ; with Introduction and Notes by J. A. Fontaine. The introduction to this Corsican story is brief ; the notes are to the point and helpful. — Apperception, or The Essential Mental Operation in the Act of Learning, by T. G. Rooper. (Bardeen.) The original title of this little work, which is of English origin, was A Pot of Green Feathers, the answer which a teacher received upon asking her charge what a pot of ferns was, which she placed before them. The answer set Mr. Rooper to thinking how the mind really works in assimilating what is offered to it. His suggestive essay reaches the conclusion, "That education is the best, not which imparts the greatest amount of knowledge, but which develops the greatest amount of mental force." — Prussian Schools through American Eyes, a Report to the New York State Department of Public Instruction, by James Russell Parsons, Jr. (Bardeen.) The Report deals only with elementary education, and is of special worth because of the particularity with which it describes the system in use. The rigid and uniform practice in Prussia makes this possible, since the observer is not bothered by too much freedom of exercise on the part of the teacher. Seeing one school, he sees all.

*Science.* Electricity, the Science of the Nineteenth Century, a Sketch for General Readers, by E. M. Caillard. (Appleton.) A popular treatise, dealing first with static electricity, then with magnetism and current electricity, and finally with practical appliances of electricity. The historical phase of the subject is lightly touched upon, the author proposing to explain the phenomena of electricity as understood to-day, although she indicates the successive steps taken in the application of electricity. The book is plainly written, but not otherwise attractive in style. — The Diseases of Personality, by Th. Ribot. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) Whether or not one looks at personality with the eye of a biologist, he will be sure to find in this little volume a great many interesting facts touching the disorders which affect the unity of personal consciousness ; hypnotism naturally comes in for treatment. Under the emotional disorders which take the form of opposite sexuality, we wonder if M. Ribot would undertake to account for the Chevalier d'Eon. — Animal Life and Intelligence, by C. Lloyd Morgan. (Ginn.) An English work, an octavo of five hundred pages, in which the author aims to consider his subject from a scientific and philosophical standpoint. Beginning with the nature of animal life, he proceeds with the process of life, reproduction and development, variation and natural selection, heredity and the origin of variations, organic evolution, the senses of animals, mental processes in man, mental processes in animals, their power of perception and intelligence, the feelings of animals, their appetences and emotions, animal activities, habit, and instinct, and finally struggles with the great problem of mental evolu-

tion. He reaches a conclusion which may be stated in his own words as a "general belief that the intellectual progress of Englishmen during the past three hundred years has been in part due to the inheritance of individually acquired faculty." It will be seen that his subject almost compels him into a discussion of human phenomena, though the book deals mainly with the lower animals.

*Poetry.* The Heart of the Golden Roan, by O. C. Auringer. (Lothrop.) An unusual piece of work, if only for its form. Eight poems in sequence, all cast in a measure not unlike Drayton's The Battle of Agincourt, tell a romantic tale of choice between love and duty, the rider on the roan speeding on a somewhat mystical errand. Although the reader be not able to translate the facts of the poem into prosaic terms, he will be moved by the spirit which lifts the narrative into a poetic form which is more than once rich and striking. After the banjo poetry of the day, it is something to come upon the trumpet obbligato. — Sospiri di Roma, by William Sharp. (Printed for the Author, Rome.) Mr. Sharp has carried the conceit of sighs into the very form of his verse, which is throughout in irregular, broken measure, each line a breath, and unlinked by rhyme with any other. The poems are reflections of moods closely allied with nature in Italy, and often express with great felicity the momentary and feeling emotions of one who broods over the scenes both of human life and of landscape in Italy. — Chansons Populaires de la France, a Selection from French Popular Ballads. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by T. F. Crane. (Putnams.) In his interesting introduction Mr. Crane shows how late the French *littérateurs* have been in coming to a sense of the richness which lay in their folk ballads, and how rapidly these ballads were disappearing from the popular knowledge. One wonders at this the more when one considers how the literary class is constantly reinforced by accessions from the country; but much, doubtless, is due to the dominance of Paris and the strong disposition to exalt the art of letters. The collection is an attractive one, and is well equipped with bibliography and reasonable annotation.

*Fiction.* Juggernaut, a Veiled Record, by George Cary Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Juggernaut is the craze of speculation, and this novel, with its highly artificial framework, is designed to show how it crushes the life out of a man and his wife who come in the way of its terrible grinding power. — Two volumes of the attractive little series of Knickerbocker Nuggets (Putnams) are occupied with Representative Irish Tales, edited by W. B. Yeats. If the books contained nothing but Lover's Barny O'Reirdon the Navigator, they would be worth owning, that one might read over and over again that inimitable story; but there are besides good examples of Carleton, Banim, Maria Edgeworth, whose Castle Rackrent is selected, Maginn, Croker, Griffin, Lever, Kickham, and Rosa Mulholland.

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Swiss Boarding-School.

WHEN I first made its acquaintance, a round year ago, it was a peripatetic school taking its summer holiday among the mountains, — walking, climbing, gathering Alpine flowers, or reading aloud and doing fancy-work under the pine-trees; always in the company of one or both of the two shy, gentle, dignified sisters, called by their pupils "the aunts," who seemed to feel themselves as responsible for the profit in health and enjoyment of the summer trip as for the intellectual gain of the winter. A large party of American schoolgirls in a summer boarding-house would have been likely to make their presence felt, agreeably of course, in every nerve of the establishment; this group of young girls, of from fourteen to eighteen, mostly Germans and Swiss, enjoyed every hour with genuine, hearty

enjoyment; but their pleasure was never conspicuous, and the fact of their being ten or a dozen in number was not an overwhelming one. Their names were all down in the visitors' book with the word *pensionnaire* appended to each, and they kept within the bounds of the definition. They joined gladly in an excursion or an occasional dance, but did not feel called upon to lead in the social life of the place; and their evenings were spent mostly in the dining-room, by reason of a fear in the minds of their teachers lest they should be tempted to monopolize the limited space and illumination of the salon. The little school kept its unity as an institution and its own government amid the changes of travel. The pupils had come to learn French, and though lessons were laid aside for the vacation, the conversation and reading were all in that language. They were kept together as much as possible, encouraged to share their pleasures and confidence in such a way that none should be excluded, and, as regarded personal favors, were placed on a footing of absolute equality. The capacity of each girl was, however, taken into consideration in every plan. If Tante A. took a party of the more robust on a mountain climb, Tante M. led her charge to pastures nearer home. "Oh, tante, I am sure mamma would let me go!" pleaded an eager damsel, ambitious beyond her strength. But the "aunt" was inexorable; she was answerable to the mamma, and felt a double responsibility.

Our association did not end with the summer. On a gray day in autumn the wave of chance deposited me, bag and baggage, at the door of the *pensionnat*, to spend several weeks under its roof. The house stood on a high terrace, looking down upon a wide, green-blue lake, on the other shore of which, in clear weather, a row of white Alps rose above the purple line of foothills. The hill behind the house was laid out, save for the garden and little shady orchard, wholly in vineyards; farther back was another hill, thickly wooded. The road between the house and the lake led along its border to the town, a mile away. The Alps, lovely and gracious on autumn days, veiled themselves with the approach of winter. For four or five weeks we had not a glimpse of them; then we had a vision unforgettable in its loveliness. The mists mounted up and floated away in a sky of azure, leaving along the opposite shore of the lake a white feathery roll, which turned to gold; the morning sun ploughed a long gold track in the water, and the mountains shone out in silvery resplendence. The sun had been almost as rare a visitor as they: an atmosphere of a soft luminous gray had taken his place, though the weather had been cold, the winter of the sort we call old-fashioned, with plenty of snow, and the air, except in hours of *bise*, delicious. We had another day to be gathered in and treasured by

> "That inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude;"

a day when a mist had frozen on all the trees. The effect was not the prismatic glitter of an ice-storm in our own country. There was no sunshine; instead of being cased in a smooth coat of mail, every branch and twig was covered with soft white stars and petals clinging in thick masses; the air was still misty, the light intense, but softened; the shadows were of pearl; we seemed to walk in a strange picture of subdued whites and delicate caressing grays. And the picture stayed all day.

It was a very even, tranquil life that we led in the little boarding-school. Every morning at a quarter to seven we were aroused from slumber by the loudest event of our day, a sort of reiterated clatter and peal, familiarly termed *le carillon*, produced, in some manner unexplained to me, by the exertions of the chambermaid on a bell suspended in the hall. Another chime summoned us, shivering with recollections of the bath, to the dining-room, where we found a fire, and a breakfast of hot milk, coffee, excellent Swiss bread and butter, and preserves. This was over before eight o'clock, when the lessons began. At eleven the girls went to walk for an hour with one of the teachers, or, when the ponds were frozen, had the more congenial alternative of skating. At half past twelve came the dinner, a substantial and well-cooked repast, with soup, followed by meat and vegetables, served together in American fashion. After dinner the teachers made coffee and had their hour of recreation in the sitting-room. One or two of the girls generally assisted in handing round the cups; they esteemed it a privilege to share in this daily sociability. Later, one of them served

afternoon tea to the visiting teachers ; they had also, in turn, some little housewifely duties, such as setting the table and cutting up the sugar. Their own "four o'clock tea" consisted of milk. They had lessons from two till four, in music or literature. At half past four another walk. On the days of the five o'clock lectures at the Academy in the town, we all repaired in a body to that institution, where we listened to very pleasant and sometimes very clever discourse, under the benignant presidency of a full-length portrait of Agassiz represented against a background of blue glacier. The memory of the great naturalist is warmly cherished in his old college, which still gathers about it men devoted to science and to literature.

The lecture furnished food for talk on the walk home in the winter twilight, or was discussed at the supper, a sort of New England high tea. Some of the Academy professors gave lectures or lessons at the school, and had thus trained there a little group of intelligent auditors. The girls followed the lectures easily, and learned to speak French with considerable fluency and command of language, in some instances with a very pleasing accent ; and though I heard among them many deviations from the perfect purity of its pronunciation and grammar, I scarcely ever heard a lapse into native English or German. Even newcomers, arriving with little or no knowledge of the language, struck bravely into its depths.

French and music being the chief ends of each girl's sojourn, there was no grind of college preparation. Nobody was studying for an examination. This prevented a certain strenuousness of tone and tensity of excitement which are apt to exist with us in the more earnest schools. On the other hand, there was in the girls themselves none of that intellectual interest which we find among bright American girls who are pursuing classical studies together. They had among themselves no such eagerness of conversation ; they did not appear to discuss the problems of life or to feel personally answerable for their solution ; and as compared with a set either of clever or of fashionable girls they seemed very young for their years, though in some instances very bright, and in an interesting way. If the school had not the stamp of a college preparatory, neither had it the character of our fashionable institutions for young ladies. Careful attention was paid to instruction in manners and little niceties of social usage. The necessity for a woman of being womanly was frankly dwelt upon, and taken for granted as a basis of action; but a trivial or petty view of things was strongly discouraged, and the whole tone of the household was that of rare simplicity and unworldliness.

Besides the summer vacation there was a week's holiday at the vintage, during which the girls had a merry day helping to gather the grapes in the hill-vineyard near the house ; there were also vacation weeks at Christmas and at Easter. The weekly holidays were Thursday afternoon and evening and Sunday. On Thursday afternoon there was sometimes an excursion, in fine weather ; in the evening the girls chose their own entertainment, and danced on the waxed floor of the salon, or improvised tableaux and charades. Sunday was spent in the European fashion. In the morning they attended the service of the National Church. In the afternoon they wrote letters, or went to walk, or enjoyed an extra bout of skating. Some Scotch girls refrained from this amusement, in which the rest of the company joined as a matter of course. In the evening there was singing, or there were little games of guessing and forfeits played round the dining-room table, in which all took part merrily. On other evenings of the week the girls studied, or sewed and embroidered, while one of the teachers read aloud from some novel. The range of their literature was not extensive. Erckmann-Chatrian and the Swiss novelists contributed much pleasure ; Round the World in Eighty Days was a favorite, and La Veuvaine de Colette was keenly enjoyed by those whose knowledge of the language enabled them to appreciate its *finesse* and grace. Once a week there was a singing practice; once in the winter a play of Molière was performed by the girls ; and there was also a yearly dancing soirée, to which young gentlemen were invited.

The Christmas holiday had begun when I left the school. I assisted, in the French sense, at the making of the bricelets, thin cakes cooked in a small iron with long handles like a pair of tongs. We had a large wood fire in the open fireplace of the salon,

where the whole Christmas supply was cooked in one evening by the "aunts" before an admiring band of "nieces." The round yellow knobs of dough were transferred, two by two, from the kneading-board to the bricelet-iron, which, propped on one handle, opened its capacious bill to receive them, and after a moment's stay in the blaze stood up again, stork fashion, and allowed two thin honeycombed cakes of a delicious brown to be taken from its open mandibles. There were secrets in the air, and a Christmas tree, a green pine of the Jura, was waiting for its trimming. The girls pitied me for having to leave before those things came to pass. I accepted the pity, but regretted no less that peaceful existence of every day. "It was so *gemüthlich*," a pretty German girl said to me one day, looking back upon her year at the pensionnat; "it was always quiet, and yet we were always so happy."

Fulton in Love. — If Robert Fulton remained a bachelor till on the wrong side of forty, it was not entirely his own fault. At one-and-thirty, though his biographers know nothing of it, he had offered his hand to a Frenchwoman, under romantic circumstances related by her more than half a century afterwards for the entertainment of her descendants. The lithographed memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut-Biron, a stray copy of which has lately found its way to the Paris National Library, describe how, in 1797, on her embarking incognito at Dover to see what had become of the family property, a fellow-passenger, seeing that she spoke both French and English, asked her to be his interpreter. She readily consented, but at Calais her passport, which represented her to be Madame François, a lace-dealer, was found informal, and she was detained three weeks as a suspected *émigrée*. The passenger whom she had obliged interested himself in her. He informed her that his name was Fulton, and that he had letters of recommendation to Barthélemy, one of the Directors of the French Republic. Learning that there was an idea of sending her under escort to Paris, he pondered over the means of saving her. One day he knocked at the door of her cell, through the peephole of which he could see her busy writing. He said, "Madame François, listen to me." "I am listening." "You are in a critical position, and I am come to save you." "Many thanks, but please explain." "You are about to be taken to Paris to be imprisoned, and once there all is lost. Now nothing is easier than to avoid this danger: marry me." "Thank you, but I am already married." The lady might have added that she had left in London not only a husband, but twins nine months old. "Oh, what a pity! I could make you rich. I have a secret invention which will revolutionize the world. I have a grand plan of blowing up an enemy's fleet by submarine batteries and then capturing it. Only speak a word, and I claim you and marry you, and you are free." The viscountess (as she then was) laughed, but could not help being grateful for so evidently cordial an offer; and we may assume that she was not only young, but handsome. She obtained her release in another fashion, and some weeks or months later, walking on the Paris boulevards with her husband's brother, the Marquis de Gontaut, she encountered Fulton. "Dear me, dear me!" he exclaimed, grasping both hands, even the one which was on her brother-in-law's arm. "Dear Madame François, how glad I am to see you!" The marquis, unaccustomed to these frank American manners, stiffly said, "Monsieur, the lady you have the honor of addressing is Mademoiselle de Montault," — for she had found it prudent to resume her maiden name. "No, no," replied Fulton, "it is Madame François; she is married, — she told me so at Calais. But what is it you say, — Mademoiselle what?" "Mademoiselle de Montault." Fulton entered the name in his notebook, spelling it "Montot," and then began expatiating on his schemes. "Look here, monsieur. I have got a sublime idea: I am going to blow up vessels into the air, run boats under water and propel them by steam." The marquis took him for a madman, cut short the conversation, and bowed him off. Several years elapsed. Fulton, who had made money by panoramas for his steam and torpedo experiments, had sold his panoramas to his fellow-countryman James Williams Thayer, and, scouted by Napoleon as a charlatan, had gone back to London. One day at the opera, Madame de Gontaut espied him and bowed to him. He hastened to her box. "What a pleasure, Mademoiselle de Montault, to see you again! I could hardly

believe my eyes!" "Monsieur must have made a mistake," said the French nobleman accompanying her, "for madame is the Vicomtesse de Gontaut." "Dear me!" rejoined Fulton, "this beats all; constantly changing names, — it is enough to drive one mad; but as I see that these gentlemen with you are in the secret, if it is a joke I will laugh too." The lady gave full explanations, and introduced him to Lord Clarendon and others, who facilitated his experiments; but not finding proper appreciation in Europe, he returned to America, and she saw no more of him. Fulton died at fifty. His French "flame" wrote her sprightly reminiscences at eighty, and lived some years afterwards.

Certain Beliefs and Superstitions of the Negro.

— The negroes on our Southern plantations have apparently adopted with marvelous rapidity the customs, language, and religion of the race that brought them into slavery a mere century ago. Yet, though they seem so readily to have accepted the forms of worship of the dominant race, one finds, on looking closely into the matter, that they cling to some very barbarous beliefs and superstitions, and oftentimes these strange fancies are wrapped about with the garb of religion.

The negro has his church. His church has its bell that peals forth cheerily on Sunday morning. He has his Sunday-school, his marching with banners, and his reading of essays on Children's Day. He learns, and he sings wondrously well, many gospel hymns; and we trust, in truth believe, that many of the great lessons of Christianity fix themselves in his heart and exhibit themselves in his life. Knowing all this, and seeing how he reaches toward the light, reaching out of the darkness of an ignorance near akin to barbarism, it is strange to note how he retards his progress toward the acquisition of clear light by clinging to purposeless and very curious superstitions.

For instance, it is surprising to learn that negroes of honesty and sobriety, who profess a desire to live better lives, are sometimes excluded from membership in these same churches because "the candiduct," as he is called, has not had "a 'sperience" of "bein' shuck over hell." Such strange beliefs the negro treasures down deep in his heart; beliefs of which his advancement in religion, education, and civilization — adopted all from the white man — takes no cognizance.

It is not often that we can lift a corner of that dusky brain curtain to catch a glimpse into that cloudy adytum where the moon shows herself a lump of ice, and the sun is considered to exhibit itself as a woman singing, singing, forever singing.

A few questions put at various times to the people of the dark race have brought to me answers which serve in some sort as glimpses into that repository of quaint fancies.

I shall endeavor to transcribe a few of these replies as nearly as possible as the negro himself would give them.

"What," I once asked a negro, "is your idea of this world we live in?"

"Dee tell me," was the answer, "dat dis worl' is a gre't star; but hit 'pear ter me ter be a gre't big flower."

Again I asked, "What is thunder?"

To this came divers replies. One negro said that thunder was a round ball not larger than a boy's toy marble. "It do make s' much noise rollin' 'caze hit 's let loose fum de hand of God."

Another thought thunder was "de movin' of God's feet on de sky, and de lightenin' is de winklein' of his eye."

"What is wind?" I asked.

"Hit 's a blaze," was the reply; "hit 's red like fire, but hit 's cold. How does I know hit 's red? 'Caze dem folks what can see wind is done tole me dat red is de color of hit. Some folks can see wind, and t'o'her folks can't. Hogs can always see wind; dee des run and grunt when dee see hits whirlin' redness. If any pusson will suck a sow, dat pusson will git power in his eyes to see wind. And whenever a wind rises, hit is risin' en dyin' breaf. Breaf of de dyin' folks in de worril fills de wind's wings and makes 'em strong."

To the question, "What is air?" came the answer, "Hit 's des low wind." To the interrogation, "Where does snow come from?" came the reply, "It is blowed off de tops de highest mountains."

"What are clouds made of?"

"Made of all de smoke blowed up from de worril since de worril was made."

"Of what are the stars made?"

"Dee is des balls of fire hung up in de sky."

"How long will the stars hang in the sky?"

"Dee will hang twel de Great Day of Jedgement. On dat day John will take a shinin' broom in his hand, and he will sweep de sky clean of stars; sweep de sky clean of stars like a woman sweeps a floor clean of dust. De stars will fall from his broom, and will bust wid blazes and great noise des 'fo' dee touch de earth."

"You say the moon is a lump of ice; now what will become of that at the Last Great Day?" I have sometimes asked.

"Hit will drip away in blood."

The queer recitation of ignorance continued somewhat after this manner: —

"What will become of the rocks?"

"Dee will des melt. De rocks? Dee des growed. Dee 'll des agin melt away. De ocean? Hit 'll only des bile away. De sun? Well, you know de sun is a 'oman; hit got face, hit got eyes, hit can see all you do. She sings, — she do sing all day long. As she rises she sings low, but when she gits such a distance up she sings loud! All 'cross de high sky she sings loud, but when she gits sech a distance down she sings low agin. Dat 's de reason noises can't carry far in de middle of de day; de sounds air des deadened by de sun's singin'. Nobody can edzactly hear what air de words of de song she sings, but ev'ybody is deefened by her hummin', 'caze hearin' her dee can't hear no other noise to speak of."

"What," I asked one wise in the doctrines of ignorance, "are those stars with long lights streaming from them?"

"Macomet stars. Dee come fer signs of wars. And often is de times dat us see strange lights and quare shadows all over de worril in spots. I don't know what dem be, but I does know dat de worril sometimes puts on mournin'. She puts on mournin'-close same like a widow 'oman. Is you notice dat dark shadow in de moon? Dat 's a man, dat is. He put dar fer workin' on a Sunday. Dat little shadder by him is his little dog. De little dog did n't do no harm; he des follered de man. When you see a rainbow," continued my informant, "you 'll des know den dat de moon is done got des behime de sun, and is lookin' over her shoulder."

I discover that there are various superstitions concerning the origin of the appearance of the rainbow. One old negro tells me that rainbows are kept in the bottom of brooks until such times as they are needed to "pen de sky." He tells me that he has seen a rainbow in the very act of rising from its watery bed.

"How did the world look when it was new?" I once asked.

"Mighty strange, — mighty strange. De jay-bird brung de first grit of dirt ever was brung ter dis earth. I don't know how come he done dat, but I do know dat de jay-bird is 'bleeged ter go down ter de devil ev'y Friday des at one o'clock and carry a grit of dirt in his bill. Also, I can tell how dar was no water in de worril twel de mournin'-dove dug de fust spring; she dug hit wid her bill. Also, I can tell how, when de white dove flew out of de Noray's Ark, she planted de first grain of corn [maize] dat ever had been planted on de earth. I can tell you, too, how de mockin'-bird stole dat first grain of corn. I know, I do, dat de robin did plant de first cedar-tree ever was in dis worril. De first fire was brung to de worril from de devil; hit 's long been quench fer ourns usin', but dat left wid de devil, hit ain't never done been quench, and never is ter be."

I asked what sort of people were in the world when the world was new.

The reply came as follows: "Many of de animals you see now was oncet folks, old-time folks; dese big rattlesnakes, dee was one time bad folks. In de old days dee was changed ter snakes, and dee air des essentially dat way twel yit. Monkeys use ter be old-time folks also; dee ac' like folks yit. De squinch-owls, dem what shiver roun' de house when a pusson gwine die, dee was all ole women when de worril was young. Dese moles dat you see burrowin' undergroun', dee was old-time folks; dee was too proud to walk on de groun', and so dee was put under de groun'. Cats was oncet witches, — witcher-men and witcher-women. De swamp-owls, dee was ole women also. Dee one time 'fuse ter give de Lord a piece of bread, as he walk here on de earth, so dee was indain ter be owls. All de ole folks tell me," continued my informant, "dat dar use ter be three houses clost tog'er wherever you go, and dem three houses belong ter de Injun man, de fox, and de rabbit. De white man done drive off de Injun, done mos' drive off de fox, but Brer Rabbit, he say he gwine stay."

Besides these queer fancies of the causes of natural phenomena and of the world's earliest history, they of the dark race have a strange, unwritten law concerning religious belief, custom, and expression with which every professor of religion must be familiar. To the unconverted they apply phrases like these: "still in de open fiel'," "settin' on de sinner seat," and many more of like nature. To the converted they apply phrases like these: "He done been shuck over hell;" "He 's done spilt de cup of damnation;" "He 's done broke de bonds;" "He 's tryin' on de gole waistband;" "He 's waggin' wid de cross;" "He 's shuck out de shine line gyarment, and he 's ready ter put hit on;" "He 's a shoutin' member;" "She 's a rockin' Christian;" "He 's on prayin' groun' and pleadin' terms;" "She 's done des come th'oo;" "He 's done been led a far way;" "She 's sippin' de cup of salvation;" "He 's tuck a seat wid de member-men;" "He 's gethered in;" "She 's done told her 'sperience and she 's done profess."

The "experiences" that must be told before gaining admission to the church are sometimes marvelous, yet to one who has heard a repetition of many of these "experiences" there is observable in all an accord with certain unwritten laws.

Few sensations more startling to a fairly educated mind can be imagined than those that assail one after the hearing of several of these marvelous recitations of soul journeyings and soul experiences. The negroes who go through these soul ordeals are called "seekers." One must be a "seeker" ere he can become a "member." Many of the negroes, during the time for "seekin' 'ligion," tie a cloth about the head, and all who "seek" are expected to drop all work and look very woe-begone. The seeker must be carried in spirit to heaven and hell, and he must give in church an account of these spirit-journeys.

Though many of these recitations of spiritual experiences are strangely absurd, some are really striking and poetic.

One negro who applied for church membership said that he had passed much of his time for seeking in spiritual wanderings through the lower regions. He was surprised to find the dwellers of that land apparently far less unhappy than he had been taught to believe them to be: so he asked his guide through this realm of darkness: "Brother, whar 's de fire? Brother, dis ain't nigh as bad as folks up yonder tell us it is, for dee tell us dis place is full of fire. Brother, whar 's de fire?" For reply his guide stopped, turned to his questioner, opened up his heart, — "same as a cook-'oman opens a stove door," — and all within his bared breast the horror-stricken seeker beheld a rolling, whirling sea of flame. "For, oh, my brother," cried the guide, "hit 's widin, — de fire is widin!"

The negroes' descriptions of the beauty of heaven rarely, if ever, touch on any note of the sublime. I have heard from them only accounts of passing through many doors, of houses of many rooms, of drinking from golden vessels, of walking over glittering bridges, of offering to gain admission to those great gates that they love to describe, "a new heart." The most absurd "'sperience" I ever heard was that of a very old negro, who professed to have been granted a glimpse into the great gates of what constitutes their poor ignorant ideal of a happy beyond. He saw there, he said, an old "fellow-servant," one who had died but a short time before. He described the happy state of his old friend as follows: "I seen him sittin' high in heaven. I seen him wid de eye of faith. He was sittin' right sider dat pool er molasses. He had a seat right under de fritter-tree dat grows by dat sweet pool, and des whenever he is so minded he do reach up his hand, and he do grab off a handful of dem good fritters dat hang thick on dat tree, and he do des reach over and dip dem fritters in dat pool, and eat des as commodious!"

It is in their hymns, unwritten by themselves save on their hearts, as one generation sings unto another, that the negroes preserve their best inspiration, their most fervid fancies. These hymns are rarely to be heard now, for they grow shyer day by day of singing those grand chants, those unique hymns, loved and sung often by them in their days of slavery. The younger generation, the negroes born "since surrender," though ambitious to learn the cheery and attractive songs taught in their "free schools," are willing enough to let those marvelous melodies of their people drift into oblivion.

THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## THE DISTURBER OF TRAFFIC.

The Brothers of the Trinity order that none unconnected with their service shall be found in or on one of their Lights during the hours of darkness. Their employees can be led to think otherwise. If you are fair-spoken and take an interest in their duties, they will permit you to sit with them through the long night and help to scare the ships into mid-channel.

Of all the English south-coast Lights, that of St. Cecilia-under-the-Cliff is the most powerful, for it guards a very foggy coast. When the sea-mist veils all, St. Cecilia turns a hooded head to the sea and sings a song of two words once every minute. From the land that song resembles the bellowing of a brazen bull; but at sea they understand, and the steamers grunt gratefully in answer.

Fenwick, who was on duty one night, lent me a pair of black glass spectacles, without which no man can look at the Light unblinded, and busied himself with last touches to the lenses before twilight fell. The width of the English Channel beneath us lay as smooth and as many-colored as the inside of an oyster shell. A little Sunderland cargo-boat had made her signal to Lloyd's Agency, half a mile up the coast, and was lumbering down to the sunset, her wake lying white behind her. One star came out over the cliffs, the waters turned to lead color, and St. Cecilia's Light shot out across the sea in eight long pencils that wheeled slowly from right to left, melted into one beam of solid light laid down directly in front of the tower, dissolved again into eight, and passed away. The light-frame of the thousand lenses circled on its rollers, and the compressed-air engine that drove it hummed like a bluebottle under a glass. The hand of the indicator on the wall pulsed from mark to mark. Eight pulse-beats timed one half-revolution of the Light; neither more nor less.

Fenwick checked the first few revolutions carefully; he opened the engine's feed pipe a trifle, looked at the racing governor, and again at the indicator, and said: "She 'll do for the next few hours. We 've just sent our regular engine to London, and this spare one 's not by any manner so accurate."

"And what would happen if the compressed air gave out?" I asked, out of curiosity.

"We 'd have to turn the flash by hand, keeping an eye on the indicator. There 's a regular crank for that. But it has n't happened yet. We 'll need all our compressed air to-night."

"Why?" said I. I had been watching him for not more than a minute.

"Look," he answered, and I saw that the dead sea-mist had risen out of the lifeless sea and wrapped us while my back had been turned. The pencils of the Light marched staggeringly across tilted floors of white cloud. From the balcony round the light-room the white walls of the lighthouse ran down into swirling, smoking space. The noise of the tide coming in very lazily over

the rocks was choked down to a thick drawl.

"That 's the way our sea-fogs come," said Fenwick, with an air of proprietorship. "Hark, now, to that little fool calling out 'fore he 's hurt."

Something in the mist was bleating like an indignant calf; it might have been half a mile or half a hundred miles away.

"Does he suppose we 've gone to bed?" continued Fenwick. "You 'll hear us talk to him in a minute. He knows puffickly where he is, and he 's carrying on to be told like if he was insured."

"Who is 'he'?"

"That Sunderland boat, o' course. Ah!"

I could hear a steam-engine hiss down below in the mist where the dynamos that fed the Light were clacking together. Then there came a roar that split the fog and shook the lighthouse.

"Git-*toot!*" blared the foghorn of St. Cecilia. The bleating ceased.

"Little fool!" Fenwick repeated. Then, listening: "Blest if that are n't another of them! Well, well, they always say that a fog do draw the ships of the sea together. They 'll be calling all night, and so 'll the siren. We 're expecting some tea ships up-Channel. . . . If you put my coat on that chair, you 'll feel more so fash, sir."

It is no pleasant thing to thrust your company upon a man for the night. I looked at Fenwick, and Fenwick looked at me; each gauging the other's capacities for boring and being bored. Fenwick was an old, clean-shaven, gray-haired man who had followed the sea for thirty years, and knew nothing of the land except the lighthouse in which he served. He fenced cautiously to find out the little that I knew, and talked down to my level till it came out that I had met a captain in the merchant service who had once commanded a ship in which Fenwick's son had served; and further, that I had seen some places that Fenwick had touched at. He began with a dissertation on pilotage in the Hugli. I had been privileged to know a Hugli pilot intimately. Fenwick had only seen the imposing and masterful breed from a ship's chains, and his intercourse had been limited to "Quarter less five," and remarks of a strictly business-like nature. Hereupon he ceased to talk down to me, and became so amazingly technical that I was forced to beg him to explain every other sentence. This set him fully at his ease; and then we spoke as men together, each too interested to think of anything except the subject in hand. And that subject was wrecks, and voyages, and old-time trading, and ships cast away in desolate seas, steamers we both had known, their merits and demerits, lading, Lloyd's, and, above all, Lights. The talk always came back to Lights: Lights of the Channel; Lights on forgotten islands, and men forgotten on them; Light-ships — two months' duty and one month's leave — tossing on kinked cables in ever-troubled tideways; and Lights that men had seen where never lighthouse was marked on the charts.

Omitting all those stories, and omitting also the wonderful ways by which he arrived at them, I tell here, from Fenwick's mouth, one that was not the least amazing. It was delivered in pieces between the roller-skate rattle of the revolving lenses, the bellowing of the foghorn below, the answering calls from the sea, and the sharp tap of reckless night-birds that flung themselves at the glasses. It concerned a man called Dowse, once an intimate friend of Fenwick, now a waterman at Portsmouth, believing that the guilt of blood is on his head, and finding no rest either at Portsmouth or Gosport Hard.

. . . "And if anybody was to come to you and say, 'I know the Javva currents,' don't you listen to him; for those currents is never yet known to mortal

man. Sometimes they 're here, sometimes they 're there, but they never runs less than five knots an hour through and among those islands of the Eastern Archipelagus. There 's reverse currents in the Gulf of Boni — and that 's up north in Celebes — that no man can explain; and through all those Javva passages from the Bali Narrows, Dutch Gut, and Ombay, which I take it is the safest, they chop and they change, and they banks the tides fust on one shore and then on another, till your ship 's tore in two. I 've come through the Bali Narrows, stern first, in the heart o' the southeast monsoon, with a sou'-sou'west wind blowing atop of the northerly flood, and our skipper said he would n't do it again, not for all Jamrach's. You 've heard o' Jamrach's, sir?"

"Yes; and was Dowse stationed in the Bali Narrows?" I said.

"No, he was not at Bali, but much more east o' them passages, and that 's Flores Strait, at the east end o' Flores. It 's all on the way south to Australia when you 're running through that Eastern Archipelagus. Sometimes you go through Bali Narrows if you 're full-powered, and sometimes through Flores Strait, so as to stand south at once, and fetch round Timor, keeping well clear o' the Sahul Bank. Elseways, if you are n't full-powered, why it stands to reason you go round by the Ombay Passage, keeping careful to the north side. You understand that, sir?"

I was not full-powered, and judged it safer to keep to the north side — of Silence.

"And on Flores Strait, in the fairway between Adonare Island and the mainland, they put Dowse in charge of a screw-pile Light called the Wurlee Light. It 's less than a mile across the head of Flores Strait. Then it opens out to ten or twelve mile for Solor Strait, and then it narrows again to a three-mile gut, with a topplin' flamin' volcano by it. That 's old Loby Toby by Loby Toby Strait, and if you keep his Light and the Wurlee Light in a line you won't take much harm, not on the darkest night. That 's what Dowse told me, and I can well believe him, knowing these seas myself; but you must ever be mindful of the currents. And there they put Dowse, since he was the only man that that Dutch government which owns Flores could find that would go to Wurlee and tend a fixed Light. Mostly they uses Dutch and Italians, Englishmen being said to drink when alone. I never could rightly find out what made Dowse accept of that position, but accept he did, and used to sit watching the tigers come out of the forests to hunt for crabs and such like round about the lighthouse at low tide. The water was always warm in those parts, as I know well, and uncommon sticky, and it ran with the tides as thick and smooth as hogwash in a trough. There was another man along with Dowse in the Light, but he was n't rightly a man. He was a Kling. No, nor yet a Kling he was n't, but his skin was in little flakes and cracks all over, from living so much in the salt water as was his usual custom. His hands was all webby-foot, too. He was called, I remember Dowse saying now, an Orange-Lord, on account of his habits. You 've heard of an Orange-Lord, sir?"

"Orang-Laut?" I suggested.

"That 's the name," said Fenwick, smacking his knee. "An Orang-Laut, of course, and his name was Challong; what they call a sea-gypsy. Dowse told me that that man, long hair and all, would go swimming up and down the straits just for something to do; running down on one tide and back again with the other, swimming side-stroke, and the tides going tremenjus strong. Elseways he 'd be skipping about the beach along with the tigers at low tide, for he was most part a beast; or he 'd sit in a little boat praying to old Loby Toby of an evening when the volcano was spitting red at the south end of the

strait. Dowse told me that he was n't a companionable man, like you and me might have been to Dowse.

"Now I can never rightly come at what it was that began to ail Dowse after he had been there a year or something less. He was saving all his pay and tending his Light, and now and again he 'd have a fight with Challong and tip him off the Light into the sea. Then, he told me, his head begun to feel streaky from looking at the tides so long. He said there was long streaks of white running inside it; like wall paper that had n't been properly pasted up, he said. The streaks, they would run with the tides, north and south, twice a day, accordin' to them currents, and he 'd lie down on the planking — it was a screw-pile Light — with his eye to a crack and watch the water streaking through the piles just so quiet as hogwash. He said the only comfort he got was at slack water. Then the streaks in his head went round and round like a sampan in a tide-rip; but that was heaven, he said, to the other kind of streaks, — the straight ones that looked like arrows on a wind-chart, but much more regular, and that was the trouble of it. No more he could n't ever keep his eyes off the tides that ran up and down so strong, but as soon as ever he looked at the high hills standing all along Flores Strait for rest and comfort his eyes would be pulled down like to the nesty streaky water; and when they once got there he could n't pull them away again till the tide changed. He told me all this himself, speaking just as though he was talking of somebody else."

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"In Portsmouth harbor, a-cleaning the brasses of a Ryde boat, but I 'd known him off and on through following the sea for many years. Yes, he spoke about himself very curious, and all as if he was in the next room laying there dead. Those streaks, they preyed upon his intellecks, he said; and he made up his mind, every time that the Dutch gunboat that attends to the Lights in those parts come along, that he 'd ask to be took off. But as soon as she did come something went click in his throat, and he was so took up with watching her masts, because they ran longways, in the contrary direction to his streaks, that he could never say a word until she was gone away and her masts was under sea again. Then, he said, he 'd cry by the hour; and Challong swum round and round the Light, laughin' at him and splashin' water with his webby-foot hands. At last he took it into his pore sick head that the ships, and particularly the steamers that came by, — there was n't many of them, — made the streaks, instead of the tides as was natural. He used to sit, he told me, cursing every boat that come along, — sometimes a junk, sometimes a Dutch brig, and now and again a steamer rounding Flores Head and poking about in the mouth of the strait. Or there 'd come a boat from Australia running north past old Loby Toby hunting for a fair current, but never throwing out any papers that Challong might pick up for Dowse to read. Generally speaking, the steamers kept more westerly, but now and again they came looking for Timor and the west coast of Australia. Dowse used to shout to them to go round by the Ombay Passage, and not to come streaking past him, making the water all streaky, but it was n't likely they 'd hear. He says to himself after a month, 'I 'll give them one more chance,' he says. 'If the next boat don't attend to my just representations,' — he says he remembers using those very words to Challong, — 'I 'll stop the fairway.'

"The next boat was a Two-streak cargo-boat very anxious to make her northing. She waddled through under old Loby Toby at the south end of the strait, and she passed within a quarter of a mile of the Wurlee Light at the north end, in seventeen fathom o' water, the tide

against her. Dowse took the trouble to come out with Challong in a little prow that they had, — all bamboos and leakage, — and he lay in the fairway waving a palm-branch, and, so he told me, wondering why and what for he was making this fool of himself. Up come the Two-streak boat, and Dowse shouts: 'Don't you come this way again, making my head all streaky! Go round by Ombay, and leave me alone.' Some one looks over the port bulwarks and shies a banana at Dowse, and that 's all. Dowse sits down in the bottom of the boat and cries fit to break his heart. Then he says, 'Challong, what am I a-crying for?' and they fetch up by the Wurlee Light on the half flood.

"'Challong,' he says, 'there 's too much traffic here, and that 's why the water 's so streaky as it is. It 's the junks and the brigs and the steamers that do it,' he says; and all the time he was speaking he was thinking, 'Lord, Lord, what a crazy fool I am!' Challong said nothing, because he could n't speak a word of English except say 'dam,' and he said that where you or me would say 'yes.' Dowse lay down on the planking of the Light with his eye to the crack, and he saw the muddy water streaking below, and he never said a word till slack water, because the streaks kept him tongue-tied at such times. At slack water he says, 'Challong, we must buoy this fairway for wrecks,' and he holds up his hands several times, showing that dozens of wrecks had come about in the fairway; and Challong says, 'Dam.'

"That very afternoon he and Challong goes to Wurlee, the village in the woods that the Light was named after, and buys canes, — stacks and stacks of canes, and coir rope thick and fine, all sorts, — and they sets to work making square floats by lashing of the canes together. Dowse said he took longer over those floats than might have been needed, because he rejoiced in the corners, they being square, and the streaks in his head all running longways. He lashed the canes together, criss-cross and thwartways, — any way but longways, — and they made up twelve-foot-square floats, like rafts. Then he stepped a twelve-foot bamboo or a bundle of canes in the centre, and to the head of that he lashed a big six-foot W letter, all made of canes, and painted the float dark green and the W white, as a wreck-buoy should be painted. Between them two they makes a round dozen of these new kind of wreck-buoys, and it was a two months' job. There was no big traffic, owing to it being on the turn of the monsoon, but what there was Dowse cursed at, and the streaks in his head, they ran with the tides, as usual.

"Day after day, so soon as a buoy was ready, Challong would take it out, with a big rock that half sunk the prow and a bamboo grapnel, and drop it dead in the fairway. He did this day or night, and Dowse could see him of a clear night, when the sea brimed, climbing about the buoys with the sea-fire dripping off him. They was all put into place, twelve of them, in seventeen-fathom water; not in a straight line, on account of a well-known shoal there, but slantways, and two, one behind the other, mostly in the centre of the fairway. You must keep the centre of those Javva currents, for currents at the side is different, and in narrow water, before you can turn a spoke, you get your nose took round and rubbed upon the rocks and the woods. Dowse knew that just as well as any skipper. Likeways he knew that no skipper dare n't run through uncharted wrecks in a six-knot current. He told me he used to lie outside the Light watching his buoys ducking and dipping so friendly with the tide; and the motion was comforting to him on account of its being different from the run of the streaks in his head.

"Three weeks after he 'd done his business up comes a steamer through Loby Toby Straits, thinking she 'd run into Flores Sea before night. He saw her

slow down; then she backed. Then one man and another come up on the bridge, and he could see there was a regular powwow, and the flood was driving her right on to Dowse's wreck-buoys. After that she spun round and went back south, and Dowse nearly killed himself with laughing. But a few weeks after that a couple of junks came shouldering through from the north, arm in arm, like junks go. It takes a good deal to make a Chinaman understand danger. They junks set well in the current, and went down the fairway, right among the buoys, ten knots an hour, blowing horns and banging tin pots all the time. That made Dowse very angry; he having taken so much trouble to stop the fairway. No boats run Flores Straits by night, but it seemed to Dowse that if junks 'd do that in the day, the Lord knew but what a steamer might trip over his buoys at night; and he sent Challong to run a coir rope between three of the buoys in the middle of the fairway, and he fixed naked lights of coir steeped in oil to that rope. The tides was the only things that moved in those seas, for the airs was dead still till they began to blow, and *then* they would blow your hair off. Challong tended those lights every night after the junks had been so impident, — four lights in about a quarter of a mile, hung up in iron skillets on the rope; and when they was alight, — and coir burns well, most like a lamp wick, — the fairway seemed more madder than anything else in the world. Fust there was the Wurlee Light, then these four queer lights, that could n't be riding-lights, almost flush with the water, and behind them twenty mile off, but the biggest light of all, there was the red top of old Loby Toby volcano. Dowse told me that he used to go out in the prow and look at his handiwork, and it made him scared, being like no lights that ever was fixed.

"By and by some more steamers came along, snorting and snifting at the buoys, but never going through, and Dowse says to himself: 'Thank goodness, I 've taught them not to come streaking through my water. Ombay Passage is good enough for them and the like of them.' But he did n't remember how quick that sort of news spreads among the shipping. Every steamer that fetched up by those buoys told another steamer and all the port officers concerned in those seas that there was something wrong with Flores Straits that had n't been charted yet. It was block-buoyed for weeks in the fairway, they said, and no sort of passage to use. Well, the Dutch, of course they did n't know anything about it. They thought our Admiralty Survey had been there, and they thought it very queer but neighborly. You understand us English are always looking up marks and lighting sea-ways all the world over, never asking with your leave or by your leave, seeing that the sea concerns us more than any one else. So the news went to and back from Flores to Bali, and Bali to Probolingo, where the railway is that runs to Batavia. All through the Javva seas everybody got the word to keep clear o' Flores Straits, and Dowse, he was left alone except for such steamers and small craft as did n't know. They 'd come up and look at the straits like a bull over a gate, but those nodding wreck-buoys scared them away. By and by the Admiralty Survey ship — the Britomarte I think she was — lay in Macassar Roads off Fort Rotterdam, alongside of the Amboina, a dirty little Dutch gunboat that used to clean there; and the Dutch captain says to our captain, 'What 's wrong with Flores Straits?' he says.

"'Blowed if I know,' says our captain, who 'd just come up from the Angelica Shoal.

"'Then why did you go and buoy it?' says the Dutchman.

"'Blowed if I have,' says our captain. 'That 's your lookout.'

"'Buoyed it is,' says the Dutch cap-

tain, 'according to what they tell me; and a whole fleet of wreck-buoys, too.'

"'Gummy!' says our captain. 'It's a dorg's life at sea, any way. I must have a look at this. You come along after me as soon as you can;' and down he skimmed that very night, round the heel of Celebes, three days' steam to Flores Head, and he met a Two-streak liner, very angry, backing out of the head of the strait; and the merchant captain gave our Survey ship something of his mind for leaving wrecks uncharted in those narrow waters and wasting his company's coal.

"'It's no fault o' mine,' says our captain.

"'I don't care whose fault it is,' says the merchant captain, who had come aboard to speak to him just at dusk. 'The fairway's choked with wreck enough to knock a hole through a dock-gate. I saw their big ugly masts sticking up just under my forefoot. Lord ha' mercy on us!' he says, spinning round. 'The place is like Regent Street of a hot summer night.'

"And so it was. They two looked at Flores Straits, and they saw lights one after the other stringing across the fairway. Dowse, he had seen the steamers hanging there before dark, and he said to Challong: 'We'll give 'em something to remember. Get all the skillets and iron pots you can and hang them up alongside o' the regular four lights. We must teach 'em to go round by the Ombay Passage, or they'll be streaking up our water again!' Challong took a header off the lighthouse, got aboard the little leaking prow, with his coir soaked in oil and all the skillets he could muster, and he began to show his lights, four regulation ones and half a dozen new lights hung on that rope which was a little above the water. Then he went to all the spare buoys with all his spare coir, and hung a skillet-flare on every pole that he could get at, — about seven poles. So you see, taking one with another, there was the Wurlee Light, four lights on the rope between the three centre fairway wreck-buoys that was hung out as a usual custom, six or eight extry ones that Challong had hung up on the same rope, and seven dancing flares that belonged to seven wreck-buoys, — eighteen or twenty lights in all crowded into a mile of seventeen-fathom water, where no tide 'd ever let a wreck rest for three weeks, let alone ten or twelve wrecks, as the flares showed.

"The Admiralty captain, he saw the lights come out one after another, same as the merchant skipper did who was standing at his side, and he said: —

"'There 's been an international catastrophe here or elseways,' and then he whistled. 'I 'm going to stand on and off all night till the Dutchman comes,' he says.

"'I 'm off,' says the merchant skipper. 'My owners don't wish for me to watch illuminations. That strait 's choked with wreck, and I should n't wonder if a typhoon had n't driven half the junks o' China there.' With that he went away; but the Survey ship, she stayed all night at the head o' Flores Strait, and the men admired the lights till the lights was burning out, and then they admired more than ever.

"A little bit before morning the Dutch gunboat come flustering up, and the two ships stood together watching the lights burn out and out, till there was nothing left 'cept Flores Straits, all green and wet, and a dozen wreck-buoys, and Wurlee Light.

"Dowse had slept very quiet that night, and got rid of his streaks by means of thinking of the angry steamers outside. Challong was busy, and did n't come back to his bunk till late. In the very early morning Dowse looked out to sea, being, as he said, in torment, and saw all the navies of the world riding outside Flores Straits fairway in a half-moon, seven miles from wing to wing, most wonderful to behold. Those were the

words he used to me time and again in telling the tale.

"Then, he says, he heard a gun fired with a most tremenjus explosion, and all them great navies crumbled to little pieces of clouds, and there was only two ships remaining, and a man-o'-war's boat rowing to the Light, with the oars going sideways instead o' longways as the morning tides, ebb or flow, would continually run.

"'What the devil's wrong with this strait?' says a man in the boat as soon as they was in hailing distance. 'Has the whole English Navy sunk here, or what?'

"'There 's nothing wrong,' says Dowse, sitting on the platform outside the Light, and keeping one eye very watchful on the streakiness of the tide, which he always hated, 'specially in the morning. 'You leave me alone and I 'll leave you alone. Go round by the Ombay Passage, and don't cut up my water. You 're making it streaky.' All the time he was saying that he kept on thinking to himself, 'Now that's foolishness, — now that 's nothing but foolishness;' and all the time he was holding tight to the edge of the platform in case the streakiness of the tide should carry him away.

"Somebody answers from the boat, very soft and quiet, 'We 're going round by Ombay in a minute, if you 'll just come and speak to our captain and give him his bearings.'

"Dowse, he felt very highly flattered, and he slipped into the boat, not paying any attention to Challong. But Challong swum along to the ship after the boat. When Dowse was in the boat, he found, so he says, he could n't speak to the sailors 'cept to call them 'white mice with chains about their neck,' and Lord knows he had n't seen or thought o' white mice since he was a little bit of a boy. So he kept himself quiet, and so they come to the Survey ship; and the man in the boat hails the quarter-deck with something that Dowse could not rightly understand, but there was one word he spelt out again and again, — m-a-d, mad, — and he heard some one behind him saying it backwards. So he had two words, — m-a-d, mad, d-a-m, dam; and he put those two words together as he come on the quarter-deck, and he says to the captain very slowly, 'I be damned if I am mad,' but all the time his eye was held like by the coils of rope on the belaying pins, and he followed those ropes up and up with his eye till he was quite lost and comfortable among the rigging, which ran criss-cross, and slopeways, and up and down, and any way but straight along under his feet north and south. The deck-seams, they ran *that* way, and Dowse dares n't look at them. They was the same as the streaks of the water under the planking of the lighthouse.

"Then he heard the captain talking to him very kindly, and for the life of him he could n't tell why; and what he wanted to tell the captain was that Flores Strait was too streaky, like bacon, and the steamers only made it worse; but all he could do was to keep his eye very careful on the rigging and sing: —

> 'I saw a ship a-sailing,
> A-sailing on the sea;
> And oh, it was all lading
> With pretty things for me!'

Then he remembered that was foolishness, and he started off to say about the Ombay Passage, but all he said was: 'The captain was a duck, — meaning no offense to you, sir, — but there was something on his back that I 've forgotten.

> 'And when the ship began to move
> The captain says, "Quack-quack."'

"He noticed the captain turn very red and angry, and he says to himself, 'My foolish tongue 's run away with me again. I 'll go forward;' and he went forward, and catched the reflection of himself in the binnacle brasses; and he saw that he was standing there and talking mother-naked in front of all them sailors, and he ran into the fo'c's'le howling most

grievous. He must ha' gone naked for weeks on the Light, and Challong o' course never noticed it. Challong was swimmin' round and round the ship, sayin' 'dam' for to please the men and to be took aboard, because he did n't know any better.

"Dowse did n't tell what happened after this, but seemingly our Survey ship lowered two boats and went over to Dowse's buoys. They took one sounding, and then finding it was all correct they cut the buoys that Dowse and Challong had made, and let the tide carry 'em out through the Loby Toby end of the strait; and the Dutch gunboat, she sent two men ashore to take care o' the Wurlee Light, and the Britomarte, she went away with Dowse, leaving Challong to try to follow them, a-calling 'dam — dam' all among the wake of the screw, and half heaving himself out of water and joining his webby-foot hands together. He dropped astern in five minutes, and I suppose he went back to the Wurlee Light. You can't drown an Orange-Lord, not even in Flores Strait on flood-tide.

"Dowse come across me when he came to England with the Survey ship, after being more than six months in her, and cured of his streaks by working hard and not looking over the side more than he could help. He told me what I 've told you, sir, and he was very much ashamed of himself; but the trouble on his mind was to know whether he had n't sent something or other to the bottom with his buoyings and his lightings and such like. He put it to me many times, and each time more and more sure he was that something had happened in the straits because of him. I think that distructed him, because I found him up at Fratton one day, in a red jersey, a-praying before the Salvation Army, which had produced him in their papers as a Reformed Pirate. They knew from his mouth that he had committed evil on the deep waters, — that was what he told them, — and piracy, which no one does now except Chineses, was all they knew of. I says to him: 'Dowse, don't be a fool. Take off that jersey and come along with me.' He says: 'Fenwick, I 'm a-saving of my soul; for I do believe that I have killed more men in Flores Strait than Trafalgar.' I says: 'A man that thought he 'd seen all the navies of the earth standing round in a ring to watch his foolish false wreck-buoys' (those was the very words I used) 'ain't fit to have a soul, and if he did he could n't kill a flea with it. John Dowse, you was mad then, but you are a damn sight madder now. Take off that there jersey."

"He took it off and come along with me, but he never got rid o' that suspicion that he 'd sunk some ships a-cause of his foolishnesses at Flores Straits; and now he 's a wherryman from Portsmouth to Gosport, where the tides run crossways and you can't row straight for ten strokes together. . . . So late as all this! Look!"

Fenwick left his chair, passed to the Light, touched something that clicked, and the glare ceased with a suddenness that was pain. Day had come, and the Channel needed St. Cecilia no longer. The sea-fog rolled back from the cliffs in trailed wreaths and dragged patches, as the sun rose and made the dead sea alive and splendid. The stillness of the morning held us both silent as we stepped on the balcony. A lark went up from the cliffs behind St. Cecilia, and we smelt a smell of cows in the light-house pastures below.

So you see we were both at liberty to thank the Lord for another day of clean and wholesome life.

*Rudyard Kipling.*

## RABIAH'S DEFENSE.[1]

Go not away from us; stay, O Rabiah, son of Mukàd!
Soft may the clouds of dawn spread dew on thy grassy grave,
Rabiah, the long-locked boy, who guardedst thy women, dead.

Fast rode the fleeing band, straight for the pass al-Khadìd,
Mother and daughters, wives, and Rabiah the only man,
Fleeing for honor and life through lands of a vengeful tribe.
Sudden a moving cloud came swift o'er the hill behind.
Dark rode the men of Sulaim, and Death rode dark in their midst.
"Save us!" the mother cried. "O boy, thou must fight alone!"
"Hasten, ride!" he said, calm. "I only draw rein till a wind
Blowing this dust away gives place to look for the foe."
His sisters moaned, "He deserts!" "Have you known it?" Rabiah cried.
The women rode and rode. When the dust cleared, his arrows sprang
Straight at the following foe: the pride of their host went down.
Swift turned Rabiah his mare, and o'ertook his retreating kin;
Halting to face again as the men of Sulaim closed round.
Once more his mother called: "Charge thou again, O son!
Keep off their hands from us all, meet them with shaft on shaft."
Still he kept turning and aimed, till every arrow was gone;
Still rode the women on; by sunset the pass was near.
Still the black horses came, and Rabiah drew his sword,
Checked for the last time there, and face to face with a clan.

Then rode Nubaishah up, son of the old Habìb,
Thrust young Rabiah through, and cried aloud, "He is slain!
Look at the blood on my lance!" Said Rabiah only, "A lie!"
Turned and galloped once more, and faced when he reached al-Khadìd.
There had the women paused, to enter the pass one by one.
"Mother," he cried, "give me drink!" She answered, "Drink, thou art dead,
Leaving thy women slaves. First save thou thy women, then die!"
"Bind up my wound," he said; she bound with her veil. He sang,
"I was a hawk that drove the tumult of frightened birds,
Diving deep with my blows, before and again behind."
Then she said, "Smite again!" and he, where the pass turns in,
Sat upright on his steed, barring the road once more.
Then drew the death-chill on; he leaned his head on his spear,
Dim in the twilight there, with the shadows darkening down.
Never a dog of Sulaim came up, but they watched and watched.
The mare moved never a hoof; the rider was still as she;
Till sudden Nubaishah shrieked, "His head droops down on his neck!
He is dead, I tell you, dead! Shoot one true shaft at his mare!"

[1] The tradition may be found in Lyall's Ancient Arabian Poetry, page 56. The measure is an imitation of the Arabic Tawil.

The mare started, she sprang; and Rabiah fell, stone cold.
— Far and away through the pass the women were safe in their homes.

Then up rode a man of Sulaim, struck Rabiah hard with his spear,
Saying, "Thou Pride of God, thou alone of mortals wast brave.
Never a man of our tribe but would for his women die;
Never before lived one who guarded them yet, though dead!"

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

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## SPEECH AS A BARRIER BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST.

Max Müller, after admitting "the extraordinary accounts of the intellect, the understanding, the caution, the judgment, the sagacity, acuteness, cleverness, genius, or even social virtues of animals," intrenches himself behind the "one palpable fact, namely, that, whatever animals do or do not do, *no animal has ever spoken.*" This assertion is not strictly true. Parrots and ravens utter articulate sounds as distinctly as the average cockney, and in most cases make quite as intelligent and edifying use of them for the expression of ideas.

That no animal has ever made a natural and habitual use of articulate speech for the communication of its thoughts and feelings is a truism which it would seem superfluous to emphasize or italicize. Equally irrelevant to the point at issue is the statement that "in every book on logic language is quoted as the specific difference between man and other beings." It is not by the definitions of logicians that questions of this kind are to be decided. The Greeks called beasts speechless creatures (τὰ ἄλογα) just as they called foreigners tongueless (ἄγλωττοι), meaning thereby persons whose language was unintelligible to them; and the epithet was no more appropriate in the former case than in the latter. It was for the same reason that the Roman poet Ovid, when banished to the Pontus, characterized himself as a barbarian, because his language was not understood by the inhabitants of that country, — *barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.* But such expressions must not be taken too literally.

Hobbes makes speaking the test of rationality,— *homo animal rationale, quia orationale,* — and assumes both powers to be the exclusive property of man; but his pithy statement is a quibble in fact as well as in form, and much better as a pun than as a psychological proposition. "Language is our Rubicon," says Max Müller, "and no brute will dare to cross it." Why not? Because, if he does, our definitions will transform him from a brute into a man. "In a series of forms graduating from some apelike creature to man," Max Müller maintains that the point where the animal ceases and the man begins can be determined with absolute precision, since "it would be coincident with the beginning of the radical period of language, with the first formation of a general idea embodied in the only form in which we find it embodied, namely, in the roots of our language."

In reply to the statement that "both man and monkey are born without language," Müller asks "why a man always learns to speak, a monkey never." This query, if it is to be regarded as anything more than a bit of banter, implies a gross misconception of the theory of evolution, as though it involved the

development of an individual monkey into an individual man. One might as well deny the descent of the dog from the wolf because a dog always learns to bark, a wolf never. In the course of ages, and as the result of long processes of evolution and transformation, monkeys have learned to speak, but when they have acquired this faculty we call them men.

Max Müller stops at roots or "phonetic cells" as "ultimate facts in the analysis of language," and virtually says to the philologist, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy researches be stayed." "The scholar," he declares, "begins and ends with these phonetic types; or, if he ignores them, and traces words back to the cries of animals or to the interjections of men, he does so at his peril. The philosopher goes beyond, and he discovers in the line which separates rational from emotional language, conceptual from intuitional knowledge, — in the roots of language he discovers the true barrier between Man and Beast."

The philologist, who recognizes in the roots of language the Ultima Thule beyond which he dare not push his investigations, confesses thereby his incompetency to solve the problem of the origin of language, and must resign this field of inquiry to the zoöpsychologist, who, freeing himself from the trammels and illusions of metaphysics, seeks to find a firm basis for his science in the strict and systematic study of facts. Imagine the folly of the physiologist who should say to his fellow-scientists: "In your researches you must begin and end with cells. If, in studying organic structures, you go back of cells and endeavor to discover the laws underlying their origin, you do so at your peril. Beware of the dangerous seductions of cytoblast and cytogenesis and treacherous quagmires of protoplasm."

Nevertheless, this attitude of mind is natural enough to the philologist, who is so absorbed in the laws which govern the transmutations of words that he comes to regard these metamorphoses as finalities, and never goes behind and beyond them. We must look, therefore, not to comparative philology, but to comparative psychology, for the discovery of the origin of language. Philology has to do with the growth and development of speech out of roots, which are assumed to be ultimate and unanalyzable elements, like the purely hypothetical particles which the physicist calls atoms; but as to the nature and genesis of roots themselves the philologist of to-day is as puzzled and perplexed as was the old Vedic poet when, in the presence of the universe and its mysterious generation, he could only utter the pathetic and helpless cry, "Who indeed knows, who can declare, whence it sprang, whence this evolution?"

Doubtless the emotional stage precedes the intellectual or rational stage in the growth of language, but the former mode of expression does not cease when the latter begins, nor is it possible to draw a fixed and fast line of demarcation between them. *Pâ* and *mâ* are the roots of *pâṭri* and *mâṭri*, and mean in Sanskrit to protect and to form, indicating the function of the father as the defender, and of the mother as the moulder, of children. But how did they come to have these significations? Surely the infant who first used these expressions — and they are universally recognized as belonging to the vocabulary of babes — did not associate with them the ideas which philologists now discover, and which grammarians and etymologists at a very early period put into them. How arbitrary these inferences are is evident from the variety of interpretations of which such words are susceptible. Thus *mâ* means also to measure; hence the moon, as the measurer of time, was called *mâtri*; and from this point of view the term for mother was explained as referring to her

office as the head of the household, who kept the keys of closet and pantry, and meted out to the servants and other members of the family the things necessary for them. It is furthermore a suspicious circumstance touching the habits of the Indo-Aryan's progenitors that *pâ* means to drink, and *pâtṛi* signifies a drinker; and for aught we know the verbal coincidence may not be accidental. As regards *mâ*, it means also bleating as a goat, and occurs in this sense in the Rig-Veda; and it is probable that in this onomatopoetic expression we come nearer to the real origin of the word for mother.

There is a vast deal of vague speculation and untenable assertion concerning the origin and formation of roots in language. In Sanskrit, for example, there are three radical words *gar*, meaning respectively to swallow, to make a noise, and to wake. It is conceivable, says Max Müller, that the first two of these roots may have been originally one and the same, and that *gar*, from meaning to swallow, may have come to mean the indistinct and disagreeable noise which often attends deglutition, and which in speaking is called swallowing letters or words. Yet the third root, he adds, can hardly be traced back to the same source, but has the right to be treated as a legitimate and independent companion of the other roots. From this example he deduces the general principle that if roots have the same form, but a different meaning, they are to be regarded as originally different, notwithstanding their outward resemblance. He then passes from etymology to embryology, and reasons from analogy that "if two germs, though apparently alike, grow, under all circumstances, the one always into an ape and never beyond, the other always into a man and never below, then the two germs, though indistinguishable at first, and though following for a time the same line of embryonic development, are different from the beginning, whatever their beginning may have been."

In this statement he begs the whole question at issue; and the philological illustration which he brings to bear upon an anthropological theory for the purpose of refuting it is itself exceedingly questionable, since nothing is easier or would be more natural than to derive *gar*, to wake, from *gar*, to make a noise; so that all three roots not only may have had, but probably did have, a common origin. In no case can it be positively affirmed that roots of the same form are not of the same origin, however widely they may differ from one another in signification.

One of Darwin's grandchildren, as Mr. Romanes states, called a duck "quack," and by a special and easily intelligible association called water also "quack." The same term was afterwards extended to all fowls and winged creatures and to all fluids. A French sou and an American dollar were called "quack" on account of the eagle stamped upon them, and the same name was then given to all coins. Thus "quack" came to mean bird, fly, angel, wine, pond, river, shilling, medal, etc., and it is easy to trace every step of the process by which it acquired these various significations.

According to Max Müller's reasoning, "quack" in the sense of duck or bird must have a radically different origin from "quack" in the sense of pond or shilling. But how do we know that all roots having the same form, but different meanings, may not have originated in this manner? Because we can no longer trace a word through all phases of its development and metamorphosis is no proof that the development and metamorphosis never took place. The evolution of the word "quack" in the vocabulary of the aforesaid child shows furthermore that a purely onomatopoetic root is not always sterile, but may be prodigiously and puzzlingly prolific, germinating in the mind of the primitive

man, and springing up and bearing fruit fifty or a hundred fold.

When we speak of a train of cars as "telescoped," this use of the word has nothing in common with its primary and etymological meaning, and can be understood only by a knowledge of the construction of a telescope out of concentric tubes sliding into each other. Again, the telescopic chimney of a war vessel is not a point of far-seeing observation, as the composition of the qualifying word would imply, but a chimney that may be shoved together endwise, and thus put out of reach of the enemy's shot.

Dr. Hun records in The Monthly Journal of Psychological Medicine (1868) the case of a girl who invented a language of her own, and taught it to her younger brother. *Papa* and *mamma* used separately meant father and mother; but when linked together in the compound *papa-mamma* they meant church, prayer-book, praying and other acts of religious worship, because the child saw her parents going to church together. *Gar odo* meant "Send for the horse," and also paper and pencil, because the order for the horse was often written. *Bau* signified soldier and bishop, because both seemed to be more gorgeously dressed than other persons. Here the clothes made the man, and furnished the sole basis of his classification. It needed only the simplest and most superficial point of association in order to attach the most diverse significations to the same word.

To the objection that these examples are mere childish whimseys, and that languages never originate and grow up in this manner, it may be replied that such an assertion assumes the very point to be proved. Mr. Horatio Hale maintains that the aboriginal tongues of South America and South Africa were produced in precisely this way. He thinks, too, that the numerous tribal dialects west of the Rocky Mountains had their origin in the isolation of orphaned children, and that such a result is possible, and indeed inevitable, wherever the climate and other external conditions are favorable to the survival of small children bereft of their parents and separated from their kinsmen.

Again, Max Müller observes, in explanation of the manner in which roots were formed, that, "after a long struggle, the uncertain phonetic imitations of special impressions became the definite phonetic representations of general concepts." Thus "there must have been many imitations of the falling of stones, trees, leaves, rivers, rain, and hail, but in the end they were all combined in the simple root *pat*, expressive of quick movement, whether in falling, flying, or running. By giving up all that could remind the hearer of any special sound of rushing objects, the root *pat* became fitted as a sign of the general concept of quick movement." There was a great number of "imitative sounds of falling, out of which *pat* was selected, or out of which *pat*, by a higher degree of fitness, struggled into life and fixity." So, too, the prolific root *mar*, to grind or to break, "must be looked upon as tuned down from innumerable imitations of the sounds of breaking, crushing, crunching, crashing, smashing, mashing, cracking, creaking, rattling and clattering, mauling and marring, till at last, after removing all that seemed too special, there remained the smooth and manageable Aryan root of *mar*."

Now, pray, when did this remarkable evolution, which implies the close and continuous exercise of rare powers of comparison and abstraction and the perfect maturity of the intellectual faculties, take place? "Language," we are informed, "presupposes the formation of concepts," and "all such concepts are embodied in roots." The formation of these concepts, then, must have preceded, logically and chronologically, the formation of the roots in which they are

embodied, and must therefore have been effected without the aid of language, which was subsequently evolved or elaborated out of these roots. What becomes, then, of the assertion that it is impossible to think or to generalize without language, since language itself originated in a long and laborious process of thought and generalization?

The manner in which the word "quack," in the case already cited, gradually acquired its widely different meanings is perfectly intelligible. Suppose, now, that the child, after having grown to manhood, retained, as the result of isolation, the use of the word "quack" in its diverse significations, and taught and transmitted it to his posterity, so that it became incorporated in the language of his race. In a few generations, especially among a rude people, the origin of the word would be forgotten, and it would be difficult to imagine how it came to acquire such a variety of meanings, and to stand for so many objects having apparently no connection with one another. In due time the philologist would come with his *apparatus criticus*, subject the word to a strictly scientific analysis, apply all the approved tests, and, after great expenditure of etymological erudition and conjectural ingenuity, would discover half a dozen wholly independent roots of "quack" which could not be traced to one and the same source.

No one knows how often, in the formative period of language, it may have happened that the growth of a word and the multiplication of its meanings may have been obscured and rendered incomprehensible because the intermediate stages of its development were forgotten, and the connecting links that made the transition easy and natural were lost. In the instance just cited we have also an example of a fruitful onomatopoetic root. Indeed, in our own tongue, "quack," the mere imitation of an animal cry, has given rise to a variety of words and conceptions, such as quack, quacksalver, quackery, which are as remote in their relations to the web-footed fowl as is the man who "plays at ducks and drakes" with his money, and ends his career as a "lame duck."

Nothing could be more abrupt or incredible, to take an illustration from nature, than the metamorphoses of the Lepidoptera, the same individual undergoing the most marvelous changes from caterpillar into chrysalis, and again into butterfly. Here the transformations are so great that, if we saw merely the result, we should never suspect the nature of the process. Creatures that for a long time were supposed to be entirely distinct, and were classified as belonging not only to different genera, but even to different orders of animals, are now known to be the same individual in different phases or stages of its development. Thus, as we are told by an eminent authority on crustacea, "the Zoëa, the Megalops, and the Carcinus Mœnas, or shore crab, are but the baby, the child, and the adult forms of a single individual."

What is here shown to be true of living organisms is still more probable of roots of speech; and the naturalist might, with at least equal cogency and validity, argue analogically from the identity of these so exceedingly diverse crustacea, or from the common origin of man and ape, that roots like *dâ* and *gar*, however much they may differ in meaning, are really traceable to one and the same source.

"Show me only one root in the language of animals," says Max Müller, "such as *ak*, to be sharp and quick, and from it two derivatives, as *aśva*, the quick one, — the horse, — and *acutus*, sharp or quick witted; nay, show me one animal that has the power of forming roots, that can put one and two together, and realize the simplest dual concept; show me one animal that can think and say 'two,' and I should say

that, so far as language is concerned, we cannot oppose Mr. Darwin's argument, and that man has, or at least may have been, developed from some lower animal."

Nothing could be more absurd than this sort of philological ultimatum, since, according to the theory of evolution, the language of animals has not yet reached the root stage and never can reach it; for it would then become articulate speech, and be no longer the language of animals, but the language of man. But this is surely no evidence or indication that one may not grow out of the other; on the contrary, it rather suggests the possibility of such growth and development.

We cannot be certain, however, that animals may not have general concepts. When a dog, in eager pursuit of some object, yelps *ak-ak*, how do we know that this sharp utterance, which expresses the strong and impatient desire of the dog to overtake the object, may not stand in the canine mind for the general concept of quickness? It is used in pursuing all animals and inanimate things, bird, hare, squirrel, stick, or stone, and cannot therefore denote any single one of them, but must have a general signification. For aught we know, the language of animals may be made up of undeveloped roots vaguely expressive of general concepts, or may even contain derivative sounds. The bark of a dog after bringing a stick or a stone to its master and requesting him to throw it again is slightly different from the sharp yelp uttered in pursuing it; and it is impossible to know whether these sounds may not stand to each other in the relation of the radical to its derivative.

Darwin asserts that "the dog, since being domesticated, has learned to bark in at least five or six distinct tones, namely: the bark of eagerness, as in the chase; that of anger, as well as growling; the yelp, or howl of despair, when shut up; the baying at night; the bark of joy, when starting on a walk with his master; and the very distinct one of demand or supplication, as when wishing for a door or window to be opened." This variety of tones, expressing different desires and emotions in an animal that in its wild state could not bark at all, marks a very considerable advance in the power of vocal utterance as the result of association with man.

Max Müller has recently come to the conclusion that roots originated in cries uttered by men in performing certain actions, such as digging, cutting, lifting, or pounding. This so-called *clamor concomitans*, or sound attending the action, became by association a *clamor significans*, or sound signifying the action. This explanation of the genesis of roots is doubtless, to a certain extent, correct, but comes perilously near to the "bow-wow" and "pooh-pooh" theories which he formerly rejected with ridicule and ineffable scorn. It would be hard, however, to find a finer combination of concomitant and significant clamor than the deep bay of a pack of hounds.

In one of his lectures Müller quotes, as "an excellent answer to the interjectional theory," the following observations of Horne Tooke in the Diversions of Purley: "The dominion of speech is erected upon the downfall of interjections. Without the artful contrivance of language, mankind would have had nothing but interjections with which to communicate orally any of their feelings. The neighing of a horse, the lowing of a cow, the barking of a dog, the purring of a cat, sneezing, coughing, groaning, shrieking, and every other involuntary convulsion with oral sound have almost as good a title to be called parts of speech as interjections have. Voluntary interjections are employed only when the suddenness and vehemence of some affection or passion return men to their natural state, and make them for a moment forget the use of speech; or when,

from some circumstance, the shortness of time will not permit them to exercise it."

This passage really confirms in the strongest manner the theory which it is cited in order to refute. The dominion of every improved implement is founded upon the downfall of an inferior implement. Thus the steel plough has superseded the pointed piece of wood with which the primitive husbandman scratched the surface of the earth; the matchlock has supplanted the crossbow, the Remington rifle the rude musket, and the steam car the old stagecoach. Everywhere in the progress of human invention the better instrument takes the place of the poorer one and robs it of its supremacy. The evolution of language furnishes no exception to this universal law. It is a means of communicating ideas and emotions from one person to another, and the more clearly, concisely, and forcibly it performs this function the more perfect it is as an instrument. To speak of the grammatically complicated, and therefore practically clumsy, Sanskrit as superior to the simple and handy English, and to characterize the latter as the result of degeneration and decay, is an abuse of terms involving an utter misconception of the purpose for which language exists. Sanskrit may be more interesting philologically than English, just as the five-toed eohippus and the three-toed hipparion may be more interesting anatomically than the horse; but no one would deny that the modern quadruped combines in a greater degree simplicity of structure with efficiency of function, and is therefore, as an animal, superior to its ancient prototypes.

The very fact that, as Horne Tooke observes, men return to their natural state in the use of interjections and exclamations well-nigh proves that these are the raw material, or linguistic protoplasm, out of which articulate or organic speech was evolved. But to compare a cough and a sneeze to an interjection, or to put them in the same category with the neigh of a horse, the bark of a dog, or the purr of a cat, shows a strange lack of discrimination between purely physical and involuntary convulsions and vocal sounds intended to express emotions of the mind. A cough or a sneeze may be more or less successfully imitated, like a stage laugh, and thus become the sign and suggestion of an idea; but a genuine cough or sneeze is a violent expulsion of the air through the throat or nose in consequence of local irritation beyond a man's control, and has, therefore, no oral or intellectual element in it.

As regards the ability of animals to "think and say 'two,'" it has been proved conclusively that the magpie and some other birds, even in their wild state, can count at least four, and this fact is recognized and utilized by fowlers; but if it be true that it is impossible to form the concept "four" without the aid of language, it follows that the magpie must be able to say "four" in a language of its own. To deny this conclusion because we do not understand "margot" (as the magpie language might be called) would be to set up our own ignorance as a standard by which to test the magpie's intellectual capacity, and thus fall into the fallacy of *argumentum ab ignorantia facti*. This knowledge of numeration can be greatly extended by instruction. A chimpanzee in the London Zoölogical Gardens, says Mr. Romanes, has been taught to count five. Ask her for four, three, two, or five straws in any order of succession, and she will give the exact number required. She understands not only the names of these numerals, but also other words and phrases, just as a child does before learning to speak.

All classification rests upon the power of generalization, and this faculty belongs to the lower animals as well as to men. As has been remarked by an acute observer: "Dogs can distinguish

strangers and acquaintances, well-dressed persons from persons in rags, the canine species from all other species. They cannot carry their classification far, not from want of memory and intelligence, but from want of a well-defined language and printed books." The dullest dog has a lively perception of the difference between canine and feline. No matter how much the particular dog may vary from other individuals of the species,

> "As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves,"

he is never confounded with the cat, but is at once recognized as canine. The dog not only thinks of these so diverse creatures as belonging to the same class, but is also conscious of belonging to it himself. Man's intellectual superiority consists in possessing a greater number of these concepts, and in being able to compare and combine them in reasoning processes with greater accuracy and facility, than the beast, although there are tribes of men in which this superiority is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible.

Exclamations, according to Max Müller, "are as little to be called words as the expressive gestures which usually accompany these exclamations." No one asserts that they are words in the strict sense of the term; all that is claimed for them is that they express thoughts and feelings or reveal states of the mind, and may be regarded as language. This he admits when he adds, "In fact, interjections, together with gestures, the movements of the muscles of the mouth and the eye, would be quite sufficient for all purposes which language answers with the majority of mankind." But as such exclamations and gesticulations are not words and do not constitute language, the majority of mankind are destitute of thought, since we are assured that "language and thought are inseparable," and that "there is no thought without words, as little as there are words without thought."

Professor Mansel is nearer the truth when he says, "As a matter of necessity, men must think by symbols; as a matter of fact, they do think by language." But although words are the most convenient and most perfect symbols of thought, they are by no means the only ones. A man can count three by holding up three fingers, or by touching three objects, or by laying down three sticks, as the Veddahs do in bartering, without the aid of articulate speech. A dog can do the same by barking three times. It is not true that "language begins where interjections end." Articulate speech begins where pantomimic expression, emphasized by mere hooting and hallooing, ends; but both are instruments of thought and symbols for the representation and communication of ideas.

"Speech," as Professor Whitney has justly observed, "is not a personal possession, but a social institution. What we may severally choose to say is not language until it is accepted and employed by our fellows. The whole development of speech is wrought out by the community. That is a word, and only that, which is understood in a community. Their mutual understanding is the tie that connects it with the idea. It is a sign which each one has acquired from without, from the usage of others." Goethe, in his epigram Etymologie, expresses the same thought: —

> "So wird erst nach und nach die Sprache festgerammelt,
> Und was ein Volk zusammen sich gestammelt,
> Muss ewiges Gesetz für Herz und Seele sein."

"Man," says Wilhelm von Humboldt, "understands himself fully only by testing the intelligibility of his words on others. The objectivity is increased when the word which he has formed is echoed back to him from the mouth of another. At the same time, it is not

thereby robbed in the least of its subjective character, since man feels himself always one with man." What is felt and expressed by the individual must be re-felt and re-expressed by the mass and stamped with its indorsement before it is accepted as speech.

Among savage tribes, and even among a people so highly civilized as the Arabs, signs and gestures play a very important part in the expression of thought, and the Neapolitan's love of pantomime and skill in the use of it are well known. Of the Veddahs of Ceylon Sir James Emerson Tennent says, "So degraded are some of these wretched outcasts that it has appeared doubtful in certain cases whether they have any language whatever;" and Mr. G. R. Mercer, who, by a long residence in their country, acquired an intimate knowledge of their habits, affirms that "even their communications with one another are made by signs, grimaces, and guttural sounds which bear little or no resemblance to distinct words or systematized language." It is not correct, from an anthropological point of view, to characterize the Veddahs as "degraded." They are simply primitive and undeveloped. They are the remains of the aborigines of Ceylon; and the few articulate words they utter they have learned, parrot-like, from the Singhalese, who invaded and conquered the country, and now constitute its chief population.

Lord Monboddo's seemingly absurd and much-ridiculed theory that language was formed by an assembly of learned men convened for that purpose is right so far as it affirms the conventional and communal character of articulate speech and written language; and this is doubtless all that the laird meant to imply by his rather bullish statement. He did not intend to assert that language was framed, like a political platform, by a body of men come together expressly for that object, but that it was gradually developed in consequence of their coming together as individuals, families, and communities, and endeavoring to understand one another by means of gestures and exclamations and onomatopoetic sounds. It was also the most intelligent men of their time; those who were endowed with the greatest amount of wisdom, the quickest wits, and the readiest faculty of invention; in short, the foremost men of primitive life, who contributed most to this result. Then, as now, the progress of the race was due to the impetus imparted to it by the best brains, and was far less the effect of happy chance than we are fain to imagine.

Articulate speech is an immense help to the intellectual processes of induction and deduction, abstraction and generalization, but by no means essential to these mental operations. As Dr. Paul Carus observes, "the act of naming is an enormous economy of mental activity;" but it is not absolutely necessary to this kind of activity.

The fox must have an abstract idea of danger apart from any concrete form or embodiment of it; otherwise he would not be constantly on the alert, anticipating peril when it is not present. Flourens asserts, "It is a fact that beasts do not form general ideas, and it is another fact that man does form them;" he then adds: "The study of mind by mind is that which puts the final stamp upon the profound difference separating beast from man. Intelligence in beasts does not study intelligence." Buffon caps the climax of this sort of dogmatism by declaring that in animals "*c'est le corps qui parle au corps.*" A body talking to another body without the mediation of mental faculties would be a phenomenon worth seeing.

Pantomime is the natural language of man and the lower animals, and is intelligible without previous study. In this respect it differs from articulate speech, which is mainly conventional in its character. A word has the meaning which

common consent has tacitly attributed to it, and which usage has sanctioned. It is not necessary, however, that any two persons should agree beforehand as to the signification of mimetic movements in order to be able to communicate their ideas in this manner. Two deaf-mutes, or savages of alien tribes, on meeting for the first time, have no definite stock of signs with which to converse, but create them as they go along. If one sign fails to express the thought clearly, they try another. If A wishes to convey to C the drift of a previous conversation with B, he will do so by means of signs many of which differ from those used in conversing with B. He will constantly invent new and more expressive signs, and thereby convey his meaning more fully and distinctly than in his first conversation. This natural sign language may be enlarged and perfected, as it is in institutes for deaf-mutes, by the introduction of conventional elements, and thus an extended mimetic system for the communication of thought may be developed.

The dog expresses thoughts and emotions by wagging his tail to quite as good purpose as many persons do by wagging their tongues. We impart our wishes to animals almost exclusively by gestures, until they learn to understand our words, which then alone suffice, so that the pantomime is no longer necessary except for sake of emphasis in case they refuse to obey. Animals also, in communicating their desires to us, make use of signs accompanied by all sorts of vocal utterances, which through association have become intelligible.

Among insects, especially ants and bees, the language of gesture is highly developed. Owing to the smallness of these creatures, it is difficult to observe them in their conversational intercourse, and their remoteness from us in structure and organization renders it still more difficult for us to identify ourselves with them through sympathy, and to get a clear conception of their states of mind. We are fully justified, however, in inferring from their conduct that they communicate their ideas to one another with rapidity, precision, and intelligibleness. "If psychologists of to-day," remarks Professor Wundt, "overlooking all that an animal can express through gestures and sounds, limit the possession of language to mankind, such a conclusion is scarcely less absurd than that of many philosophers of antiquity who regarded the languages of barbarous nations as animal cries."

This observation is perfectly true, but not new, inasmuch as it was made more than fourteen centuries ago by the Neoplatonist Porphyrius in his treatise on abstinence from animal food (*περὶ ἀποχῆς ἐμψύχων*). After stating that the different tones used by animals show that they have a language for the expression of different sentiments, such as anger, fear, and affection, he adds: "To deny animals language because it is unintelligible to us would be as absurd as for the crows to maintain that their croaking is the only rational speech, and that we are devoid of reason because we do not understand it; or for the inhabitants of Attica to claim that theirs is the only language, and that all who do not speak it are devoid of reason. Nevertheless, an inhabitant of Attica could as easily understand the language of crows as those of Persians and Syrians." Foreign tongues, to those who hear them for the first time, are hardly more intelligible than the inarticulate sounds uttered by animals. The Emperor Julian compared the speech of the Germans to the caw of ravens, and to the Athenians the conversation of Thracians and Scythians sounded like the chatter of cranes.

Professor Jaeger's assertion that animals have merely emotional language (*Gefühlssprache*) in distinction from the language of thought (*Gedankensprache*) is psychologically untenable. In all operations of the mind, thoughts and feel-

ings are inextricably interblended, and it is impossible to draw a line of demarcation between them. There is no language of emotion as opposed to or essentially distinct from language of thought. Emotion is only thought under tension, thought strongly emphasized and impelled by desire. Every cry or exclamation presupposes an idea or intellectual conception, without which the emotion would never arise; and it is hardly possible to determine where the one begins and the other ends.

To what an extent animals are at the mercy of metaphysicians is illustrated by the following passage from a treatise by Professor Green: "There is no reason to suppose, because the burnt dog shuns the fire, that it perceives any relation between it and the pain of being burnt. . . . The dog's conduct may be accounted for by the simple sequence of an imagination upon a visual sensation, resembling ones which actual pain has previously followed. . . . Till dogs can talk, what data have we on which to found another explanation?" We have precisely the same data in the case of the burnt dog as in the case of the burnt child who shuns the fire; and we are justified in reasoning from analogy that the conduct of the dog is due to the same perception of cause and effect as that of the child. "The simple sequence of an imagination upon a visual sensation, resembling ones which actual pain has previously followed," means, when translated from metaphysical jargon into plain English, that, when a dog sees a flame, its resemblance to another flame which burned him leads him to avoid it, lest this one should also burn him. The misfortune of dogs in not being endowed with articulate speech is greatly aggravated if it renders them liable to have such elaborate philosophy as this mouthed over them.

The phenomenon of aphasia furnishes additional evidence that the faculty of speech is not essential to the exercise of thought or to the power of reasoning. Aphasia, or speechlessness, as has been shown by Bouilland, Broca, and other pathologists, is the result of a disease or lesion of the third frontal convolution of the left hemisphere of the brain. Any injury of this part produces a partial or complete loss of articulate speech without disturbing or diminishing in the least the action of the intellectual faculties. The vocal organs and all the mechanism of articulation remain intact, and the ability to think logically and consecutively is unimpaired. There is no paralysis of the muscular apparatus necessary to the enunciation of words, and no derangement of the mental operations so far as the formation and orderly sequence of conceptions are concerned; only the power of correct verbal expression is gone. Max Müller speaks with contempt of "a fold of the brain;" but here we have an instance in which articulate speech is dependent upon the full development and the healthy action of a mere fold of the brain, which, if his own theory be true, is the Rubicon separating man from the brute.

The aphasiac can express his thoughts and feelings by facial movements, gesticulations, and guttural noises, but is unable to articulate words correctly. He thus reverts to the condition of mankind prior to the development of the speech-producing cerebral convolution plus the knowledge and mental capacity acquired since that time. Finkelnburg reports the extreme case of a woman whose memory for things and persons was normal, and in whose general conduct nothing anomalous was observable, but who had lost entirely the use of speech, and could understand neither spoken nor written words. She was a pious Catholic, but never made the sign of the cross of her own accord or when told to do so, yet readily imitated others when she saw them do it. She was in the hospital three months, but never

learned that the ringing of the bell was the signal for dinner. Symbols even of the most general character had for her no significance; her understanding was confined strictly and directly to things, and her consciousness seems to have sunk to the level of a rather dull anthropoid.

In apes, cretins, and many microcephalous persons, the convolution of the brain on which the power of articulate speech depends is rudimentary. Human and simian brains are constructed on precisely the same plan, and differ only in the development and consequent arrangement of the convolutions. "In man," says Professor Vogt, "the third frontal convolution is extraordinarily developed and covers the insula, whilst the transverse central convolutions are much less prominent; in the ape, on the contrary, the third frontal convolution is but slightly developed, whilst the central transverse convolutions are very large, descending quite to the edge of the hemisphere and giving to the fissure of Sylvius the form of a V."

The difference is one of degree, and not of kind, resulting from the higher evolution of the same type. Max Müller admits it to be possible and intelligible that "that most wonderful of organs, the eye, has been developed out of a pigmentary spot, and the ear out of a particularly sore place in the skin, — that, in fact, an animal without any organs of sense may in time grow into an animal with organs of sense;" but "by no effort of the understanding, by no stretch of imagination," he declares, "can I explain to myself how language could have grown out of anything which animals possess, even if we granted them millions of years for that purpose." In other words, he can imagine how a sore spot in the skin could grow into a complex and delicate organ like the ear, or a sensitive black spot could develop into the marvelous mechanism of the eye, but by no mental effort can he conceive how an imperfectly developed convolution in the brain of an ape could become a perfectly developed convolution in the brain of a man. Surely this is one of the strangest freaks of the imagination on record. Yet he admits the correctness of Dr. Broca's conclusions on this subject. "So much," he says, "seems to be established: if a certain portion of the brain on the left side of the anterior lobe happens to be affected by disease, the patient becomes unable to use rational language; while, unless some other mental disease is added to aphasia, he retains the faculty of emotional language, and of communicating with others by means of signs and gestures." This statement is not exact. Aphasia is not the loss of rational language, but of articulate speech, which is something quite different. The aphasiac can exercise his reasoning powers and can entertain and express by pantomime rational ideas, but he is unable to utter or embody them in either oral or written words, although he may understand them when addressed to his ear or eye.

Sometimes there is not an entire cessation, but a curious and comical perversion of speech in the patients, who use words having no connection with the ideas they wish to convey, and are often, though not always, unconscious of any discrepancy or impropriety in their language. Thus Trousseau narrates the case of a lady who, on receiving a call, met her visitor with a kindly smile, and, pointing to a chair, exclaimed, "Pig, brute, stupid fool!" "Madame begs you to be seated," said a friend who was present, and thus interpreted the courtesy really intended by the rude greeting. The lady's conduct was otherwise sensible, and her process of thought logical and rational, although her utterances were wholly irrelevant, and usually most coarse when meant to be most charming.

Another striking case, recorded by Trousseau and cited by Bateman, is that

of Professor Rostan, who, while occupied in reading one of Lamartine's literary conversations, began to be aware that he only partially comprehended the sense of the text. He stopped for a moment, then resumed his reading, and again experienced the same difficulty. He became alarmed and wished to call for assistance, when, to his surprise, he found himself unable to speak a word. It now occurred to him that he might have had a stroke of apoplexy, but he could move all his limbs and discover no evidences of paralysis. He rang the bell, but when the servant appeared he could not tell what he wanted. He could move his tongue in all directions, and seemed to have full control of his vocal organs, but could not express a thought by speech. He made a sign that he wished to write, but when pen and ink and paper were brought, although he had the perfect use of his hand, he could not express a thought by writing. After the lapse of two or three hours a physician came, and Rostan, turning up his sleeve and pointing to his arm, thereby manifested the desire to be bled. No sooner was this done, and the local pressure on the brain relieved, than he was able to utter a few words, and after twelve hours was completely restored and could speak as well as ever.

An orang-outang that had once been bled on account of illness, not feeling well some time afterwards, went from one person to another, and, pointing to the vein in his arm, signified plainly enough that he wished the operation to be repeated. In this instance, the orang, not being endowed with articulate speech owing to the rudimentary condition of a convolution of the brain, expressed his ideas just as the Frenchman did, who had been temporarily deprived of the faculty of articulate speech owing to the suspension of function in the same convolution of the brain. The process of reasoning was identical in both cases. The idea of recovery from sickness was associated with the act of venesection as the result of experience. In short, the man reverted for the time being to the condition of the monkey. How then should it be deemed a thing impossible for him to have risen out of such a condition?

It is also interesting to note that an injury to the brain of the lower animals sometimes produces phenomena analogous to those of aphasia in man; causing birds, for example, to sing their notes wrong, reversing the intonation and accent, like the quail mentioned by Dr. Abbott, which, owing to such an accident, persistently whistled "white-bob" instead of "bob-white."

It would be superfluous to multiply instances of the capability of understanding articulate speech manifested by monkeys, horses, dogs, cats, elephants, birds, and other animals that acquire this power, as children do, through the ear and by the exercise of attention. They also show a nice discrimination in distinguishing between words similar in sound. A parrot or a raven masters a new sentence by repeating it, and working at it, just as a schoolboy solves a hard problem. These birds associate sounds with objects, and thus invent names for them. Every dog is a "bow-wow," and every cat a "miau-miau." The denotative term has an onomatopoetic origin, and by the process of generalization is applied to all animals of the species; it is not necessary that the parrot should have heard each individual dog bark or cat mew before giving it its appropriate name. A raven belonging to Gotthard Heidegger, a clergyman and rector of the gymnasium in Zürich, was constantly picking up words dropped in general conversation, and using them afterwards in the most surprising manner.

Even animals whose laryngeal apparatus is not structurally adapted to the production of articulate sounds may be

taught to utter them. Leibnitz mentions a dog which had learned to pronounce thirty words distinctly. In the Dumfries Journal of January, 1829, an account is given of a dog which called out "William" so as to be clearly understood; and Mr. Romanes cites the case of an English terrier which had been taught to say, "How are you, grandmam?" The careful and systematic experiments now being made in this direction by Professor A. Graham Bell and other scientists are exceedingly interesting, and may lead to important results.

In view of these facts, it is evident that the barrier between human and animal intelligence, once deemed impassable, is becoming more and more imperceptible, and with the rapid progress of zoöpsychological research will soon disappear altogether. "When we remember," says Professor Sayce, "the inarticulate clicks which still form part of the Bushman's language, it would seem as if no line of division could be drawn between man and beast, even when language is made the test." Apes make use of similar clicks for a like purpose, and these sounds are doubtless survivals of speech before it became distinctively articulate.

*E. P. Evans.*

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## SONG FOR SETTING.

INSCRIBED TO KARL PFLUEGER, MELODIST.

Oh, marry me to music soon!
My lover's lay kept saying, saying.
Let some fine harmonist give tune
To my sweet words — and I, obeying,

Laid in my master's hand the song
For him to grace with gentle measure,
And give it life to linger long
In maidens' hearts a joy and treasure.

And now my song seems new to me
That all day long I 'm singing, singing,
And all the summer by the sea
My master's measure shall be ringing.

Our brook shall stay to list the lay
That Master Karl to music married,
And then go bounding to the bay
All the more bright for having tarried.

*Thomas William Parsons.*

# DYER'S HOLLOW.

I LIVED for three weeks at the "Castle," though, unhappily, I did not become aware of my romantic good fortune till near the close of my stay. There was no trace of battlement or turret, nothing in the least suggestive of Warwick or Windsor, or of Sir Walter Scott. In fact, the Castle was not a building of any kind, but a hamlet; a small collection of houses, — a somewhat scattered collection, it must be owned, — such as, on the bleaker and sandier parts of Cape Cod, is distinguished by the name of village. On one side flowed the river, doubling its course through green meadows with almost imperceptible motion. As I watched the tide come in, I found myself saying, —

> "Here twice a day the Pamet fills,
> The salt sea-water passes by."

But the rising flood could make no "silence in the hills;" for the Pamet, as I saw it, is far too sedate a stream ever to be caught "babbling." It has only some three miles to run, and seems to know perfectly well that it need not run fast.

My room would have made an ideal study for a lazy man, I thought, the two windows facing straight into a sand-bank, above which rose a steep hill, or perhaps I should rather say the steep wall of a plateau, on whose treeless top, all by themselves, or with only a graveyard for company, stood the Town Hall and the two village churches. Perched thus upon the roof of the Cape, as it were, and surmounted by cupola and belfry, the hall and the "orthodox" church made invaluable beacons, visible from far and near in every direction. For three weeks I steered my hungry course by them twice a day, having all the while a pleasing consciousness that, however I might skip the Sunday sermon, I was by no means neglecting my religious privileges. The second and smaller meeting-house belonged to a Methodist society. On its front were the scars of several small holes which had been stopped and covered with tin. A resident of the Castle assured me that the mischief had been done by pigeon woodpeckers, — flickers, — a statement at which I inwardly rejoiced. Long ago I had announced my belief that these enthusiastic shouters must be of the Wesleyan persuasion, and here was the proof! Otherwise, why had they never sought admission to the more imposing and, as I take it, more fashionable orthodox sanctuary? Yes, the case was clear. I could understand now how Darwin and men like him must have felt when some great hypothesis of theirs received sudden confirmation from an unexpected quarter. At the same time I was pained to see that the flickers' attempts at church-going had met with such indifferent encouragement. Probably the minister and the class leaders would have justified their exclusiveness by an appeal to that saying about those who enter "not by the door into the sheepfold;" while the woodpeckers, on their part, might have retorted that just when they had most need to go in the door was shut.

One of my favorite jaunts was to climb this hill, or plateau, the "Hill of Storms" (I am still ignorant whether the storms in question were political, ecclesiastical, or atmospheric, but I approve the name), and go down on the other side into a narrow valley whose meanderings led me to the ocean beach. This valley, or, to speak in the local dialect, this hollow, like the parallel one in which I lived, — the valley of the Pamet, — runs quite across the Cape, from ocean to bay, a distance of two miles and a half, more or less.

At my very first sight of Dyer's Hol-

low I fell in love with it, and now that I have left it behind me, perhaps forever, I foresee that my memories of it are likely to be even fairer and brighter than was the place itself. I call it Dyer's Hollow upon the authority of the town historian, who told me, if I understood him correctly, that this was its name among sailors, to whom it is a landmark. By the residents of the town I commonly heard it spoken of as Long-nook or Pike's Hollow, but for reasons of my own I choose to remember it by its nautical designation, though myself as far as possible from being a nautical man.

To see Dyer's Hollow at its best, the visitor should enter it at the western end, and follow its windings till he stands upon the bluff looking out upon the Atlantic. If his sensations at all resemble mine, he will feel, long before the last curve is rounded, as if he were ascending a mountain; and an odd feeling it is, the road being level for the whole distance. At the outset he is in a green, well-watered valley on the banks of what was formerly Little Harbor. The building of the railway embankment has shut out the tide, and what used to be an arm of the bay is now a body of fresh water. Luxuriant cat-tail flags fringe its banks, and cattle are feeding near by. Up from the reeds a bittern will now and then start. I should like to be here once in May, to hear the blows of his stake-driver's mallet echoing and reëchoing among the close hills. At that season, too, all the uplands would be green. So we were told, at any rate, though the pleasing story was almost impossible of belief. In August, as soon as we left the immediate vicinity of Little Harbor, the very bottom of the valley itself was parched and brown; and the look of barrenness and drought increased as we advanced, till toward the end, as the last houses were passed, the total appearance of things became subalpine: stunted, weather-beaten trees, and broad patches of bearberry showing at a little distance like beds of mountain cranberry.

All in all, Dyer's Hollow did not impress me as a promising farming country. Acres and acres of horseweed, pinweed, stone clover, poverty grass,[1] reindeer moss, mouse-ear everlasting, and bearberry! No wonder such fields do not pay for fencing-stuff. No wonder, either, that the dwellers here should be mariculturalists rather than agriculturalists. And still, although their best garden is the bay, they have their gardens on land also, — the bottoms of the deepest hollows being selected for the purpose, — and by hook or by crook manage to coax a kind of return out of the poverty-stricken soil. Even on Cape Cod there must be some potatoes to go with the fish. Vegetables raised under such difficulties are naturally sweet to the taste, and I was not so much surprised, therefore, on a certain state occasion at the Castle, to see a mighty dish of string beans ladled into soup-plates and exalted to the dignity of a separate course. Here, too, — but this was in Dyer's Hollow, — I found in successful operation one of the latest, and, if I may venture an unprofessional opinion, one of the most valuable, improvements in the art of husbandry. An old man, an ancient mariner, no doubt, was seated on a camp-stool and plying a hoe among his cabbages. He was bent nearly double with age ("triple" is the word in my notebook, but that may have been an

[1] In looking over the town history, I was pleased to come upon a note in defense of this lowly plant, on the score not only of its beauty, but of its usefulness in holding the sand in place; but, alas, "all men have not faith," and where the historian wrote *Hudsonia tomentosa* the antipathetic compositor set up *Hudsonia tormentosa*. That compositor was a Cape Cod man, — I would wager a dinner upon it. "Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," I hear him mutter, as he slips the superfluous consonant into its place.

exaggeration), and had learned wisdom with years. I regretted afterward that I had not got over the fence and accosted him. I could hardly have missed hearing something rememberable. Yet I may have done wisely to keep the road. Industry like his ought never to be intruded upon lightly. Some, I dare say, would have called the sight pathetic. To me it was rather inspiring. Only a day or two before, in another part of the township, I had seen a man sitting in a chair among his bean-poles picking beans. Those heavy, sandy roads and steep hills must be hard upon the legs, and probably the dwellers thereabout (unlike the Lombardy poplars, which there, as elsewhere, were decaying at the top) begin to die at the lower extremities. It was not many miles from Dyer's Hollow that Thoreau fell in with the old wrecker, "a regular Cape Cod man," of whom he says that "he looked as if he sometimes saw a doughnut, but never descended to comfort." Quite otherwise was it with my wise-hearted agricultural economists; and quite otherwise shall it be with me, also, who mean to profit by their example. If I am compelled to dig when I get old (to beg may I ever be ashamed!), I am determined not to forget the camp-stool. The Cape Cod motto shall be mine, — He that hoeth cabbages, let him do it with assiduity.

This aged cultivator, not so much "on his last legs" as beyond them, was evidently a native of the soil, but several of the few houses standing along the valley road were occupied by Western Islanders. I was crossing a field belonging to one of them when the owner greeted me; a milkman, as it turned out, proud of his cows and of his boy, his only child. "How old do you think he is?" he asked, pointing to the young fellow. It would have been inexcusable to disappoint his fatherly expectations, and I guessed accordingly: "Seventeen or eighteen." "Sixteen," he rejoined, — "sixteen!" and his face shone till I wished I had set the figure a little higher. The additional years would have cost me nothing, and there is no telling how much happiness they would have conferred. "Who lives there?" I inquired, turning to a large and well-kept house in the direction of the bay. "My nephew." "Did he come over when you did?" "No, I sent for him." He himself left the Azores as a cabin boy, landed here on Cape Cod, and settled down. Since then he had been to California, where he worked in the mines. "Ah! that was where you got rich, was it?" said I. "Rich!" — this in a tone of sarcasm. But he added, "Well, I made something." His praise of his nearest neighbor — whose name proclaimed his Cape Cod nativity — made me think well not only of his neighbor, but of him. There were forty-two Portuguese families in Truro, he said. "There are more than that in Provincetown?" I suggested. He shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, about half the people." And pretty good people they are, if such as I saw were fair representatives. One boy of fourteen (unlike the milkman's heir, he was very small for his years, as he told me with engaging simplicity) walked by my side for a mile or two, and quite won my heart. A true Nathanael he seemed, in whom was no guile. He should never go to sea, he said; nor was he ever going to get married so long as his father lived. He loved his father so much, and he was the only boy, and his father could n't spare him. "But did n't your father go to sea?" "Oh, yes; both my fathers went to sea." That was a puzzle; but presently it came out that his two fathers were his father and his grandfather. He looked troubled for a moment when I inquired the whereabouts of the poor-house, in the direction of which we happened to be going. He entertained a very decided opinion that he should n't like to live there; a wholesome aver-

sion, I am bound to maintain, dear Uncle Venner to the contrary notwithstanding.

A stranger was not an every-day sight in Dyer's Hollow, I imagine, and as I went up and down the road a good many times in the course of my visit I came to be pretty well known. So it happened that a Western Islands woman came to her front door once, broom in hand and the sweetest of smiles on her face, and said, "Thank you for that five cents you gave my little boy the other day." "Put that in your pocket," I had said, and the obedient little man did as he was bidden, without so much as a side glance at the denomination of the coin. But he forgot one thing, and when his mother asked him, as of course she did, for mothers are all alike, "Did you thank the gentleman?" he could do nothing but hang his head. Hence the woman's smile and "thank you," which made me so ashamed of the paltriness of the gift (Thackeray never saw a boy without wanting to give him a *sovereign!*) that my mention of the matter here, so far from indicating an ostentatious spirit, ought rather to be taken as a mark of humility.

All things considered, I should hardly choose to settle for life in Dyer's Hollow; but with every recollection of the place I somehow feel as if its score or two of inhabitants were favored above other men. Why is it that people living thus by themselves, and known thus transiently and from the outside as it were, always seem in memory like dwellers in some land of romance? I cannot tell, but so it is; and whoever has such a picture on the wall of his mind will do well, perhaps, never to put the original beside it. Yet I do not mean to speak quite thus of Dyer's Hollow. Once more, at least, I hope to walk the length of that straggling road. As I think of it now, I behold again those beds of shining bearberry ("resplendent" would be none too fine a word; there is no plant for which the sunlight does more), loaded with a wealth of handsome red fruit. The beach-plum crop was a failure; plum wine, of the goodness of which I heard enthusiastic reports, would be scarce; but one needed only to look at the bearberry patches to perceive that Cape Cod sand was not wanting in fertility after a manner of its own. If its energies in the present instance happened to be devoted to ornament rather than utility, it was not for an untaxed and disinterested outsider to make complaint; least of all a man who was never a wine-bibber, and who believes, or thinks he believes, in "art for art's sake." Within the woods the ground was carpeted with trailing arbutus and a profusion of checkerberry vines, the latter yielding a few fat berries, almost or quite a year old, but still sound and spicy, still tasting "like tooth-powder," as the benighted city boy expressed it. It was an especial pleasure to eat them here in Dyer's Hollow, I had so many times done the same in another place, on the banks of Dyer's Run. Lady's-slippers, likewise (nothing but leaves), looked homelike and friendly, and the wild lily of the valley, too, and the pipsissewa. Across the road from the old house nearest the ocean stood a still more ancient-seeming barn, long disused, to all appearance, but with old maid's pinks, catnip, and tall, stout pokeberry weeds yet flourishing beside it. Old maid's pinks and catnip! Could that combination have been fortuitous?

No botanist, nor even a semi-scientific lover of growing things, like myself, can ever walk in new fields without an eye for new plants. While coming down the Cape in the train I had seen, at short intervals, clusters of some strange flower, — like the yellow aster, I thought. At every station I jumped off the car and looked hurriedly for specimens, till, after three or four attempts, I found what I was seeking, — the golden aster, *Chrysopsis falcata*. Here in Truro it was growing everywhere, and of course in

Dyer's Hollow. Another novelty was the pale greenbrier, *Smilax glauca*, which I saw first on the hill at Provincetown, and afterward discovered in Longnook. It was not abundant in either place, and in my eyes had less of beauty than its familiar relatives, the common greenbrier (cat-brier, horse-brier, Indian brier) of my boyhood and the carrion flower. This glaucous smilax was one of the plants that attracted Thoreau's attention, if I remember correctly, though I cannot now put my finger upon his reference to it. Equally new to me, and much more beautiful, as well as more characteristic of the place, were the broom-crowberry and the greener kind of poverty grass (*Hudsonia ericoides*), inviting pillows or cushions of which, looking very much alike at a little distance, were scattered freely over the grayish hills. These huddling, low-lying plants were among the things which bestowed upon Longnook its pleasing and remarkable mountain-top aspect. The rest of the vegetation was more or less familiar, I believe: the obtuse-leaved milkweed, of which I had never seen so much before; three sorts of goldenrod, including abundance of the fragrant *odora;* two kinds of yellow gerardia, and, in the lower lands at the western end of the valley, the dainty rose gerardia, just now coming into bloom; the pretty *Polygala polygama*, — pretty, but not in the same class with the rose gerardia; ladies' tresses; bayberry; sweet fern; crisp-leaved tansy; beach grass; huckleberry bushes, for whose liberality I had frequent occasion to be thankful; bear oak; chinquapin; chokeberry; a single vine of the Virginia creeper; wild carrot; wild cherry; the common brake, — these and doubtless many more were there, for I made no attempt at a full catalogue. There must have been wild roses along the roadside and on the edge of the thickets, I should think, yet I cannot recollect them, nor does the name appear in my penciled memoranda. Had the month been June instead of August, notebook and memory would record a very different story, I can hardly doubt; but out of flower is out of mind.

In the course of my many visits to Dyer's Hollow I saw thirty-three kinds of birds, of the eighty-four species in my full Truro list. The number of individuals was small, however, and, except at its lower end, the valley was, or appeared to be, nearly destitute of feathered life. A few song sparrows, a catbird or two, a chewink or two, a field sparrow, and perhaps a Maryland yellow-throat might be seen above the last houses, but as a general thing the bushes and trees were deserted. Walking here, I could for the time almost forget that I had ever owned a hobby-horse. But farther down the hollow there was one really "birdy" spot, to borrow a word — useful enough to claim lexicographical standing — from one of my companions: a tiny grove of stunted oaks, by the roadside, just at the point where I naturally struck the valley when I approached it by way of the Hill of Storms. Here I happened upon my only Cape Cod cowbird, a full-grown youngster, who was being ministered unto in the most devoted manner by a red-eyed vireo, — such a sight as always fills me with mingled amusement, astonishment, admiration, and disgust. That any bird should be so befooled and imposed upon! Here, too, I saw at different times an adult male blue yellow-backed warbler, and a bird of the same species in immature plumage. It seemed highly probable, to say the least, that the young fellow had been reared not far off, the more so as the neighboring Wellfleet woods were spectral with hanging lichens, of the sort which this exquisite especially affects. At first I wondered why this particular little grove, by no means peculiarly inviting in appearance, should be the favorite resort of so many birds, — robins, orioles, wood pewees, kingbirds, chippers, golden warblers, black-and-

white creepers, prairie warblers, red-eyed vireos, and blue yellow-backs; but I presently concluded that a fine spring of water just across the road must be the attraction. Near the spring was a vegetable garden, and here, on the 22d of August, I suddenly espied a water thrush teetering upon the tip of a bean-pole, his rich olive-brown back glistening in the sunlight. He soon dropped to the ground among the vines, and before long walked out into sight. His action when he saw me was amusing. Instead of darting back, as a sparrow, for instance, would have done, he flew up to the nearest perch; that is, to the top of the nearest bean-pole, which happened to be a lath. Wood is one of the precious metals on Cape Cod, and if oars are used for fence-rails, and fish-nets for hencoops, why not laths for bean-poles? The perch was narrow, but wide enough for the bird's small feet. Four times he came up in this way to look about him, and every time alighted thus on the top of a pole. At the same moment three prairie warblers were chasing each other about the garden, now clinging to the sides of the poles, now alighting on their tips. It was a strange spot for prairie warblers, as it seemed to me, though they looked still more out of place a minute later, when they left the bean-patch and sat upon a rail fence in an open grassy field. Cape Cod birds, like Cape Cod men, know how to shift their course with the wind. Where else would one be likely to see prairie warblers, black-throated greens, and black-and-white creepers scrambling in company over the red shingles of a house-roof, and song sparrows singing day after day from a chimney-top?

In all my wanderings in Dyer's Hollow, only once did I see anything of that pest of the seashore, the sportsman; then, in the distance, two young fellows, with a highly satisfactory want of success, as well as I could make out, were trying to take the life of a meadow lark. No doubt they found existence a dull affair, and felt the need of something to enliven it. A noble creature is man, — "a little lower than the angels"! Two years in succession I have been at the seashore during the autumnal migration of sandpipers and plovers. Two years in succession have I seen men, old and young, murdering sandpipers and plovers at wholesale for the mere fun of doing it. Had they been "pot hunters," seeking to earn bread by shooting for the market, I should have pitied them, perhaps, — certainly I should have regretted their work; but I should have thought no ill of them. Their vocation would have been as honorable, for aught I know, as that of any other butcher. But a man of twenty, a man of seventy, shooting sanderlings, ring plovers, golden plovers, and whatever else comes in his way, not for money, nor primarily for food, but because he enjoys the work! "A little lower than the angels"! What numbers of innocent and beautiful creatures have I seen limping painfully along the beach, after the gunners had finished their day's amusement! Even now I think with pity of one particular turnstone. Some being made "a little lower than the angels" had fired at him and carried away one of his legs. I watched him for an hour. Much of the time he stood motionless. Then he hobbled from one patch of eel-grass to another, in search of something to eat. My heart ached for him, and it burns now to think that good men find it a pastime to break birds' legs and wings and leave them to perish. I have seen an old man, almost ready for the grave, who could amuse his last days in this way for weeks together. An exhilarating and edifying spectacle it was, — this venerable worthy sitting behind his bunch of wooden decoys, a wounded tern fluttering in agony at his feet. Withal, be it said, he was a man of gentlemanly bearing, courteous, and a Christian. He did not shoot on Sunday, —

not he. Such sport is to me despicable. Yet it is affirmed by those who ought to know — by those, that is, who engage in it — that it tends to promote a spirit of manliness.

But thoughts of this kind belong not in Dyer's Hollow. Rather let me remember only its stillness and tranquillity, its innocent inhabitants, its gray hills, its sandy road, and the ocean at the end of the way. Even at the western extremity, near the railway and the busy harbor, the valley was the very abode of quietness. Here, on one of my earlier excursions, I came unexpectedly to a bridge, and on the farther side of the bridge to a tidy house and garden; and in the garden were several pear-trees, with fruit on them! Still more to my surprise, here was a little shop. The keeper of it had also the agency of some insurance company, — so a signboard informed the passer-by. As for his stock in trade, — sole leather, dry goods, etc., — that spoke for itself. I stepped inside the door, but he was occupied with an account book, and when at last he looked up there was no speculation in his eyes. Possibly he had sold something the day before, and knew that no second customer could be expected so soon. We exchanged the time of day, — not a very valuable commodity hereabout, — and I asked him a question or two touching the hollow, and especially "the village," of which I had heard a rumor that it lay somewhere in this neighborhood. He looked bewildered at the word, — he hardly knew what I could mean, he said; but with a little prompting he recollected that a few houses between this point and North Truro (there used to be more houses than now, but they had been removed to other towns, — some of them to Boston!) were formerly called "the village." I left him to his ledger, and on passing his house I saw that he was a dealer in grain as well as in sole leather and calico, and had telephonic communication with somebody; an enterprising merchant, after all, up with the times, in spite of appearances.

The shop was like the valley, a careless tourist might have said, — a sleepy shop in Sleepy Hollow. To me it seemed not so. Peaceful, remote, sequestered, — these and all similer epithets suited well with Longnook; but for myself, in all my loitering there I was never otherwise than wide awake. The close-lying, barren, mountainous-looking hills did not oppress the mind, but rather lifted and dilated it, and although I could not hear the surf, I felt all the while the neighborhood of the sea; not the harbor, but the ocean, with nothing between me and Spain except that stretch of water. Blessed forever be Dyer's Hollow, I say, and blessed be its inhabitants! Whether Western Islanders or "regular Cape Cod men," may they live and die in peace.

*Bradford Torrey.*

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## THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

### XLIV.

#### PRELIMINARY BROTHERHOOD.

When I returned to Arden, I gave Walkirk an outline of what had occurred; but I did not go into details, having no desire that the preposterous idea which had gotten into the head of Miss Laniston should enter that of my understudy. Walkirk was not in good spirits.

"I had hoped something," he said, "from your interview with Mother An-

astasia, though perhaps not exactly in the line of a brotherhood. I thought, if she came thoroughly to understand your earnestness in the matter, she might use her influence with Miss Raynor, which at some time or other, or in some way or other, might result to your advantage and that of the young lady. I had, and still have, great belief in the capabilities of Mother Anastasia, but now I am forced to believe, very much against my will, that there is no hope ahead. With Mother Anastasia decidedly against us, the fight is lost."

"Us?" I repeated.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am with you, soul and body."

Without a word I took him by the hand, and pressed it warmly.

"What do you think of continuing your recitals of travel?" Walkirk asked me, later in the day. "I should think they would interest you, and I know they were vastly interesting to me. You must have a great deal more to tell."

"I have," I answered, "but I shall not tell it now. Instead of talking about travels, I have determined to travel. At present it is awkward for me to remain here. It is impossible to feel independent and able to do what I please, and know that there are persons in the village who do not wish to meet me, and whom it would be embarrassing, and perhaps unpleasant, to meet. I know I must meet them some time or other, unless they shut themselves up, or I shut myself up. That sort of thing I cannot endure, and I shall go to Turkey and Egypt. Those countries I have not visited. If it suits you, I shall take you with me; and I shall also take a stenographer, to whom I shall dictate, on the spot, the materials for my book."

"Do you mean," asked Walkirk, "that you will dispense altogether with that preparatory narration to me of what you intend afterwards to put into your book? I consider that a good method, and I think you found it of advantage."

"That is true," I replied; "the plan worked admirably. I did not propose to work in that way again, but I will do it. Every night I will tell you what I have done and what I think about things, and the next morning I will dictate that material, revised and shaped, to the stenographer, who can then have the rest of the day in which to write it out properly."

"A capital plan," said Walkirk, "and I shall be charmed to go with you."

I was indeed very anxious to leave Arden. I could not believe that Mother Anastasia had ever imagined any of the nonsense that Miss Laniston had talked about, but she certainly had shown me that she was greatly offended with me, and nothing offends me so much as to have people offended with me. Such persons I do not wish to meet.

I did not immediately fix a date for my departure, for it was necessary for me to consider my grandmother's feelings and welfare, and arrange to make her as happy as possible while I should be gone. In the mean time it was of course necessary that I should take air and exercise; and while doing this one morning, in a pretty lane, just out of the village, a figure in the House-of-Martha gray came into sight a little distance ahead of me. Her back was toward me, and she was walking more slowly than I was. "Now, then," thought I, "here is a proof of the awkwardness of my position here. Even in a little walk like this I must run up against one of those sisters. I must pass her, or turn around and go back, for I shall not slow up and appear to be dogging her footsteps. But I shall not turn back, — that does not suit me." Consequently I walked on, and soon overtook the woman in gray. She did not turn her head as I approached, for the sisters are taught not to turn their heads to look at people. After all, it would be easy enough for me to adopt the same rule, and to pass her without turning my

head or paying the slightest attention to her. This was the manner, indeed, in which the general public was expected to act toward the inmates of the House of Martha when met outside their institution.

When I came up with her I turned and looked into her bonnet. It was Sylvia. As my eyes fell upon the face of that startled angel, my impulse was to throw my arms around her, and rush away with her, gray bonnet, shawl, and all, to some distant clime where there were no Houses of Martha, Mother Anastasias, or anything which could separate my dear love and me; but I crushed down this mad fancy, smothered as well as I could my wild emotions, and remarked as calmly as possible, "Good-morning, sister."

Over her face there spread a quick flush of pleasure.

"I like that," she said; "I am glad to have you call me 'sister.' I thought you would be prejudiced against the name, and would not use it."

"Prejudiced?" I answered. "Not a bit of it. I am delighted to use it."

"That is really good of you," she said. "And how have you been? You look a little wan and tired. Have you been doing your own writing?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I have given up writing, at least for the present. I wish I could make you understand how glad I am to call you 'sister,' and how it would joy my heart if you would call me 'brother.'"

"Oh, that would not do at all," she replied, in a tone which indicated surprise at my ignorance; "that would be quite a different thing. I am a sister to everybody, but you are not a brother to anybody."

"When you hear what I have to say about this," I answered, "you will understand what I mean by wishing to be called 'brother.' May I ask where you are going?"

"I am going to visit a sick person in that little house at the bottom of the hill. Sister Agatha started with me, but she had the toothache and had to go back. I expect Sister Sarah will send some one of the others to join me, for she always wishes us to go about in pairs."

"She is entirely right," said I. "I did not know she had so much sense, and I shall make one of the pair this time. You ought not to be walking about here by yourself."

"I suppose I ought to have gone back with Sister Agatha," she remarked, "but I did n't want to. I 'm dreadfully tired of staying in the House of Martha, trying to learn typewriting. I can do it pretty well now, but nothing has come of it. Sister Sarah got me one piece of work, which was to copy a lot of bad manuscript about local option. I am sure, if I am to do that sort of thing, I shall not like typewriting."

"You shall not do that sort of thing," I replied; "and now let us walk on slowly, while I tell you what I meant by the term 'brother.'"

I was in a whirl of delight. Now I should talk to one who I believed would sympathize with my every thought, who would be in harmony with my outreachings, if she could do no more, and from whom I need expect neither ridicule nor revilings. We walked on, and I laid before her my scheme for the brotherhood of the House of Martha.

I was not mistaken in my anticipation of Sylvia's sympathy. She listened with sparkling eyes, and when I had finished clapped her hands with delight.

"That is one of the best plans that was ever heard of in this world!" she cried. "How different it would make our life at the institution! Of course the brothers would n't live there, but we should see each other, like ordinary people in society, and everything would not be so dreadfully blank; and there is no end to the things which you could do and we cannot do unless we take a

great deal of trouble. The usefulness of your plan seems to have no limits at all. How many brothers do you think we ought to have?"

"I have not considered that point," I said; "at present I know of but one person besides myself who would have the necessary qualifications for the position."

"I suspect," she replied, looking at me with a twinkle of fun in her eye, "that if you had the selection of the other brothers they would be a tame lot."

"Perhaps you are right," I said, and we both broke into a laugh.

"I wish I could tell you," continued Sylvia, "how much I am charmed with your idea of the brotherhood. I have n't enjoyed myself so much for ever so long."

We were now nearing the little house at the bottom of the hill. An idea struck me.

"Who is it you are going to visit?" I asked.

"It is an old man," she said, "who has rheumatism so badly that he cannot move. He has to take his medicine every hour, and his wife is worn out sitting up at night and giving it to him; so Sister Agatha and I were sent to take care of him during the morning, and let the poor old woman get some sleep."

"Very good," observed I; "here is a chance for me to make a beginning in my scheme of brotherhood, and that without asking leave or license of anybody. I will go in with you, and help you nurse the old man."

"I believe you can do it splendidly," said Sylvia, "and now we can see how a brotherhood would work."

We entered a little house which apparently had once been a home good enough for humble dwellers, but which now showed signs of extreme poverty. A man with gray hair and placid pale face was lying on a bed in one corner of the room into which the door opened, and in a chair near by sat an old woman, her head bobbing in an uneasy nap. She roused when we entered, and seemed glad to see us.

"He 's about the same as he was," she said, "and as he 's loike to be with thim little draps of midicine; but if you 're a docther, sir, it ain't for me to be meddlin', and sayin' that one of thim pepper-pod plasters with howles in it would do more good to his poor back than thim draps inside of him."

"Rheumatism is not treated externally so much as it used to be," I answered. "You will find that internal medication will be of much more service in the long run."

"That may be, sir," said she, "but it won't do to make the run too long, considtherin' he has n't been able to do a sthroke of work for four weeks; and if ye 'd ever tried one of thim plasters, sir, ye 'd know they 's as warmin' as sandpaper and salt. But if I kin git a little slape, it will be better for me than any midicine, inside or out."

"That 's what we came to give you," said Sylvia. "Go into the other room and lie down, and you shall not be called until it is time for your dinner."

The woman gave a little shrug, which I imagine was intended to indicate that dinner and dinner time had not much relation to each other in this house, and going into an adjoining room, she was probably soon fast asleep.

"It would be better to begin by giving him his medicine. I know all about it, for I was here yesterday. I forgot to ask his wife when she gave it to him last," said Sylvia, "but we might as well begin fresh at the half-pasts."

She poured out a teaspoonful of a dark draught and administered it to the old man, who opened his mouth and took it calmly.

"He is very quiet and very patient," remarked Sylvia to me in an undertone; and it is quite impossible to describe how delightful it was to have her speak

to me in such a confidential manner. "He does n't talk any," she continued, "and does n't appear to care to have anybody read to him, for when Sister Agatha tried that yesterday he went to sleep; but he likes to have his brow bathed, and I can sit on this side of his bed and do that, while you find another chair and sit on the other side, and tell me more about your plan of brotherhood."

There was no other chair, but I found a box, on which I seated myself, while Sylvia, taking a bottle from her pocket, proceeded to dampen the forehead of the patient with its pleasantly scented contents.

I did not much like to see her doing this, nor did I care to discuss our projects over the body of this rheumatic laborer.

"It strikes me," I began, "that it would be a good idea to put on that bay rum, or cologne, or whatever it is, with a clean paintbrush, or something of the kind. Don't you dislike using your fingers?"

Sylvia laughed. "You have much to learn yet," she said, "before you can be a brother; and now tell me what particular kind of work you think the brothers should do. I hardly think nursing would suit them very well."

I did not answer immediately, and Sylvia's quick mind divined the reason of my reluctance.

"Let us talk in French," she said. "That will not disturb this good man, and he can go to sleep if he likes."

"Très bien," I answered, "parlons nous en français."

"Il sera charmant," said she. "J'aime la belle langue."

The old man turned his head from one of us to the other; all his placidity vanished, and he exclaimed, "Ciel! Voilà les anges l'un et l'autre qui vient parler ma chère langue."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Sylvia, "I thought he was Irish."

The patient now took the business of talking into his own hands, and in his dear language told us his tale of woe. It was a very ordinary tale, and its dolefulness was relieved by the old man's delight at finding people who could talk to him like Christians. One of his woes was that he had not been married to his wife long enough to teach her much French.

"Better," interpolated Sylvia to me, "if we had kept on in English. It would have been much more satisfactory. I expect one of the sisters will be here before very long, and before she comes I wish you would tell me how you are getting on with your book. I have been thinking about it ever and ever so much."

"I am not getting on at all," said I. "Without you there will be no book."

At this Sylvia knit her brows a little and looked disturbed.

"That is not a good way to talk about it, unless, indeed, the book could be made a part of the brotherhood work in some way. The publisher might want a typewritten copy, and if I should make it I should know the end of the story of Tomaso and Lucilla. You know I had almost given up ever knowing what finally happened to those two."

"You shall know it," said I; "we will work together yet. I can think of a dozen ways in which we can do it, and I intend to prove that my brotherhood idea is thoroughly practicable."

"Of course it is," said Sylvia; "is n't this practical?" and she bedewed the patient's brow so liberally that some of the liquid ran into his eyes and made him wink vigorously.

"Merci, mademoiselle," he cried, "mais pas beaucoup, mais pas beaucoup!"

"A capital practical idea has just occurred to me," I said. "Do you think you shall be here to-morrow?"

"I expect to come here," she answered, "for I take a great deal of interest in this old man. Mother Anastasia is still away, and I think that Sister Sarah will send me again, for this is

the kind of work she believes in. She has a very poor opinion of typewriting. But of course a sister will come with me."

"There is one coming to join you now," I said; "I see her gray figure on the top of the hill. As she will not understand matters, and as I do not wish to talk any more about my plans until I am better able to show how they will work, I think it will be well for me to retire; but I shall be here to-morrow morning, and it will suit my plans very well if another sister come with you."

Sylvia turned and looked at the approaching gray figure.

"I think that is Sister Lydia," she said, — "at least I think I recognize her walk, — and so it might be well for you to go. If it were Sister Agatha it would n't matter so much. However, when your plan is all explained and agreed to, it will not make any difference who comes or goes."

"Very true," I answered; "and now I think I will bid you good-morning. Be sure to be here to-morrow."

We shook hands over the prostrate form of the rheumatic Frenchman, who smiled and murmured, "Bien, bien, mes anges," and Sylvia assured me that I might expect her on the morrow.

## XLV.

### I MAKE COFFEE AND GET INTO HOT WATER.

I do not like to do anything which looks in the least underhanded, but I must admit that I left that wretched cottage by the back door, and, taking a path through some woods, made a wide circuit before returning to the village.

As soon as I reached my house I called Walkirk from his writing, and rapidly gave him instructions in regard to the execution of an idea which had come into my mind during my brotherhood labors of the morning. I told him to hasten to the scene of my building operations, and to take all the carpenters, painters, and plasterers he could crowd into a two-horse wagon, and go with them to the house of the invalid Frenchman, from which I knew the sisters would have departed before they should reach it. I promised to join him there, and at the same time that he set out on his errand I hurried to a shop in the village, the owner of which combined the occupations of cabinet-maker and undertaker, and generally kept on hand a small stock of cheap furniture. From this I selected such articles as I thought would be suitable or useful in the small house, which at present contained nothing too good for a bonfire, and ordered them to be sent immediately to the Frenchman's cottage.

I reached this wretched tenement a few minutes before the arrival of Walkirk and the wagonload of mechanics. My understudy had entered heartily into my scheme, and as, by his directions, the men had brought with them everything needed to carry out my plans, in a very short time he and I had set every man to work.

There were carpenters, plasterers, painters, paper-hangers, and a tinner and glazier, and when they learned that I wanted that little house completely renovated in the course of the afternoon, they looked upon the business as a lark and entered into it with great spirit. The astonished wife did not understand what was about to happen, and even when I had explained the matter to her her mind seemed to understand nothing except the fact that the house ought to be cleaned before the painting and paper-hanging began; but there was no time for delays of this sort, and the work went on merrily.

When the wagonful of furniture arrived the woman gave a gasp, for the last time the vehicle had been there it had borne away her previous husband.

But a bureau and tables and a roll of carpet assured her of its different purpose, and she worked with a will in assisting to arrange these articles.

Before dark the work was all done. The rheumatic Frenchman was lying on a shining new bedstead; a box of pepper-pod plasters had been placed in the hands of his delighted wife; a grocery wagon had deposited a load of goods in the kitchen; the mechanics, in gay spirits, had driven away; and Walkirk and I, tired but triumphant, walked home, leaving behind us a magical transformation, a pervading smell of paint and damp wall-paper, and an aged couple as much dazed as pleased with what had happened.

Soon after breakfast the next day I repaired to the bright and tidy cottage, and there I had my reward. Standing near the house, somewhat in the shadow of a good-sized evergreen-tree, which I had ordered transplanted bodily from the woods into the little yard, I beheld Sylvia approaching, and with her a sister with a bandaged face, whom I rightly supposed to be the amiable Sister Agatha.

When the two came within a moderate distance of the cottage they stopped; they looked about them from side to side; and it was plain to see that they imagined they were on the wrong road. Then they walked forward a few steps, stopped again, and finally came running toward the house.

I advanced to meet them.

"Good-morning, sisters," said I.

The two were so much astonished that they did not return my greeting, and for a few moments scarcely noticed me. Then Sylvia turned.

"How in the world," she exclaimed, "did all this happen? It must be the same house."

I smiled, and waved my hand toward the cottage. "This," I said, "is an instance of the way in which the brothers of the House of Martha intend to work."

"And you did this?" cried Sylvia, with radiant eyes.

I explained to the eagerly listening sisters how the transformation had been accomplished, and with a sort of reverent curiosity they approached the house. Sister Agatha's astonishment was even greater than that of Sylvia, for she had long known the wretched place.

"It is a veritable miracle," she said. "See this beautiful white fence, and the gate; it opens on hinges!"

"Be careful," I remarked, as they entered the little yard; "some of the paint may yet be wet, although I told the men to put in as much drying-stuff as possible."

"Actually," ejaculated Sylvia, "a gravel walk up to the house!"

"And the outside a daffodil yellow, with fern-green blinds!" said Sister Agatha.

"And the eaves tipped with geranium red!" cried Sylvia.

"And a real tree on each side of the front door, and new steps!" exclaimed Sister Agatha.

When they entered the house, the amazement and delight of the two sisters were a joy to my soul. They cried out at the carpet on the floor, the paper on the walls, the tables, the chairs, the bureau, the looking-glass, the three framed lithographs on the wall, the clock, and the shining new bedstead on which their patient lay.

"If Mother Anastasia could but see this," observed Sylvia, "she would believe in the brotherhood."

"He sez ye 're angels," said the woman of the house, coming forward, — "that 's what he sez; and he 's roight, too, for with thim pepper-pod plasters, and the shmell of paint in the house, which he hates, he 'll be out-o'-doors in two days, or I 'm much mishtaken."

Sylvia and I now approached the old man to find out what he thought about the state of affairs. He was very grateful, and did not say anything about the

smell of paint; but we found him with a burning desire in his heart which had been fanned into flames by the arrival of the groceries on the day before. He eagerly asked us if we could make coffee. When he was well he could make it himself, but since he had been sick in bed he had not tasted a drop of the beloved liquid. His wife did not drink it, and could not even make it; but as we could speak French, and had sent coffee, he felt sure that we could compound the beverage so dear to the French heart.

"The angels make coffee," he said, in his best patois; "otherwise, what would heaven be?"

Both of the angels declared that the good man should have some coffee without delay, but Sylvia said to me that, although she had not the least idea how to make it, she was quite sure Sister Agatha could do it. However, that sister declared that she knew nothing about coffee, and did not approve of it for sick people; still, if the man did not like the tea his wife made, she would try what she could do.

But this offer was declined. The old man must have his coffee, and as there was no one else to make it I undertook to do it myself. I thought I remembered how coffee was made when I had been camping out, and I went promptly to work. Everybody helped. The old woman ground the berries, Sister Agatha stirred up the fire, and Sylvia broke two eggs in order to get shells enough to clear the liquid.

It was a good while before the coffee was ready, but at last it was made, and in a great bowl Sylvia carried it to our patient. She sat down on one side of the bed to administer the smoking beverage with a spoon, while I sat on the other side and raised the old man's head that he might drink easily. After swallowing the first teaspoonful the patient winked.

"I hope it did not scald his throat," said Sylvia. "Do you know what 'scald' is in French?"

"I cannot remember," I answered. "You might let the next spoonful cool a little." But the patient opened his mouth for more.

"C'est potage," he said, "mais il est bon."

"I am sorry I made soup of it," I observed to Sylvia, "but I am sure it tastes like coffee."

We continued to feed the old man, who absorbed the broth-like drink as fast as it was given to him, until a voice behind me made us both jump.

"Sister Hagar," said the voice, "what does this mean?"

"Goodness, Mother Anastasia!" cried Sylvia, "you made me scald the outside of his throat."

At the foot of the bed stood Mother Anastasia, clad in her severest gray, her brows knit and her lips close pressed.

"Sister Hagar," she repeated, "what is all this?"

I let down the old man's head, and Sylvia, placing the almost empty bowl upon the table, replied serenely: —

"Mr. Vanderley is making a beginning in brotherhood work, — the brotherhood of the House of Martha, you know. I think it will work splendidly. Just look around and see what he has done. He has made this charming cottage out of an old rattletrap house. Everything you see was done in one afternoon, and there are quantities of provisions in the kitchen besides. Sisters alone could never have accomplished this."

Mother Anastasia turned toward me. "I will speak with you outside," she said, and I followed her into the little yard.

As soon as we were far enough from the house to speak without being overheard, she stopped and sternly remarked:

"You are not content with driving me from the life on which I had set my heart back into this mistaken vocation, but you

are determined to make my lot miserable and unhappy. And not mine only, but also the lot of that simple-hearted and unsuspecting girl. I do not see how you can be so selfishly cruel. You are resolved to break her heart, and to do it in the most torturing way. But you shall work her no more harm. I do not now appeal to your honor, to your sense of justice; I simply say that I shall henceforth stand between you and her. What misery may come to her and to me from what you have already done I do not know, but you do no more."

I stood and listened, with the blood boiling within me.

"Marcia Raynor," I said, — "for I shall not call you by that title which you put on and take off as you please, — I here declare to you that I shall never give up Sylvia. If I never speak to her again or see her, I shall not give her up. I make no answer to what you have charged me with, but I say to you that as Sylvia's life and mine cannot be one, as I would have it, I shall live her life even though our lives be ever apart. For the love I bear her, I shall always do the work that she does. But I believe that the time is coming when people wiser than you will see that what I propose to do is a good thing; and the time will come when a man and a woman can labor side by side in good works, and both do better work because they work together. And to Sylvia and to my plan of brotherhood I shall ever be constant. Remember that."

Without a word or change in her expression she left me, went into the house, and closed the door behind her. I did not wish to make a scene which would give rise to injurious gossip, and therefore walked away; and as I did so I turned to look in at the open window, but I did not see Sylvia. I saw only the bandaged face of Sister Agatha looking out at me more mournfully than before.

As I walked rapidly homeward, I said to myself: "Now I declare myself a full brother of the House of Martha. I shall take up its cause and steadfastly work for it, whether they like it or not."

## XLVI.

### GOING BACK FOR A FRIEND.

When I reached home, I found my grandmother and told her everything that had happened. My excitement was so great that it was necessary I should talk to some one, and I felt a pang of regret when I remembered that of late I had not made her my confidante.

However, she listened eagerly and without interrupting me, but as I spoke she shook her head again and again, and when I had finished she said: —

"My dear boy, if you understood the world and the people in it as well as I do, you would know that that sort of thing can never, never work. Before long you and Sylvia would be madly in love with each other, and what would happen then nobody knows. It may be that Mother Anastasia has not fully done her duty in this case, or it may be that she has done too much, and other people may have acted improperly and without due thought and caution; but be this as it may, it is plain enough to see that your poor heart has been dreadfully wrung. I wish I had known before of this brotherhood notion and of what you intended to do, and I should have told you, as I tell you now, that in this world we must accept situations. That is the only way in which we can get along at all. Sylvia Raynor has gone, soul and body, into this Martha house, which is the same as a convent, and to all intents and purposes she is a nun. Now there is no use fighting against that sort of thing. Even if she should consent to climb over the wall and run away with you, I do not believe you would like a wife who would do that,

after all she had vowed and given her solemn word to."

"My dear grandmother," I answered, "all that you say may be true, but it makes no difference to me; I shall always be faithful to Sylvia."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," said she; "still, you must remember this: it may be very well to be faithful, but you must be careful how you show your fidelity. In some respects Mother Anastasia is entirely right, and your faithfulness, if injudiciously shown, may make miserable the life of this young woman."

I sighed, but said nothing. My grandmother looked pityingly upon me.

"I think you can do nothing better than to travel, as you have proposed. Stay away for a year. Dear knows, I do not want to have you stay from me for all that time, but the absence will be for your good. It will influence your life. When you come back you will know yourself better than you can now. Then you will be able to see what you truly ought to do; and I promise you that, if I am alive, I will help you do it."

I took the dear old lady in my arms, and her advice to my heart. I acknowledged to myself that at this juncture the wisest thing, the kindest thing, was to go away. I might not stay away for a year, but I would go.

"Grandmother," I said, "I will do what you advise. But I have something to ask of you. I have vowed that I will be a brother of the House of Martha, and that I will do its work, with or without the consent of the sisters, and with or without their companionship. Now, if I go, will you be my substitute? Will you, so far as you can, aid the sisters in their undertakings, and do what you think I would do if I were here?"

"I cannot change a dilapidated hut into a charming cottage in one afternoon," she answered, placing both hands on my shoulders as she spoke, "but I will do all that I can, and all that you ought to do if you were here. That much I promise."

"Then I will go," I replied, "with a heavy heart, but with an eased conscience."

Walkirk entirely approved of an immediate start upon the journey which I had before planned. I think he feared that if it were postponed any longer I might get some other idea into my head which would work better than the brotherhood scheme, and that our travels might be delayed indefinitely.

But there was a great deal to be done before I could leave home for a long absence, and a week was occupied in arranging my business affairs, and planning for the comfort and pleasure of my grandmother while I should be away. Walkirk engaged the stenographer, and was the greatest possible help to me in every way; but notwithstanding his efforts to relieve me of work, that was a busier week for me than any other in my whole life. This was an advantage, for it kept me from thinking too much of the reason for my hurried journey.

At last the day arrived on which the steamer was to sail, and the generally cool Walkirk actually grew nervous in his efforts to get me ready to start by the early morning train for the city. In these efforts I did not assist him in the least. In fact, had he not been with me, I think I should not have tried to leave home in time to catch the steamer. The more I thought of catching the steamer, the less I cared to do so; the more I thought of leaving home, the less I cared to do so. It was not that I was going away from Sylvia that made me thus reluctant to start. It was because I was going away without taking leave of her; without a word or even a sign from her. I ground my teeth as I thought how I lost the only chance I had to bid her farewell, and to assure her that, no matter what happened, I would be constant to her and to the principles in which we had both come

to believe. I had been too much excited when I last left her in the Frenchman's cottage to think that would be my last chance of seeing her; that thereafter Mother Anastasia would never cease to guard her from my speech or sight. I should have rushed in, caring for nothing. People might have talked, but Sylvia would have known that prohibitions and separations would make no difference in my feeling for her.

And now I was departing without even the slightest trifle which I could cherish as a memento of her. There was a blankness about it all that deadened my soul.

But Walkirk was inexorable. He made every arrangement, even superintending my farewell to my grandmother, and gently but firmly interrupted me as I repeated my entreaties that she would speedily find out something about Sylvia and write to me. At last we were in the carriage, with time enough to reach the station, and Walkirk wiped his brow as would a man who had had a heavy load lifted from his mind.

We had not gone a quarter of the distance when the thought suddenly struck me, Why should I go away without a memento of Sylvia? Why had I not remembered my friend Vespa, the wasp, whose flight around my secretary's room had made the first break in the restrictions which surrounded her, had first shown me a Sylvia in place of a gray-bonneted nun? That dead wasp pinned to a card on the wall of my study was the only thing I possessed in which Sylvia had a share. I must return and get it; I must take it with me.

When I shouted to the coachman to turn, that I must go back to get something, Walkirk was thrown into a fever of anxiety. If we did not catch this train we should lose the steamer. The next train would be three hours later. But his protestations had no effect upon me; I must have Sylvia's wasp, no matter what happened.

Back to the house we dashed, and upstairs I ran. I took down the card to which the wasp was affixed, I found a little box in which to put it, and while I was looking for a rubber band with which to secure the lid a servant came hurriedly into the room with a telegram for me. I tore it open. It was from Miss Laniston, and read thus: "Come to me as soon as you can. Important business."

"Important business!" I ejaculated. "She can have no business with me that does not concern Sylvia. I will go to her instantly." In a few seconds I was in the carriage, shouting to the man to drive as fast as he could.

"Yes, indeed," remarked Walkirk, "you cannot go too fast."

I handed my companion the telegram. He read it blankly.

"It is a pity," he said, "if the business is important. All that can be done now is to telegraph to her that she must write to you in London by the next steamer."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I answered. "I am going to her the instant we reach New York."

Walkirk clenched his hands and looked away. He had no words for this situation.

My feeling was very different. "What a wonderful piece of luck!" I exclaimed. "If we had kept on to the station by this short cut, the telegraph boy, who of course came by the main road, would have missed me, and there would not have been time for him to get back to the station before the train started. How fortunate it was that I went back for that wasp!"

"Wasp!" almost screamed Walkirk, and by the way he looked at me I knew he imagined that I was temporarily insane.

We caught the train, and on the way I explained my allusion to the wasp so far as to assure Walkirk that I was no more crazy than men badly crossed in love are apt to be.

"But are you really going to see Miss Laniston?" he asked.

"I shall be able to drive up there, give her fifteen minutes with five as a margin, and reach the steamer in time. You can go directly to the dock, and attend to the baggage and everything."

My understudy sighed, but he knew it was of no use to make any objections. He did not fail, however, to endeavor to impress upon me the importance of consulting my watch while listening to Miss Laniston's communication.

My plan was carried out; we separated as soon as we reached the city, and in a cab I rattled away to see Miss Laniston.

## XLVII.

### I INTEREST MISS LANISTON.

When I reached Miss Laniston's house that lady was at breakfast, but she did not keep me waiting long.

"Truly," she remarked, as she entered the drawing-room, "you are the most expeditious person I ever knew. I believed that you would come to me, but I did not suppose you would even start as soon as this."

"I had already started when I received your telegram," I said.

"To come here?"

"No, to sail for Europe."

"Well, well!" she exclaimed; "from this moment I shall respect my instincts, a thing I never did before. When I awoke this morning, my first thought was of the message I intended to send to you, and I proposed to attend to it immediately after breakfast; but my hitherto unappreciated instincts hinted to me that no time should be lost, and I called my maid and dispatched the telegram. Moral: Do all the good you can before you get up in the morning. Why are you starting for Europe?"

"I have n't time to tell you," I answered; "in fact, I can remain only a few minutes longer, or I shall lose the steamer. Please tell me your business."

"Is Sylvia the cause of your going away?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Is she the reason of your wishing to see me?"

"Most certainly," she said. "When does your steamer start?"

"At ten o'clock," I replied.

"Oh, bless me," she remarked, glancing at the clock, "you have quite time enough to hear all I have to say; and then if you do not catch the steamer it is your own fault. Sit down, I pray you."

Very reluctantly I took a seat, for at last the spirit of Walkirk had infected me.

"Now," said she, "I will cut my story as short as possible, but you really ought to hear it before you start. I made a visit to Arden on the day after you performed the grand transformation scene in your brotherhood extravaganza. I should have been greatly amused by what was told me of this prank, if I had not seen that it had caused so much trouble. Sylvia was in a wretched way, and in an extremely bad temper. Marcia was almost as miserable, for she was acting the part of an extinguisher not only to Sylvia's hopes and aspirations, but to her own. So far as I could see there was no way out of the doleful dumps into which you seem to have plunged yourself and all parties concerned, but I set to work to try what I could do to straighten out matters; my principal object being, I candidly admit, to enable Marcia Raynor to feel free to give up her position of watch-dog and go to her national college, on which her soul is set. However, to accomplish this I must first do something with Sylvia; but that girl has a conscience like a fence post, and a disposition like a squirrel that skips along the rails. I could do nothing with her. She had sworn to be a sister of the House of Martha for life, and yet she would not consent to act like an out-and-

out sister, and give up all that stuff about typewriting for you, and the other nonsensical notions of co-Marthaism with which you had infected her. She stoutly stuck to it, in spite of all the arguments I could use, that there was no good reason why you and she, as well as the other sisters and some other gentlemen, could not work together in the noble cause of I don't remember what fol-de-rol. Pretty co-Marthas you and she would make!

"Then I tried to induce Marcia to give up her fancies of responsibility and all that, and to leave the girl in the charge of the present Mother Inferior, an elderly woman called Sister Sarah, who in my opinion could be quite as much of a griffin as the case demanded. But she would not listen to me. She had been the cause of her cousin's joining the sisterhood, and now she would not desert her; and she said much about the case requiring not only vigilance, but kindness and counsel, and that sort of thing. Then I went back to the city and tried my hand on Sylvia's mother, but with no success. She is like a stone gatepost and always was, and declared that as Sylvia had entered the institution because Marcia was there, it was the latter's duty to give up everything else, and to throw herself between Sylvia and your mischievous machinations, and to stay there until you were married to somebody and the danger was past."

"Machinations!" I ejaculated. "A most unreasonable person!"

"Perhaps so," said Miss Laniston, "but not a bit more than the rest of you. You are the most unreasonable lot I ever met with. Having failed utterly with the three women, I had some idea of sending for you, and of trying to persuade you to marry some one who is not under the sisterhood's restrictions, and so straighten out this wretched complication; but I knew that you were more obstinate and stiffnecked than any of them, and so concluded to save myself the trouble of reasoning with you."

"A wise decision," I remarked.

"But I could not give up," she continued. "I could not bear the thought that my friend Marcia Raynor should sacrifice herself in this way. I went back to Arden in the hope that something might suggest itself; that a gleam of sense might be shown by one or other of the lunatics in gray, for whose good I was racking my brains. But I found things worse than I had left them. Sylvia had stirred herself into a spirit of combativeness of which no one would have supposed her capable, and had actually endeavored to browbeat her Mother Superior into the belief that a brotherhood annex was not only necessary to the prosperity and success of the House of Martha, but that it was absolutely wicked not to have it. She had gone on in this strain until Marcia had become angry, and then there had been a scene and tears, and much subsequent misery.

"I talked first with one doleful sister, and then with another, with the only result that I became nearly as doleful as they. In my despair I went to Marcia, and urged her to acknowledge herself vanquished, to give up this contest, which would be her ruin, to show herself a true woman and take up the true work of her life. 'Oh, I could n't do it,' she said, and she looked as if she were going to cry, a most unusual thing with her. 'If I went away, to-morrow they would be together, making mud-pies for the children of the poor.' I sprang to my feet. 'Marcia Raynor,' I cried, 'you made this House of Martha! You are the head and the front, the top and the bottom, of it. You are its founder and its autocrat; it lives on your money, for everybody knows that what these sisters make would n't buy their pillboxes; and now, having run it all these years, and having brought yourself and Sylvia to the greatest grief by

it, it is your duty to put an end to it, to abolish it.'

"'Abolish the House of Martha?' she said, with her great eyes blazing at me.

"'Yes,' I said, 'abolish it, destroy it, annihilate it, declare it null, void, dead and gone, utterly extinguished and out of existence. You can do this, and you ought to do it. It is your only way out of the dreadful situation in which you have got yourself and Sylvia. Let the rest of the sisters go to some other institutions, or wherever they like. You and Sylvia will be free, — that is the great point. Now do not hesitate. Stop supplies, dissolve the organization, break up the House of Martha, and do it instantly.'

"She made one step toward me and seized me by the wrist. 'Janet,' she said, 'I will do it.' And she did it that day. At present there is no House of Martha."

I sat and gazed at Miss Laniston without comprehending what I had heard.

"No House of Martha!" I exclaimed.

"That is precisely the state of the case," she answered. "The establishment was dissolved at noon yesterday. As I had had all the trouble of bringing this thing about, I considered that I had a right to tell you of it myself. I thought it would interest me to see how you took it."

I arose to my feet, I stepped toward her; she also arose.

"No House of Martha!" I gasped. "And Sylvia?"

"Sylvia will go home to her mother; she told me so yesterday. I was present at the dissolution. I think she will come to the city this afternoon."

I snatched up my hat. "I must go to her instantly," I said; "I must see her before she reaches her mother. I have lost time already."

"Upon my word," remarked Miss Laniston, "your way of taking it is indeed interesting. Not a word of thanks, not a sign of recognition" —

I was nearly at the door, but now rushed back and seized her hand. "Excuse me," I said, "but you can see for yourself," and with one violent shake I dropped her hand and hurried away.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I can easily see for myself;" and as I left the house I heard her hearty laugh.

I sprang into my cab, ordering the man to drive fast for the railroad station. It mattered not to me whether Walkirk went to Europe or not. All I cared for was to catch the next train that would take me to Arden.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

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## TOWN LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

To an inhabitant of a great city a chapter on town life in Arkansas may seem likely to be almost as concise as the famous one on snakes in Ireland. There is no great city in Arkansas, and only four towns can claim more than ten thousand inhabitants, — Little Rock, Fort Smith, Pine Bluff, and Hot Springs. The largest of these has less than fifty thousand. Nevertheless there is a distinct difference between the life of the town dweller in Arkansas and that of a man in the rural districts. For that matter, there are minor differences among the citizens of towns strongly enough marked to impress a stranger.

The semi-Northern bustle and vigor of Fort Smith, the repose and hospitality of Little Rock, the African din and humor and the tropical aspect of Pine Bluff, have as little likeness one to another as any of them can have to the unique

chaos that we know as Hot Springs. The visitor might imagine the breadth of States between them, only always Southern States. In my fancy, often I relegate them to their proper kindred. Fort Smith is a Georgian town; Little Rock belongs about equally to South Carolina and Virginia; Pine Bluff might have been taken bodily out of Mississippi; Hot Springs — but I have already said Hot Springs can be compared to no town but itself.

Between the denizens of small towns and large, as we reckon size in Arkansas, there is an appreciable line of social demarcation. To speak frankly, the large-town man has in a great measure come into the current of modern civilization. Even when he does not belong to the more educated class, he is a vastly more civilized being than his brother of the same rank in the country or the village. He is more alert, more impressionable, he talks better English, he reads the newspaper, he would like the Arkansas legislature to vote a generous appropriation for the World's Fair. In short, he is of the New South.

Every traveler going south from St. Louis can recall the average Arkansas village in winter. Little strings of houses spread raggedly on both sides of the rails. A few wee shops, that are likely to have a mock rectangle of façade stuck against a triangle of roof, in the manner of children's card houses, parade a draggled stock of haberdashery and groceries. To right or left a mill buzzes, its newness attested by the raw tints of the weather boarding. There is no horizon; there seldom *is* a horizon in Arkansas, — it is cut off by the forest. Pools of water reflect the straight black lines of tree trunks and the crooked lines of bare boughs, while a muddy road winds through the vista. Generally there are a few lean cattle to stare in a dejected fashion at the train, and some fat black swine to root among the sodden grasses. Bales of cotton are piled on the railway platform, and serve as seats for half a dozen listless men in high boots and soft hats. Occasionally, a woman, who has not had the time to brush her hair, calls shrilly to some child who is trying to have pneumonia by sitting on the ground. No one seems to have anything to do, yet every one looks tired, and the passenger in the Pullman wonders how people live in "such a hole."

Two months later the "hole" will have changed into a garden. The great live oaks will wave a glossy foliage of richest green. Men will be ploughing in the fields, and the negroes' song will float through the open car window. The house yards will be abloom with Japan quince and lilacs. The very shop windows will have a dash of fresh color in summer bonnets and piles of new prints. Then the stranger will awake to the charm of the South; and were one to leave the train and to stay in one of these unimpressive towns for a few weeks, he would come to appreciate that charm.

Life in an Arkansas town has some strong points of vantage; though, to be sure, the average villager's civilization is at the cabinet-organ stage. An amazing number of such musical instruments is sold all through the State. First comes the sewing-machine, then the cabinet organ. The ambition of rural mothers is to have their children take music lessons. The Arkansan has a great opinion of an education, and will make many sacrifices to give it to his children. Churches abound in all the small towns. They are, one may say, almost too abundant, since they are often scantily supported; the town that might have one church in peace and comfort keeping two or three in discord and leanness. In consequence the salaries of the clergy are always small, and sometimes pitiful. In justice to the Arkansas layman, however, I ought to say that he is not captious; indeed, he is in general easily

pleased, a willing worker, and, to the limit of his means, a more than willing giver. Nowhere is the cloth more respected. The churches have their own share of the makeshifts of a primitive community. If there are no pews, as sometimes happens, there is a placid borrowing of chairs. One little hill church had no lamps; so the congregation (or, rather, those who remembered it) brought their own lamps to the evening service, and could be seen gathering from afar, a light to the Gentiles, as their steps twinkled over the hills. Such inconveniences are taken in perfect good humor and seriousness. In the same spirit, allowance is made for the habits of the worshipers where they conflict with ecclesiastical decorum. Thus, in a certain church to which an Episcopal clergyman of my acquaintance once ministered, the white wall behind the pulpit was decorated to the right (very amply and blackly) with the pious confidence, THE LORD WILL PROVIDE, and to the left (equally amply and blackly) with the courteous request, PLEASE DO NOT SPIT ON THE FLOOR (!)

Numerically the Methodists are in the van of all the denominations, especially among the negroes, although hard pressed by the Baptists. Of late years the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics have made a marked impression on the African imagination. In Little Rock there is a flourishing colored chapel with a vested choir, and very droll it is to hear one black mite after another plead with the organist, "Please, Miss Susie, cayn't I tote de cross?" Another little African — but this story has nothing to do with the subject; it is simply "thrown in," as it were, to encourage the patient reader — rushed to the house of the rector of Fort Smith and frantically rang the bell until he appeared; then gasped, "Oh, Mist' D——, Miz M——, she 's dead, and she say for you and Miz D—— come over there right straight!"

There is a popular notion that in a small Arkansas town all the women have snuff sticks in their pockets, and the men flourish bowie knives, while any slight difference of opinion is likely to end in somebody's being shot at sight. It may be my lack of enterprise, but in seven years' acquaintance with Arkansas I have never seen a bowie knife. Snuff sticks I cannot remember, for that is in the plural, but I did see one stick that I fancied was a veritable snuff stick, and I know one woman who is suspected of taking snuff. She does not live in a town. It may also be a surprise to many people to learn that there is a law in Arkansas against carrying concealed weapons, and that it is a law frequently enforced. The law may be a futile one, — to the writer's mind it is, — working simply to prevent the law-abiding people from carrying arms that they are not likely in any event to carry, and would not misuse if they should carry them, while the lawless element naturally stuffs its revolvers a little deeper in its pockets and laughs at the constable; the effect of the law, where it has an effect, being simply to disarm the virtuous and leave the vicious armed. But that does not touch the point which I would make, namely, that there is a public sentiment against carrying deadly weapons, strong enough to pass such a law. Practically there is little fighting. The assassination of Clayton gave the State a bad name that it is far from deserving, whatever may be said of the county in which it occurred.

Conway County has the reputation of harboring more of the "tough" element than any other county in the State; how justly is beyond my guessing. But I suspect that were one to go to the wild Conway towns he would find them, like some other towns that I have known under the same reproach, very mild mannered indeed. I have in mind one town which I was told was the "worst and bloodiest town in Arkansas; they no more mind

killing a man there than they do a hog;" and I was assured that nobody could be punished for murder. True, no one has been punished for murder there, — during the last seven years, certainly, no one has been; but then, as no one has been murdered, the ground for reasoning is limited. No doubt bloody fights have been fought in Arkansas towns. I myself know several individuals who have, at some time or other, killed their man. But, if I may trust the papers, there are more murders in the peaceful State of Iowa than in most parts of Arkansas. Certain sections of the State bordering on the Indian Territory, like Fort Smith, get all the surrounding murderers on their dockets, which gives them an unmerited prominence, criminally; and since these cases come before a judge without fear or favor and of uncommon ability, the guilty so generally get their fatal deserts that the public have two doses of the same crime, — first when the crime is committed, secondly when society avenges it; thus producing the impression on a careless reader of two separate outrages. "There 's another shocking murder at Fort Smith," says the reader over his breakfast. "Two Indians hanged! Arkansas must be a lawless State." The murder is probably the same that startled the critic weeks before, and five to one was not committed in Fort Smith or Arkansas at all, but in the Indian Territory.

The only affray of which the writer has personal knowledge in this same desperado town was a fight between two negroes. One of them had worked as house boy for my friends on the plantation. He was employed in a hotel of the town, and the landlady told him that (as she expressed it) "some of his folks" were in the house. Thereupon Don sidled up to me, with a modest grin. Don is a handsome brown boy of twenty, in whose appearance there is nothing to attract attention except a peculiarly gentle, almost timid smile. After the usual amenities had been exchanged, the friends had been inquired about particularly and by name, and I had been instructed to "tell them howdy," which is the salutation of the country, and I in turn had inquired how Don himself was doing, and been informed "mighty well," Don rubbed his hands together and wriggled his shoulders in a manner leading me to infer that the real object of the conversation was now rising to the surface. He asked, "Is you gwine home soon, Miss ——?"

I told him in about two months, at which his face fell.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, nuffin, ma'am. I jes' 'lowed I 'd like hab you take me 'long er you to wait on you."

I was not so flattered by this desire to furnish me with a valet as I might have been had I lived fewer years in the South.

"Well, what have you been doing now, Don?" I asked severely.

He smiled his gentlest, timidest smile; a baby could not look more guileless.

"Colored boy, he jumped on me t' other night, and I *cut* him," simpered Don.

"With a razor, I suppose?"

"Yes 'm."

"Did you kill him?"

"No, ma'am. Doctor reckons he 'll be out soon."

The end of the matter was that I gave Don a little money to pacify the feelings of the cut boy, which was done so successfully that Don's amiable smile was waiting in the same place to greet me when I returned.

I would not mention this trifling incident were it not that it illustrates the negro character. Don felt the same embarrassment over his unsuccessful homicide that one of another race might have felt over a rather rough practical joke at which the victim was unreasonably angry; and at the same time he had

the black man's pathetic confidence in his "folks."

The same combination of absence of moral sense with childlike trustfulness was shown by Albert, another of our valuable boys. One day, in an "all sorts store," he was bragging with a pistol, and was so unlucky as to shoot off part of his thumb, and to be arrested for carrying concealed weapons into the bargain. When they had put him in jail, he spent all his time at the window looking out for some of us to come to town. "Mr. Planter or Miss —— won't let me stay here long, if I git sight on 'em," the poor fellow said. We had to patch up some sort of a compromise with justice out of sheer pity for his faith in us, by virtue of which Albert worked his fine out on the sheriff's farm very comfortably.

All this is not to deny that there is crime, or deplorable failure of justice, or mob violence in Arkansas; but the outrages are irregular, not the customary thing. Really, the lawlessness is largely an imported lawlessness, while the occasional failure of justice is due to the costliness of convictions and the poverty of the State. This was notoriously the fact in the Clayton tragedy. The murderers were known to the grand jury, a member of which assured me that only the utter bareness of the state treasury prevented their conviction; but they had fled the State, and the State was not rich enough to pursue them. A kind of fury of impatience at such a condition of things is at the bottom of much of the summary execution of punishment. Ignorant men, who yet know very well the connection between their own pockets and the taxes, reason: "Why should we spend thirty thousand dollars to give the bloody scoundrel every legal chance to escape his just deserts? Shoot him down and save the money!"

It has been the unhappy fate of the State to be a house of refuge for human failures of all kinds. Desperadoes fleeing from justice or seeking their prey, broken-down adventurers, bankrupts, poverty-stricken movers who have fled before the sheriff, — all have flocked up the river, down the river, across the country, to poor Arkansas. Crime could hide in her trackless forest, and even the "trifling" could scratch a living out of her fertile fields. There was a time when the "land of the bowie knife" did not belie its name, but that time has passed, and in no other part of the country, not in New England, certainly not in the West, can I remember to have met with such a simple reverence for the law as law as one can find in most Arkansas villages. Of the cities I do not speak now; they are under different conditions.

A photograph of a village in Arkansas would not be complete without a view of the village newspaper. The Arkansas country newspaper is a weekly journal full of the humanities. The rural newspaper is always a mirror. But these small Arkansas papers return more truthfully the reflection of their locality because they fill their columns with news from different little villages adjacent that have no paper of their own. The letters are by local correspondents, and are highly natural. The painstaking editor, who is often the printer as well, amends the spelling and corrects the grammar according to his lights (lights sometimes rather dim), and washes his hands of the rest. Thus, on the same page of the paper before me, I find "Swampy's" prediction that "no man can carry the United States for President in 1893 who is not for free silver," and in the very next column behold "D. K." hurrahing for "Cleveland and his silver letter," and shouting, "Let the battle cry be Cleveland, free trade, and honest money!" Some of the expressions sound strangely to an Eastern ear; for example, this from the editor's own muse: "Circuit court was in session, and after a howdy with the affable clerk," etc.

Here is a paragraph describing the

drowning of a boy: "The body was gotten out three or four hours after, and was interred the same day, and has gone to meet the father of long years of suffering, and also some brothers who have gone before. Freddy was a good boy." The same sheet, in an earlier issue, used a striking but friendly frankness regarding the "Widow C——," who had come to town with her cotton. "The widow," says the kindly editor, "is the right type of widow, and moves on with a firm but sure step to the goal. Her son Tommy is a great help to her. Tommy is a good boy and honors his mother, and his days shall be long in the land."

Indeed, every page radiates an intimate friendliness. Has Squire Leens broken his leg, the correspondent condoles, mentioning in warm terms how usefully and nimbly the squire would otherwise employ that imprisoned limb. "Mrs. Rev. Jones," who has "a severe attack of the La Grippe," and Miss Nettie Howard, who "is suffering from a rising in her ear," each has a whole paragraph of sympathy. Numerous jocose though mysterious allusions enable us, if not the editor, to guess why young "Bud Harrington comes over to our town so often these moonlight nights. Nice, driving with one hand moonlight nights, isn't it, Bud? As Shakespeare or some other poet author says, 'There 's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.' That 's so!" In this fashion of pleasantry does the wit of the writers disport itself. Frequently, like Mr. Wegg, they drop into poetry. The rhyme is of a free and generous turn, despising the clogging fetters of metre. I have a specimen before me. A correspondent tells of the death of a "prominent citizen," and expresses sympathy for his widow, concluding: —

> "Oh, may Mrs. Hotchkiss' path be lit
> With consolation from on high;
> And may they all live in righteous ways
> Until they come to die."

Thus on, piously if not poetically, through three stanzas. The editor blesses all the brides and praises all the babies. Not in his columns shall you find the ill-bred sneers of his Northern brother in regard to mothers-in-law. He doffs his hat and bows. Once, at the top of an editorial column, I read, "Our mother-in-law, Mrs. S——, is in town."

The country paper has an atmosphere of good will, whatever else you may find in it; not always delicate, but never malicious. The same atmosphere pervades the people's lives. In one of Miss Wilkins's admirable miniatures she pictures two old maiden sisters who genteelly starve together. One day a prying neighbor comes into their dining-room. They are at tea. Their dainty table belongings, their pitiful fare, are exposed to "Matilda Jenkins's" devouring eyes. "Nothing did they guard so sacredly as the privacy of their meals." The younger sister is overwhelmed, but the elder sister rises to the crisis. "Come into the other room," she says, with stately dignity, and sweeps the prying Matilda before her. Such a scene would be impossible in an Arkansas town. Had the sisters lived in an Arkansas town, and had Matilda Jenkins, let her motive be evil as it might, crossed their threshold at a meal-time, she must inevitably have been bidden to "dror up," "rest her hat on the bed," and "take a bite." But then, in an Arkansas town Matilda Jenkins would not have pried.

To every one his due; we have the virtues of our vices in Arkansas. We may be improvident, we may (though I am not so sure of that) lack sustained energy, we may be hot-headed and unjust, but we are not inquisitive, we are not censorious; we are hospitable and kindly affectioned one to another. And these qualities oil the jarring wheels of daily life. They seem to harmonize with the climate. Perhaps one main reason for our unbounded hospitality is, that in an Arkansas village there is no strain to

keep up appearances. One cannot imagine two Arkansas sisters with one gown in common, like Miss Wilkins's pathetic spinsters, laboriously ripping off the lace and putting on velvet to pass it off on the neighbors as two. No; the Southerner would say, "Ain't it lucky sister's dress fits me?" and with all the neighbors discuss trimming it.

If one of the New Englanders so delicately painted by Miss Wilkins were to have shoes too ragged to mend, she would stay away from the sewing society because she had "laid out to clean the house, and all was done except one room, and she could n't feel comfortable till she got that done" (carefully leaving the room undone to make her words good), or because her head ached, or because of some other equally respectable and valid reason. The Arkansan would — in fact, the Arkansan *did* — push out a small foot in the wreck of a shoe, saying: "Why, yes, ma'am, I 'd like to come best in the world, and I *could* come, but my shoes do look so distressed I 'm ashamed. Reckon you 'll have to excuse me till I git a new pair."

Having nothing to conceal, a guest is made welcome to his host's little as heartily as to his abundance. On the guest's part, he — or especially she — expects to lend a friendly hand at the kitchen stove or at the pump outside. Where in a New England or New York or Pennsylvania town will one find whole families going out to spend the day in homes out of their circle of kindred? But in an Arkansas village it is the commonest thing for "all the Joneses," including the favorite among the Jones dogs and at least two of the Jones horses, to go to spend Sunday with the Smiths; or all the Smiths, from old man Smith to his visiting grandchild, to dine with the Joneses.

Mr. Howells, referring to Miss Wilkins's tales, makes a trenchant criticism. He says: "What our artist has done is to catch the American look of life; so that if her miniatures remain to other ages they shall know just the expression of that vast average of Americans who do the hard work of the country and live narrowly on their small earnings and savings. If there is no gayety in that look, it is because the face of hard work is always sober, and because the consciousness of merciless fortuities and inexorable responsibilities comes early and stays late with our people." Let Mr. Howells except in great measure the Southern workers from his characterization. The face of hard work in the South wears an amiable smile that broadens to a grin where that face is carved in ebony. May not here be the secret of the intangible but potent charm of Southern life?

An Arkansas village cannot be compared, in regard to neat outlines and fresh paint and general prosperity, to a village in New England. But if we are less comfortable, we are vastly more happy, somehow; we have let the sunshine in on poverty! In the South we are not ashamed of being poor; therefore we do not work our brains and our hearts and our consciences to a thread trying to cover up our meagre living. Any one can see it; yes, and any one may share it. Moreover, being less ambitious, we have leisure to enjoy small pleasures, to do small courtesies. Even the "mean man" of an Arkansas village is forced by omnipotent public opinion to be kind. Nobody is too busy to lean over the fence and exchange a good story with a passing neighbor. In the shops, the bargaining always puts on a jocose air of *camaraderie*. "Say, Mr. Trader," says the customer, "cayn't you split this here plaid woolen suit and give me jest a coat and vest?" "No, Billy," answers the shopkeeper, weighing out sugar at the other end of the store. "I 'd like to the best in the world; but them 's plumb new goods, and I could n't nohow. But we got some mighty nice black alpaccy goods; heap more comfortable,

this weather. You lift that box behind you and you 'll see 'em ; take 'em out and look 'em over. If you open the blind over there, you can see better. Shake it a little fust and it 'll come ; it 's got a sort o' stick to it. Thank ye."

Arkansans are social souls, especially Arkansans with black skins. They can spend hours in an "all sorts store" or on a tavern veranda, conversing and expectorating with slow zest in the moment. The bursts of laughter that roll out from such a group do not come from black throats alone ; the Arkansas villager enjoys a joke, and has a good share of the grim Western drollery colored by some more vivid and richer grotesqueness that may be the product of the fervid sun. Western humor has a cynical streak ; good-natured as it is, there is in it a toleration, born not only of large opportunities and a liberal nature, but of low expectations of men, — in fine, the toleration of contempt rather than of charity. But Southwestern humor is broad, rich, and gentle. It is the humor of men who have plenty to eat, not wrested from other men, but taken out of the ground. No doubt the Gallic element in the native Arkansan has done its share in burnishing his wit as well as shaping his manners. So far, the effect of the continually swelling stream of Northern immigration has only been to increase his energy without effacing his genial qualities.

But I neglect the large towns ; yet why not, since all the large towns, notably the most bizarre and picturesque of all Arkansas towns, Hot Springs, have already been described very completely ? And adequately to portray Little Rock, Fort Smith, or Pine Bluff would require a far larger canvas than is mine in this article. The most sharply defined figures in these large towns are the unreconstructed aristocrats, now for the most part of the feminine gender. They are as stanch and as pathetic, poor souls, as Scott's Jacobites, with their locks of hair, and battered swords, and thin old silver, and hoard of bitter or splendid memories. I can foresee some future novelist paying them a half-humorous, half-affectionate respect, when time shall have healed all the scars of war. These mourners over the past always use one plaint whenever anything is praised : "Ah, you should have seen it before the war ! " A story is told of a Little Rock old gentlewoman, who was so constantly bemoaning the contrast of the shabby present with the past that once, when the moonlight was admired by her guest, out of sheer force of habit she sighed, "Yes, ma'am, but oh, you should have seen our moonlight before the war ! "

Gentlemen and gentlewomen are so much the same the world over, however, that one feels grateful even for the minor differences. In the North a gentleman is forced to be a man of the world ; but in the South a gentleman may still remain a provincial. The Southern man of the world is, as all who know him will admit, a charming fellow. He has a manner of the gentlest suavity. Indeed, there is an ornate leisure to his politeness that one does not often perceive in colder and busier climes. His speech is more studied, more decorated, than his Northern brother's ; at the same time it is less artificial than the models of his youth. He is dainty in his toilets, clinging to the black frock coat, and he likes to put himself into full dress. He cares more for society than Northerners of his class, and he is not so careful to conceal his enthusiasms. But he is the most tolerant of men and the most receptive. If back in his soul there are fiery instincts and deeply rooted prejudices of social order and race, an habitual courtesy holds the curtains close. Nevertheless, charming though he be, my heart yearns toward the provincial, whose language slips occasionally into the vernacular, who wears muddy boots, and from whose Southern prejudices and ideals the world has not

brushed the bloom. He is a planter out of the way of railways, helping, pushing, kicking, his tenants into better ways of living; he is a lawyer in a country town; he is a rural banker or merchant; he is a clergyman with a parish large enough to be a diocese; he is a country doctor, the unknown yet valued correspondent of a great medical journal, serving his profession far more successfully than his own fortune, on horseback half his days, and sitting up half his nights to study: but under whatever formal title, he is the same honest gentleman. Rustic and aristocrat in a breath, he has the prejudices of both his orders; so, likewise, he has their virtues, being frank, simple, loyal, and the helper of the helpless. Take him all in all, the Arkansan, with his Italian climate, his wonderful soil and forests and mines, his mixed ancestry, his background of mediæval savagery, and his real awakening to modern forces, is a figure instinct with possibilities.

Do not judge him by the imbecilities of his legislature or the brutal outbreaking of the State's worst and smallest element: the legislator is the representative of the carelessness of the State, not of its real feelings; and the violence affects but an insignificant section. The sense of a country never makes the noise, and there is vastly more sense among rural Arkansans, even on the subject of money legislation, than would appear.

Life in Arkansas is more attractive than any one who does not live in the State will believe. It has elements which all American life would be the better for absorbing. Perhaps I am not making too strong a statement if I say that the North may have quite as much to learn of the South as the South has to learn of the North; and those of us who love both sections with all our hearts please ourselves by dreaming that the light of the North and the sweetness of the South may some day blend like the melody of a tune, — with infinite variations, let us say, but no discords.

*Octave Thanet.*

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## A STUDY OF ANALOGY.

Thirty years ago I contributed to a New York magazine an essay upon analogy. It is a little curious that, so much later in life, my mind should again turn to that subject. Looking over what I then wrote, I find but little in which I can now rest. This paragraph is a favorable specimen of the essay I then wrote: "There is another sight than that of the eye, there is another sunshine than that of the regal day, there is another world than the one we see and feel. There is a love of the spirit as well as of the passions, a pleasure in the intellect as well as in the senses; so there is a higher temperance than concerns this body, a higher digestion and assimilation than goes on here. We are related to the winds and tides, to the morning star and to the solar year, and the same craft runs through all."

This is rather a high flight, but it is true that we make the outward or objective world the symbol of the inward or subjective world. I am not going to maintain that the latter is the reality, and the former only the shadow. Things are before ideas with us. Things indeed afford the moulds in which our ideas are cast. Hence all language is more or less symbolical or metaphorical.

Our daily conversation is full of pictures and parables, or the emblematic use of things. From life looked at as a voy-

age we get the symbolic use of anchor, compass, pole-star, helm, haven; from life considered as a battle we read deep meanings in shield, armor, fencing, captain, the citadel, panic, onset. Life regarded under the figure of husbandry gives us the expressive symbols of seed-time and harvest, planting and watering, tares and brambles, pruning and training, the chaff and the wheat. We talk in parables when we little suspect it. What various applications we make of such words as dregs, gutter, eclipse, satellite, hunger, thirst, kindle, brazen, echo, and hundreds of others! We speak of the reins of government, the sinews of war, the seeds of rebellion, the morning of youth, the evening of age, a flood of emotion, the torch of truth, burning with resentment, the veil of secrecy, the foundations of character, the root of the matter. We say, his spirits drooped, his mind soared, his heart softened, his brow darkened, his reputation was stabbed, he clinched his argument. We say, his course was beset with pitfalls, his efforts were crowned with success, his eloquence was a torrent that carried all before it, and so on.

Burke calls attention to the metaphors that are taken from the sense of taste, as a sour temper, bitter curses, bitter fate; and, on the other hand, a sweet person, a sweet experience, and the like. Other epithets are derived from the sense of touch, as a soft answer, a polished character, a cold reception, a sharp retort, a hard problem; or from the sense of sight, implying light, darkness, and color. All trades, pursuits, occupations, furnish types or symbols for the mind. The word "whitewash" has become a very useful one. Thoreau said he would not be as one who drives a nail into mere lath and plaster. Even the railroad has contributed useful terms, as side-tracked, down brakes, the red flag, etc. Great men are like the through train that connects far-distant points; others are merely local. From the builder we get the effective phrase and idea of scaffolding. So much in the world is mere scaffolding. So much in society is mere varnish and veneer. Life is said to have its "seamy side." The lever and the fulcrum have their supersensuous uses. The chemist with his solvents, precipitations, crystallizations, attractions and repulsions, and the natural philosopher with his statics and dynamics and his correlation of forces, have enlarged our powers of expression. The strata of the geologist furnish a useful type. What a significant symbol is afforded by the wave! There is much in life, in history, and in all nature that is typified by it. We have cold waves and hot waves, and in the spring and fall migrations of the birds we have "bird waves." Earthquake shocks go in waves and circles; how often our views and conceptions of things are expressed by the circle! It is a symbol of most profound meaning. It helps us to understand how the universe is finally inexplicable; that there is neither beginning nor end, and that it retreats forever into itself.

The author of John Inglesant draws this apt illustration from a common game. "Life," he says, "is like a game of cards; you cannot control the cards, but of such as turn up you must make the most." Or this, still more apt: "The election of a new pope is like a change of trumps at a game of cards. All persons and matters remain the same as they were before; yet their realms and relationships are all changed; the aspect of the entire scene is altered."

When Emerson heard Faraday lecture at the Royal Institute, on Diamagnetism, he was so taken with the idea that he declared dia (or cross) magnetism to be a law of the mind as well; every man had a polarity of his own.

But deeper than the symbolical character of language lies the idea of analogy, or real and valid correspondences and agreements between the world within and the world without, and between different

provinces of nature. Such agreements undoubtedly exist. Yet the analogies that "are constant and pervade nature" are not easily enumerated. One can hardly agree with Emerson that there is "intent" of analogy between man's life and the seasons, because the seasons are not a universal fact of the globe, and man's life is. The four seasons are well defined in New England, but not in Ecuador. St. Paul's inference from the seed, that is "not quickened except it die," will not bear close scrutiny, because the seed, if it germinates, does not die; it is absorbed and transformed into the plant as the egg into the chick. If it dies, it rots and never comes up. There might be force in the argument for immortality drawn from the metamorphosis of the grub into the butterfly if the chrysalis really were a shroud and held a dead body. But it is not, any more than an egg is; it is quick, and capable of movement. The analogy between it and the dead body will not hold. Analogy means an agreement of relations or an equality of ratios. When we speak of the body as a tenement and the soul as the tenant, we mean or aver that the relation of the soul to the body is the same as the man to the house he occupies. In either case, the occupant can move out or in, and is entirely distinct from the structure that shelters him. But if we know anything about the relations of the mind and the body, we know they are not like this; we know they are not truthfully expressed in this comparison. Bishop Butler's "analogy from nature," upon which he built his famous work, will not any better bear close examination. What analogy is there between death and sleep or a swoon, — what agreement of ratios? The resemblance is entirely superficial. Or how can we predict another sphere of existence for man because another sphere awaits the unborn infant? But another sphere does not await the unborn infant; only new and different relations to the same physical sphere. An embryo implies a future, but what is there embryonic about the mature man?

Analogy is at best only a staff or an instrument in the hand; it does not clap wings to our shoulders that will carry us to distant spheres. All arguments for a future life based upon analogy, or upon the laws and conditions of existence in this world, have one fatal defect, — they assume the existence of that which they aim to prove. Butler's argument fails here also, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out. The analogy between the laws of this world and those of the future world where we shall be by and by may be real if that future world is real. It is not hard to believe this; what it is hard to believe, or what we want evidence of, is that this future world exists, and of this analogy cannot furnish a shadow of proof. Out of this whirling, seething, bubbling universe of warring and clashing forces man has emerged. How impossible it all seems to reason! Experience alone tells us it is true. Upon the past history of the earth and of the race of man we may predict astonishing changes and transformations for the future of both, because the continuity of cause and effect is not broken, but the perpetuity of the me and the you is not implied. All that is implied is the perpetuity of the sum of physical forces. But as to the future of the individual, of me and you, what can we predicate upon the past or upon the present? Only this: that as we had a beginning we shall have an ending; that as yesterday we were not, so to-morrow we shall not be. A man is like the electric spark that glows and crackles for an instant between two dark, silent, inscrutable eternities. The fluid is not lost, but that tiny bolt has come and gone. Darkness and silence before, darkness and silence after. I do not say this is the summing up of the whole question of immortality. I only mean to say this is where the argument from analogy lands us.

We can argue from the known to the

unknown in a restricted way. We do this in life and in science perpetually. We do not know that the fixed stars have worlds revolving about them, yet the presumption, based upon our own solar system, is that they have. But could we infer other suns, were none visible, from the existence of our own? Could we predict the future of the earth did we not know its past, or read aright its past did we not know its present state? From an arc we can complete a circle. We can read the big in the little. The motion of a top throws light upon the motion of the earth. An ingenious mind finds types everywhere, but real analogies are not so easily pointed out.

Nearly all writers and speakers give currency more or less to false or fanciful analogies: men of classical minds and training, like Matthew Arnold, to very few; florid and vehement writers, like Ruskin, to many more. In writing or speaking, we employ metaphors and comparisons to amuse or to convince, to kindle the fancy or to influence the judgment, to light up an old truth or to enforce a new one. The poet aims to give us pleasure, and we allow him great liberties. The philosopher aims to give us truth, and we hold him to a stricter account; his figures must not tell lies. Thus when Schopenhauer says "riches are like sea water; the more you drink the thirstier you become," the mind is instantly pleased by the force and aptness of the comparison, and for the moment we look upon riches as something to be avoided. But is the analogy entirely true? Sea water is to be avoided altogether, even a single mouthful of it, but even Schopenhauer defends riches and the pursuit of riches. "People are often reproached for wishing for money above all things, and for loving it more than anything else; but it is natural and even inevitable for people to love that which, like an unwearied Proteus, is always ready to turn itself into whatever object their wandering wishes or manifold desires may for the moment fix upon." Here the comparison will bear closer looking into. Wealth is indeed a Proteus that will take any form your fancy may choose. "Other things are only relatively good," the great pessimist further says: "money alone is absolutely good, because it is not only a concrete satisfaction of one need in particular; it is an abstract satisfaction of all." What then becomes of its analogy to sea water, which so mocks and inflames our thirst? Even the resemblance in the one particular that Schopenhauer had in mind is not true. To the great majority of people wealth brings a degree of satisfaction; they give over its pursuit, and seek the enjoyment of it. When a man embarks in the race for wealth, he is unflagging in seeking it as long as his cup of life is full; but when the limits of his powers are reached, he soon loses interest; he takes in sail, and the appetite for gold, as for other things, declines.

When the same philosopher says that to measure a man's happiness only by what he gets, and not also by what he expects to get, is as futile as to try to express a fraction which shall have a numerator, but no denominator, he uses a figure that conveys the truth much more fully. It may be open to the objection of being too technical, but it expresses a real relation for all that. When you increase your expectations you increase your denominator; and as most men expect or want more than they have, human happiness is nearly always a fraction, — rarely is it a whole number. With many it is a very small fraction indeed. Blessed is he who expects little. The man who expects ten and realizes five is more to be envied than he who expects a thousand and realizes fifty. He is nearer the sum of his wishes. Hence the truth of the old saying that it is our wants that make us poor. When a piece of good fortune

that he did not expect comes to a man, his happiness or satisfaction is no longer a fraction ; it is more than a unit.

Quintilian says the early blossom of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement, but the early works of a man or youth are just as much a fruit as his later ones. There is really no analogy between the early works of an author and the blossoms of a tree. The dreams, the visions, the aspirations, of youth are more like blossoms. Probably no great man has been without them, but how they wither and fall, and how much more sober the aspect which life puts on before any solid achievements can be pointed to! There is usually something more fresh and pristine about the earlier works of a man, — more buoyancy, more unction, more of the "fluid and attaching character;" but the ripest wisdom always goes with age.

There are, no doubt, many strict and striking analogies between the mind and the body, their growth and decay, their health and disease, their assimilative, digestive, and reproductive processes. "The mind of Otho," says Tacitus, "was not, like his body, soft and effeminate." There are minds that are best described by the word masculine, and others by the word feminine. There are dull, slow, sluggish minds just as there are heavy, sluggish bodies, and the two usually go together. There are dry, lean, spare minds, and there are minds full of unction and juice. We even use the phrase "mental dyspepsia," but the analogy here implied is probably purely fanciful, though mental dissipation, mental intemperance, are no idle words. Some people acquire the same craze for highly exciting and stimulating mental food that others have for strong drink, or for peppers and condiments. They lose their taste for simple, natural, healthful things, — for good sound literature, and crave sensational novels and the Sunday newspaper. Doubtless a large part of the reading of the American people to-day is sheer mental dissipation, and is directed by an abnormal craving for mental excitement. There is degeneration in the physical world, and there is degeneration, strictly so called, in the intellectual world. There are proportion, relation, cause and effect, health and disease, in one as in the other. Logic is but the natural relation of parts as we see them in the organic world. In fact, logic is but health and proportion. The mind cannot fly any more than the body can; it progresses from one fact or consideration to another, step by step, though often, or perhaps generally, we are not conscious of the fact. A large view or glance of truth may be suddenly revealed to it, as of the landscape from a hilltop; but it did not fly to the vantage ground; it reached it by a slow and may be obscure process. The world is simpler than we think. The modes and processes of things widely dissimilar are more apt to be identical than we suspect. There are homologies where we see apparent contradiction. There is but one protoplasm for animal and vegetable. A little more or less heat makes the gaseous, makes the liquid, makes the solid. The lava crystallizes or freezes at a high temperature, water at a low one, mercury at a still lower. Charcoal and the diamond are one. The same law of gravitation which makes the clouds float makes the rain fall. The law that spheres a tear spheres a globe. These facts warrant us in looking for real homologies, vital correspondences, in nature. Only such correspondences give logical and scientific value to analogy. If the likeness means identity of law, or is the same principle in another disguise, then is it an instrument of truth. We might expect many analogies between air and water, as we do, the atmosphere being but a finer ocean; also between ice and water, and between ice and the stratified rocks. If water flows, then will ice flow; if ice bends, then will the rocky strata bend.

If cross-fertilization is good in the vegetable world, we should expect to find it good in the animal. There is thought to be a strict analogy between the succession of plants in different months of the year and the prevalence of different diseases at different seasons. The germ theory of disease gives force to the comparison. The different species of germs no doubt find some periods of the year more favorable to their development than others. If on this planet men walk about while trees are rooted to the ground, we may reasonably expect that the same is true on all other planets. If variation and the survival of the fittest are the law of one species, then they will prove to be the law of all. The bud is a kind of seed, the fruit is a kind of leaf. High culture has the same effect upon man and animals that it has upon plants, — it lessens the powers of reproduction. The lowest organisms multiply by myriads; the higher barely keep from retrograding. A wild apple is full of seeds; in a choice pippin the seeds are largely abortive. Indeed, all weeds and parasites seem bent on filling the world with their progeny, while the higher forms fall off and tend to extinction. Such agreements and correspondences point to identity of law. The analogy is vital.

In the animal economy there are analogies with outward nature. Thus respiration is a kind of combustion. Life itself is a kind of fire, which goes out when it has no fuel to feed on. The foliage of a tree has functions like those of the lungs of an animal. Darwin has noted the sleep of plants and their diurnal motions. Dr. Holmes has a bold fancy that trees are animals, with their tails in the air and their heads in the ground; but there is nothing in the trunk and branches of a tree analogous to a tail, though there is a sort of rudimentary intelligence in the root, as Darwin has shown. We use the tree as a symbol of the branching of a family, — hence the family tree. But the analogy is not a true one. The branches of a family multiply and diverge when traced backward the same as forward. You had two parents, they had four, they had eight, and so on. If the human race sprang from one pair, then are its branchings more a kind of network, an endless multiplication of meshes. All the past appears to centre in you, and all the future to spring from you. We get the family tree only by cutting out a fragment of this network.

There is little doubt that certain natural laws pervade alike both mind and matter. The law of evolution is universally operative, and is the key to development in the moral and intellectual world no less than in the physical. We are probably, in all our thoughts and purposes, much more under the dominion of universal natural laws than we suspect. The will reaches but a little way. I have no doubt that the race of man bears a definite relation to the life of the globe, — that is, to its age, its store of vitality; that it will culminate as the vital power of the earth culminates, and decline as it declines. Like man, the earth has had its youth, — its nebulous, fiery, molten youth; then its turbulent, luxuriant, copious, riotous middle period; then its placid, temperate, ripe later age, when the higher forms emerge upon the scene. The analogy is deep and radical. The vital energy of the globe was once much more rampant and overflowing than it is now; the time will come when the pulse of the planet will be much feebler than it is now. Youth and age, then growth and decay, are universal conditions. The heavens themselves shall wax old as doth a garment. Life and death are universal conditions, and to fancy a place where death is not is to fancy one's self entirely outside of this universe and of all possible universes.

Men in communities and assemblages are under laws that do not reach or affect the single individual, just as vast

bodies of water respond to attractions and planetary perturbations that do not affect the lesser bodies. Men kindle one another as do firebrands, and beget a collective heat and enthusiasm that tyrannize over the individual purpose and will. We say things are in the air, that a spirit is abroad; that is, that influences are at work above the wills and below the consciousness of the people. There are changes or movements in the world and in communities that seem strictly analogous to drifting; it is as when a ship is carried out of its course by unsuspected currents, or as when arctic explorers, with their faces set northward, are unconsciously carried in the opposite direction by the ice floe beneath them. The spirit of the age, or the time-spirit, is always at work, and takes us with it, whether we know it or not. For instance, the whole religious world is now drifting away from the old theology, and drifting faster than we suspect. Certain zealots have their faces very strongly set against it, but, like Commodore Perry on the ice floe, they are going south faster than their efforts are carrying them north. Indeed, the whole sentiment of the race is moving into a more genial theological climate, although it is away from purgatorial fires rather than toward them. The political sentiment of a country also drifts. That of our own may be said to have been drifting for some time now in the direction of freer commercial intercourse with other nations.

A man's life may stagnate as literally as water may stagnate, and just as motion and direction are the remedy for one, so purpose and activity are the remedy for the other. Movement is the condition of life, any way. Set the currents going in the air, in the water, in the body, in the mind, in the community, and a healthier condition will follow. Change, diversity, activity, are the prime conditions of life and health everywhere. People with doubts and perplexities about life go to work to ameliorate some of its conditions, and their doubts and perplexities vanish, not because the problems are solved, as they think they are, but because their energies have found an outlet, the currents have been set going. Persons of strong will have few doubts and uncertainties. They do not solve the problems, but they break the spell of their enchantment. Nothing relieves and ventilates the mind like a resolution.

A true work of art is analogous to a living organism. "The essential condition of art creations," says Renan, "is to form a living system every portion of which answers and demands every other. . . . The intimate laws of life, of the development of organic products, and of the toning down of shades must be considered at every step." Works like certain of Victor Hugo's, which have no organic unity and proportion, are, according to this dictum, monstrosities. When Matthew Arnold insisted upon it that in all vital prose there is a process of evolution, he enunciated the same principle as Renan. We all know well that which is organic in books as distinguished from the inorganic, the vital as distinguished from the mechanical. Read the learned address of the president of some local scientific or literary society, and then turn to one of Professor Huxley's trenchant papers. The difference is just that between weapons in an armory and weapons in the hands of trained soldiers. Huxley's will and purpose, or his personality, pervade and vitalize his material and make it his own, while the learned president sustains only an accidental and mechanical relation to what he has to say. Happy is the writer who can lop off or cut out from his page everything to which he sustains only a secondary and mechanical relation. It would be easy to show, I think, that Arnold erred in denying to Emerson the meed of a great writer because of the disjointed character of Emerson's

sentences. The sentences themselves are vital. No man's work was ever more a real and valid outcome of his mind and character than was that of Emerson. In his books we feel ourselves in contact with a person, and not merely with a faculty.

The summing up of the matter would then seem to be that there is an analogy of rhetoric and an analogy of science; a likeness that is momentary and accidental, giving rise to metaphor and parable, and a correspondence that is fundamental, arising from the universality of law.

*John Burroughs.*

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## AN INNOCENT LIFE.

It was a warm October afternoon. The rich light rested caressingly on the earth, and the village street and the fields and woodlands behind the houses added their own beauty to that of the sweet radiance from the heavens.

Mary Gardner stood at her gateway. She was an elderly woman. She wore a gray woolen gown and had a Quaker kerchief pinned across her breast. Her muslin cap was tied with narrow white ribbons under her chin. That chin was firm and round as a girl's. Her features were straight and delicate, and her brow had a calm and gentle expression. There was just now a wistful look in her gray heavy-lidded eyes.

A young girl came out of the small brown house in the yard and walked to the gate. "It 's half an hour since the train whistled," said she.

Mary Gardner sighed. "I 'm afraid he has n't come. I don't know whatever we shall do, Rebecca."

"I suppose," said Rebecca, "I 'd better milk the cow and feed Jack myself."

"Yes," replied the mother.

The two women went toward the barn, an old unpainted structure. They passed a wagon-shop on the way. The door stood open, and revealed the bench, the tools, an anvil, and a half-finished wagon within. Rebecca shut the door and locked it.

"How lonesome it seems!" observed Mary.

Rebecca was like her mother, but was taller, and her cheeks were pink and her eyes dark. She looked serene and unworldly.

The cow stood in her stall. Rebecca had driven her up from the meadow an hour before. Mary fed the horse while the girl milked. The light meanwhile grew yellower and more mysterious. By the time the two women entered the house heavy shadows had crept into the corners of the rooms.

Rebecca poured the milk into shallow pans.

"I 'll make thee a good cup of tea, mother."

Mary Gardner sat down by a little table close to the window that gave a view of the street. Rebecca came and turned up her mother's face, and saw tears upon her cheeks.

"Now," she said, "don't thee cry. Father 's all right. They won't keep him in the court room all night. Luke Robbins told me this afternoon that when a jury was kept all night they took 'em to a hotel. Think of father's going to a hotel! I dare say he 'll like it."

"No, he won't," sobbed Mary Gardner simply. "Father 's such a home body. He was born in the room he sleeps in now. He 's never slept out of this house in all his life. He never wanted to go from home. I 've often heard his mother tell how, when he was about fifteen, he drove his sister Sally and Martha

Lowe, a visiting Friend from England, over to his uncle Jonathan's, in the Mowry neighborhood, to Quarterly Meeting, and they all calculated to stay two or three days. But toward night his mother heard the gate open, and she run to the window, and there was Roger comin' up the yard. He 'd left the horse and carryall with them, and he 'd walked home by the Loasquissett road, crossing the river in a rowboat. He pretended he 'd come because he thought mother Gardner 'd be lonesome ; but she knew it was just because he was such a home body. And it tickled her lots. She used to say she never felt more desirous to please Friends at Quarterly Meeting times than she did that night to make something real tasty for that boy's supper. He never even wanted to go to Yearly Meeting. At first I was afraid he had n't the concerns of the Society at heart, but I 've got through thinking that. It 's the way he 's made. I 've left him once or twice, but I never see night come on in this house without his bein' somewheres within call."

Her voice died away in a little quaver. Rebecca felt depressed. Both women, indeed, were really suffering from the strangeness of their situation, alone in Roger Gardner's home without Roger Gardner there.

They sat thus forlorn in the kitchen when a rap sounded at the door.

"It 's Luke Robbins, mother," said Rebecca a few moments later, when she returned from ushering the visitor into the sitting-room and lighting the lamp therein.

"Thee go in," said Mary. "I don't feel like seeing any one."

But Rebecca faced her mother, with a laugh in her girlish eyes.

"If thee does n't come in," she declared, "I shall stay here with thee."

Mary sighed, and went into the other room with her daughter. Luke Robbins, a swarthy, middle-aged Quaker with a smoothly shaven face, greeted her awkwardly. Rebecca seated herself and folded her hands. The talk languished a little till a neighbor came in, whom Mary took out to the pantry to see her new-made jellies, and Luke was left alone with Rebecca, who dared not flee again.

He stared at the floor and his mouth worked ; then he moved his chair toward the girl.

"Rebecca."

She started nervously. This man was almost the only influence which had yet entered her young life which could disturb its serenity. Her susceptibility to irritation from his presence revealed in her a more sensitive and less poised nature than her calm appearance usually implied.

"Rebecca," he said again.

"Now don't speak in that way," she answered. "I don't like it."

"It 's the only way I can speak," he retorted boldly, "when I tell thee what is borne in on my mind. I want to marry thee. And I believe the Lord means I shall marry thee, soon or late."

She sprang to her feet, and pushed her chair before her like a barricade between them.

"Well, I don't mean to marry thee, no matter what thee believes, Luke Robbins," she cried impetuously, "and I know I should hate it worse than anything else in the world!"

He came toward her, but she ran out to the kitchen. He could not follow her and meet the older women there, but he said in low tones which pursued her, "I shall wait, Rebecca."

When Mary and her friend came back, he was so decorous and composed in manner that they thought the girl's sudden rush, which they had noticed, must have been caused solely because she had heard her kitten mew at the back door and wished to let it into the house. Luke took his leave speedily, so they had no time to wonder why she did not return with the kitten in her arms.

Roger Gardner had been obliged that day to go to the county town of Preston to serve on the jury. It was a murder case, but as there was no capital punishment in that State Roger's Quaker principles did not prevent his serving. Still, he found everything connected with the service extremely repugnant, — the crowded court room, the odors, the jokes, the brutalized faces.

One of his companions on the jury, a wiry, town-bred man, nudged him occasionally and tried to impart worldly information to him; but Roger shook his head at last, and said, "Thy speech does not seem to me of a gravity befitting the occasion," and so silenced him.

Roger's face during most of the day was a subject from which to make a study of bewildered simplicity. Innocent as a child or a woman may be, yet no human countenance is so capable of expressing a pathetic, and in one sense beautiful, lack of intelligence in the presence of the larger and worse life of the world as is the face of an old man whose instincts and experience have kept him unsullied and ignorant and childlike. Men are so much less analytic than women that they have to know more of evil than women do in order to comprehend its significance.

For a long time Roger felt stupefied; but finally a sort of intellectual concentration came into his look. His half-opened mouth shut tightly. The lines about his eyes sharpened. His very nostrils seemed more clearly cut. The flesh upon his cheeks acquired a firmer modeling.

The prisoner had drawn a deep sigh, and the sadness of the sound had roused the old man to a tardy recognition of the fact that it was his duty to listen to the evidence. The prisoner was a dull-faced negro who, when drunk, had murdered a woman. There was no doubt about the deed, — only a question as to the man's responsibility in doing it. Roger began to feel how pitiful it all was. He grew absorbed, and scarcely noted the waning of the afternoon light.

The jury were unable to agree at once, and so it came about that in due time Roger was led to the hotel to pass the night. Ignorant of city customs, uneasy with his fellow-jurors, afraid of gas, alarmed by the table-waiter, the sob in his throat prevented his eating any supper.

The next day dawned in clear, bright beauty. Mary Gardner went about her tasks with an expectant feeling. Toward noon she heard the click of the gate-latch. She was ironing, but she set her flat-iron down on the towel she was smoothing and ran to the door. Roger came up the path, his blue eyes shining mildly. He had a brown, refined face. He held out his hand to his wife.

"Oh," she cried, "thee does n't know how I have missed thee!"

He kissed her rather sedately. "Well," he said, "it looks real natural here. I don't never want to go away again."

"Thee 's such a home body," replied Mary admiringly.

Then he told his story, — how lonesome he had felt, how he had got up from bed twice to make sure he had turned off the gas, how his room-mate had snored.

Rebecca hung over him fondly.

"I declare," he said, "thy mother and I lived together without a child nigh twenty year, but I think almost as much of thee as of her, now thee 's here, Rebecca."

"We cried last night," observed she, in a tone that showed she thought those tears quite creditable to the family. "And see," she added, "how mother put down the iron and scorched the towel, when she heard thee coming."

Roger examined the burnt spot; then he turned to his laughing daughter. "If mother don't look out," he remarked, smiling, "she 'll grow to be as shiftless as her aunt Asenath Mowry."

"Oh, I know!" cried Rebecca gleefully. "She was the silly one that cut up a new shirt to mend two old ones, and said it made them 'most as good as new."

"Yes," said Roger, "and it was she that cut up a sheet to make a night-cap."

"Now do be still. Ain't you ashamed?" said Mary Gardner; but as she spoke she smiled contentedly, and folded the burnt towel and put it away with the whole ones.

The neighbors came in to see Roger. Everybody liked him, and the men had always thought Mary beautiful, though the women said of her "they did n't know which surprised them most, — the sense she showed when you did n't expect it, or her foolishness when you thought she 'd be sensible."

Nearly all the men had been to war or had traveled on peaceful errands. They had been wont to consider themselves superior to Roger because of their wider experience, and had regarded his home-keeping habits with kindly laughter and rough but friendly contempt. Now it suddenly seemed that there must be something very wonderful in the thoughts of this man who had just passed a night away from home for the first time in a life of more than sixty years. They were eager to know what those thoughts might be.

"What do you think of our courts?" they asked.

"It 's all a confusion," he said, "with the idle men an' boys a-sittin' round. They 're learning nothing but evil ways. They hear how the prisoner got caught robbing and murdering, and they get ideas how to do such things themselves and not get found out. They look like hungry animals waitin' their turn to be fed."

Mary Gardner got up, and, as she crossed the room, touched Roger softly on the sleeve of his coat. She had an indefinite feeling that his experiences had removed him from her, and she wanted the vague comfort of his touch to assure herself that he still belonged to her.

"You convicted the prisoner, did n't you?" asked some one.

The old man's face clouded. "He 's behind the bars," he said. "It 's all a muddle to me. The ways of men are as hard to understand as the ways of God sometimes. I don't see as a man 's more likely to grow good in a jail than in a good home. He never had the home, — the testimony showed that, — so now they 're tryin' the jail on him."

The sunshine streamed in through the western windows of the sitting-room. There were no pictures on the walls, but the ceiling was low and the room did not look bare. Mary and Rebecca had made the bright-colored rugs strewn over the carpeted floor. They called them "mats." A fire burned in a small open stove. Rebecca shuddered trying to think what a cell in a jail was like.

After supper Roger and Mary strolled out into the field beyond their garden. Roger had purchased this land some years before. It had been a part of the farm which his ancestors had held, but it had fallen to other heirs, and he had bought it from a distant relative.

Near the line between this field and his house lot Roger had set out a row of apple-trees. One of these trees was laden with apples. Some had fallen on the grass. The old husband and wife picked them up and munched them, and chattered together like a pair of barn swallows.

"Luke Robbins was here last evenin'," observed she.

"I don't know about Luke," said he. "He 'd want to take her to his place. I hope Rebecca 'll marry somebody so she can live with us, and we 'll keep another cow."

That night Roger was taken ill. It was the old story, — a short, hard fight, and then an apparent improvement.

"Come to bed," he called, the third

night. "Don't set up, Mary. I'll rest easier to know thee 's restin'."

She lay down beside him, and listened to his breathing for an hour; then she fell asleep, woke with a start, put out her hand, touched him, sat up, and gave a wild cry.

Rebecca came running into the room. Roger lay perfectly still. She bent over him, picked up his heavy hands and rubbed them. Mary Gardner got out of bed, and leaned against the bedpost.

"Oh, mother," cried the girl, her young voice shrill with entreaty, "why don't thee do something for father?"

Then Mary spoke in a low tone: "I never can do anything for him again so long 's I live."

The day of the funeral came. People assembled, and talked in hushed whispers.

"I wonder if he 's left 'em comfortably off," they said. "Rebecca 's a pretty smart girl, anyhow. I guess they 'll get along."

The harmless gossip was soon ended. It was a Quaker funeral. Two or three of the women wore Quaker bonnets. The men were mostly villagers and farmers. Their necks and wrists looked very brown beside their white linen. They had rough beards hanging from their chins. They had gentle, honest eyes. The undertaker, with his black kid gloves, did not seem in harmony with the homely nature of the scene.

When all were seated, a solemn stillness pervaded the house. It was just like a meeting in the meeting-house.

The minutes crawled. The rooms grew warm and close. Rebecca heard her own heart beat. The clock on the shelf struck twelve, and as it finished one in the kitchen began, like an echo; and after that, faint, far-off pealings came to Rebecca's ears. The bells in distant factories were ringing. The world, in its noonday hurry, repeated the sounds within that house of death. Into Rebecca's mind came the memory of her father's description of the court room, the confusion and the wrong in the city; and still the far-off bells rang, and did not suggest sweet, homelike ceremonies as did the clocks that had ceased their striking. The girl felt vaguely that there was some mysterious relation between her soul and this strange outer world, and she grew afraid of the thought. Death seemed easier than life to her slowly awakening nature. "Father, father!" she cried in her heart.

Luke Robbins sat by the window. His heavy black brows were drawn over his half-closed eyes, and his mouth worked continually.

At last he stood up. "I am reminded," he began, "of the flight of Time." His voice rose into a wild chant. "We are passing," he sang, "with the hours into eternity. They call our spirits onward where the dear departed one has gone before us. Prepare, prepare ye your hearts, for the bridegroom cometh, and whither he will carry us no man knoweth, nor the hour thereof."

His head drooped forward as he preached. His eyes were but a black gleam between his long eyelashes. He held the corners of his mouth together, but opened it wide in the centre, and hurled his words forth from the orifice with increasing energy. Once he paused, shut his lips and smacked them as if the spiritual flavor of his words were good. As he became more excited he shut his eyes entirely, and then he lifted his head, like one unabashed, and his whole gaunt frame rocked with the force with which his voice rushed from him.

"And for the loved ones left behind," he chanted, "we pray thee, O God. We commend them to thy tender mercy, O Lord, — the dear wife and the dear daughter."

Rebecca moved in her seat. His tones had, on her disturbed spirit, the terrifying effect of a stormy wind. It

was a solace to her when silence fell again upon the assembly.

Then a Quaker-clad woman began to preach. She had a sweet, caressing voice, full of such tender intonations that even when she spoke of "the enemy that goeth about like a lion seeking whom he may devour" it sounded as if she were musically uttering a lullaby. Tears came gently to Rebecca's eyes. "Father, father," she said yet again in her heart, but with a quiet confidence now that, wherever he had gone, he had not forgotten his child.

But Mary Gardner was not content, for the preacher whom she most longed to hear sat silent through all the services.

"I thought," she said quite piteously, that evening, "that the Spirit would surely move Joseph Wayland to-day."

Her lips trembled, but she said no more, since she knew she must not blame the Spirit for not moving, and it was useless to complain of Friend Wayland himself in such a matter.

She was very quiet. Rebecca slept with her. The next day she took part in all the work necessary to put the house back in its accustomed order. Toward evening, however, she sat down, and did not speak for a full hour. Then when Rebecca brought in the lamp she fell to weeping violently.

"I 'm just as unreconciled as I can be," she sobbed. "I want to see him so much."

The winter passed slowly. Rebecca had one interest, — a friendship, growing constantly closer, with Miss Esther Williams, the middle-aged daughter of a minister. Miss Williams was highly educated, and she gave the girl books to read, and helped to develop her mind and character.

The March winds blew at last over an earth that, tremulous with the expectation of spring, seemed surprised by their rude violence.

Mary Gardner and Rebecca sat peacefully sewing by the windows of their sitting-room. They were turning sheets, and heaps of snowy cloth lay around them.

A buggy stopped at the gate, and two men alighted. One was short, red-faced, and elderly. The other was tall, fair-haired, young, and comely. The short man carried a small leather bag.

"I do believe," said Rebecca, "that 's Lawyer Stimpson from Preston. What does thee suppose he 's come here for?"

The Quaker widow raised her calm eyes. "Oh," replied she, "it 's something about land. I had a letter last week. Go let them in."

She did not put away her sewing as Rebecca ushered in the strangers, but when the men were seated the girl piled the sheets up compactly.

Mr. Stimpson introduced himself, and then presented his companion as "Mr. Arnold, Mr. Hugh Arnold, who has come with me in the interests of his father."

Mr. Hugh blushed slightly and looked at his boots, while the lawyer stated their business.

Rebecca listened intently. She knew, as all the village knew, that the land lying south of their field had come into the possession of one Frederick Arnold, of Boston, and that he proposed to build on it a great country house. Indeed, work on the estate was already begun. Now she heard that this Mr. Arnold put forth a claim to the strip which her father had purchased years before, on the ground that some woman's right of dower in it had never been signed away, and so the title of the man who sold it to her father had been defective. She did not understand clearly all the details about minor heirs and feminine rights, and she looked at her mother, who sewed steadily all the time Mr. Stimpson talked.

Hugh raised his eyes once or twice and let their glances rest on the girl. He thought he had never seen a human face so like that of the Venus of Milo.

"My client does not wish," said Mr. Stimpson, "to take any advantage of you, Mrs. Gardner; but he feels it best for all parties concerned that this affair should be definitely arranged now, and he also very much desires to incorporate this field in his estate, to make his lawn square. I am therefore instructed to lay the matter before you, and ask you what lawyer I shall consult on your behalf."

Mary Gardner handed her needle to Rebecca. "Please thread it for me, daughter," she said; then she turned her mild face toward the lawyer. Her white hair shone under the edge of her cap. "I don't see," she continued, "that there is any need to talk with a lawyer. I think Rebecca and I can fix everything. I suppose, of course, thee is speaking the exact truth?"

"Indeed" — began Mr. Stimpson; but Hugh broke in: —

"You may rely on our having told you the absolute truth, Mrs. Gardner."

"I am empowered," said Mr. Stimpson, "to offer you a certain sum of money, if you will cede your claim to the land; but I should prefer to negotiate this part of the business with your lawyer."

"I don't want any lawyer," replied Mary. "Thee and this young man have both assured me thee has told me the facts, and what more could any other man do? My husband," she added, "bought the land of Timothy Brayton, and I understand that he had no right to sell it."

"Yes," said Mr. Stimpson, amazed into brevity.

"And this money," continued the widow, "which Frederick Arnold offers me does not come from Timothy Brayton, to whom my husband paid money?"

"Oh, no," replied the lawyer, with the little chuckle which he held to be the due of successful knavery. "Not a bit of it. You ought to get it out of Timothy, but Mr. Arnold knows that would be hard work, and he wishes to make you some recompense."

"It 's only fair!" cried Hugh hotly. "Indeed, I think we ought to buy the land of you, just as if you were the real owners."

The lawyer threw the young fellow a quick, disapproving glance.

"Well," said Mary Gardner, "I don't know what thee and thy father ought to do, but I know that my daughter and I cannot possibly sell what we don't own. That would be doing what Timothy Brayton did. So we can't take any money from thy father. I suppose there will be papers to sign saying we give up the land. Are they ready?"

Mr. Stimpson exclaimed. Hugh protested. Rebecca said nothing, but sat with her hands folded in her lap, looking as if the word "money" meant nothing to her. The unworldliness of the two women baffled the men. Mary was immovable in her decision.

Hugh flatly refused to conclude the business that day, and he and Mr. Stimpson took their leave.

"I never felt so much like a thief in my life," he said, when he and the lawyer were driving back to Preston. "Good heavens, what does give anybody a title to possess some of God's earth, if goodness and simplicity and all the qualities God's children ought to have don't do it?"

Mr. Stimpson looked at the lad carelessly. "She 's a mighty pretty girl," he remarked; but Hugh took no notice of the insinuation, and went on vehemently: —

"If there 's one thing I 'm thankful for, it is that I 'm not a lawyer like you. I would n't spend my life poking about among musty old papers till I got muddled into thinking there was nothing sacred in the world but property. *Property!* — I believe it 's the biggest sham that was ever invented to fool mankind with."

"Look here, young man," said Mr.

Stimpson good-naturedly. "The trouble with you is, you 've got such a lot of money you don't in the least know what it would be to try to scrape along in this world without it, and so you don't value it."

"It 's just because I 've seen so much of real poverty," continued Hugh, "that I think in our notions of property there 's something wrong which has caused all the misery in the world." For Mr. Hugh had for some time past employed his leisure hours among the poor of large cities, and his curly head buzzed with ideas on the subject of their relief.

Mr. Stimpson laughed. "Oh, you 've *seen* poverty," he said; "that ain't the same as feeling it. I 've *felt* it. And I tell you, it would let more daylight into your brain in twenty-four hours than you 're likely to get in a lifetime of ease, if you could be where I 've been, and not know — really not know at all — where your next meal was coming from, and know very well all the time that not a human being, except your mother, may be, cared one straw whether you ever had a next meal. That gives you a sense of the lonesomeness of life; and if ever you were in such a scrape and got out of it, as I did, and got hold of some property, and felt how *solid* it was, I don't believe you 'd ever talk any more about its being a *sham*. You 'd know how good it is to have some."

Hugh looked at the older man curiously. "But what about the people," he suggested, "who never get out of such a scrape as you describe, and who never can get out of it as long as you and I hold on to our notions that property is sacred?"

"I don't know that there are any such people," replied the lawyer, raising his voice a little and growing a trifle redder. "I got out of it. I guess they could if they tried hard enough."

All sorts of ideas rushed through the lad's mind, but he decided it would do no good to talk to this man about the influence of heredity, environment, and economic institutions in keeping some people in hopeless poverty. Besides, he was not yet quite certain what he did think about the rights of wealth and the laws of economy, so he refrained from throwing out any more rash remarks, but inwardly reiterated the resolve, which was daily growing stronger within, that he would never cease trying to see what was real and what was artificial in the laws and customs that made up the social fabric of his day. And after a little silent thought upon this subject, the face of Rebecca Gardner rose again upon his mental vision, while he drove over the stony country road, lined with bare bushes, whose boughs were beginning to redden with the promise of the springtime.

Meanwhile Mary and Rebecca sat idle at home, and watched a golden glory come into the western sky. They did not feel like sewing any more. Mary picked some stray threads off her gown and rolled them up in little balls. As the sun sank below the horizon, she said, a sob breaking through her sweet, trembling voice: —

"Rebecca, it seems so lonesome to do things without thy father. I wish I could go wherever he is."

A year and more rolled away. It was May in New England, and the odorous earth offered itself to the inspection of the sky without fear lest any blemish should be found on its beauty.

Rebecca was in the garden cutting dandelions and delicate shepherd's grass for greens. She gathered some young leaves from the currant bushes to increase her store. A yellow-breasted bird bobbed his little black head on a shrub near her. Soft, sweet noises filled the air.

Rebecca wore a faded blue gingham dress. Her eyes glowed. Mary Gardner came slowly along the path.

"How finely the rhubarb grows!" she said.

No woman ever loved her garden and all the green things growing in it more than Mary Gardner did. She looked across to the fields which men were busy transforming into a park for Mr. Arnold.

"They say," said she, "that Frederick Arnold means to have the grass cut every week. It 's a dreadful waste of hay to do that."

"I suppose," replied Rebecca, "that he thinks it 's prettier, but I like the tall waving grass."

"Yes, that 's beautiful," observed her mother, "and it 's sinful to spoil good hay land like that."

She walked on to the boundary line, where a low stone fence had been placed. "I 'm very thankful," she thought, "that Frederick Arnold has n't cut down these apple-trees."

She reached out her hand and softly touched a bough of the tree whose fruit she and Roger had eaten together.

Meanwhile Hugh Arnold entered the garden and went to a little bench where Rebecca had seated herself to pick over her dandelions. The young girl greeted him shyly. She had not seen him often. She had heard strange stories of his work among the destitute dwellers in the city, the queerly rendered village gossip about the half-comprehended interests and pursuits of different modes of life.

He began to help her select the dandelions that were fit to use.

"Thee 'll stain thy fingers."

He laughed. Such staining in such company seemed a pleasant diversion on a bright spring morning. She felt pleased and happy, but when she next spoke there was something abrupt and bashful in her manner.

"I 've heard," she said, "that thee is interested in very poor people. Is it true?"

"Yes, I guess so," he answered.

"Does thee ever go to the jail in Preston?"

"No, I have never been there."

"Oh, I thought may be thee had."

She shook the refuse leaves from her lap, and appeared about to fall into an obstinate silence.

"Why did you ask?" said he. "I can go there. Can I do anything for you?"

"There 's a negro there," she replied. "My father was on the jury. They had to convict him, but I know it troubled father, — and then father died. I 've always wanted to do something for that negro, but I did n't know how. I want to send him a book."

Hugh's heart beat a little more quickly than usual. Rebecca was very beautiful at that moment.

"I 'll find out about the man, and take him anything you want to send," he said.

"It is very good in thee," she answered, and their young eyes met.

It was three or four weeks later when Rebecca next saw Hugh. She and her mother stood in the yard beside a rose-bush whose vinelike branches clambered over a small pear-tree. Rebecca's hands were full of pink roses. Hugh came into the yard bringing a bunch of large white field daisies.

"You cannot take my daisies?" asked he, looking at her laden hands.

"Mother will take them," answered Rebecca, but Mary Gardner smiled.

"No," she said. "Give me thy roses. I don't like the white weed."

"Why?" exclaimed Hugh. "See how beautiful it is!"

The old Quaker woman's face was in its way as fair as the daisies, and her hair was as white as their petals. "I can't see any prettiness in it," she persisted. "It 's a great torment to farmers, — a very troublesome weed. These roses are pretty," and she took them from Rebecca and carried them into the house.

Hugh handed his flowers rather awkwardly to the girl, who, turning toward

his father's lawn, began hurriedly to talk about that.

"I never saw such a fine place," she remarked, "except once when I went to Yearly Meeting and saw the houses at Newport."

"Yearly Meeting?" he repeated, in a puzzled tone. "What 's that? Oh, I remember! It 's something about the Quakers, is n't it?"

She did not answer. She felt suddenly that his life and hers were very far apart. He scarcely knew what Yearly Meeting was. Her heart sank, but his voice roused her attention. He told her that he had carried her book to the jail, and that he had had a long talk with the negro. He explained to her some plans he had begun to make about the man's future, although all the possibilities of that future were restricted within the compass of prison walls. He had a deep, sweet voice. She listened with a growing sense of large and liberal elements in life.

Mary Gardner came to the door and called: —

"Rebecca, I see Luke Robbins coming up the road. I want to send some preserve to his mother. Will thee come and get it?"

Hugh saw Rebecca give a sort of shuddering start. He put out his hand impulsively and held her as she moved away.

"Wait a minute," he said, — "just a minute. I want to tell you something. I am going to Europe for a few weeks. Don't forget me while I 'm gone."

She looked at him with parted lips, on which the very breath was hushed, and for one silent moment he returned her gaze; then her mother's voice sounded with a more impatient note in it than usual: —

"Rebecca, is thee coming?"

Without a word more the young creatures drifted apart, as if Mary Gardner's call were endowed with the force to move them in opposite directions.

As Hugh left the yard he met the Quaker preacher coming in, his sombre black eyes bent upon the ground.

"I must cut a pretty figure in her eyes," thought Hugh, striding off rapidly, "helping my father gouge her out of her land first, and then bringing her daisies by way of recompense, and philanthropic moonshine for entertainment."

The summer glided by. A pathetic expression came into Rebecca's eyes which modified the Greek calmness of her beauty.

The stone walls of the Arnold house were rising. Members of the Arnold family came to board in the village and watch the building. The ladies wore white gowns in the morning, and marvelously tinted ones in the evening. The village folk wondered at their ways, at their maid and men servants, their horses and odd carriages. Mary Gardner disapproved of everything in connection with the family.

"I don't think Hugh is quite in unity with the way his family lives," Rebecca ventured timidly to say, one day when the young man had been included in her mother's condemnation of the luxurious, idle life which his mother and sisters seemed to the Quaker woman to live.

"How does thee know what he is in unity with?" retorted Mary, with that unexpected shrewdness she sometimes showed, and Rebecca was dumb.

Luke Robbins came constantly to the cottage now. For a long time after Rebecca had refused to marry him he had stayed away, and she thought he had given her up; but it was quite evident that he had only been biding his time, and with a sinking heart the girl recognized the fact that he thought his time had now come. She was afraid of his persistency. She feared lest she should yield to it in some hour of weakness. His fanatical fancy that the Lord intended her to marry him had the terrifying effect upon her nerves of a half-credited ghost story.

Mary Gardner looked at the matter more rationally.

"If thee can make her like thee, Luke," she said to him, "that will be enough leading for her. I would n't talk to her about the Lord's will. Girls sometimes get set against the Lord's will; they like their own better."

But Mary was more able to advise Luke how to act his part wisely than to act her own with discretion. She praised Luke to Rebecca as constantly as she criticised the Arnolds. Luke had a farm. He led a simple, godly life, such as she could appreciate. She liked his pursuits. His grass fulfilled its destiny and grew into hay. His barns were odorous with its scent. He rooted up his daisies. She saw the good results of his labor, and she valued them, not because of the money they brought him, but because she believed that the raising of crops and cattle was an acceptable service to God and very useful to man.

One September afternoon Rebecca was walking in the country, a mile behind the village. Oak and chestnut trees and clumps of walnuts were scattered about the fields which she crossed. The wind was rising. Clouds hurried over the sky. There was a strange light and a stranger darkness on the earth. Rebecca's skirts impeded her movements. The branches over her head swayed. She heard the crash of a falling tree. Thoroughly alarmed, she sped on toward a clear space in the field. The wind now carried her forward, but so violently that when she reached open ground she dropped, and lay at full length on the earth, letting the gale blow over her.

Crash after crash resounded in the thickets and from different parts of the adjacent hillocks and hollows. She grew afraid she had not gone far enough from the nearest trees when she dropped. She tried to drag herself forward without rising. She dared not rise. Suddenly she became conscious that she was in the centre of some catastrophe. The air was full of noise; then she knew not whether she had heard or felt anything, till she found herself still on the ground, unhurt, but surrounded and covered by the branches and leaves of a fallen tree.

By and by the wind died into silence. She raised herself on her elbow and peered up through the gaps in her leafy prison. There were clouds in the upper sky, but yellow shining sunbeams shot straight down beneath the dark masses toward the western horizon.

Rebecca could move a little, but she could not get out. She felt weak, and lay still for a long while, and what she thought in that hour she never fully told. By and by her ears caught the sound of the wild, sweet cries of some birds whose refuges had been destroyed by the storm. She began to wonder what would become of her as night drew on.

She struggled and called. No one answered, and the sun went rapidly on its way toward the mystic boundary of night. At last she heard the sound of footsteps, of some one breaking through branches and climbing over barriers. A shout answered her own.

She recognized Luke's voice, and for an instant she did not call again. She knew that she was on his land, and concluded that he had come out to see what damage the storm had done.

After a moment's hesitation, she decided that she would much rather be rescued by him than not be rescued at all, and she boldly cried, "Luke, Luke, come here!"

He had an axe, and he soon cut an opening in the branches; but when she saw his gloomy black eyes looking down through the foliage at her she almost wished she had not let him find her.

He helped her with a hand that trembled.

"What an escape thee has had!" he said.

They walked along together. She

furtively arranged her disordered gown. She felt faint, and could hardly stagger. Once he tried to take her in his arms and carry her over a very rough pile of branches and stones, but she would not let him, and stumbled on.

"Thee is not kind, Rebecca," he said, and his voice choked.

She had never felt any tenderness in his love before, and this exhibition unnerved her.

"Yes, I am, I am," she cried, "but I can't bear everything!"

Her softened mood only roused him, and when they reached her mother's gate he seized her hands and stooped to kiss her. She sprang backward, but his lips grazed her cheek.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, and, wrenching her hands free, she pushed him violently away.

"Luke Robbins is a good man," said Mary Gardner that night, after she had got the girl to bed. "I 'm very thankful it was he that found thee."

Rebecca made no answer, but when her mother had gone she arose, and walked up and down the room for an hour.

The next day she went again to walk, and this time she met Hugh Arnold face to face. He had arrived only that morning. He was clad in a white flannel tennis suit. His little cap was pushed back on his shapely head. His eyes sparkled when he saw Rebecca. His yellow hair was damp, and it lay on his forehead just long enough to curl there. Certainly he was a goodly vision to appear before a young girl's eyes, as he came along the narrow country road, with leafy boughs above his head and goldenrod growing where his feet were treading, while a flock of quails rustled away in the nearest wooded field.

In after days Rebecca remembered that her mother began about this time to manifest a slight mental wavering. She was not exactly abstracted, or nervous, or wandering, but there was a greater uncertainty than ever before in the operations of her simple mind.

There came a moonlighted evening in October. Rebecca went to see her friend, the minister's daughter. Mary sat by the window. The moon rose in the heavens, and clouds followed and sought to conceal her. The earth shone like silver and faded dully with the variations of light, till at last all was radiance and peace above and below. Mary's face, close to the window pane, showed a spirit-like but aged beauty. She looked at the row of apple-trees, and remembered the sunset hour when she and her husband had walked together beneath them. Her lips lost their fine curves in a pitiful tremulous movement.

"I want to go out there, — I want to go out there," she whispered faintly, and with the habitual feminine feeling that to go out-of-doors alone at night would be to attempt a revolt against nature.

The leaves of the trees shimmered. The boughs swayed as if with a soft, sensuous consciousness of the atmosphere.

"I guess Roger 'd think I was pretty foolish," she said at last; but she rose, put on her shawl and overshoes, went out into the shining, unearthly-looking garden, and walked straight on past her currant bushes to the dividing wall. Some chrysanthemums blossomed by the fence. Their crisp petals scintillated before her eyes. The young apple-trees held up their branches vigorously.

She leaned on the wall and looked over into the field. An unwonted feeling of pain and bitterness crept into her heart. For the first time she felt that she had been defrauded. But it was not the property she regretted; it was the right to walk under those trees as she and Roger had walked.

Some apples lay on the sere grass. They looked just like those that she and he had eaten together that last

evening. She climbed over the fence, gathered up the fruit in her apron, and then, climbing back, fled to her own house.

She laid the apples side by side on the window sill, and, panting a little, sat down and gazed at them.

"I guess I 'll eat one," she murmured. "'T would seem like old times. No, 't would n't neither! He ain't here to eat 'em with me. Oh, dear, I wish 't I knew what he 's a-doing of now. It seems as if he 'd find an apple like these real tasty, wherever he is."

She took one up and bit a little piece; then quickly put it down.

"Oh my," she said, "what be I doing of? That ain't my apple nor Roger's. It 's Frederick Arnold's."

She stood up, old and daft and trembling. "I 've stole 'em!" she cried. "Oh, dear, I did n't s'pose I 'd turn into a thief at my time of life."

She took the bitten apple and turned it in her fingers. Some accustomed religious phrases came to her bewildered mind.

"I 've tasted the fruits of unrighteousness," she murmured.

She hastily put on her shawl again, but forgot her overshoes. She gathered the apples into her apron as into a nest, putting each one in softly except the bitten one, which she carried in one hand, while she grasped the folds of her apron with the other.

She crossed the garden once more, but she felt too weak to climb the fence again, and she leaned over and very gently dropped the apples on the grassy ground. Last of all she let the bitten one fall beside the others.

Then suddenly she began to feel as if there had been something silly in her conduct, but she smiled resolutely in the moonlight.

"I 'm kinder glad," she said, "I had the grit to bring 'em back."

She retraced her steps, with head erect, but as she neared the house she heard voices. She went around the corner, and, standing on the damp turf behind a big syringa bush, she saw Rebecca and Hugh Arnold come up the path. They stopped so near her that she could distinguish the words they spoke.

"No, no," Rebecca was saying; "mother would be worried all the time if I promised to marry thee. She can't understand any way of life being good that is n't just like what she and father led. She does n't see what else anybody can want to make him happy."

He took her face between his hands and turned it up to his. Mary could see both their countenances in profile.

"Oh, but, my darling," said he, "it is n't just for happiness I want you. It 's for sorrow too, — to help me, and show me how to help other people."

"Perhaps I could n't do it, after all," replied Rebecca earnestly. "I 've lived just such a life as mother has. If I tried to go out of it, I might be troubled too, and not sure of — anything. Quakers don't change easily. I feel as if I was made of wood or stone, and perhaps I could n't change enough."

"You don't love me!" he exclaimed, cutting in with the masculine propensity to find swift and simple solution for emotional perplexities. "You 'll marry Luke Robbins yet."

He flung himself away. She let him go till he reached the garden gate; then she sprang after him.

"Hugh, Hugh!" she cried.

He turned, of course, and took her in his arms.

"You must love me," he said.

She did not try to escape from him, but still she repeated the words, "It would worry mother."

Mary Gardner crept away from the low sound of their impassioned voices, and dragged herself, like one sorely stricken, into the house.

"I don't see," she said to herself, "how I could stand it to have her kitin' round like those Arnold girls."

The next day the old woman tried in vain to rise. She smiled feebly at her daughter. "I 'm tired," she whispered. "I guess I won't get up again."

She never did, but she lived a week or two longer. Rebecca's heart was full and her face very white during these days.

Luke Robbins came as others did to inquire and proffer service. Rebecca let him go to the door and look in upon the peaceful, beautiful woman lying still as an infant on her bed.

"Rebecca," he said, as he stood on the doorstep, about to go away, "I feel like a son to her."

"Thee is kind, Luke," said the girl gravely, but in her heart the old protest spoke, and she thought, "but thee shall never be her son."

He pushed his lips forward and knitted his brows. Before he could speak again Rebecca glided back into the house and left him alone.

One morning Mary Gardner lay for a long time, occasionally uttering words that indicated prayer. At last she beckoned to Rebecca, who bent over her.

"Rebecca," she whispered, "is thy heart set on Hugh Arnold?"

A slow flush on Rebecca's cheek answered the question, and silence fell between the mother and daughter, till Mary asked, "Is he coming here to-day?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Well," rejoined Mary, smiling quite brightly, "get me my best cap and straighten the bedspread, and when he comes bring him in here, and thee go into the kitchen and finish making that quince jelly thee began yesterday."

When, a little later, Hugh Arnold sat by Mary Gardner's bed, she gazed at him seriously.

"Is thee a good young man?" she asked quietly.

He colored and stammered; then, stirred by a reverent instinct, he said quite simply, "I want to be one."

"I don't know," she said earnestly. "Thy ways are so different from my husband's, I can't tell. Would thee be patient with Rebecca if she did n't like all thy ways? It 's hard for a man to be patient."

He bowed his head. "I love her," he answered. It seemed the only thing fitting to say in this unworldly woman's presence.

She smiled contentedly. "Call her in," she said. Then, as he started to do so, she put out her thin hand and feebly detained him. "I think," she whispered, "it would make Rebecca happy if she could always have a garden of her own."

Hugh looked at her and wondered. "She shall have what she wants," he said gently. He could not decide whether Mary's mind had gone astray in this last moment, or whether this speech of hers about a garden really represented her inadequate conception of all possible difference between what she called "her ways" and the many forces and interests which constituted his own sphere in the world. As he pondered upon the dying woman's words, there came to him an unformed thought of the story of that garden where peace and happiness should have dwelt while the foundations of the earth endured, and at the same moment the joy of the Psalmist was revealed to him; and he went to find Rebecca, slowly repeating to himself the old thanksgiving utterance, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

Mary had fallen asleep by the time Rebecca entered the room. She and Hugh sat down together, hand in hand, and watched. The clocks ticked and struck. The faint sound of distant factory bells came once more from the outer world, calling to the girl. She kept her moistened eyes fixed on her mother's face, but she leaned the while on her lover's shoulder and listened to the message of the bells.

Toward night Mary Gardner opened her eyes. A sweet, happy light filled them. Rebecca knelt and kissed her mother's fingers.

"I see thy father," whispered Mary; and after that she spoke no more, but her innocent life faded with the sunshine.

*Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*

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## THE QUEST OF A CUP.

One day at the beginning of our century, Washington Irving, then browsing on the Parnassus grass of England, bethought him of paying a visit to Eastcheap, that home of princely jest and Falstaffian revelry; and he afterwards set down in delectably humorous English the story of his attendant search for the old Boar's Head Tavern. The history of that famous inn exists in little, and may be told while the hourglass runs a measure of sand such as Queen Mab might hold upon her palm. When it was built no chronicle relates, but of a certainty it was burned in the Great Fire of 1666. Its successor of the same name, sought out by Goldsmith, who dreamed there of Mrs. Quickly, in the naïve and delightful belief that he was sitting beneath the original roof-tree, had also gone the way of the dead-and-alive who creep too far into a new century. Unfortunately, the old Boar stood in the pathway of progress, and his tenement was first absorbed by shops, and then swept away altogether in 1831, to make way for the approaches to new London Bridge. Now, the site of his former glory is indicated in one meagre line from Baedeker, which incidentally informs the expectant tourist that he will find the monument erected to King William IV. "at the point where King William Street, Gracechurch Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street converge; on a site once occupied by Falstaff's Boar's Head Tavern." To be thus minimized, thus dragged in under the shadow of a mere inheritor of crowns, — is it not enough to make fat Jack flash out a lightning-sharp gibe from his limbo, and send some colossal eulogy of self hurtling back into our empty day?

Goldsmith's vision in the tavern rebuilt after the fire deserves remembrance as one of those performances in which greatness in the *dramatis personæ* does away with the necessity for correct scene-setting.

"Here," he says, "by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honored by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth, wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life whilst it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. . . . The watchman had gone twelve. My companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers. I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages. But my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do, and though he said nothing, yet was not silent. One good joke followed another good joke, and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and

his conversation operate by degrees. He insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilted into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a farthingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation. The tavern, the apartment, and the table continued as before. Nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking seemed converted into sack and sugar.

"'My dear Mrs. Quickly,' cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), 'I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs? — brave and hearty, I hope?'"

There was little left for Irving, the pioneer of England-loving Americans, but an hour of musing over past mirth, and a fruitful gossip (oh that some crafty and unscrupulous listener could have written us down its story!) with a worthy woman, self-constituted historian of the region, and like Mrs. Quickly in being "a poor widow of Eastcheap." She it was who suggested that, although he had necessarily failed in looking upon the tavern, he might find a picture of it at St. Michael's Church, Crooked Lane. Now, not only had the back window of the inn looked out upon St. Michael's churchyard, but the inn itself had passed into the hands of the church; the revenues of Bacchus thus reverting to the Establishment. Nothing, therefore, could be more natural than that St. Michael's should preserve the counterfeit presentment of its useful ward. But, though Irving betook himself there without delay, no such relic was forthcoming. Countless were the tombs of fishmongers therein, for St. Michael's was near neighbor to Billingsgate. There also were treasured the ashes of William Walworth, the doughty knight, most intrepid of lord mayors, who smote Wat Tyler at Smithfield. In the little graveyard adjoining the church stood the tombstone of honest Robert Preston, drawer of renown, doubtless the successor of that Francis who had the immortal honor of serving Prince Hal and Falstaff, — cold comfort all, when the prime jewel of Eastcheap was lacking. The sexton, however, perceiving Irving's disappointment, and reverencing, as English sextons will, the spirit of the loving antiquary, proposed a descent upon the Mason's Arms, at No. 12 Miles Lane. This was the tavern where St. Michael's vestry held its meetings, as it once had held them at the Boar's Head, departed. Here, too, were deposited its vessels, formerly guarded by the trusty Boar. What he saw there, let Irving himself relate: —

"The old sexton had taken the landlady aside, and, with an air of profound importance, imparted to her my errand. Dame Honeyball was a likely, plump, bustling little woman, and no bad substitute for that paragon of hostesses, Dame Quickly. She seemed delighted with an opportunity to oblige; and, hurrying upstairs to the archives of her house, where the precious vessels of the parish club were deposited, she returned, smiling and courtesying, with them in her hands.

"The first she presented me was a japanned iron tobacco-box of gigantic size, out of which, I was told, the vestry had smoked at their stated meetings since time immemorial; and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands, or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence; but what was my delight at beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! There was displayed the outside of the Boar's Head Tavern, and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group, at table,

in full revel; pictured with that wonderful fidelity and force with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes for the benefit of posterity. Lest, however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottoms of their chairs.

"On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that this box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern, and that it was 'repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767.' Such is a faithful description of this august and venerable relic, and I question whether the learned Scriblerus contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long-sought Sangreal, with more exultation.

"While I was meditating on it with enraptured gaze, Dame Honeyball, who was highly gratified by the interest it excited, put in my hands a drinking-cup, or goblet, which also belonged to the vestry, and was descended from the old Boar's Head. It bore the inscription of having been the gift of Francis Wythers, knight, and was held, she told me, in exceeding great value, being considered very 'antyke.'

"The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry by modern church-wardens at first puzzled me; but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research, for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical 'parcel-gilt goblet' on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly, and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract."

There the search rested so far as Irving was concerned, and he genially remarks, at the close of his paper, that he leaves all this as a rich mine to be worked out by future commentators. "Nor do I despair," he adds, "of seeing the tobacco-box and the 'parcel-gilt goblet' which I have thus brought to light the subject of future engravings, and almost as fruitful of voluminous dissertations and disputes as the shield of Achilles or the far-famed Portland Vase."

The story of his pilgrimage has, for the mind imbued with romance, a peculiar charm. For my own part, I have never for an instant doubted that the goblet which he identified, with the precision of genius, was actually Mrs. Quickly's, and that goblet I had long resolved to seek, should fortune take me to England.

"Came a day," as Aurora Leigh elliptically declares, when, on the top of an omnibus, with a faithful gossip, I crossed the Styx of Holborn and Cheapside to that land still peopled by illustrious ghosts, still decked in brave raiment of names that dazzle the eye and stir the blood. Though ancient landmarks have been effaced by hurrying feet, intent on that meat which is less than life, Eastcheap is to-day enchanted ground, and its tavern a Mecca of the mind. The very names in the neighborhood are redolent of good cheer. Bread Street, Fish Street Hill, and Pudding Lane each stands pointing a sad finger to the merry past when, as Lydgate, the rhyming monk, relates, it was a city of cooks' shops. Lydgate's period was that of Henrys IV. and V., and his London Lackpenny has the ring of good and olden cheer.

"Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe;
One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;
There was harpe, pype and mynstrelsye."

High revelry was held in Eastcheap in the time of Henry IV., but, according to Stow, that most delightful of antiquaries, who in the face of manifold discouragements added riches untold to the treasury of English history, no tav-

erns then existed. No man interfered with another's specialty. "The Cooks dressed Meat and sold no Wine; and the Taverner sold Wine and dressed no Meat for Sale."

"This Eastcheap," continues he, "is now a Flesh-Market of Butchers, there dwelling on both sides of the Street; it had sometime also Cooks mixed amongst the Butchers, and such other as sold Victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time, when Friends did meet, and were disposed to be merry, they went not to dine and sup in Taverns, (for they dressed not Meats to be sold) but to the Cooks, where they called for Meat what they liked, which they always found ready dressed, and at a reasonable rate."

Eastcheap in fact was very near the river, that great highway of London, upon which fish, flesh, and wine were brought to the bank's side. Of that strip of land immediately south, and between Eastcheap and the river, a twelfth-century folio has suggestive mention, thus quoted by Stow: —

"In London, upon the River side, between the Wine in Ships, and the Wine to be sold in Taverns, is a common Cookery or Cooks Row; where daily, for the Season of the Year, Men might have Meat, roast, sod, or fryed; Fish, Flesh, Fowls, fit for Rich and Poor.

"If any come suddenly to any Citizen from afar, weary, and not willing to tarry till the Meat be bought and dressed; while the Servant bringeth Water for his Master's Hands, and fetcheth Bread, he shall have immediately (from the River side) all Viands whatsoever he desireth. What Multitude soever, either of Soldiers or Strangers, do come to the City; whatsoever Hour, Day or Night, according to their Pleasures, may refresh themselves. And they which delight in Delicateness, may be satisfied with as delicate Dishes there, as may be found elsewhere. And this Cooks Row is very necessary to the City: And according to Plato and Gorgias, Next to Physick, is the Office of Cooks, as Part of a City."

It was in Eastcheap, moreover, that Prince Hal's two brothers fell out with the watch, an episode which may have served as the germ in Shakespeare's brain whence blossomed such a robust tree of mirth. Near by stood Prince Hal's own mansion of Cold Harbour, the cellars enriched with his father's gift, "twenty casks and one pipe of red wine of Gascoigne, free of duty." What other part of London could Falstaff possibly have chosen for his haunts? Even in the old play of Henry Fifth which preceded Shakespeare's, the Prince declares, "You know the old tavern in Eastcheap, there is good wine." Thus is this roistering region so famous in contemporary eulogy that it needs no bush of modern criticism.

The lover of Shakespeare and of his Falstaff is conscious of an excited delight in threading these murky streets of "the City," — worshipful, almost, of the very ground whereon he treads. He will stand lost in dreaming while traffic surges past, and smells are ancient and fishlike, mindful of memory alone. If, happily, the ideal is more real to him than solid earth, he will sweep aside the orderly rubbish of a modern day, and by force of fancy reconstruct that house where "hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons." Let Falstaff rise, tavern reckoning in pocket, and counterfeit a moment's life, as "gunpowder Percy" should have done to fright him. Then shall we see, entering beneath the tavern's tuskèd sign, "a goodly portly man, 'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage." Here stood the chair which was his state, when he dared personate his sovereign; this cushion was his crown, and here behind the arras did he snore. Here was discussed that merry jest at Gadshill, and this is the room where, in the telling, Falstaff's adversaries were so marvelously multiplied. Here must

he have heard the chimes at midnight, and here was his heart struck cold with pathetic reminder of his end. Remembrance throngs upon us, until we are fain to cry: —

> "Banish plump Jack and banish all the world!"

Last and most lustrous memory of all, William Shakespeare, who saw the house almost daily, on his way to Blackfriars playhouse, must often have sought its hospitable door for his cup of sack and his merry jest with mine host.

When Lessing confessed that, for himself, the search after truth was to be preferred to the goddess herself, he proved himself a wise man. Happy is he who takes a roundabout way to Elysium, and so is pleasantly entertained upon the road! There is no comparison for blessedness between his lot and that of the victim of accurate charts and infallible time-tables. Had Ulysses formed one of a "personally conducted" expedition, a bankrupt world might well have bemoaned its loss, for who by searching can find in Cook's circular mention of the Lotophagi, "who for their only nourishment eat flowers," the Cyclops, Nausicaa, or Circe? Yet Ulysses came upon them because he sacrificed not on the altar of accurate and abominable science. If the two Americans who sought Eastcheap one golden day had devoted an hour's study to their problem in the British Museum, they would have wandered less widely in pursuit of their desire; nay, would have concluded that there was nothing left to attain, and thus confined themselves to the region of narrow experience reserved for those who let "'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'" With the simplicity of ignorance, we expected, though the tavern had been swept away, to lay a finger upon the link forged by Irving with the past; to look upon the Mason's Arms, custodian of box and goblet, and to visit St. Michael's Church, forever memorable from having held its vestry meetings under the sign of the Boar's Head.

King William's Monument was easily found, and near by lay Crooked Lane, "so called of the crooked windings thereof," though, as we speedily realized, its generous curve had been cut short at the call of traffic. A moment's investigation made it also evident that St. Michael's Church had in that lamentable doing been swept away. Even after that certainty had settled cold upon the heart, we walked up and down the dingy street, staring beseechingly about, as if, perchance, church, tower, and all might magically rise. An appeal to policemen and dusty-looking idlers who played the rôle of oldest inhabitant bore no consoling fruit. St. Michael's Church was gone; one and another declared that it had not been there in his day; and as we querulously disputed the wisdom of its removal, we were urged to consider the fair proportions of those newer streets which had crowded it out of being.

"But be not daunted," at length whispered Hope: "the Mason's Arms may still have such store of compensation as it offered Irving in his disappointment!"

Therefore we turned our steps in the direction of Miles Lane. There might the heart be warmed by the descendants of Master Edward Honeyball, Irving's kindly host, or even Master Honeyball himself, his century brimmed over and his race still unfinished. Narrow and dingy is the way. Bales of goods are hoisted over the head of the timorous traveler, who, if he be prudent, takes to the middle of the street, there to be jostled by unsavory fish-venders and bearers of burdens. Such hardships of progress are of little moment, however, to one inspired by the hope that he may presently come upon Dame Honeyball, hospitably alert in the doorway, overcoming the scruples of the hesitant traveler, and persuading him that her wine needs no bush. May he not catch a glimpse of the serving-maid with trim

ankles, or even a savory whiff of that mutton which was a-roasting so many years ago? Vain delusion of the too alert fancy! The Mason's Arms lives no longer, save upon Irving's rescuing page. Covering its former ground stands a glaringly modern and commonplace "public," whither business men, boys, and cabbies were that day tending for a pot of beer, to emerge brushing the foam from appreciative lips. Yet, though that beery seclusion might be reserved for the tippling male, not for such reason would woman, wrapped in the armor of an idea, refrain from penetrating it.

The traveler in England soon learns that there, as in the economy of nature, nothing is lost, and that axiom will comfort him on many a discouraging quest. Anything which St. Michael's Church had once possessed must still be church property, and would undoubtedly be kept in this parish, or in a neighboring one. Therefore, in whatever corner of secrecy and darkness its forgotten treasures lay hidden, they might surely be unearthed by the persistent seeker. Such reasonable premises being assumed, what more likely spot could there be for eliciting fact or wildfire gossip than the common meeting-ground of a tavern?

The white-aproned "drawer" would fain have told us all we sought, so said his sympathetic manner, but he could only suggest the beadle as a probable fountain of Eastcheap lore. And where was the beadle to be found? He was in, not five minutes ago, to take his pint of beer, and he might come round again in an hour. (O bibulous beadle, is this thy hourly custom?) It all depended upon what he had to do. Some days there were a good many burials. No beadle, however, was forthcoming, even after long lingering, and an ascent to his room, over three flights of breakneck stairs; and choosing at random a church near by which might divulge hidden information, we went to St. Margaret Pattens, named for the patten-makers who long ago flourished there, and rich in its own store of old-time memories. The white-haired rector was finishing his daily service to empty benches; for, though traffic surges about this and its sister churches in the heart of the City, it is rare indeed that a man or woman enters one of them to seek the bread of life. They have their religiously preserved carvings, their precious organs, their careful service; they go quietly beating on, like a jeweled timepiece in the clothes of a beggar, and afar off, but ominous, sounds the howl of "Disestablishment!"

This gentleman was not the rector of St. Margaret Pattens, protested an inner voice, when finally he was ready to speak with the strangers. He was Trollope's gentle "Warden."

"Have you given up that old and loving habit of fingering your imaginary violoncello?" one refrained with difficulty from asking. "Has Archdeacon Grantly frowned it down, and is he at this moment waiting for you at home, to broach some scheme of advancement in which your cleanly soul will not concur?" The Warden held, as it happily proved, the key to difficulty the first. St. Michael's parish had, he said at once, been merged in St. Magnus's, and doubtless took all its property with it. But if we were interested in the Boar's Head, should we not also like to see an entry in St. Margaret's vestry accounts, of the sixteenth century, proving that it found the tavern a comfortable neighbor? From an old oaken chest he drew a volume, its leather covers worn rough by time, its pages yellowed and stained by years, if not from use.

"*Itn* paide for our dynners on St. Andrewse Day at the Bores Hedde 18*s.* 6*d.*"

He it was who suggested that the parcel-gilt goblet was not a sacramental cup, but rather one used by the vestry in its business meetings, which had also

a convivial character. Such cups were known as "masers," and might be either of metal or of wood, carved, and ornamented with silver and gold. An allusion of the sixteenth century to another vessel describes it as "a great cuppe, brode and deepe, such as great masers were wont to be." These vessels, true loving cups, were highly valued by the fortunate owners, whether individuals or corporations. The Warden would not hear of thanks. Old customs were his delight, he protested, and of all the phantasms of this changing world they best rewarded pursuit. He had even revived in his own church the ancient ceremony of "beating the bounds." The children of the parish marched out in due form and beat with wands the parish boundaries; but so changed had the locality become since the days when such geography lessons were of ordinary occurrence, and building had not smothered God's earth, that one child had to be let down from a window into a closed court, to touch with his wand a separating point. But O times and manners! that ye have changed is patent in the fact that whereas such occasions served of old as pretext for revelings, to-day but one friendly baker regaled the beaters with buns and lemonade. Where are the cakes and ale whereon they feasted once from door to door? Gone, with bear-baitings, new plays on Bankside, mouth-filling oaths, and good Queen Bess.

With that day and the farewell courtesies of the gentle Warden ended our quest. It even hung fire over the summer, for an appeal by letter to the "fair parish church of St. Magnus" elicited the fact that it was undergoing repair, and was therefore in no condition for visitors. Thus it happened that it was only a few days before sailing for America that we entered its little vestry, and caught at once from the window a sight more to be desired than the freedom of the city in a box of gold. There, hemmed in by walls, lies a little patch of green, its one ornament the Purbeck stone which once in St. Michael's churchyard told the virtues of Robert Preston, and now sojourns with St. Magnus, still to rehearse his fame.

"Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produced one sober son, and here he lies.
Though reared among full hogsheads, he defy'd
The charms of wine, and every one beside.
O reader, if to justice thou 'rt inclined,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that excused his faults.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependence,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance."

Truly, it is good to touch with reverent finger each link of a golden past, to renew our fondness for the motherland by thumbing over the pages of her story! The rector of St. Magnus dallied with our impatience, and proffered many a fillip to the appetite before he would produce the nightingales' tongues and ortolans of the feast. We must see his church, redolent of memories ancient and wonderful, and the tablet to Miles Coverdale, wherein the godly and learned do much delight. We must even try his organ. But at length returned to the vestry room, there appeared a sexton, penetrated to the soul with the importance of every detail connected with the Establishment, and in his hands he bore two boxes, one of wood, and the other the identical tobacco-box which Irving had described, — the same, yet different in the fresh glory of paint probably applied in 1861, for, as the inscription relates, it was then repaired anew. Now be it understood that there had been throughout little talk of the goblet, but much of this box from which the church-wardens once filled their innocent pipes. It was impossible to refer honestly to the former treasure in any way except as a memento of Mrs. Quickly; and would even the daring scion of an aggressive land approach

a reverend incumbent of the English Church with a mention of that amiable but scarcely conventional woman, painful antithesis to the British matron? Perish the thought! Rather wait, hoping that box and goblet had drifted down the stream of years still together, and that the same incoming wave would sweep them to the travelers' feet. With a slow seriousness befitting the occasion the wooden box was opened, and there, in its green baize seclusion, lay the goblet of our dreams. The moment had come, and triumphantly it crowned endeavor. No one who has seen that cup can doubt for a moment that it is certainly the one illuminated by the sea-coal fire that day when Falstaff swore his perishable oath. It is of a goodly shape, with a standard and a generous bowl. It is lined with gold, "parcel-gilt," and the silver exterior is decorated with fanciful little figures in outline, shaped somewhat like Prince Rupert drops. About the foot runs the inscription, *Ex dono Francisci Wythers Armigeri.*

There is an actual possibility connected with this relic which is hardly to be considered without excitement. The cup, we are told, was in the first part of this century "very 'antyke.'" What is more probable than that William Shakespeare, in his social evenings at the tavern where it was kept, was a welcome guest of St. Michael's vestry, what time the cup went round and beards all wagged? The parcel-gilt goblet was ever held in high esteem, whenever it was first received, and it is easy to believe it formed a part of the church property before 1597, the earliest date to be assigned King Henry IV. That possibility once assumed, the mind runs riot in conjecture, and almost loses its balance in a mad chase after the thistle-down of circumstantial proof. Who was Sir Francis Wythers? When was he christened, married, or where did he die? A list of tombstones and tablets from St. Michael's does not contain his name. Its register of christenings, marriages, and burials, which begins in 1538, holds no reference to him. Did he belong to some other parish, which keeps in hiding the record of his life, waiting for a lucky finder, that prince whose lot it is to succeed after the many fail, or did he go to the wars with Falstaff, to receive burial "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd"? — for it is difficult to avoid a strange mingling of the poetical and real, in such a quest. Was he one of the Lancashire Withers, a family which claims George Wither, the poet, and of whose founder mention is made in the reign of Edward II.? "What 's become of Waring?" is no more crucial problem, no blinder scent, than that connected with this elusive donor of a cup. The ingenious mind will suggest that there may be some mention of goblet or giver in St. Michael's audit books. Even so small a matter as paying for the inscription, if that were not done until after its presentation, would surely be mentioned. Vain hope! The earliest parochial book is dated 1617, and has nothing to say on the subject. It does, however, contain two references to the Boar's Head, which are of some interest, like every trifle touching that wonder-breeding spot.

I, for one, am determined to assume that the cup has met the eye of Shakespeare, and was even touched by his good right hand. I shall never allow the true delight of literary pilgrimage to be spoiled by too close an adherence to possible fact. In the ideal suppositions of life lie its paramount charms. He is a happy man, gifted with the truest wisdom, who sees in every thorn-tree at Glastonbury a scion of the olden one, who can bare his head in memory of King Arthur at each of the several places claiming the crown of Camelot, and people the land with brave men and fair women who, as the learned tell us, were never more than "such stuff as dreams are made on."

Shakespeare dearly loved to harness every-day events to the car of poesy; to fit a cart horse out with wings, and bid him godspeed in playing Pegasus. When Titania describes a strange confusion of the seasons, and the resulting evils to man and beast, there can be no doubt that the poet had in mind the year 1594, when "the spring was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rain that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected." That immortal speech of Bottom, wherein he entreats the ladies not to tremble, since he is no lion, but "a man as other men are," has its prototype in an incident, probably of Shakespeare's own time, which is recorded in a collection entitled Merry Passages and Jests: —

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham."

Face-painting, Mary Queen of Scots and her siren arts, the dancing horse (a justly celebrated wonder of the poet's time), a fool's leap into a custard to excite the popular mirth, the "little eyases" of St. Paul's Cathedral, who became stage favorites, to be strongly and somewhat jealously censured by legitimate players, — dozens of contemporary allusions illustrate Shakespeare's royal and prodigal way of sweeping up the dust from the path of every-day life and using it for ornament of his pageants.

The "parcel-gilt goblet at the Boar's Head," — a careless mention, fit only to cause a passing smile on such lips as had merrily touched its brim, but to us, cold under the long shadows of too late a day, pregnant with wondrous meaning. For to have looked upon what Shakespeare saw, though it be but the infinitely removed descendants of the daisies that bloomed at Stratford three centuries ago, to have held what his hand once touched, is to have found one vivifying crumb left from that high feast when every man

> "put his whole wit in a jest,
> And resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life."

*Alice Brown.*

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## EUROPE AND CATHAY.

THE questions have sometimes been asked: Why did the knowledge of the voyages to Vinland so long remain confined to the Scandinavian people, or a portion of them, and then lapse into oblivion, insomuch that it did not become a matter of notoriety in Europe until after the publication of the celebrated book of Thormodus Torfæus in 1705? Why did not the news of the voyages of Leif and Thorfinn spread rapidly over Europe, like the news of the voyage of Columbus; and why was it not presently followed, like the latter, by a rush of conquerors and colonizers across the Atlantic?

Such questions arise from a failure to see historical events in their true perspective, and to make the proper allowances for the manifold differences in knowledge and in social and economic conditions which characterize different periods of history. In the present case, the answer is to be found, first, in the geographical ignorance which prevented the Northmen from realizing in the

smallest degree what such voyages really signified, or were going to signify to posterity; and, secondly, in the political and commercial condition of Europe at the close of the tenth century.

In the first place, the route which the Norse voyagers pursued from Iceland to Greenland, and thence to Vinland, was not such as to give them, in their ignorance of the shape of the earth, and with their imperfect knowledge of latitude and longitude, any adequate gauge wherewith to measure their achievement. The modern reader, who has in his mind a general picture of the shape of the northern Atlantic Ocean with its coasts, must carefully expel that picture before he can begin to realize how things must have seemed to the Northmen. None of the Icelandic references to Markland and Vinland betray a consciousness that these countries belong to a geographical world outside of Europe. There was not enough organized geographical knowledge for that. They were simply conceived as remote places beyond Greenland, inhabited by inferior but dangerous people. The accidental finding of such places served neither to solve any great commercial problem nor to gratify and provoke scientific curiosity. It was, therefore, not at all strange that it bore no fruit.

Secondly, even if it had been realized, and could have been duly proclaimed throughout Europe, that across the broad Atlantic a new world lay open for colonization, Europe could not have taken advantage of the fact. Now and then a ship might make its way, or be blown, across the waste of waters without compass or astrolabe, but until these instruments were at hand anything like systematic ocean navigation was out of the question; and from a colonization which could only begin by creeping up into the Arctic seas and taking Greenland on the way not much was to be expected, after all.

But even if the compass and other facilities for oceanic navigation had been at hand, the state of Europe in the days of Eric the Red was not such as to afford surplus energy for distant enterprise of this sort.

Let us for a moment recall what was going on in Europe in the year of grace 1000, — just enough to get a suggestive picture of the time. In England, the Danish invader, fork-bearded Swend, father of the great Cnut, was wresting the kingship from the feeble grasp of Ethelred the Redeless. In Gaul, the little duchy of France, between the Somme and the Loire, had lately become the kingdom of France, and its sovereign, Hugh Capet, had succeeded to the feudal rights of lordship over the great dukes and counts whose territories surrounded him on every side; and now Hugh's son, Robert the Debonair, better hymn-writer than warrior, was waging a doubtful struggle with these unruly vassals. It was not yet in any wise apparent what the kingdoms of England and France were going to be. In Germany, the youthful Otto III., the "wonder of the world," had just made his weird visit to the tomb of his mighty predecessor at Aachen, before starting on that last journey to Rome which was so soon to cost him his life. Otto's teacher, Gerbert, most erudite of popes,— too learned not to have had dealings with the devil, — was beginning to raise the papacy out of the abyss of infamy into which the preceding age had seen it sink, and so to prepare the way for the far-reaching reforms of Hildebrand. The boundaries of Christendom were as yet narrow and insecure. With the overthrow of Olaf Tryggvesson in this year 1000, and the temporary partition of Norway between Swedes and Danes, the work of Christianizing the North seemed for the moment to languish. Upon the eastern frontier the wild Hungarians had scarcely ceased to be a terror to Europe, and in this year Stephen, their first Christian king, began to reign. At the same time

the power of heretical Bulgaria, which had threatened to overwhelm the Eastern Empire, was broken down by the sturdy blows of the Macedonian Emperor Basil. In this year the Christians of Spain met woful defeat at the hands of Almansor, and there seemed no reason why the Mussulman rule over the greater part of that peninsula should not endure forever.

Thus, from end to end Europe was a scene of direst confusion; and though, as we now look back upon it, the time seems by no means devoid of promise, there was no such cheering outlook then. Nowhere were the outlines of kingdoms or the ownership of crowns definitely settled. Private war was both incessant and universal. The Truce of God had not yet been proclaimed. As for the common people, their hardships were well-nigh incredible. Amid all this anarchy and misery, at the close of the thousandth year from the birth of Christ, the belief was quite common throughout Europe that the Day of Judgment was at hand for a world grown old in wickedness and ripe for its doom.

It hardly need be argued that a period like this, in which all the vital energy in Europe was consumed in the adjustment of affairs at home, was not fitted for colonial enterprises. Before a people can send forth colonies it must have solved the problem of political life so far as to insure stability of trade. It is the mercantile spirit that has supported modern colonization, aided by the spirit of intellectual curiosity and the thirst for romantic adventure. In the eleventh century there was no intellectual curiosity outside the monastery walls, nor had such a feeling become enlisted in the service of commerce. Of trade there was, indeed, even in western Europe, a considerable amount, but the commercial marine was in its infancy, and on land the trader suffered sorely at the hands of the robber baron. In those days, the fashionable method of compounding with your creditors was, not to offer them fifty cents on the dollar, but to inveigle them into your castle and broil them over a slow fire.

In so far as the attention of people in Europe was called to any quarter of the globe outside of the seething turbulence in which they dwelt it was directed toward Asia. Until after 1492 Europe stood with her back toward the Atlantic. What there might be out beyond that "Sea of Darkness" (Mare Tenebrosum), as it used commonly to be called, was a question of little interest, and seems to have excited no speculation. In the view of mediæval Europe, the inhabited world was cut off on the west by this mysterious ocean, and on the south by the burning sands of Sahara; but eastward it stretched out no one knew how far, and in that direction dwelt tribes and nations which Europe, from time immemorial, had had reason to fear. As early as the time of Herodotus the secular antagonism between Europe and Asia had become a topic of reflection among the Greeks, and was wrought with dramatic effect by that great writer into the structure of his history, culminating in the grand and stirring scenes of the Persian war. A century and a half later the conquests of Alexander the Great added a still more impressive climax to the story. The struggle was afterward long maintained between Roman and Parthian; but from the fifth century after Christ onward through the Middle Ages it seemed as if the Oriental world would never rest until it had inflicted the extremities of retaliation upon Europe. Whether it was the heathen of the steppes who were in question, from Attila in the fifth century to Batu Khan in the thirteenth, or the followers of the Prophet, who tore away from Christendom the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and held Spain in their iron grasp, while from age to age they exhausted their strength in vain against the Eastern Empire, the threat-

ening danger was always coming with the morning sun. Whatever might be the shock that took the attention of Europe away from herself, it directed it upon Asia. This is a fact of cardinal importance, inasmuch as it was directly through the interest, more and more absorbing, which Europe felt in Asia that the discovery of the western hemisphere was at last effected.

It was not only in war, but in commerce, that the fortunes of Europe were dependent upon her relations with Asia. Since prehistoric times there has always been some commercial intercourse between the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and the peninsula of Hindustan. Tyre and Sidon carried on such trade by way of the Red Sea. After Alexander had led his army to Samarcand and to the river Hyphasis the acquaintance of the Greeks with Asia was very considerably increased, and important routes of trade were established. One was practically the old Phœnician route, with its western terminus moved from Tyre to Alexandria. Another was by way of the Caspian Sea, up the river Oxus, and thence with camels to the banks of the Indus. An intermediate route was through Syria and by way of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, — the route which at one time made the greatness of Palmyra. After the extension of Roman sway to the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Euxine, these same routes continued to be used. The European commodities carried to India were light woolen cloths, linens, coral, black lead, various kinds of glass vessels, and wine. In exchange for these the traders brought back to Europe divers aromatic spices, black pepper, ivory, cotton fabrics, diamonds, sapphires, and pearls, silk thread and silk stuffs. Detailed accounts of these commercial transactions and of the wealth of personal experiences that must have been connected with them are exceedingly scant. Of the Europeans who, during all the centuries between Alexander and Justinian, made their way to Hindustan or beyond we know very few by name. The amount of geographical information that was gathered during the first half of this period is shown in the great work of Claudius Ptolemy, written about the middle of the second century after Christ. Except for the Scandinavian world and some very important additions made to the knowledge of Asia by Marco Polo, this book fairly represents the maximum of acquaintance with the earth's surface possessed by Europeans previous to the great voyages of the fifteenth century. It shows a dim knowledge of the mouths of the Ganges, of the island of Ceylon, and of what we sometimes call Farther India. A very dim knowledge indeed; for the huge peninsula of Hindustan is shrunk into insignificance, while Taprobane, or Ceylon, unduly magnified, usurps the place belonging to the Deccan. At the same time we see that some hearsay knowledge of China had made its way into the Roman world before the days of Ptolemy. The two names by which China was first known to Europeans were "Seres" or "Serica," and "Sinæ" or "Thin." These two differing names are the records of two different methods of approach to different parts of a vast country, very much as the Northmen called their part of eastern North America "Vinland," while the Spaniards called their part "Florida." The name "Seres" was given to northwestern China by traders who came to it through the highlands of central Asia from Samarcand; while "Sinæ" was the name given to southeastern China by traders who approached it by way of the Indian Ocean, and heard of it in India, but never reached it. Apparently, no European ships ever got to China by sea before the Portuguese, in 1517. The name "Sinæ" or "Thin" seems to mean the country of the "Tchin" dynasty, which ruled over the whole of China in the second century before Christ, and

over a portion of it for a much longer time. The name "Seres," on the other hand, was always associated with the trade in silks, and was known to the Romans in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and somewhat earlier. The Romans in Virgil's time set a high value upon silk, and every scrap of it they had came from China. They knew nothing about the silkworm, and supposed that the fibres or threads of this beautiful stuff grew upon trees. Of actual intercourse between the Roman and Chinese empires there was no more than is implied in this current of trade passing through many hands; but that each knew, in a vague way, of the existence of the other there is no doubt.

In the course of the reign of Justinian we get references at first hand to India, and coupled withal to a general theory of cosmography. This curious information we have in the book of the monk Cosmas Indicopleustes, written somewhere between A. D. 530 and 550. A pleasant book it is after its kind. In his younger days Cosmas had been a merchant, and in divers voyages had learned much about the coasts of Ethiopia and the Persian Gulf, and had visited India and Ceylon. After becoming a monk at Alexandria Cosmas wrote his book of Christian geography; maintaining, in opposition to Ptolemy, that the earth is not a sphere, but a rectangular plane forming the floor of the universe. The heavens rise on all four sides about this rectangle, like the four walls of a room, and, at an indefinite height above the floor, these blue walls support a vaulted roof or firmament, in which God dwells with the angels. In the centre of the floor are the inhabited lands of the earth, surrounded on all sides by a great ocean, beyond which, somewhere out in a corner, is the Paradise from which Adam and Eve were expelled. In its general shape, therefore, the universe somewhat resembles the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, or a modern "Saratoga trunk." On the northern part of the floor, under the firmament, is a lofty conical mountain, around which the sun, moon, and planets perform their daily revolutions. In the summer the sun takes a turn around the apex of the cone, and is therefore hidden only for a short night; but in the winter he travels around the base, which takes longer, and accordingly the nights are long. Such is the doctrine drawn from Holy Scripture, says Cosmas; and as for the vain blasphemers who pretend that the earth is a round ball, the Lord hath stultified them for their sins until they impudently prate of Antipodes, where trees grow downward and rain falls upward. As for such nonsense, the worthy Cosmas cannot abide it.

I cite these views of Cosmas because there can be no doubt that they represent beliefs current among the general public until after the time of Columbus, in spite of the deference paid to Ptolemy's views by the learned. Along with these cosmographical speculations Cosmas shows a wider geographical knowledge of Asia than any earlier writer. He gives a good deal of interesting information about India and Ceylon, and has a fairly correct idea of the position of China, which he calls Tzinista or Chinistan. This land of silk is the remotest of all the Indies, and beyond it "there is neither navigation nor inhabited country. . . . And the Indian philosophers, called Brachmans, tell you that if you were to stretch a straight cord from Tzinista through Persia to the Roman territory, you would just divide the world in halves. And mayhap they are right."

In the fourth and following centuries Nestorian missionaries were very active in Asia, and not only made multitudes of converts, and established metropolitan sees in such places as Kashgar and Herat, but even found their way into China. Their work forms an interesting though

melancholy chapter in history, but it does not appear to have done much toward making Asia better known to Europe. As declared heretics, the Nestorians were themselves almost entirely cut off from intercourse with European Christians.

The immediate effect of the sudden rise of the vast Saracen empire in the seventh and eighth centuries was to interpose a barrier to the extension of intercourse between Europe and the Far East. Trade between the eastern and western extremities of Asia went on more briskly than ever, but it was for a long time exclusively in Mussulman hands. The mediæval Arabs were bold sailors, and not only visited Sumatra and Java, but made their way to Canton. Upon the southern and middle routes the Arab cities of Cairo and Bagdad became thriving centres of trade; but as Spain and the whole of northern Africa were now Arab countries, most of the trade between east and west was conducted within Mussulman boundaries. Saracen cruisers prowled in the Mediterranean and harassed the Christian coasts. During the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries Europe was more shut in upon herself than ever before or since. In many respects these were especially the dark ages of Europe, — the period of least comfort and least enlightenment since the days of pre-Roman barbarism. But from this general statement Constantinople should be in great measure excepted. The current of mediæval trade through the noble highway of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus was subject to fluctuations, but it was always great. The city of the Byzantine emperors was before all things a commercial city, like Venice in later days. Until the time of the Crusades Constantinople was the centre of the Levant trade. The great northern route from Asia remained available for commercial intercourse in this direction. Persian and Armenian merchants sent their goods to Batoum, whence they were shipped to Constantinople; and silk was brought from northwestern China by caravan to the Oxus, and forwarded thence by the Caspian Sea, the rivers Cyrus and Phasis, and the Euxine Sea. When it was visited by Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, Constantinople was undoubtedly the richest and most magnificent city, and the seat of the highest civilization, to be found anywhere upon the globe.

In the days of its strength the Eastern Empire was the stanch bulwark of Christendom against the dangerous assaults of Persian, Saracen, and Turk; alike in prosperity and in calamity, it proved to be the teacher and civilizer of the Western world. The events which, at the close of the eleventh century, brought thousands upon thousands of adventurous, keen-witted people from western Europe into this home of wealth and refinement were the occasion of the most remarkable intellectual awakening that the world had ever witnessed up to that time. The Crusades, in their beginning, were a symptom of the growing energy of western Europe under the ecclesiastical reorganization effected by the mighty Hildebrand. They were the military response of Europe to the most threatening and, as time has proved, the most deadly of all the blows that have ever been aimed at her from Asia. Down to this time the Mahometanism with which Christendom had so long been in conflict was a Mahometanism of civilized peoples. The Arabs and Moors were industrious merchants, agriculturists, and craftsmen; in their society one might meet with learned scholars, refined poets, and profound philosophers. But at the end of the tenth century Islam happened to make converts of the Turks, a nomad race in the upper status of barbarism, with flocks and herds and patriarchal families. Inspired with the sudden zeal for conquest which has always characterized new converts to

Islam, the Turks began to pour down from the plains of central Asia like a deluge upon the Eastern Empire. In 1016 they overwhelmed Armenia, and presently advanced into Asia Minor. Their mode of conquest was peculiarly baleful, for at first they deliberately annihilated the works of civilization in order to prepare the country for their nomadic life; they pulled down cities to put up tents. Though they long ago ceased to be nomads, they have to this day never learned to comprehend civilized life, and they have been simply a blight upon every part of the earth's surface which they have touched. At the beginning of the eleventh century Asia Minor was one of the most prosperous and highly civilized parts of the world; and the tale of its devastation by the terrible Alp Arslan and the robber chiefs that came after him is one of the most mournful chapters in history. At the end of that century, when the Turks were holding Nicæa and actually had their outposts on the Marmora, it was high time for Christendom to rise *en masse* in self-defense. The idea was worthy of the greatest of popes. Imperfectly and spasmodically as it was carried out, it undoubtedly did more than anything that had ever gone before toward strengthening the wholesome sentiment of a common Christendom among the peoples of western Europe. The Crusades increased the power of the Church, which was equivalent to putting a curb upon the propensities of the robber baron and making labor and traffic more secure. In another way they aided this good work by carrying off the robber baron in large numbers to Egypt and Syria, and killing him there. In this way they did much toward ridding European society of its most turbulent elements; while at the same time they gave fresh development to the spirit of romantic adventure, and connected it with something better than vagrant freebooting. By renewing the long-suspended intercourse between the minds of western Europe and the Greek culture of Constantinople, they served as a mighty stimulus to intellectual curiosity, and had a large share in bringing about that great thirteenth-century renaissance which is forever associated with the names of Giotto and Dante and Roger Bacon.

There can be no doubt that in these ways the Crusades were for our forefathers in Europe the most bracing and stimulating events that occurred in the whole millennium between the complicated disorders of the fifth century and the outburst of maritime discovery in the fifteenth. How far they justified themselves from the military point of view it is not so easy to say. On the one hand, they had much to do with retarding the progress of the enemy for two hundred years; they overwhelmed the Seljukian Turks so effectually that their successors, the Ottomans, did not become formidable until about 1300, after the last crusading wave had spent its force. On the other hand, the Fourth Crusade, with better opportunities than any of the others for striking a crushing blow at the Moslem, played false to Christendom, and in 1204 captured and despoiled Constantinople in order to gratify Venice's hatred of her commercial rival and superior. It was a sorry piece of business, and one cannot look with unmixed pleasure at the four superb horses that now adorn the front of the church of St. Mark as a trophy of this unhallowed exploit. One cannot help feeling that but for this colossal treachery the great city of Constantine, to which our own civilization owes more than can ever be adequately told, might perhaps have retained enough strength to withstand the barbarian in 1453, and thus have averted one of the most lamentable catastrophes in the history of mankind.

The general effect of the Crusades upon Oriental commerce was to increase

the amount of traffic through Egypt and Syria. Of this lucrative trade Venice got the lion's share, and while she helped to support the short-lived Latin dynasty upon the throne at Constantinople, she monopolized a great part of the business of the Black Sea also. But in 1261 Venice's rival, Genoa, allied herself with the Greek Emperor Michael Palæologus at Nicæa, placed him upon the Byzantine throne, and again cut off Venice from the trade that came through the Bosphorus. From this time forth the mutual hatred between Venice and Genoa "waxed fiercer than ever; no merchant fleet of either state could go to sea without convoy, and wherever their ships met they fought. It was something like the state of things between Spain and England in the days of Drake." In the one case as in the other, it was a strife for the mastery of the sea and its commerce. Genoa obtained full control of the Euxine, took possession of the Crimea, and thus acquired a monopoly of the trade from central Asia along the northern route. With the fall of Acre in 1291, and the consequent expulsion of Christians from Syria, Venice lost her hold upon the middle route. But with the Pope's leave she succeeded in making a series of advantageous commercial treaties with the new Mameluke sovereigns of Egypt, and the dealings between the Red Sea and the Adriatic soon came to be prodigious. The Venetians gained control of part of the Peloponnesus, with many islands of the Ægean and southern Mediterranean. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their city was the most splendid and luxurious in all Christendom.

Such a development of wealth in Venice and Genoa implies a large producing and consuming area behind them, able to take and pay for the costly products of India and China. Before the end of the thirteenth century the volume of European trade had swelled to great proportions. How full of historic and literary interest are the very names of the centres and leading routes of this trade as it was established in those days, with its outlook upon the Mediterranean and the distant East! Far up in the north we see Wisby, on the little isle of Gothland in the Baltic, giving its name to new rules of international law; and the merchants of the famous Hansa towns extending their operations as far as Novgorod in one direction, and in another to the Steelyard in London, where the pound of these honest "Easterlings" was adopted as the "sterling" unit of sound money. Fats and tallows, furs and wax, from Russia, iron and copper from Sweden, strong hides and unrivaled wools from England, salt cod and herring (much needed on meagre church fast-days) from the North and Baltic seas, appropriately followed by generous casks of beer from Hamburg, were sent southward in exchange for fine cloths and tapestries, the products of the loom in Ghent and Bruges, in Ulm and Augsburg, with delicious vintages of the Rhine, supple chain armor from Milan, Austrian yew-wood for English longbows, ivory and spices, pearls and silks, from Italy and the Orient. Along the routes from Venice and Florence to Antwerp and Rotterdam we see the progress in wealth and refinement, in artistic and literary productiveness. We see the early schools of music and painting in Italy meet with prompt response in Flanders; in the many-gabled streets of Nuremberg we hear the voice of the Meistersinger, and under the low oaken roof of a Canterbury inn we listen to joyous if sometimes naughty tales erst told in pleasant groves outside of fever-stricken Florence.

With this increase of wealth and culture in central Europe there came a considerable extension of knowledge and a powerful stimulus to curiosity concerning the remote parts of Asia. The conquering career of Jenghis Khan (1206–1227) had shaken the world to its

foundations. In the middle of that century, to adopt Colonel Yule's lively expression, "throughout Asia and eastern Europe, scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the coast of Cilicia to the Amur and the Yellow Sea." About these portentous Mongols, who had thus in a twinkling overwhelmed China and Russia, and destroyed the Caliphate of Bagdad, there was a refreshing touch of open-minded heathenism. They were barbarians willing to learn. From end to end of Asia the barriers were thrown down. It was a time when Alan chiefs from the Volga served as police in Tunking, and Chinese physicians could be consulted at Tabriz. For about a hundred years China was more accessible than at any period before or since, — more even than to-day; and it now for the first time became really known to a few Europeans. In the northern provinces of China, shortly before the Mongol deluge, there had reigned a dynasty known as the "Khitai," and hence China was (and still is) commonly spoken of in central Asia as the country of the Khitai. When this name reached European ears it became "Cathay," the name by which China was best known in Europe during the next four centuries. In 1245, Friar John of Plano Carpini, a friend and disciple of St. Francis, was sent by Pope Innocent IV. on a missionary errand to the Great Khan, and visited him in his camp at Karakorum, in the very depths of Mongolia. In 1253, the king of France, St. Louis, sent another Franciscan monk, Willem de Rubruquis, to Karakorum, on a mission of which the purpose is now not clearly understood. Both these Franciscans were men of shrewd and cultivated minds, especially Rubruquis, whose narrative, "in its rich detail, its vivid pictures, its acuteness of observation and strong good sense, . . . has few superiors in the whole library of travel." Neither Rubruquis nor Friar John visited China, but they fell in with Chinese folk at Karakorum, and obtained information concerning the geography of eastern Asia far more definite than had ever before been possessed by Europeans. They both describe Cathay as bordering upon an eastern ocean, and this piece of precise news constituted the first important leap of geographical knowledge to the eastward since the days of Ptolemy, who supposed that beyond the "Seres and Sinæ" lay an unknown land of vast extent, "full of reedy and impenetrable swamps." The information gathered by Rubruquis and Friar John indicated that there was an end to the continent of Asia; that, not as a matter of vague speculation, but of positive knowledge, Asia was bounded on the east, just as Europe was bounded on the west, by an ocean.

Here we arrive at a notable landmark in the history of the discovery of America. Here from the camp of bustling heathen at Karakorum there is brought to Europe the first announcement of a geographical fact from which the poetic mind of Christopher Columbus will hereafter reap a wonderful harvest. This is one among many instances of the way in which, throughout all departments of human thought and action, the glorious thirteenth century was beginning to give shape to the problems of which the happy solution has since made the modern world so different from the ancient. Since there is an ocean east of Cathay and an ocean west of Spain, how natural the inference — and, albeit quite wrong, how amazingly fruitful — that these oceans are one and the same, so that by sailing westward from Spain one might go straight to Cathay! The data for such an inference were now all at hand, but it does not appear that any one as yet reasoned from the data to the conclusion, although we find Roger Bacon, in 1267, citing the opinions of Aristotle and other ancient writers to the effect that the distance by sea from the west-

ern shores of Spain to the eastern shores of Asia cannot be so very great. In those days it took a long time for such ideas to get from the heads of philosophers into the heads of men of action; and in the thirteenth century, when Cathay was more than ever accessible by land, there was no practical necessity felt for a water route thither. Europe still turned her back upon the Atlantic, and gazed more intently than ever upon Asia. Stronger and more general grew the interest in Cathay.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, some members of the Polo family, one of the aristocratic families of Venice, had a commercial house at Constantinople. Thence, in 1260, the brothers Nicolò and Maffeo Polo started on a trading journey to the Crimea, whence one opportunity after another for making money and gratifying their curiosity with new sights led them northward and eastward to the Volga, thence into Bokhara, and so on until they reached the court of the Great Khan, in one of the northwestern provinces of Cathay. The reigning sovereign was the famous Kublai Khan, grandson of the all-conquering Jenghis. Kublai was an able and benevolent despot, earnest in the wish to improve the condition of his Mongol kinsmen. He had never before met European gentlemen, and was charmed with the cultivated and polished Venetians. He seemed quite ready to enlist the Roman Church in aid of his civilizing schemes, and entrusted the Polos with a message to the Pope asking him for a hundred missionary teachers. The brothers reached Venice in 1269, and found that Pope Clement IV. was dead and there was an interregnum. After two years Gregory X. was elected, and received the Khan's message, but could furnish only a couple of Dominican friars; and these men were seized with the dread not uncommonly felt for "Tartareans," and at the last moment refused to go. Nicolò and his brother then set out in the autumn of 1271 to return to China, taking with them Nicolò's son Marco, a lad of seventeen years. From Acre they went by way of Bagdad to Hormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, apparently with the intention of proceeding thence by sea, but for some reason changed their course, and traveled through Kerman, Khorassan, and Balkh to Kashgar, and thence by way of Yarkand and Khotan and across the desert of Gobi into northwestern China, where they arrived in the summer of 1275, and found the Khan at Kaipingfu, not far from the northern end of the Great Wall.

It has been said that the failure of Kublai's mission to the Pope led him to apply to the Grand Lama at Thibet, who responded more efficiently and successfully than Gregory X., so that Buddhism seized the chance which Catholicism failed to grasp. The Venetians, however, lost nothing in the good Khan's esteem. Young Marco began to make himself proficient in speaking and writing several Asiatic languages, and was presently taken into the Khan's service. His name is mentioned in the Chinese annals of 1277 as a newly appointed commissioner of the privy council. He remained in Kublai's service until 1292, while his father and uncle were gathering wealth in various ways. Marco made many official journeys up and down the Khan's vast dominions, not only in civilized China, but in regions of the heart of Asia seldom visited by Europeans to this day, — "a vast ethnological garden," says Colonel Yule, "of tribes of various race and in every stage of uncivilization." In 1292 a royal bride for the Khan of Persia was to be sent all the way from Peking to Tabriz; and as war that year made some parts of the overland route very unsafe, it was decided to send her by sea. The three Polos had for some time been looking for an opportunity to return to Venice, but Kublai was unwilling to

have them go. Now, however, as every Venetian of that day was deemed to be from his very cradle a seasoned sea-dog, and as the kindly old Mongol sovereign had an inveterate land-lubber's misgivings about ocean voyages, he consented to part with his dear friends, so that he might entrust the precious princess to their care. They sailed early in 1292, and after long delays on the coasts of Sumatra and Hindustan, in order to avoid unfavorable monsoons, they reached the Persian Gulf in 1294. They found that the royal bridegroom, somewhat advanced in years, had died before they started from China; so the young princess became the bride of his son. After tarrying awhile in Tabriz, the Polos returned, by way of Trebizond and the Bosphorus, to Venice, arriving in 1295. When they got there, says Ramusio, after their absence of four and twenty years, "the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses, who, when he returned to his native Ithaca, was recognized by nobody." Their kinsfolk had long since given them up for dead; and when the three wayworn travelers arrived at the door of their own palace, the middle-aged men now wrinkled graybeards, the stripling now a portly man, all three attired in rather shabby clothes of Tartar cut, and "with a certain indescribable smack of the Tartar about them, both in air and accent," some words of explanation were needed to prove their identity. After a few days they invited a party of old friends to dinner, and bringing forth three shabby coats, ripped open the seams and welts, and began pulling out and tumbling upon the table such treasures of diamonds and emeralds, rubies and sapphires, as could never have been imagined, "which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact." In such wise had they brought home from Cathay their ample earnings; and when it became known about Venice that the three long-lost citizens had come back, "straightway the whole city, gentle and simple, flocked to the house to embrace them, and to make much of them, with every conceivable demonstration of affection and respect."

Three years afterward, in 1298, Marco commanded a galley in the great naval battle with the Genoese near Curzola. The Venetians were totally defeated, and Marco was one of the seven thousand prisoners taken to Genoa, where he was kept in durance for about a year. One of his companions in captivity was a certain Rusticiano, of Pisa, who was glad to listen to his descriptions of Asia, and to act as his amanuensis. French was then, at the close of the Crusades, a language as generally understood throughout Europe as later in the age of Louis XIV.; and Marco's narrative was duly taken down by the worthy Rusticiano in rather lame and shaky French. In the summer of 1299 Marco was set free and returned to Venice, where he seems to have led a quiet life until his death in 1324.

The Book of Ser Marco Polo concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East is one of the most famous and important books of the Middle Ages. It contributed more new facts toward a knowledge of the earth's surface than any book that had ever been written before. Its author was "the first traveler to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia;" the first to describe China in its vastness, with its immense cities, its manufactures and wealth, and to tell, whether from personal experience or direct hearsay, of Thibet and Burmah, of Siam and Cochin China, of the Indian Archipelago with its islands of spices, of Java and Sumatra, and of the savages of Andaman. He knew of Japan and the woful defeat of the Mongols there when they tried to invade the island kingdom in 1281. He gave a description of Hindustan far more complete and characteristic than had

ever before been published. From Arab sailors, accustomed to the Indian Ocean, he learned something about Zanzibar and Madagascar and the semi-Christian kingdom of Abyssinia. To the northward from Persia he described the country of the Golden Horde, whose khans were then holding Russia in subjection; and he had gathered some accurate information concerning Siberia as far as the country of the Samoyeds, with their dog-sledges and polar bears.

Here was altogether too much geographical knowledge for European ignorance in those days to digest. While Marco's book attracted much attention, its influence upon the progress of geography was slighter than it would have been if addressed to a more enlightened public. Many of its sober statements of fact were received with incredulity. Many of the places described were indistinguishable, in European imagination, from the general multitude of fictitious countries mentioned in fairy tales or in romances of chivalry. Perhaps no part of Marco's story was so likely to interest his readers as his references to Prester John. In the course of the twelfth century the notion had somehow gained possession of the European mind that somewhere out in the dim vastness of the Orient there dwelt a mighty Christian potentate, known as John the Presbyter, or "Prester." At different times he was identified with various known Asiatic sovereigns. Marco Polo identified him with one Togrul Wang, who was overcome and slain by the mighty Jenghis; but he would not stay dead, any more than the grewsome warlock in Russian nursery lore. The notion of Prester John and his wealthy kingdom could no more be expelled from the European mind in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than the notion of El Dorado in the sixteenth. The position of this kingdom was shifted about here and there, as far as from Chinese Tartary to Abyssinia and back again, but somewhere or other in people's vague mental picture of the East it was sure to occur. Other remote regions in Asia were peopled with elves and griffins and "one-eyed Arimaspians," and we may be sure that to Marco's readers these beings were quite as real as the polished citizens of Cambaluc (Peking) or the cannibals of the Andaman Islands. From such a chaos of ideas sound geographical knowledge must needs be a slow evolution, and Marco Polo's acquisitions were altogether too far in advance of his age to be readily assimilated.

Nevertheless, in the Catalan map, made in 1375, and now to be seen in the National Library at Paris, there is a thorough-going and not unsuccessful attempt to embody the results of Polo's travels. In the interval of three quarters of a century from the publication of Marco's narrative several adventurous travelers had found their way to Cathay. There was Friar Odoric, of Pordenone, who, during the years 1316–1330 visited Hindustan, Sumatra, Java, Cochin China, the Chinese Empire, and Thibet. It was from this worthy monk that the arrant old impostor "Sir John Mandeville" stole his descriptions of India and Cathay, seasoning them with yarns from Pliny and Ktesias, and grotesque conceits of his own. Several other missionary friars visited China between 1302 and 1330, and about ten years after the latter date the Florentine merchant Francesco Pegolotti wrote a very useful handbook for commercial travelers on the overland route to that country. Between 1338 and 1353 Giovanni Marignolli spent some years at Peking as papal legate from Benedict XI. to the Great Khan, and also traveled in Ceylon and in Hindustan. That seems to have been the last of these journeys to the Far East. In 1368 the people of China rose against the Mongol dynasty and overthrew it. The first Emperor of the native Ming dynasty was placed upon the throne,

and the Chinese retorted upon their late conquerors by overrunning vast Mongolia and making it Chinese Tartary. The barriers thrown down by the liberal policy of the Mongol sovereigns were now put up again, and no more foreigners were allowed to set foot upon the sacred soil of the Flowery Kingdom.

Thus, for just a century, — from Carpini and Rubruquis to Marignolli, — while China was open to strangers as never before or since, a few Europeans had availed themselves of the opportunity in such wise as to mark the beginning of a new era in the history of geographical knowledge. Though the discoveries of Marco Polo were as yet but imperfectly appreciated, one point, and that the most significant of all, was thoroughly established. It was shown that the continent of Asia did not extend indefinitely eastward, nor was it bounded and barricaded on that side, as Ptolemy had imagined, by vast impenetrable swamps. On the contrary, its eastern shores were perfectly accessible through an open sea, and a few Europeans had now actually made the voyage between the coast of China and the Persian Gulf. Moreover, some hearsay knowledge — enough to provoke curiosity and greed — had been gained of the existence of numerous islands in that far-off eastern ocean, rich in the spices which from the earliest time had formed such an important element in Mediterranean commerce. News, also, had been brought to Europe of the wonderful island kingdom of Japan (Cipango or Zipangu), lying out in that ocean some hundreds of miles beyond the coast of Cathay. These were rich countries, abounding in objects of lucrative traffic. Under the liberal Mongol rule the Oriental trade had increased enough for Europe to feel in many ways its beneficial effects. Now this trade began to be suddenly and severely checked, and while access to the interior of Asia was cut off, European merchants might be forced to reflect upon the value of what they were losing, and to consider if there were any feasible method of recovering it.

It was not merely the shutting up of China by the first Ming Emperor, in 1368, that checked the intercourse between Europe and Asia. A much more baleful obstacle to all such intercourse had lately come upon the scene. In Asia Minor, the beastly Turk, whose career had been for two centuries arrested by the Crusades, now reared his head again. The Seljukian had been only scotched, not killed; and now he sprang to life as the Ottoman, with sharper fangs than before. In 1365 the Turks established themselves in the Balkan peninsula, with Adrianople as their capital, and began tightening their coils about the doomed city of Constantine. Each point that they gained meant the strangling of just so much Oriental trade; for, as we have seen, the alliance of Constantinople with Genoa since 1261 had secured to the latter city, and to western Europe, the advantages of the overland routes from Asia, whether through the Volga country or across Armenia. When at length, in 1453, the Turks took Constantinople, the splendid commercial career of Genoa was cut with the shears of Atropos. At the same time, as their power was rapidly extending over Syria and down toward Egypt, threatening the overthrow of the liberal Mameluke dynasty there, the commercial prosperity of Venice was also seriously imperiled. Moreover, as Turkish corsairs began to swarm in the eastern waters of the Mediterranean, the voyage became more and more unsafe for Christian vessels. It was thus, while the volume of trade with Asia was, in the natural course of things, swelling year by year, that its accustomed routes were being ruthlessly cut off. It was fast becoming necessary to consider whether there might not be

other practicable routes to "the Indies" than those which had from time immemorial been followed. Could there be such a thing as an "outside route" to that land of promise? A more startling question has seldom been propounded; for it involved a radical departure from the grooves in which the human mind had been running ever since the days of Solomon. Two generations of men lived and died while this question was taking shape, and all the time Cathay and India and the islands of spices were objects of increasing desire, clothed by eager fancy with all manner of charms and riches. The more effectually the eastern Mediterranean was closed, the stronger grew the impulse to venture upon unknown paths in order to realize the vague but glorious hopes that began to cluster about these remote countries. Such an era of romantic enterprise as was thus ushered in the world has never seen, before or since. It was equally remarkable as an era of discipline in scientific thinking. In the maritime ventures of unparalleled boldness that began in the fifteenth century, the human mind was groping toward the era of enormous extensions of knowledge in space and time represented by the names of Newton and Darwin. It was learning the right way of putting its trust in the Unseen.

*John Fiske.*

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## AT THE MARKET OF THE DEAD.

I.

It is just past five o'clock in the afternoon. Through the open door of my little study the rising breeze of evening is beginning to disturb the papers on my desk, and the white fire of the Japanese sun is taking that pale amber tone which tells that the heat of the day is over. There is not a cloud in the blue, — not even one of those beautiful white filamentary things, like ghosts of silken floss, which usually swim in this most ethereal of earthly skies even in the driest weather.

A sudden shadow at the door. Akira, the young Buddhist student, stands at the threshold slipping his white feet out of his sandal-thongs preparatory to entering, and smiling like the god Jizo.

"Ah! *komban*, Akira."

"To-night," says Akira, seating himself upon the floor in the posture of Buddha upon the Lotos, "the *Bon-ichi* will be held. Perhaps you would like to see it?"

"Oh, Akira, all things in this country I should like to see. But tell me, I pray you, unto what may the Bon-ichi be likened?"

"The Bon-ichi," answers Akira, "is a market at which will be sold all things required for the Festival of the Dead; and the Festival of the Dead will begin to-morrow, when all the altars of the temples and all the shrines in the homes of good Buddhists will be made beautiful."

"Then I want to see the Bon-ichi, Akira, and I should also like to see a Buddhist shrine, — a household shrine."

"Then will you come to my room?" asks Akira. "It is not far, — in the Street of the Aged Men, beyond the Street of the Stony River, and near to the Street Everlasting. There is a *butsuma* there, — a household shrine, — and on the way I will tell you about the *Bonku*."

So, for the first time, I learn those things concerning which I am now about to write.

II.

From the 13th to the 15th day of July is held the Festival of the Dead, — the *Bommatsuri* or *Bonku*, — by some Europeans called the Feast of Lanterns. But in many places there are two such festivals annually; for those who still follow the ancient reckoning of time by moons hold that the Bommatsuri should fall on the 13th, 14th, and 15th days of the seventh month of the antique calendar, which corresponds to a later period of the year.

Early on the morning of the 13th, new mats of purest rice straw, woven expressly for the festival, are spread upon all Buddhist altars and within each butsuma or *butsudan*, — the little shrine before which the morning and evening prayers are offered up in every believing home. Shrines and altars are likewise decorated with beautiful embellishments of colored paper, and with flowers and sprigs of certain hallowed plants, — always real lotos flowers when obtainable, otherwise lotos flowers of paper, and fresh branches of *shikimi* (anise) and of *misohagi* (lespedeza). Then a tiny lacquered table, — a *zen*, — such as Japanese meals are usually served upon, is placed upon the altar, and the food offerings are laid on it. But in the smaller shrines of Japanese homes the offerings are more often simply laid upon the rice matting, wrapped in fresh lotos leaves.

These offerings consist of the foods called *somen*, resembling our vermicelli, *gozen*, which is boiled rice, *dango*, a sort of tiny dumpling, eggplant, and fruits according to season, — frequently *uri* and *saikwa*, slices of melon and watermelon, and plums and peaches. Often sweet cakes and dainties are added. Sometimes the offering is only *O-sho-jin-gu* (honorable uncooked food); more usually it is *O-rio-gu* (honorable boiled food); but it never includes, of course, fish, meats, or wine. Clear water is given to the shadowy guests, and is sprinkled from time to time upon the altar or within the shrine with a branch of misohagi; tea is poured out every hour for the viewless visitors, and everything is daintily served up in little plates and cups and bowls, as for living guests, with *hashi* (chopsticks) laid beside the offering. So for three days the dead are feasted.

At sunset, pine torches, fixed in the ground before each home, are kindled to guide the spirit-visitors. Sometimes, also, on the first evening of the Bommatsuri, welcome-fires (*mukaebi*) are lighted along the shore of the sea or lake or river by which the village or city is situated, — neither more nor less than one hundred and eight fires; this number having some mystic signification in the philosophy of Buddhism. And charming lanterns are suspended each night at the entrances of homes, — the Lanterns of the Festival of the Dead, — lanterns of special forms and colors, beautifully painted with suggestions of landscape and shapes of flowers, and always decorated with a peculiar fringe of paper streamers.

Also, on the same night, those who have dead friends go to the cemeteries and make offerings there, and pray, and burn incense, and pour out water for the ghosts. Flowers are placed there in the bamboo vases set beside each *haka*, and lanterns are lighted and hung up before the tombs, but these lanterns have no designs upon them.

At sunset on the evening of the 15th only the offerings called *Segaki* are made in the temples. Then are fed the ghosts of the Circle of Penance, called *Gakido*, the place of hungry spirits; and then also are fed by the priests those ghosts having no other friends among the living to care for them. Very, very small these offerings are, — like the offerings to the gods.

III.

Now this, Akira tells me, is the origin of the Segaki, as the same is related in the holy book Busetsu-uran-bongyo: —

Dai-Mokeuren, the great disciple of Buddha, obtained by merit the Six Supernatural Powers. And by virtue of them it was given him to see the soul of his mother in the Gakido, — the world of spirits doomed to suffer hunger in expiation of faults committed in a previous life. Mokeuren saw that his mother suffered much; he grieved exceedingly because of her pain, and he filled a bowl with choicest food and sent it to her. He saw her try to eat; but each time that she tried to lift the food to her lips it would change into fire and burning embers, so that she could not eat. Then Mokeuren asked the Teacher what he could do to relieve his mother from pain. And the Teacher made answer: "On the fifteenth day of the seventh month, feed the ghosts of the great priests of all countries." And Mokeuren, having done so, saw that his mother was freed from the state of *gaki*, and that she was dancing for joy.[1] This is the origin also of the dances called *Bon-odori*, which are danced on the third night of the Festival of the Dead throughout Japan.

Upon the third and last night there is a weirdly beautiful ceremony, more touching than that of the Segaki, stranger than the Bon-odori, — the ceremony of farewell. All that the living may do to please the dead has been done; the time allotted by the powers of the unseen worlds unto the ghostly visitants is well-nigh past, and their friends must send them all back again.

Everything has been prepared for them. In each home small boats made of barley straw closely woven have been freighted with supplies of dainty food, with tiny lanterns, and written messages of faith and love. Seldom more than a foot in length are these boats; but the dead require little room. And the frail craft are launched on canal, lake, sea, or river, — each with a miniature lantern glowing at the prow, and incense burning at the stern. And if the night be fair, they voyage long. Down all the creeks and rivers and canals these phantom fleets go glimmering to the sea; and all the sea sparkles to the horizon with the lights of the dead, and the sea wind is fragrant with incense.

. . . But alas! it is now forbidden in the great seaports to launch the *shoryo-bune*, "the boats of the blessed ghosts."

IV.

. . . It is so narrow, the Street of the Aged Men, that by stretching out one's arms one can touch the figured sign draperies before its tiny shops on both sides at once. And these little ark-shaped houses really seem toy-houses; that in which Akira lives is even smaller than the rest, having no shop in it, and no miniature second story. It is all closed up. Akira slides back the wooden *amado* which forms the door, and then the paper-paned screens behind it; and the tiny structure, thus opened, with its light unpainted woodwork and painted paper partitions, looks something like a great birdcage. But the rush matting of the elevated floor is fresh, sweet-smelling, spotless; and as we take off our footgear to mount upon it, I see that all within is neat, curious, and dainty.

"The woman has gone out," says Akira, setting the smoking-box (*hibashi*) in the middle of the floor, and spreading beside it a little mat for me to squat upon.

"But what is this, Akira?" I ask, pointing to a thin board suspended by a ribbon on the wall, — a board so cut

[1] It is related in the same book that Ananda having asked the Buddha how came Mokeuren's mother to suffer in the Gakido, the Teacher replied that in a previous incarnation she had refused, through cupidity, to feed certain visiting priests.

from the middle of a branch as to leave the bark along its edges. There are two columns of mysterious signs exquisitely painted upon it.

"Oh, that is a calendar," answers Akira. "On the right side are the names of the months having thirty-one days; on the left, the names of those having less. Now here is a household shrine."

Occupying the alcove, which is an indispensable part of the structure of every Japanese room, is a native cabinet painted with figures of flying birds; and upon this cabinet stands the butsuma. It is a small lacquered and gilded shrine, with little doors modeled after those of a temple gate, — a shrine very quaint, very much dilapidated (one door has lost its hinges), but still a dainty thing despite its crackled lacquer and faded gilding. Akira opens it with a sort of compassionate smile; and I look inside for the image. There is none; only a wooden tablet with a band of white paper attached to it, bearing Japanese characters, — the name of a dead baby girl, — and a vase of expiring flowers, a tiny print of Kwamron, the Goddess of Mercy, and a cup filled with ashes of incense.

"To-morrow," Akira says, "she will decorate this, and make the offerings of food to the little one."

Hanging from the ceiling, on the opposite side of the room, and in front of the shrine, is a wonderful, charming, funny, white-and-rosy mask, — the face of a laughing, chubby girl with two mysterious spots upon her forehead, the face of Otafuku.[1] It twirls round and round in the soft air-current coming through the open *shojis;* and every time those funny black eyes, half shut with laughter, look at me, I cannot help smiling. And hanging still higher, I see little Shinto emblems of paper (*gohei*), a miniature mitre-shaped cap in likeness of those worn in the sacred dances, a pasteboard emblem of the magic gem (*Nio-iho-shu*) which the gods bear in their hands, a small Japanese doll, and a little windwheel which will spin around with the least puff of air, and other indescribable toys, mostly symbolic, such as are sold on festal days in the courts of the temples, — the playthings of the dead child.

. . . "*Komban!*" exclaims a very gentle voice behind us. The mother is standing there, smiling as if pleased at the stranger's interest in her butsuma, — a middle-aged woman of the poorest class, not comely, but with a most kindly face. We return her evening greeting; and while I sit down upon the little mat laid before the hibashi, Akira whispers something to her, with the result that a small kettle is at once set to boil over a very small charcoal furnace. We are probably going to have some tea.

As Akira takes his seat before me, on the other side of the hibashi, I ask him:

"What was the name I saw on the tablet?"

"The name which you saw," he answers, "was not the real name. The real name is written upon the other side. After death another name is given by the priest. A dead boy is called *Ryochi Doji;* a dead girl, *Mioyo Donyo.*"

While we are speaking, the woman approaches the little shrine, opens it, arranges the objects in it, lights the tiny lamp, and with joined hands and bowed head begins to pray. Totally unembarrassed by our presence and our chatter she seems, as one accustomed to do what is right and beautiful heedless of human opinion; praying with that brave, true frankness which belongs to the poor only of this world, — those simple souls who never have any secret to hide, either from each other or from heaven, and of whom Ruskin nobly said, "*These are our holiest.*" I do not know what words her heart is murmuring: I hear only at moments that soft sibilant sound,

[1] A deity of good fortune.

made by gently drawing the breath through the lips, which among this kind people is a token of humblest desire to please.

As I watch the tender little rite, I become aware of something vaguely astir in the mystery of my own life, — vaguely, indefinably familiar, like a memory ancestral, like the revival of a sensation forgotten two thousand years. Blended in some strange way it seems to be with my faint knowledge of an elder world, whose household gods were also the beloved dead; and there is a weird sweetness in this place, like a shadowing of Lares.

Then, her brief prayer over, she turns to her miniature furnace again. She talks and laughs with Akira; she prepares the tea, pours it out in tiny cups and serves it to us, kneeling in that graceful attitude — picturesque, traditional — which for six hundred years has been the attitude of the Japanese woman serving tea. Verily, no small part of the life of the Woman of Japan is spent thus in serving little cups of tea. Even as a ghost, she appears in popular prints offering to somebody spectral tea-cups of spectral tea. Of all Japanese ghost pictures, I know of none more pathetic than that in which the phantom of a woman kneeling humbly offers to her haunted and remorseful murderer a little cup of tea!

"Now let us go to the Bon-ichi," says Akira, rising; "she must go there herself soon, and it is already getting dark. *Sayonara!*"

It is indeed almost dark as we leave the little house: stars are pointing in the strip of sky above the street; but it is a beautiful night for a walk, with a strong breeze blowing at intervals between long pauses, and sending long flutterings through the miles of shop draperies. The market is in the narrow street at the verge of the city, just below the hill where the great Buddhist Temple of Zoto-Kuin stands, — in the Moto-machi, only ten squares away.

V.

The curious narrow street is one long blaze of lights, — lights of lantern signs, lights of torches and lamps illuminating unfamiliar rows of little stands and booths set out in the thoroughfare before all the shop-fronts on each side; making two far-converging lines of multi-colored fire. Between these moves a dense throng, filling the night with a clatter of *getas* that drowns even the tidelike murmuring of voices and the cries of the merchant. But how gentle the movement! — a pressure soft as a flowing of tepid water: there is no jostling, no rudeness; everybody, even the weakest and smallest, has a chance to see everything; and there are many things to see.

"*Hasu-no-hana! — hasu-no-ha!*" Here are the venders of lotos flowers for the tombs and the altars, of lotos leaves in which to wrap the food of the beloved ghosts. The leaves, folded into bundles, are heaped upon tiny tables; the lotos flowers, buds and blossoms intermingled, are fixed upright in immense bunches, supported by light frames of bamboo.

"*Ogara! — Ogara-ya!*" White sheaves of long peeled rods. These are hemp-sticks. The thinner ends can be broken up into hashi for the use of the ghosts; the rest must be consumed in the mukaebi. Rightly all these sticks should be made of pine; but pine is too scarce and dear for the poor folk of this district, so the *ogara* are substituted.

"*Kawarake! — Kawarake-ya!*" The dishes of the ghosts: small red shallow platters of unglazed earthenware; primeval pottery wrought after a fashion which now exists only for the dead, — pottery shaped after a tradition older than the religion of Buddha.

"*Ya-vondoro-wa-irima-senka!*"

The lanterns, — the "bon"-lanterns, — which will light the returning feet of the ghosts. All are beautiful. Some are hexagonal, like the lanterns of the great shrines; and some have the form of stars; and some are like great luminous eggs. They are decorated with exquisite paintings of lotos flowers, and with fringes of paper streamers choicely colored, or perhaps broad white paper ribbons in which charming suggestions of lotos blossoms have been scissored out. And here are dead-white lanterns, round like moons; these are for the cemeteries.

"*O-Kazari! O-Kazari-ya!*" The venders of all articles of decoration for the Festival of the Dead. "*Komo-demo! — nandemo!*" Here are the fresh white mats of rice straw for the butsumas and the altars; and here are the *warauma*, little horses made out of wisps of straw, for the dead to ride; and the *waransha*, little oxen of straw which will do shadowy labor for them. All cheap, cheap, — *oyasui!* Here also are the branches of shikimi for the altars, and sprays of misohagi wherewith to sprinkle water upon the Segaki.

"*O-Kazari-mono-wa-irima-senka!*" Exquisite scarlet and white tassels of strings of rice grains, like finest beadwork; and wonderful paper decorations for the butsumas; and incense-sticks (*senko*) of all varieties, from the commonest, at a couple of cents a bundle, to the extremely dear, at one *yen*, — long, light, chocolate-colored, brittle rods, slender as a pencil-lead, each bundle secured by straps of gilded and colored paper. You take one, light an end, and set the other end upright in a vessel containing soft ashes; it will continue to smoulder, filling the air with fragrance, until wholly consumed.

"*Hotaro-ni-Kirigisu! — okodomo-shu-no-onagusami! — oyasuke-make-masu!*" Eh! what is all this? A little booth shaped like a sentry box, all made of laths, covered with a red-and-white chess pattern of paper; and out of this frail structure issues a shrilling keen as the sound of leaking steam. "Oh, that is only insects," says Akira, laughing; "nothing to do with the Bonku." Insects, yes! — in cages! The shrilling is made by scores of huge green crickets, each prisoned in a tiny bamboo cage by itself. "They are fed with egg-plant and melon rind," continues Akira, "and sold to children to play with." And there are also beautiful little cages full of fireflies, — cages covered with brown mosquito-netting, upon each of which some simple but very charming design in bright colors has been dashed by a Japanese brush. One cricket and cage, two cents. Fifteen fireflies and cage, five cents.

Here on a street corner squats a pretty blue-robed boy behind a low wooden table, selling wooden boxes about as big as match-boxes, with red paper hinges. Beside the piles of these little boxes on the table are shallow dishes filled with clear water, in which extraordinary thin flat shapes are floating, — shapes of flowers, trees, birds, boats, men, and women. Open a box: it costs only two cents. Inside, wrapped in tissue paper, are bundles of little pale sticks, like round match-sticks, with pink ends. Drop one into the water, it instantly unrolls and expands into the likeness of a lotos flower. Another transforms itself into a fish. A third becomes a boat. A fourth changes to an owl. A fifth becomes a tea-plant, covered with leaves and blossoms. . . . So delicate are these things that, once immersed, you cannot handle them without breaking them. They are made of seaweed.

"*Tsukuri hana! — tsukuri-hana-wa-irima-senka.*" The sellers of artificial flowers, marvelous chrysanthemums and lotos plants of paper, imitations of bud and leaf and flower so cunningly wrought that the eye alone cannot detect the beautiful trickery. It is only right that these should cost much more than their living counterparts.

VI.

High above the thronging and the clamor and the myriad fires of the merchants, the great Shingon temple at the end of the radiant street towers upon its hill against the starry night, — weirdly, like a dream, strangely illuminated by rows of paper lanterns hung all along its curving eaves; and the flowing of the crowd bears me thither. Out of the broad entrance, over a dark gliding mass which I know to be heads and shoulders of crowding worshipers, beams a broad band of rich yellow light; and before reaching the lion-guarded steps I hear the continuous clanging of the temple gong, each clang the signal of an offering and a prayer. Doubtless a cataract of cash is pouring into the great alms-chest; for to-night is the Festival of Yakushi-Nyori, the Physician of Souls. Borne to the steps, at last I find myself able to halt a moment, despite the pressure of the throng, before the stand of a lantern-seller, selling the most beautiful lanterns that I have ever seen. Each is a gigantic lotos flower of paper, so perfectly made in every detail as to seem a great living blossom freshly plucked: the petals are crimson at their bases, paling to white at their tips; the calyx is a faultless mimicry of nature, and beneath it hangs a beautiful fringe of paper cuttings, colored with the colors of the flower, green below the calyx, white in the middle, crimson at the ends. In the heart of the blossom is set a microscopic oil-lamp of baked clay; and this being lighted, all the flower becomes luminous, diaphanous, a lotos of white and crimson fire. There is a slender gilded wooden hoop by which to hang it up; and the price is four cents! How can people afford to make such things for four cents, even in this country of astounding cheapness?

Akira is trying to tell me something about the *hyaku-hachi-no-mukaebi*, the Hundred and Eight Fires, to be lighted to-morrow evening, which bear some figurative relation unto the Hundred and Eight Foolish Desires; but I cannot hear him for the clatter of the *getas* and the *komagetas*, the wooden clogs and wooden sandals of the worshipers ascending to the shrine of Yakushi-Nyori. The light straw sandals of the poorer men, the *zori* and the *waraji*, are silent; the great clatter is really made by the delicate feet of women and girls, balancing themselves carefully upon their noisy getas. And most of these little feet are clad with spotless *tabi*, white as a white lotos. White feet of little blue-robed mothers they mostly are, — mothers climbing patiently and smilingly, with pretty placid babies at their backs, up the hill to Buddha.

And while through the tinted lantern-light I wander on with the gentle, noisy people, up the great steps of stone, between other displays of lotos blossoms, between other high hedge-rows of paper flowers, my thought suddenly goes back to the little broken shrine in the poor woman's room, with the humble playthings hanging before it, and the laughing, twirling mask of Otafuku. I see the happy, funny little eyes, oblique and silky-shadowed like Otafuku's own, which used to look at those toys, — toys in which the fresh child-senses found a charm that I can but faintly divine, a delight hereditary, ancestral. I see the tender little creature being borne, as it was doubtless borne many times, through just such a peaceful throng as this, in just such a mild, luminous night, peeping over the mother's shoulder, softly clinging at her neck with tiny hands.

Somewhere among this multitude is the mother. She will feel again to-night the faint touch of little hands, yet will not turn her head to look and laugh, as in other days.

*Lafcadio Hearn.*

## FORECASTING.

SOME day as now the world shall reawake:
The city from its brief, dream-tortured sleep;
The country, from its slumber pure and deep,
To songs of birds in every flowering brake;
And men light-hearted, or with hearts that ache,
Shall rise and go what they have sown to reap;
And women smile, or sit alone and weep
For life once sweet, grown bitter for love's sake.

But we, that day, shall not be here, — not we;
We shall have done with life, though few may know.
Between *us* then shall awful stillness be
Who spake such words of bliss, such words of woe,
As winds remember, chanting fitfully —
Chanting as now — above *us* lying low.

*Philip Bourke Marston.*

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## THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

### IX.

#### THE TURRET.

WHILE Antonia and Van Corlaer continued their conference on the stone steps leading to the wall, the dwarf was mounting a flight which led to the turret. Klussman walked ahead, carrying her instrument and her ration for the day. There was not a loophole to throw glimmers upon the blackness. The ascent wound about as if carved through the heart of rock, and the tall Swiss stooped to its slope. Such a mountain of unseen terraces made Le Rossignol pant. She lifted herself from step to step, growing dizzy with the turns and holding to the wall.

"Wait for me," she called up the gloom, and shook her fist at the unseen soldier because he gave her no reply.

Klussman stepped out on the turret floor and set down his load. Stretching himself from the cramp of the stairway, he stood looking over bay and forest and coast. The battlemented wall was quite as high as his shoulder. One small cannon, brought up with enormous labor, was here trained through an embrasure to command the mouth of the river.

Le Rossignol emerged into the unroofed light and the sea air like a potentate, dragging a warm furred robe. She had fastened great hoops of gold in her ears, and they gave her peaked face a barbaric look. It was her policy to go in state to punishment. The little sovereign stalked with long steps and threw out her arm in command.

"Monsieur the Swiss, stoop over and give me thy back until I mount the battlement."

Klussman, full of his own bitter and confused thinking, looked blankly down at her heated countenance.

"Give me thy back!" sang the

dwarf, in the melodious scream which anger never made harsh in her.

"Faith, yes, and my entire carcass," muttered the Swiss. "I care not what becomes of me now."

"Madame Marie sent you to escort me to this turret. You have the honor because you are an officer. Now do your duty as lieutenant of this fortress, and make me a comfortable prisoner."

Klussman set his hands upon his sides and smiled down upon his prisoner.

"What is your will?"

"Twice have I told you to stoop and give me your back, that I may mount from the cannon to the battlements. Am I to be shut up here without an outlook?"

"May I be hanged if I do that!" exclaimed Klussman. "Make a footstool of myself for a spoiled puppet like thee?"

Le Rossignol ran toward him, and kicked his boots with the heel of her moccasin. The Swiss, remonstrating and laughing, moved back before her.

"Have some care, — thou wilt break a deer-hoof on my stout leather. And why mount the battlements? A fall from this turret edge would spread thee out like a raindrop. Though the fewer women there are in the world the better," added Klussman bitterly.

"Presume not to call me a woman!"

"Why, what art thou?"

"I am the Nightingale."

"By thy red head thou art the woodpecker. Here is my back, clatterbill. Why should I not crawl the ground to be walked over? I have been worse used than that."

He grinned fiercely as he bent down with his hands upon his knees. Le Rossignol mounted the cannon, and with a couple of light bounds, making him a perch midway, reached an embrasure, and sat there arranging her robes.

"Now you may hand me my clavier," she said, "and then you shall have my thanks and my pardon."

The Swiss handed her the instrument. His contempt was ruder than he knew. Le Rossignol pulled her gullskin cap well down upon her ears, for, though the day was now bright overhead, a raw wind came across the bay. She leaned over and looked down into the fortress to call her swan. The cook was drawing water from the well, and that soft sad note lifted his eyes to the turret. Le Rossignol squinted at him, and the man went into the barracks and told his wife that he felt shooting pains in his limbs that instant.

"Come hither, gentle Swiss," said the dwarf, striking the plectrum into her mandolin strings, "and I will reward thee for thy back and all thy courtly services."

Klussman stepped to the wall and looked with her into the fort.

"Take that sweet sight for my thanks," said Le Rossignol, pointing to Marguerite below.

The miserable girl had come out of the barracks, and was sitting in the sun beside the oven. She rested her head against it, and met the sky light with half-shut eyes, lovely in silken hair and pallid flesh through all her sullenness and dejection. As Klussman saw her he uttered an oath under his breath, which the dwarf's hand on the mandolin echoed with a bang. He turned his back on the sight and betook himself to the stairway, the dwarf's laughter following him. She felt high in the world, and played with a good spirit. The sentinel below heard her, but he took care to keep a steady and level eye. When the swan rose past him, spreading its wings almost against his face, he prudently trod the wall without turning his head.

"Hé, Shubenacadie," said the human morsel to her familiar, as the wide wings composed themselves beside her. "We had scarce said good-morning when I must be haled before my lady for that box of the Hollandaise." The swan was a huge white creature of his

kind, with fiery eyes. There was satin texture delightful to the touch in the firm and glistening plumage of his swelling breast. Le Rossignol smoothed it.

"They have few trinkets in that barbarous Fort Orange in the west. I detest that Hollandaise more since she carries about such a casket. Let us be cozy. Kiss me, Shubenacadie."

The swan's attachment and obedience to her were struggling against some swanlike instinct which made him rear a lofty head and twist it riverward.

"Kiss me, I say! Shall I have to beat thee over the head with my clavier to teach thee manners?"

Shubenacadie darted his snake neck downward and touched bills with her. She patted his coral nostrils.

"Not yet. Before you take to the water we must have some talk. I am shut up here to stay this whole day. And for what? Not because of the casket, for they know not what I have done with it, but because you and I sometimes go out without the password. Stick out your toes and let me polish them."

Shubenacadie resisted this mandate, and his autocrat promptly dragged one foot from under him, causing him to topple on the parapet. He hissed at her. Le Rossignol looked up at the threatening flat head and hissed back.

"You are as bad as that Swiss," she laughed. "I will put a yoke on you. I will tie you to the settle in the hall. Why have all man creatures such tempers? Thank Heaven I was not born to hose and doublet! Never did I see a mild man in my life except Edelwald. As for this Swiss, I am done with him. He hath a wife, Shubenacadie. She sits down there by the oven now; a miserable thing turned off by D'Aulnay de Charnisay. Have I told you the Swiss had a soul above a common soldier, and I picked him out to pay court to me? Beat me for it. Pull the red hair he condemned. I would have had him sighing for me that I might pity him. The populace is beneath us, but we must amuse ourselves. Beat me, I demand. Punish me well for abasing my eyes to that Swiss."

Shubenacadie understood the challenge and the tone. He was used to rendering such service when his mistress repented of her sins. Yet he gave his tail feathers a slight flirt, and quavered some guttural to sustain his part in the conversation, and to beg that he might be excused from holding the sword this time. As she continued to prod him, however, he struck her with his beak. Le Rossignol was human in never finding herself able to bear the punishment she courted. She flew at the swan, he spread his wings for ardent warfare, and they both dropped to the stone floor in a whirlwind of mandolin, arms, and feathers. The dwarf kept her hold on him until he cowered and lay with his neck along the pavement.

"Thou art a Turk, a rascal, a horned beast!" panted Le Rossignol.

Shubenacadie quavered plaintively, and all her wrath was gone. She spread out one of his wings and smoothed the plumes. She nursed his head in her lap and sang to him. Two of his feathers, plucked out in the contest, she put in her bosom. He flirted his tail and gathered himself again to his feet, and she broke her loaf and fed him, and poured water into her palm for his bill.

Le Rossignol esteemed the military dignity given to her imprisonment, and she was a hardy midget who could bear untold exposure when wandering at her own will. She therefore received with disgust her lady's summons to come down long before the day was spent, the messenger being only Zélie.

"Ah—h, mademoiselle," warned the maid, stumping ponderously out of the stone stairway, "are you about to mount that swan again?"

"Who ever saw me mount him?"

"I would be sworn there are a dozen men in the fort who have."

"But you never have."

"No; I have been absent with my lady."

"Well, you shall see me now."

The dwarf flung herself on Shubenacadie's back, and thrust her feet down under his wings. He began to rise, and expanded, stretching his neck forward, and Zélie uttered a yell of terror. The weird little woman leaped off, and turned her laughing beak toward the terrified maid. Her ear-hoops swung as she rolled her mocking head.

"Oh, if it frightens you, I will not ride to-day," she said.

Shubenacadie sailed across the battlements, and though they could not see him they knew he had taken to the river.

"If I tell my lady this," shivered Zélie, "she will never let you out of the turret. And she but this moment sent me to call you down out of the chill east wind."

"Tell Madame Marie," urged the dwarf insolently.

"And do you ride that way over bush and brier, through murk and daylight?"

"I was at Penobscot this week," answered Le Rossignol.

Zélie gazed, with a bristling of even the hairs upon her lip.

"It goeth past belief," she observed, setting her hands upon her sides. "And the swan, — what else can he do besides carry thee like a dragon?"

"He sings to me," boldly asserted Le Rossignol. "And many a good bit of advice have I taken from his bill."

"It would be well if he turned his mind more to thinking and less to roving," hinted Zélie. "I will go before you downstairs and leave the key in the turret door," she suggested.

"Take up these things, and go when you please; and mind that I do not hear my clavier striking the wall."

"Have you not felt the wind in this open donjon?"

"The wind and I take no note of each other," replied the dwarf, lifting her chilled nose skyward. "But the cold water and bread have worked me most discomfort in this imprisonment. Go down and tell the cook for me that he is to make a hot bowl of the broth I like."

"He will do it," said Zélie.

"Yes, he will do it," returned the dwarf, "and the sooner he does it the better."

"Will you eat it in the hall?"

"I will eat it wherever Madame Marie is."

"But that you cannot do. There is great business going forward, and she is shut with Madame Bronck in our other lady's room."

"I like it when you presume to know better than I do what is going forward in this fort!" cried the dwarf jealously, a flush mounting her slender cheeks.

"I should best know what has happened since you left the hall," contended Zélie.

"Do you think so, poor heavy-foot? You can only hearken to what is whispered past your ear; but I can sit here on the battlements and read all the secrets below me."

"Can you, Mademoiselle Nightingale? For instance, where is Madame Bronck's box?" The maid drew a deep breath at her own daring.

"It is not about Madame Bronck's box that they confer. It is about the marriage of the Hollandaise," answered Le Rossignol, with a bold guess. "I could have told you that when you entered the turret."

Zélie experienced a chill through her flesh which was not caused by the damp breath of Fundy Bay.

"How doth she find out things done behind her back, this clever little witch?" she muttered. "And perhaps you will name the bridegroom, mademoiselle?"

"Who could that be except the big Hollandais who hath come out of the

west after her? Could she marry a priest or a common soldier?"

"That is true," admitted Zélie, feeling her superstition allayed.

"There must be as few women as trinkets in that wilderness Fort of Orange from which he came," added the dwarf.

"Why?" inquired Zélie, wrinkling her nose and squinting in the sunlight.

But Le Rossignol took no further trouble than to give her a look of contempt, and lifted the furred garment to descend the stairs.

## X.

### AN ACADIAN POET.

"The woman who dispenses with any dignity which should attend her marriage doth cheapen herself to her husband," said Lady Dorinda to Antonia Bronck, leaning back in the easiest chair of the fortress. It was large and stiff, but filled with cushions. Lady Dorinda's chamber was the most comfortable one in Fort St. John. It was over the front of the great hall, and was intended for a drawing-room, being spacious, well warmed by a fireplace, and lighted by windows looking into the fort. A stately curtained bed, a toilet table with swinging mirror, bearing many of the ornaments and beauty-helpers of an elderly belle, and countless accumulations which spoke her former state in the world made this an English bower in a French fort.

Her dull yellow hair was coifed in the fashion of the early Stuarts. She held a hand-screen betwixt her face and the fire, but the flush which touched her usual sallowness was not caused by heat. A wedding was a diversion of her exile which Lady Dorinda had never hoped for. There had been some mating in the fort below among soldiers and peasant women, to which she did not lower her thoughts. The noise of resulting merrymakings sufficiently sought out and annoyed her ear. But the wedding of the guest to a man of consequence in the Dutch colony was something to which she might unbend herself.

Antonia had been brought against her will to consult with this faded authority by Marie, who sat by to support her through the ordeal. There was never any familiar chat between the lady of the fort and the widow of Claude La Tour. Neither forgot their first meeting behind cannon, and the tragedy of a divided house. Lady Dorinda lived in Acadia because she could not well live elsewhere; and she secretly nursed a hope that in her day the province would fall into English hands, her knight be vindicated, and his son obliged to submit to a power he had defied to the extremity of warring with a father.

If the two women had no love for each other, they at least stinted no ceremony. Marie presented the smallest surface of herself to her mother-in-law. It is true they had been of the same household only a few months; but months and years are the same between us and the people who solve not for us this riddle of ourselves. Antonia thought little of Lady Dorinda's opinions, but her saying about the dignity of marriage rites had the force of unexpected truth. Arendt Van Corlaer had used up his patience in courtship. He was now bent on wedding Antonia and setting out to Montreal without the loss of another day. His route was planned up St. John River and across country to the St. Lawrence.

"I would, therefore, give all possible state to this occasion," added Lady Dorinda. "Did you not tell me this Sir Van Corlaer is an officer?"

"He is the real patroon of Fort Orange, my lady."

"He should then have military honors paid him on his marriage," said Lady Dorinda, to whom "patroon"

suggested the barbarous but splendid vision of a western pasha. "Salutes should be fired and drums sounded. In thus recommending I hope I have not overstepped my authority, Madame La Tour?"

"Certainly not, your ladyship," Marie murmured.

"The marriage ceremony hath length and solemnity, but I would have it longer and more solemn. In giving herself away, a woman should greatly impress a man with the charge he hath undertaken. There be not many bridegrooms like Sir Claude de la Tour, who fasted an entire day before his marriage with me. The ceremonial of that marriage hath scarce been forgotten at court to this hour."

Lady Dorinda folded her hands and closed her eyes to sigh. Her voice had rolled the last words in her throat. At such moments she looked very superior. Her double chins and dull light eyes held great reserves of self-respect. A small box of aromatic seeds lay in her lap, and as her hands encountered it she was reminded to put a seed in her mouth and find pensive comfort in chewing it.

"Edelwald should be here to give the proper grace to this event," added Lady Dorinda.

"I thought of him," said Marie. "Edelwald has so much the nature of a troubadour."

"The studies which adorn a man were well thought of when I was at court," said Lady Dorinda. "Edelwald is really thrown away upon this wilderness."

Antonia was too intent on Van Corlaer and his fell determination to turn her mind upon Edelwald. She had, indeed, seen very little of La Tour's second in command, for he had been away with La Tour on expeditions much of the time she had spent in Acadia. Edelwald was the only man of the fortress who was called by his baptismal name, yet it was spoken with respect and deference, like a title. He was of the family of De Born. In an age when religion made political ties stronger than the ties of nature, the La Tours and the De Borns had fought side by side through Huguenot wars. When a later generation of La Tours were struggling for foothold in the New World, it was not strange that a son of the De Borns, full of songcraft and spirit inherited from some troubadour soldier of the twelfth century, should turn his face to the same land. From his mother Edelwald took Norman and Saxon strains of blood. He had left France the previous year and made his voyage in the same ship with Madame La Tour and her mother-in-law, and he was now La Tour's trusted officer.

Edelwald could take up any stringed instrument, strike melody out of it, and sing songs he had himself made. But such pastimes were brief in Acadia. There was other business on the frontier, — sailing, hunting, fighting, persuading or defying men, exploring unyielded depths of wilderness. The joyous science had long fallen out of practice. But while the grim and bloody records of our early colonies were being made, here was an unrecorded poet in Acadia. La Tour held this gift of Edelwald's in light esteem. He was a man so full of action and of schemes for establishing power that he touched only the martial side of the young man's nature, though in that contact was strong comradeship. Every inmate of the fortress liked Edelwald. He mediated between commandant and men, and jealousies and bickerings disappeared before him.

"It would be better," murmured Antonia, breaking the stately silence by Lady Dorinda's fire, "if Mynheer Van Corlaer journeyed on to Montreal and returned here before any marriage takes place."

"Think of the labor you will thereby put upon him!" exclaimed Marie. "I speak for Monsieur Corlaer, and not for

myself," she added; "for by that delay I should happily keep you until summer. Besides, the priest we have here with us himself admits that the town of Montreal is little to look upon. Ville-Marie though it be named by the papists, what is it but a cluster of huts in the wilderness?"

"I was six months preparing to be wedded to Mynheer Bronck," remembered Antonia.

"And will Monsieur Corlaer return here from Montreal?"

"No, madame. He will carry me with him."

"I like him better for it," said Marie, smiling, "though it pleases me ill enough."

This was Antonia's last weak revolt against the determination of her stalwart suitor. She gained a three days' delay from him by submitting to the other conditions of his journey. It amused Marie to note the varying phases of Antonia's surrender. She was already resigned to the loss of Jonas Bronck's hand, and in no slavish terror of the consequences.

"And it is true I am provided with all I need," she mused on, in the line of removing objections from Van Corlaer's way.

"I have often promised to show you the gown I wore at my marriage," said Lady Dorinda, roused from her rumination on the aromatic seed, and leaving her chair to pay this gracious compliment to the Dutch widow. "It hath faded, and been discolored by the sea air, but you will not find a prettier fashion of lace in anything made since."

She had no maid, for the women of the garrison had all been found too rude for her service. When she first came to Acadia with Claude La Tour, an English gentlewoman gladly waited on her. But now only Zélie gave her constrained and half-hearted attention, rating her as "my other lady," and plainly deploring her presence. Lady Dorinda had one large box bound with iron, hidden in a nook beyond her bed. She took the key from its usual secret place and busied herself opening the box. Marie and Antonia heard her speak a word of surprise, but the curtained bed hid her from them. The raised lid of her box let out sweet scents of England, but that breath of old times, though she always dreaded its sweep across her resignation, had not made her cry out.

She found a strange small coffer on the top of her own treasures. Its key stood in its lock, and Lady Dorinda at once turned that key, as a duty to herself. Antonia's loss of some precious casket had been proclaimed to her, but she recollected that in her second thought, when she had already laid aside the napkin and discovered Jonas Bronck's hand. Lady Dorinda snapped the lid down and closed her own chest. She rose from her place and stretched both arms toward the couch at the foot of her bed. Having reached it, she sank down, her head meeting a cushion with nice calculation.

"I am about to faint," said Lady Dorinda, and having parted with her breath in one puff, she sincerely lost consciousness and lay in extreme calm, her clay-colored eyelids shut on a clay-colored face. Marie was used to these quiet lapses of her mother-in-law, for Lady Dorinda had not been a good sailor on their voyage; but Antonia was alarmed. They bathed her face with a few inches of towel dipped in scented water, and rubbed her hands, and fanned her. She caught life in again with a gasp, and opened her eyes to their young faces.

"Your ladyship attempted too much in opening that box," said Marie. "It is not good to go back through old sorrows."

"Madame La Tour may be right," sighed Claude's widow.

"I could not now look at that gown, Lady Dorinda," protested Antonia.

When her ladyship was able to sit again by the fire she asked both of them to leave her; and being alone, she quieted her anxiety about her treasures in the

chest by a forced search. Nothing had been disturbed. The coals burned down red while Lady Dorinda tried to understand this happening. She dismissed all thought of the casket's belonging to Antonia Bronck, — a mild and stiff-mannered young provincial who had nothing to do with ghastly tokens of war. That hand was a political hint, mysteriously sent to Lady Dorinda and embodying some important message.

D'Aulnay de Charnisay may have sent it as a pledge that he intended to do justice to the elder La Tour while chastising the younger. There was a strange girl in the fort, accused of coming from D'Aulnay. Lady Dorinda could feel no enmity toward D'Aulnay. Her mind swarmed with foolish thoughts, harmless because ineffectual. She felt her importance grow, and was sure that the seed of a deep political intrigue lay hidden in her chest.

## XI.

### MARGUERITE.

The days which elapsed before Antonia Bronck's marriage were lived joyfully by a people who lost care in any festival. Van Corlaer brought the sleek-faced young dominie from camp and exhibited him in all his potency as the means of a Protestant marriage service. He could not speak a word of French, but only Dutch was required of him. All religious rites were celebrated in the hall, there being no chapel in Fort St. John, and this marriage was to be witnessed by the garrison.

During this cheerful time a burning unrest, which she concealed from her people, drove Marie about her domain. She fled up the turret stairs and stood on the cannon to look over the bay. Her husband had been away but eight days. "Yet he often makes swift journeys," she thought. The load of his misfortunes settled more heavily upon her as she drew nearer to the end of woman companionship.

In former times, before such bitterness had grown in the feud between D'Aulnay and La Tour, she had made frequent voyages from Cape Sable up Fundy Bay to Port Royal. The winters were then merry among noble Acadians, and the lady of Fort St. Louis at Cape Sable was hostess of a rich seigniory. Now she had the sickness of suspense, and the wasting of life in waiting. Frequently during the day she met Father Jogues, who also wandered about, disturbed by the evident necessity of his return to Montreal.

"Monsieur," said Marie once, "can you on your conscience bless a heretic?"

"Madame, heaven itself blesses a good and excellent woman."

"Well, monsieur, if you could lift up your hand, even with the sign which my house holds idolatrous, and say a few words of prayer, I should then feel consecrated to whatever is before me."

Perhaps Father Jogues was tempted to have recourse to his vial of holy water and make the baptismal signs. Many a soul he truly believed he had saved from burning by such secret administration. And if savages could be thus reclaimed, should he hold back from the only opportunity ever given by this beautiful soul? His face shone. But with that gracious instinct to refrain from intermeddling which was beyond his times, he only lifted his stumps of fingers and spoke the words which she craved. A maimed priest is deprived of his sacred offices, but the Pope had made a special dispensation for Father Jogues.

"Thanks, monsieur," said Marie. "Though it be sin to declare it, I will say your religion hath mother-comfort in it. Perhaps you have felt, in the woods among Iroquois, that sometime need of mother-comfort which a civilized woman may feel who has long outgrown her childhood."

The mandolin was heard in the bar-

racks once during those days, for Le Rossignol had come out of the house determined to look for Marguerite. She found the Swiss girl beside the powder magazine, for Marguerite had brought out a stool, and seemed trying to cure her sick spirit in the sun. The dwarf stood still and looked at her with insolent eyes. Soldiers' wives hid themselves within their doors, cautiously watching, or thrusting out their heads to shake at one another or to squall at any child venturing too near the encounter. They did not like the strange girl, and besides, she was in their way. But they liked the Nightingale less, and pitied any one singled out for her attack.

"Good-day to madame the former Madame Klussman," said the dwarf.

Marguerite gathered herself in defense to arise and leave her stool. But Le Rossignol gathered her mandolin in equal readiness to give pursuit. And not one woman in the barracks would willingly have been her quarry.

"I was in Penobscot last week," announced Le Rossignol, and heads popped out of all the doors to lift eyebrows and open mouths at each other. The swan-riding witch! She confessed to that impossible journey!

"I was in Penobscot last week," repeated Le Rossignol, holding up her mandolin and tinkling an accompaniment to her words, "and there I saw the house of D'Aulnay de Charnisay, and a very good house it is; but my lord should burn it. It is indeed of rough logs, and the windows are so high that one must have wings to look through them; but quite good enough for a woman of your rank, seeing that D'Aulnay hath a palace for his wife in Port Royal."

"I know naught about the house," spoke Marguerite, a yellow sheen of anger appearing in her eyes.

"Do you know naught about the Island of Demons, then?"

The Swiss girl muttered a negative, and looked sidewise at her antagonist.

"I will tell you that story," said Le Rossignol.

She played a weird prelude. Marguerite sat still to be baited, like a hare which has no covert. The instrument being heavy for the dwarf, she propped it by resting one foot on the abutting foundation of the powder house, and all through her recital made the mandolin's effects act upon her listener.

"The Sieur de Roberval sailed to this New World, having with him among a shipload of righteous people one Marguerite." She slammed her emphasis on the mandolin.

"There have ever been too many such women, and so the Sieur de Roberval found, though this one was his niece. Like all her kind, madame, she had a lover to her scandal. The Sieur de Roberval whipped her, and prayed over her, and shut her up in irons in the hold; yet live a godly life she would not. So what could he do but set her ashore on the Island of Demons?"

"I do not want to hear it," was Marguerite's muttered protest.

But Le Rossignol advanced closer to her face.

"And what does the lover do but jump overboard and swim after her? And well was he repaid." Bang! went the mandolin. "So they went up the rocky island together, and there they built a hut. What a horrible land was that!

"All day long fiends twisted themselves in mist. The waves made a sadder moaning there than anywhere else on earth. Monsters crept out of the sea and grinned with dull eyes and clammy lips. No fruit, no flower, scarcely a blade of grass dared thrust itself toward the sky on that scaly island. Daylight was half dusk there forever. But the nights, the nights, madame, were full of howls of contending beasts; the nights were storms of demons let loose to beat on that island!

"All the two people had to eat were

the stores set ashore by the Sieur de Roberval. Now a child was born in their hut, and the very next night a bear knocked at the door and demanded the child. Marguerite full freely gave it to him."

The girl shrank back, and Le Rossignol was delighted until she herself noticed that Klussman had come in from some duty outside the gates. His eye detected her employment, and he sauntered not far off, with his shoulder turned to the powder house.

"Next night, madame," continued Le Rossignol, and her tone and the accent of the mandolin made an insult of that unsuitable title, "a horned lion and two dragons knocked at the door and asked for the lover, and Marguerite full freely gave him to them. Kind soul, she would do anything to save herself!"

"Go away!" burst out the girl.

"And from that time until a ship took her off, the demons of Demon Island tried in vain to get Marguerite. They howled around her house every night, and gaped down her chimney, and whispered through the cracks, and sat on the roof. But thou knowest, madame, that a woman of her kind, so soft and silent and downward-looking, is more than a match for any demon; sure to live full easily and to die a fat saint."

"Have done with this," said Klussman behind the dwarf, who turned her grotesque beak and explained: —

"I am but telling the story of the Island of Demons to Madame Klussman."

As soon as she had spoken the name the Swiss caught her in his hand, mandolin and all, and walked across the esplanade holding her at arm's length as he might have carried an eel. Le Rossignol ineffectually squirmed and kicked, raging at the spectacle she made for laughing women and soldiers. She tried to beat the Swiss with her mandolin, but he twisted her in another direction, a cat's weight of fury. Giving her no chance to turn upon him, he opened the entrance and shut her inside the hall, and stalked back to make his explanation to his wife. Klussman had avoided any glimpse of Marguerite until this instant of taking up her defense.

"I pulled that witch-midget off thee," he said, speaking for the fortress to hear, "because I will not have her raising tumults in the fort. Her place is in the hall to amuse her ladies."

Marguerite's chin rested on her breast.

"Go in the house," said Klussman roughly. "Why do you show yourself out here to be mocked at?"

The poor girl raised her swimming eyes and looked at him in the fashion he remembered when she was ill; when he had nursed her with agonies of fear that she might die. The old relations between them were thus suggested in one blinding flash. Klussman turned away so sick that the walls danced around him. He went outside the fort again, and wandered around the stony height, turning at every few steps to gaze and strain his eyes at that new clay in the graveyard.

"When she lies beside that," muttered the soldier, "then I can be soft to her," though he knew he was already soft to her, and that her look had pierced through him.

## XII.

### D'AULNAY.

The swelling spring was chilled by cold rain, driving in from the bay and sweeping through the half-budded woods. The tide went up St. John River with an impulse which flooded undiked lowlands, yet there was no storm dangerous to shipping. Some sails hung out there in the whirl of vapors with evident intention of making port.

Marie took a glass up to the turret and stood on the cannon to watch them. Rain fine as driven stings beat her face, and accumulated upon her muffling to

run down and drip on the wet floor. She could make out nothing of the vessels. There were three of them, each by its sails a ship. They could not be the ships of Nicholas Denys carrying La Tour's recruits. She was not foolish enough, however great her husband's prosperity with Denys, to expect of him such a miraculous voyage around Cape Sable.

Sails were a rare sight on that side of the bay. The venturesome seamen of the Massachusetts colony chose other courses. Fundy Bay was aside from the great sea paths. Port Royal sent out no ships except D'Aulnay's, and on La Tour's side of Acadia his was the only vessel.

Certain of nothing except that these unknown comers intended to enter St. John River, Madame La Tour went downstairs, and met Klussman on the wall. He turned from his outlook and said directly, —

"Madame, I believe it is D'Aulnay."

"You may be right," she answered. "Is any one outside the gates?"

"Two men went early to the garden, but the rain drove them back. Fortunately, the day being bad, no one is hunting beyond the falls."

"And is our vessel well moored?"

"Her repairing was finished some days ago, you remember, madame, and she sits safe and comfortable. But D'Aulnay may burn her. When he was here before, my lord was away with the ship."

"Bar the gates and make everything secure at once," said Marie. "And salute these vessels presently. If it be D'Aulnay, we sent him back to his seigniory with fair speed once before, and we are no worse equipped now."

She returned down the stone steps where Van Corlaer's courtship had succeeded, and threw off her wet cloak to dry herself before the fire in her room. She kneeled by the hearth; the log had burned nearly away. Her mass of hair was twisted back in the plain fashion of the Greeks, — that old sweet fashion created with the nature of woman, to which the world periodically returns when it has exhausted new devices. The smallest curves, which were tendrils rather than curls of hair, were blown out of her fleece over forehead and ears. A dark woman's beauty is independent of wind and light. When she is buffeted by weather the rich inner color comes through her skin, and the brightest dayshine can do nothing against the dusk of her eyes.

If D'Aulnay was about to attack the fort, Marie was glad that Monsieur Corlaer had taken his bride, the missionaries, and his people, and set out in the opposite direction. Barely had they escaped a siege, for they were on their way less than twenty-four hours. She had regretted their first day in a chill rain. But chill rain in boundless woods is better than sunlight in an invested fortress. Father Jogues's happy face, with its forward droop and musing eyelids, came before Marie's vision.

"I need another of his benedictions," she said in an undertone, when a knock on her door and a struggle with its latch disturbed her.

"Enter, Le Rossignol," said Madame La Tour.

And Le Rossignol entered, and approached the hearth, standing at full length scarcely as high as her lady kneeling. The room was a dim one, for all apartments looking out of the fort had windows little larger than portholes, set high in the walls. Two or three screens hid its uses as bed-chamber and dressing-room, and a few pieces of tapestry were hung, making occasional panels of grotesque figures. A couch stood near the fireplace. The dwarf's prominent features were gravely fixed, and her bushy hair formed a huge auburn halo around them. She wet her lips with that sudden motion by which a toad may be seen to catch flies.

"Madame Marie, every one is running around below and saying that D'Aulnay de Charnisay is coming again to attack the fort."

"Your pretty voice has always been a pleasure to me, Nightingale."

"But is it so, madame?"

"There are three ships standing in."

Le Rossignol's russet-colored gown moved nearer to the fire. She stretched her claws to warm, and then lifted one of them near her lady's nose.

"Madame Marie, if D'Aulnay de Charnisay be coming, put no faith in that Swiss!"

"In Klussman?"

"Yes, madame."

"Klussman is the best soldier now in the fort," said Madame La Tour, laughing. "If I put no faith in him, whom shall I trust?"

"Madame Marie, you remember that woman you brought back with you?"

"I have not seen her or spoken with her," replied Marie self-reproachfully, "since she vexed me so sorely about her child. She is a poor creature. But they feed and house her well in the barracks."

"Madame Marie, Klussman hath been talking with that woman every day this week."

The dwarf's lady looked keenly at her.

"Oh, no. There could be no talk between those two."

"But there hath been. I have watched him. Madame Marie, he took me up when I went into the fort before Madame Bronck's marriage, — when I was but playing my clavier before that sulky knave to amuse her, — he took me up in his big common-soldier fingers, gripping me around the waist, and flung me into the hall."

"Did he so?" laughed Marie. "I can well see that my Nightingale can put no more faith in the Swiss. But hearken to me, thou bird-child. There! hear our salute!"

The cannon leaped almost over their heads, and the walls shook with its boom and rebound. Marie kept her finger up and waited for a reply. Minute succeeded minute. The drip of accumulated raindrops from the door could be heard, but nothing else. Those sullen vessels paid no attention to the inquiry of Fort St. John.

"Our enemy has come."

She relaxed from her tense listening, and with a deep breath looked at Le Rossignol.

"Do not undermine the faith of one in another in this fortress. We must all hold together now. The Swiss may have a tenderness for his wretched wife which thou canst not understand. But he is not therefore faithless to his lord."

Taking the glass and throwing on her wet cloak, Marie again ran up to the wall. But Le Rossignol sat down cross-legged by the fire, wise and brooding.

"If I could see that Swiss hung," she observed, "it would scratch in my soul a long-felt itch."

When calamity threatens, we turn back to our peaceful days with astonishment that they ever seemed monotonous. Marie watched the ships, and thought of the woman days with Antonia before Van Corlaer came; of embroidery, and teaching the Etchemins, and bringing sweet plunder from the woods for the child's grave; of paddling on the twilight river when the tide was up, brimming and bubble-tinted; of her lord's coming home to the autumn-night hearth; of the little wheels and spinning, and Edelwald's songs, — of all the common joys of that past life. The clumsy glass, lately brought from France to master distances in the New World, wearied her hands before it assured her eyes.

D'Aulnay de Charnisay was actually coming to attack Fort St. John a second time. He warily anchored his vessels out of the fort's range; and hour after hour boats moved back and forth landing men and artillery on the cape at the mouth of the river, a position which gave

as little scope as possible to St. John's guns. All that afternoon tents and earthworks were rising, and detail by detail appeared the deliberate and careful preparations of an enemy who was sitting down to a siege.

At dusk camp-fires began to flame on the distant low cape, and voices moved along air made sensitively vibrant by falling damp. There was the suggested hum of a disciplined small army set tling itself for the night and for early action.

Madame La Tour came out to the esplanade of the fort, and the Swiss met her, carrying a torch which ineffectual raindrops irritated to constant hissing. He stood, tall and careworn, holding it up that his lady might see her soldiers. Everything in the fort was ready for the siege. The sentinels were about to be doubled, and sheltered by their positions.

"I have had you called together, my men," she spoke, "to say a word to you before this affair begins."

The torch flared its limited circle of shine, smoke wavering in a half-seen plume at its tip, and showed their erect figures in line, none very distinct, but all keenly suggestive of life. Some were black-bearded and tawny, and others had tints of the sun in flesh and hair. One was grizzled about the temples, and one was a smooth-cheeked youth. The roster of their familiar names seemed to her as precious as a rosary. The men watched her, feeling her beauty as keenly as if it were a pain, and answering every lambent motion of her spirit.

All the buildings were hinted through falling mist, and glowing hearths in the barracks showed like forge lights; for the wives of the half dozen married soldiers had come out, one having a child in her arms. They stood behind their lady, troubled, but reliant on her. She had with them the prestige of success; she had led the soldiers once before, and to a successful defense of the fort.

"My men," said Marie, "when the Sieur de la Tour set out to northern Acadia he dreaded such a move as this on D'Aulnay's part. But I assured him he need not fear for us."

The soldiers murmured their joy, and looked at one another smiling.

"The Sieur de la Tour will soon return, with help or without it; and D'Aulnay has no means of learning how small our garrison is. Bind yourselves afresh to me as you bound yourselves before the other attack."

"My lady, we do!"

Out leaped every right hand, Klussman's with the torch, which lost and caught its flame again with the sudden sweep.

"That is all: and I thank you," said Marie. "We will do our best."

She turned back to the tower under the torch's escort, her soldiers giving her a full cheer which might further have deceived D'Aulnay in the strength of the garrison.

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

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## COURTS OF CONCILIATION.

"A poor settlement is better than a fat judgment." — *Norwegian Saw.*

Most people consider multitudinous litigation a curse, and would welcome a reform promising relief from this growing evil. The court of conciliation in Norway and Denmark, an institution inherited from the last century, was established to provide such relief, and has more than fulfilled the expectation of its creator. To give a brief outline of this unique and admirable institution is

the object of this paper. But, first, it may be well to inquire whether such innovations really promote a healthy growth of the complex organism of law and justice.

There are men of high intelligence and profound learning (and they are not all lawyers, either) who look upon a litigant as a benefactor to society. In his interesting paper on Der Kampf um's Recht, Dr. Rudolph Ihring, the well-known Austrian authority on the philosophy of law, takes the view that unyielding tenacity in maintaining one's rights is the main element of strength of character in individuals as well as in nations. It makes no difference whether the particular rights involved are equitable or not, nor does it matter whether they are important or unimportant. The essential thing is to maintain them at all hazards, at any cost, and in spite of any remonstrances of the heart. In this trait of character Dr. Ihring finds the source of England's greatness, as the rigor of the Twelve Tables formed the solid foundation of the Roman Empire.

But this fundamental truth, he avers, is not generally appreciated. There is scarcely a trace of it in the domain of fiction. The great romancers and dramatists of the world abhor the pugnacious litigant. To them a man who stands uncompromisingly upon his rights is an incarnation of cruelty, a monster with a heart of stone which never throbbed with tender feelings of mercy and compassion. In the whole galaxy of typical dramatic characters there is but one notable exception, — Shylock. According to Ihring, Shylock is not a type of monstrous greed and base, cruel revenge, but an incarnation of the sacred principles of law and justice. His impassioned pleading for his pound of flesh, in the great court scene, the learned German characterizes as lofty and sublime. The sacredness of law, as the foundation of human society, has never, he maintains, been pictured in more glowing terms nor stated with more overwhelming force than in the following immortal lines: —

"And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
. . . . . .
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?"

Undeniably, there are clear lines of truth in this strong picture. Law is the final result of an endless series of battles for individual rights concerning every relation between men and men. Mankind was born without any rights save those of might, and its evolution from barbarism is a continuous process of differentiation and specification of rights and duties. This bloodless yet fierce struggle is the mould in which the principles of justice have been cast and recast. Hence, Dr. Ihring argues, litigation is necessary and a blessing. It keeps the fountain of justice fresh and flowing. For this reason every incipient legal controversy should be carried into court.

While the force of this argument may be admitted, it offers no comfort to crowded courts, overworked judges, or parties waiting for adjudication of highly important controversies. The plain, common-sense view of the matter is that the courts are loaded down with inconsequential litigation which should be kept out of court, as its only and inevitable effect is to keep in abeyance important questions pressing for consideration, and to furnish cheap lawyers with employment. To relieve the courts from this drudgery, without depriving the people of their rights to obtain legal redress for legal wrongs, be they ever so insignificant, is the object of the court of conciliation in Norway and Denmark. It has served its purpose so well that it has become the most popular tribunal in each country. The following is a reasonably

full outline of the main features of this institution as it exists in Norway: —

Every city, every village containing at least twenty families, and every parish constitutes a separate "district of conciliation." The districts are small in order to make it as easy as possible for the parties to attend the court, as personal attendance is the main feature of the proceedings. The court, or commission, as the statute styles it, is made up of two members, one of whom acts as chairman and clerk. These officials are chosen for a term of three years, at a special election, by the voters of the district, from among three men nominated by the city or parish council. Only men above twenty-five years of age are eligible, and the law expressly provides that only "good men" may be placed in nomination. The court meets at a certain place, day, and hour, every week in the cities, and every month in the country districts. It is not public. The proceedings are carried on with closed doors, and the commissioners are bound to secrecy. Nothing of what transpires is permitted to reach the outside world. Admissions or concessions made by one party cannot be used against him by his adversary, if the case should come to trial in the regular courts. But a party willing to settle before the commissioners is entitled to their certificate to that effect.

The court of conciliation has jurisdiction in all civil or private cases. Appearance before the commissioners is compulsory in all such cases, and the first step in a proceeding. The law court will dismiss, *ex officio*, every case of this class that does not come up to it from the court of conciliation with a certificate of the commissioners attesting that an effort at a reconciliation of the parties has been duly made before them. In cases coming under the jurisdiction of police, admiralty, military, and ecclesiastical courts, and in a few others, appearance before the board of conciliation is not compulsory. In such instances a process of conciliation is the first step in the law court; but it is merely an empty formality.

The mode of procedure in the peace court is as simple as it could possibly be. The plaintiff states his case in writing, reciting in plain, every-day language the facts upon which he bases his complaint, and what he wants the defendant to do or refrain from doing, and requesting that the latter be cited to meet the plaintiff in the court of conciliation to try to reach an agreement in the manner prescribed by law. The senior commissioner writes the court's summons upon the complaint, citing both parties to appear at its next or second sitting, as the case may be. A fee of twenty-five cents is charged for issuing the summons, to which is added fifty cents in the event a conciliation is effected. These comprise all the costs in this court, and also all that this court costs. The commissioners receive no other compensation than these small fees.

The litigants must appear in person, except in case of sickness or very pressing business engagements, when the use of a representative is allowed, provided, however, that he be not a practicing attorney. Lawyers are rigidly excluded from the court of conciliation, except of course when they attend in their own behalf. If a party fail to appear in person without good excuse, he will be adjudged to pay the costs in the law court even if he should win the case. This rigid rule was designed to induce personal attendance, and in practice has shown itself to be very effective. Either party may submit documentary evidence, and if the facts in a case are entangled with essential points in controversy a continuation may be granted with the consent of both parties. Rules and forms, however, play only a secondary part. The character and object of the court make it preëminently a forum of common sense unfettered by legal fictions

and technicalities. The judges, or commissioners, discourage any attempts at legal wrangling by either party. They are selected with a particular view to their fitness as peacemakers. While not "learned in the law," in the technical sense of the term, they have nevertheless a fair understanding of the fundamental principles of municipal law, and a keen sense of equity and material justice. The people regard the office as one of honor and trust rather than of emolument, and have always kept in view that in order to serve its purpose the high, non-partisan character of the institution must be maintained. In judging of the fitness of candidates they are far more exacting than the statute. Not satisfied with electing merely "good men," as the law requires, they pick the very best men in the community; men of mature years, who have earned a reputation for intelligence, conservatism, and fairness in their dealings with their fellow-men. The office has been kept out of politics. Not even in times of great political excitement, when party lines were rigidly drawn and the regular courts were suspected of not being entirely free from political bias, has there been any complaint against these popular tribunals on this account. On entering upon their duties, the judges are sworn honestly and faithfully to strive to reconcile contestants appearing before them, according to their conscience and to their best judgment, on terms that are just and equitable to both parties and in harmony with the spirit of the law of the land. They are not required to be strict constructionists. Whenever a technical construction, in their judgment, would be inequitable to either of the litigants and obstruct an agreement, they will sacrifice the letter to the spirit of the law in their advice to the parties.

The very atmosphere of the lowly court room has a softening influence on those who enter it armed for a contest for legal rights. The judges are personally known to them, or are perhaps their friends, and are recognized as men in whose impartiality and integrity they can have implicit confidence. Even the humblest citizen feels that in this forum he treads upon firm and familiar ground. There are no intricate formalities to becloud the issue, no array of lawyers to confuse him, no crowd of curiosity-seekers to gloat over his discomfort. The judges and the contestants are the only ones present. Everything induces to an open, frank, and dispassionate discussion of the points at issue. Each party looks upon the commissioners as disinterested, trustworthy, and friendly counselors, who will give him only such advice as will subserve his best interests. He has no over-zealous counselor to play upon his prejudices or instincts of cupidity, or to arouse and nourish within his breast a false sense of pride. The situation is a powerful appeal to his better nature and his unbiased judgment. He is perfectly free from any legal restraint, as propositions or concessions which he may make in order to facilitate an adjustment will not prejudice his case if it should go to court. On the contrary, a conciliatory spirit will count in his favor in deciding the question of cost in the courts of law.

Any one in the least familiar with lawsuits knows that a large number of cases originate in trifling or imaginary wrongs. That is true not only of personal injury cases, but also of many other controversies. Most people are apt to exaggerate wrongs they have suffered, and many are quick to see an intended injury in actions that are perfectly harmless, or at least not prompted by malice. Retaliation is frequently resorted to as a means of redress, and thus the accelerating pendulum of estrangement and aggression is set in motion. A slight cause, real or imaginary, results in strained relations or even a feeling of hostility between men, and there is always a lawyer at hand on either side, who knows how to

add fuel to the flame by magnifying the wrongs, and promising certain relief and revenge if he is only allowed to take the case into court. To fight the case out in court becomes a matter not only of pecuniary gain, but also of personal pride, and before they know it men who have been good neighbors, perhaps friends, find themselves involved in costly litigation about insignificant differences that might have been adjusted in a few minutes of calm, unbiased discussion. It is needless to say that in such instances both both parties will lose in the end. The amount in controversy, or more, is eaten up generally in fees, and the litigants leave court out of money, and often enemies for life.

The influence of the court of conciliation is brought to bear upon a legal controversy while it is yet possible to bridge the chasm by peaceable means. The injured party has made up his mind to seek redress, but before he can rush into court he must pass through the gate of peace. Here the contestants meet without lawyers to spur them on and obscure the issue by legal verbiage. Each tells his own story in his own language, and in a plain, common-sense way. With the statements of both parties before them, the judges reduce the differences to their true proportions, emphasize the uncertainty and expensiveness of litigation, and endeavor to make it plain to the contestants that each, by a comparatively insignificant concession, can have the matter adjusted at once, save a large amount in court's and lawyer's fees, and in fact gain more than he would obtain even if successful in court.

Men generally listen willingly to this kind of talk. Their own better judgment responds to this homely logic. The controversy is lifted out of the sphere of prejudice and bias, and each feels that reasonable and sensible concessions do not humiliate him in the estimation of his friends and neighbors. It has come to be considered more creditable to return from such a meeting as friends than to carry the matter into court. In three cases out of four the contestants conclude that "a poor settlement is better than a fat judgment." The agreement of settlement is recorded and can be enforced the same as a final judgment. Thus, the institution not only prevents needless, inconsequential litigation, but also serves the purpose of furnishing speedy justice. The controversies that are disposed of in this quick and inexpensive way are of such a nature that they ought to be adjusted without the intervention of the courts, which are thus left free to devote all their time to really important litigation. The experience in Norway is that only twenty-five per cent of all civil cases that arise involve questions which are of such importance that it is considered best by either of the parties to bring them before the district court for adjudication, while seventy-five out of every hundred cases are peaceably adjusted in the courts of conciliation.

As already mentioned, the institution is a heritage from the absolute monarchy, the royal edicts establishing it dating back to the years 1795 and 1797. It had its origin in the king's "fatherly solicitude for the welfare of his poor ignorant peasant subjects." "Inasmuch as it has come to our notice," the royal lawmaker says in the preamble to his ordinance, "that peasants and other lowly good and true subjects in our dominions are incited to quarrel about trifling things by dishonest lawyers, who generally keep their clutches on their unsuspecting clients till they have robbed them of all their property, we have, in our fatherly wisdom and for the protection of our loyal subjects, evolved a reform of the law of procedure designed to abate and check the monstrous evil." Then follows the body of the ordinance establishing the new institution.

A more popular or beneficent law was scarcely ever promulgated by a kingly autocrat. The new institution worked

well from the start, and became popular at once with all classes of the people, excepting, of course, legal "shysters" and greedy pettifoggers, who found their occupation gone. The opposition of the bar ceased entirely with the weeding out of the disreputable element from the profession.

To the people the reform brought not only a sorely needed remedy for a growing evil, but also a lesson in popular government. The new institution was at the same time a semi-revival of their ancient system of administering justice and a harbinger of the new era of liberty. When they had established free governments, Norway and Denmark both recast their systems of law so as to make them conform to the spirit of their constitutions. But this institution was not only left intact; it has been strengthened and perfected from time to time. In Norway it is regarded as one of the corner stones of the national system of justice, and it is not an exaggeration to say that any attempt to abolish it would provoke a revolution. The more recent Norwegian legislation on the subject has conferred larger powers upon these courts, and the indications are that further steps will be taken in the same direction. In addition to their function as conciliators, they are now empowered to arbitrate and adjudicate controversies brought before them. If the parties to a case fail to agree, they can request the commissioners to act as arbitrators in the matter; or, if the case is one for recovering a debt, it can be submitted to their decision in their capacity as judges proper.

The institution has stood the test of a century, and has grown stronger from year to year. Conceived in the parental care of a well-meaning absolutism, it has received the enthusiastic sanction of two free nations. It is without a counterpart in the whole history of law. Legislators of all times have discouraged frivolous litigation; but nothing more simple, more symmetrical, or more effective has ever been devised as a preventive for this evil. It is as true in law as in medical science that prevention is better than cure. While checking litigation and dispensing speedy and inexpensive justice, the courts of conciliation save to the people an immense amount of fees, relieve the pressure upon the regular courts, reduce the ranks of lawyers to the number actually needed for the trial of cases worth trying, prevent hasty and groundless ruptures of bonds of friendship, and cultivate among the people a broad, liberal spirit of fair dealing and proper regard for the equitable rights of others.

*Nicolay Grevstad.*

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## THE AUTHOR HIMSELF.

Who can help wondering, concerning the modern multitude of books, where all these companions of his reading hours will be buried when they die; which will have monuments erected to them; which escape the envy of time and live. It is pathetic to think of the number that must be forgotten, after being removed from the good places to make room for their betters.

Much the most pathetic thought about books, however, is that excellence will not save them. Their fates will be as whimsical as those of the humankind which produces them. Knaves find it as easy to get remembered as good men. It is not right living or learning or kind offices, simply and of themselves, but something else that gives immortality of fame. Be a book never so scholarly, it

may die; be it never so witty, or never so full of good feeling or of an honest statement of truth, it may not live.

When once a book has become immortal, we think that we can see why it became so. It contained, we perceive, a casting of thought which could not but arrest and retain men's attention; it said some things once and for all because it gave them their best saying. Or else it spoke with a grace or with a fire of imagination, with a sweet cadence of phrase and a full harmony of tone, which have made it equally dear to all generations of those who love the free play of fanciful thought or the incomparable music of perfected human speech. Or perhaps it uttered with full candor and simplicity some universal sentiment; perchance pictured something in the tragedy or the comedy of man's life as it was never pictured before, and must on that account be read and read again as not to be superseded. There must be something special, we judge, either in its form or in its substance, to account for its unwonted fame and fortune.

This upon first analysis, taking one book at a time. A look deeper into the heart of the matter enables us to catch at least a glimpse of a single and common source of immortality. The world is attracted by books as each man is attracted by his several friends. You recommend that capital fellow So-and-So to the acquaintance of others because of his discriminating and diverting powers of observation: the very tones and persons — it would seem the very selves — of every type of man live again in his mimicries and descriptions. He is the dramatist of your circle; you can never forget him, nor can any one else; his circle of acquaintances can never grow smaller. Could he live on and retain perennially that wonderful freshness and vivacity of his, he must become the most famous guest and favorite of the world. Who that has known a man quick and shrewd to see dispassionately the inner history, the reason and the ends, of the combinations of society, and at the same time eloquent to tell of them, with a hold on the attention gained by a certain quaint force and sagacity resident in no other man, can find it difficult to understand why men still resort to Montesquieu? Possibly there are circles favored of the gods who have known some fellow of infinite store of miscellaneous and curious learning, who has greatly diverted both himself and his friends by a way peculiar to himself of giving it out upon any and all occasions, item by item, as if it were all homogeneous and of a piece, and by his odd skill in making unexpected application of it to out-of-the-way, unpromising subjects, as if there were in his view of things mental no such disintegrating element as incongruity. Such a circle would esteem it strange were Burton not beloved of the world. And so of those, if any there be, who have known men of simple, calm, transparent natures, untouched by storm or perplexity, whose talk was full of such serious, placid reflection as seemed to mirror their own reverent hearts, — talk often prosy, but oftener touchingly beautiful because of its nearness to nature and the solemn truth of life. There may be those, also, who have felt the thrill of personal contact with some stormy peasant nature full of strenuous, unsparing speech concerning men and affairs. These have known, have experienced, why a Wordsworth or a Carlyle must be read by all generations of those who love words of first-hand inspiration. In short, in every case of literary immortality there is present originative personality. Not origination simply, — that may be mere invention, which in literature has nothing immortal about it; but origination which takes its stamp and character from the originator, which is his substance given to the world, which is himself outspoken.

Individuality does not consist in the use of the very personal pronoun, *I:* it

consists in self-expression, in tone, in method, in attitude, in point of view; it consists in saying things in such a way that you will yourself be recognized as a force, an influence, in saying them. Do we not at once know Lamb when he speaks? And even more formal Addison, does not his speech bewray and endear him to us? His personal charm is less distinct, much less fascinating, than that which goes with Lamb's thought, but a charm he has sufficient for immortality. In Steele the matter is more impersonal, more mortal. Some of Dr. Johnson's essays, you feel, might have been written by a dictionary. It is impersonal matter that is dead matter. Are you asked who fathered a certain brilliant, poignant bit of political analysis? You say, Why, only Bagehot could have written that. Does a wittily turned verse make you hesitate between laughter at its hit and grave thought because of its deeper, its covert meaning? Do you not know that only Lowell could do that? Do you catch a strain of pure Elizabethan music and doubt whether to attribute it to Shakespeare or to another? Do you not *know* the authors who still live?

Now, the noteworthy thing about such individuality is that it will not develop under every star, or in one place as well as in another; there is an atmosphere which kills it, and there is an atmosphere which fosters it. The atmosphere which kills it is the atmosphere of sophistication, where cleverness and fashion and knowingness thrive: cleverness, which is froth, not strong drink; fashion, which is a thing assumed, not a thing of nature; and knowingness, which is naught.

Of course there are born, now and again, as tokens of some rare mood of Nature, men of so intense and individual a cast that circumstance and surroundings affect them little more than friction affects an express train. They command their own development without even the consciousness that to command costs strength. These cannot be sophisticated; for sophistication is subordination to the ways of your world. But these are the very greatest and the very rarest; and it is not the greatest and the rarest alone who shape the world and its thought. That is done also by the great and the merely extraordinary. There is a rank and file in literature, even in the literature of immortality, and these must go much to school to the people about them.

It is by the number and charm of the individualities which it contains that the literature of any country gains distinction. We turn anywhither to know men. The best way to foster literature, if it may be fostered, is to cultivate the author himself, — a plant of such delicate and precarious growth that special soils are needed to produce him in his full perfection. The conditions which foster individuality are those which foster simplicity, thought and action from self out, naturalness, spontaneity. What are these conditions?

In the first place, a certain helpful ignorance. It is best for the author to be born away from literary centres, or to be excluded from their ruling set if he be born in them. It is best that he start out with his thinking, not knowing how much has been thought and said about everything. A certain amount of ignorance will insure his sincerity, will increase his boldness and shelter his genuineness, which is his hope of power. Not ignorance of life, but life may be learned in any neighborhood; — not ignorance of the greater laws which govern human affairs, but they may be learned without a library of historians and commentators, by imaginative sense, by seeing better than by reading; — not ignorance of the infinitudes of human circumstance, but knowledge of these may come to a man without the intervention of universities; — not ignorance of one's self and of one's neighbor, but innocence of the sophistications of learning, its research without

love, its knowledge without inspiration, its method without grace; freedom from its shame at trying to know many things as well as from its pride of trying to know but one thing; ignorance of that faith in small confounding facts which is contempt for large reassuring principles.

Our present problem is not how to clarify our reasonings and perfect our analyses, but how to reënrich and reenergize our literature. It is suffering, not from ignorance, but from sophistication and self-consciousness. Ratiocination does not keep us pure, render us earnest, or make us individual and specific forces in the world. Those inestimable results are accomplished by whatever implants principle and conviction, whatever quickens with inspiration, fills with purpose and courage, gives outlook, and makes character. Reasoned thinking does indeed clear the mind's atmospheres and lay open to its view fields of action; but it is loving and believing, sometimes hating and distrusting, often prejudice and passion, always the many things called the one thing, character, which create and shape the acting. Life quite overtowers logic. Thinking and erudition alone will not equip for the great tasks and triumphs of life and literature, the persuading of other men's purposes, the entrance into other men's minds to possess them forever. Culture broadens and sweetens literature, but native sentiment and unmarred individuality create it. Not all of mental power lies in the processes of thinking. There is power also in passion, in personality, in simple, native, uncritical conviction, in unschooled feeling. The power of science, of system, is executive, not stimulative. I do not find that I derive inspiration, but only information, from the learned historians and analysts of liberty; but from the sonneteers, the poets, who speak its spirit and its exalted purpose, — who, recking nothing of the historical method, obey only the high methods of their own hearts, — what may a man not gain of courage and confidence in the right ways of politics?

It is your direct, unhesitating, intent, headlong man, who has sources in the mountains, who digs deep channels for himself in the soil of his times and expands into the mighty river, who becomes a landmark forever; and not your "broad" man, sprung from the schools, who spreads his shallow, extended waters over the wide surfaces of learning, to leave rich deposits, it may be, for other men's crops to grow in, but to be himself dried up by a few score summer noons. The man thrown early upon his own resources, and already become a conqueror of success before being thrown with the literary talkers; the man grown to giant's stature in some rural library, and become exercised there in a giant's prerogatives before ever he has been laughingly told, to his heart's confusion, of scores of other giants dead and forgotten long ago; the man grounded in hope and settled in conviction ere he has discovered how many hopes time has seen buried, how many convictions cruelly given the lie direct by fate; the man who has carried his youth into middle age before going into the chill atmosphere of *blasé* sentiment; the quiet, stern man who has cultivated literature on a little oatmeal before thrusting himself upon the great world as a prophet and seer; the man who pronounces new eloquence in the rich dialect in which he was bred; the man come up to the capital from the provinces, — these are the men who people the world's mind with new creations, and give to the sophisticated learned of the next generation new names to conjure with.

If you have a candid and well-informed friend among city lawyers, ask him where the best masters of his profession are bred, — in the city or in the country. He will reply without hesitation, "In the country." You will hardly need to have him state the reason. The country lawyer has been obliged to study

all parts of the law alike, and he has known no reason why he should not do so. He has not had the chance to make himself a specialist in any one branch of the law, as is the fashion among city practitioners, and he has not coveted the opportunity to do it. There would not have been enough special cases to occupy or remunerate him if he had coveted it. He has dared attempt the task of knowing the whole law, and yet without any sense of daring, but as a matter of course. In his own little town, in the midst of his own small library of authorities, it has not seemed to him an impossible task to explore all the topics that engage his profession; the guiding principles, at any rate, of all branches of the great subject were open to him in a few books. And so it often happens that when he has found his sea legs on the sequestered inlets at home, and ventures, as he sometimes will, upon the great, troublous, and much-frequented waters of city practice in search of more work and larger fees, the country lawyer will once and again confound his city-bred brethren by discovering to to them the fact that the law is a many-sided thing of principles, and not altogether a one-sided thing of technical rule and arbitrary precedent.

It would seem to be necessary that the author who is to stand as a distinct and imperative individual among the company of those who express the world's thought should come to a hard crystallization before subjecting himself to the tense strain of cities, the dissolvent acids of critical circles. The ability to see for one's self is attainable, not by mixing with crowds and ascertaining how they look at things, but by a certain aloofness and self-containment. The solitariness of some genius is not accidental; it is characteristic and essential. To the constructive imagination there are some immortal feats which are possible only in seclusion. The man must heed first and most of all the suggestions of his own spirit; and the world can be seen from windows overlooking the street better than from the street itself.

Literature grows rich, various, full-voiced, largely through the repeated rediscovery of truth, by thinking re-thought, by stories re-told, by songs re-sung. The song of human experience grows richer and richer in its harmonies, and must grow until the full accord and melody are come. If too soon subjected to the tense strain of the city, a man cannot expand; he is beaten out of his natural shape by the incessant impact and press of men and affairs. It will often turn out that the unsophisticated man will display not only more force, but more literary skill even, than the trained *littérateur*. For one thing, he will probably have enjoyed a fresher contact with old literature. He reads not for the sake of a critical acquaintance with this or that author, with no thought of going through all his writings and "working him up," but as he would ride a spirited horse, for love of the life and motion of it.

A general impression seems to have gained currency that the last of the bullying, omniscient critics was buried in the grave of Francis Jeffrey, and it is becoming important to correct the misapprehension. There never was a time when there was more superior knowledge, more specialist omniscience, among reviewers than there is to-day; not pretended superior knowledge, but real. Jeffrey's was very real of its kind. For those who write books, one of the special, inestimable advantages of lacking a too intimate knowledge of the "world of letters" consists in not knowing all that is known by those who review books, in ignorance of the fashions among those who construct canons of taste. The modern critic is a leader of fashion. He carries with him the air of a literary worldliness. If your book be a novel, your reviewer will know all previous plots, all former, all possible motives and situations. You cannot write any-

thing absolutely new for him, and why should you desire to do again what has been done already? If it be a poem, the reviewer's head already rings with the whole gamut of the world's metrical music; he can recognize any simile, recall all turns of phrase, match every sentiment; why seek to please him anew with old things? If it concern itself with the philosophy of politics, he can and will set himself to test it by the whole history of its kind from Plato down to Henry George. How can it but spoil your sincerity to know that your critic will know everything? Will you not be tempted of the devil to anticipate his judgment or his pretensions by pretending to know as much as he?

The literature of creation naturally falls into two kinds: that which interprets nature or phenomenal man, and that which interprets self. Both of these may have the flavor of immortality, but the former not unless it be free from self-consciousness, and the latter not unless it be naïve. No man, therefore, can create after the best manner in either of these kinds who is an *habitué* of the circles made so delightful by those interesting men, the modern *literati*, sophisticated in all the fashions, ready in all the catches of the knowing literary world which centres in the city and the university. He cannot always be simple and straightforward. He cannot be always and without pretension himself, bound by no other man's canons of taste in saying or conduct. In the judgment of such circles there is but one thing for you to do if you would gain distinction: you must "beat the record;" you must do certain definite literary feats better than they have yet been done. You are pitted against the literary "field." You are hastened into the paralysis of comparing yourself with others, and thus away from the health of unhesitating self-expression and directness of first-hand vision.

It would be not a little profitable if we could make correct analysis of the proper relations of learning — learning of the critical, accurate sort — to origination, of learning's place in literature. Although learning is never the real parent of literature, but only sometimes its foster-father, and although the native promptings of soul and sense are its best and freshest sources, there is always the danger that learning will claim, in every court of taste which pretends to jurisdiction, exclusive and preëminent rights as the guardian and preceptor of authors. An effort is constantly being made to create and maintain standards of literary worldliness, if I may coin such a phrase. The thorough man of the world affects to despise natural feeling; does at any rate actually despise all displays of it. He has an eye always on his world's best manners, whether native or imported, and is at continual pains to be master of the conventions of society; he will mortify the natural man as much as need be in order to be in good form. What learned criticism essays to do is to create a similar literary worldliness, to establish fashions and conventions in letters.

I have an odd friend in one of the northern counties of Georgia, — a county set off by itself among the mountains, but early found out by refined people in search of summer refuge from the unhealthy air of the southern coast region. He belongs to an excellent family of no little culture, but he was surprised in the midst of his early schooling by the coming on of the war; and education given pause in such wise seldom begins again in the schools. He was left, therefore, to "finish" his mind as best he might in the companionship of the books in his uncle's library. These books were of the old sober sort: histories, volumes of travels, treatises on laws and constitutions, theologies, philosophies more fanciful than the romances encased in neighbor volumes on another shelf. But they were books which were used to

being taken down and read; they had been daily companions to the rest of the family, and they became familiar com panions to my friend's boyhood. He went to them day after day, because theirs was the only society offered him in the lonely days when uncle and brothers were at the war, and the women were busy about the tasks of the home. How literally did he make those delightful old volumes his familiars, his cronies! He never dreamed the while, however, that he was becoming learned; it never seemed to occur to him that everybody else did not read just as he did, in just such a library. He found out afterwards, of course, that he had kept much more of such company than had the men with whom he loved to chat at the post office or around the fire in the chief village shops, the habitual resorts of all who were socially inclined; but he attributed that to lack of time on their part, or to accident, and has gone on thinking until now that all the books that come within his reach are the natural intimates of man. And so you will hear him, in his daily familiar talk with his neighbors, draw upon his singular stores of wise, quaint learning with the quiet colloquial assurance, "They tell me," as if books contained current rumor, and quote the poets with the easy unaffectedness with which others cite a common maxim of the street! He has been heard to refer to Dr. Arnold of Rugby as "that school-teacher over there in England."

Surely one may treasure the image of this simple, genuine man of learning as the image of a sort of masterpiece of Nature in her own type of erudition, a perfect sample of the kind of learning that might beget the very highest sort of literature; the literature, namely, of authentic individuality. It is only under one of two conditions that learning will not dull the edge of individuality: first, if one never suspect that it is creditable and a matter of pride to be learned, and so never become learned for the sake of becoming so; or, second, if it never suggest to one that investigation is better than reflection. Learned investigation leads to many good things, but one of these is not great literature, because learned investigation commands, as the first condition of its success, the repression of individuality.

His mind is a great comfort to every man who has one; but a heart is not often to be so conveniently possessed. Hearts frequently give trouble; they are straightforward and impulsive, and can seldom be induced to be prudent. They must be schooled before they will become insensible; they must be coached before they can be made to care first and most for themselves: and in all cases the mind must be their schoolmaster and coach. They are irregular forces; but the mind may be trained to observe all points of circumstance and all motives of occasion.

No doubt it is considerations of this nature that must be taken to explain the fact that our universities are erected entirely for the service of the tractable mind, while the heart's only education must be gotten from association with its neighbor heart, and in the ordinary courses of the world. Life is its only university. Mind is monarch, whose laws claim supremacy in those lands which boast the movements of civilization, and he must command all the instrumentalities of education. At least such is the theory of the constitution of the modern world. It is to be suspected that, as a matter of fact, mind is one of those modern monarchs who reign, but do not govern. That old House of Commons, that popular chamber in which the passions, the prejudices, the inborn, unthinking affections long ago repudiated by mind, have their full representation, controls much the greater part of the actual conduct of affairs. To come out of the figure, reasoned thought is, though perhaps the presiding,

not yet the regnant force in the world. In life and in literature it is subordinate. The future may belong to it; but the present and past do not. Faith and virtue do not wear its livery; friendship, loyalty, patriotism, do not derive their motives from it. It does not furnish the material for those masses of habit, of unquestioned tradition, and of treasured belief which are the ballast of every steady ship of state, enabling it to spread its sails safely to the breezes of progress, and even to stand before the storms of revolution. And this is a fact which has its reflection in literature. There is a literature of reasoned thought; but by far the greater part of those writings which we reckon worthy of that great name is the product, not of reasoned thought, but of the imagination and of the spiritual vision of those who see, — writings winged, not with knowledge, but with sympathy, with sentiment, with heartiness. Even the literature of reasoned thought gets its life, not from its logic, but from the spirit, the insight, and the inspiration which are the vehicle of its logic. Thought presides, but sentiment has the executive powers; the motive functions belong to feeling.

"Many people give many theories of literary composition," says the most natural and stimulating of English critics, "and Dr. Blair, whom we will read, is sometimes said to have exhausted the subject; but, unless he has proved the contrary, we believe that the knack in style is to write like a human being. Some think they must be wise, some elaborate, some concise; Tacitus wrote like a pair of stays; some startle us, as Thomas Carlyle, or a comet, inscribing with his tail. But legibility is given to those who neglect these notions, and are willing to be themselves, to write their own thoughts in their own words, in the simplest words, in the words wherein they were thought. . . . Books are for various purposes, — tracts to teach, almanacs to sell, poetry to make pastry; but this is the rarest sort of a book, — a book to read. As Dr. Johnson said, 'Sir, a good book is one you can hold in your hand, and take to the fire.' Now there are extremely few books which can, with any propriety, be so treated. When a great author, as Grote or Gibbon, has devoted a whole life of horrid industry to the composition of a large history, one feels one ought not to touch it with a mere hand, — it is not respectful. The idea of slavery hovers over the Decline and Fall. Fancy a stiffly dressed gentleman, in a stiff chair, slowly writing that stiff compilation in a stiff hand; it is enough to stiffen you for life." After all, the central and important point is the preservation of a sincere, unaffected individuality.

It is devoutly to be wished that we might learn to prepare the best soils for mind, the best associations and companionships, the least possible sophistication. We are busy enough nowadays finding out the best ways of fertilizing and stimulating mind; but that is not quite the same thing as discovering the best soils for it, and the best atmospheres. Our culture is, by erroneous preference, of the reasoning faculty, as if that were all of us. Is it not the instinctive discontent of readers seeking stimulating contact with authors that has given us the present almost passionately spoken dissent from the standards set themselves by the realists in fiction, dissatisfaction with mere recording of observation? And is not realism working out upon itself the revenge its enemies would fain compass? Must not all April Hopes exclude from their number the hope of immortality?

The rule for every man is, not to depend on the education which other men prepare for him, — not even to consent to it; but to strive to see things as they are, and to be himself as he is. Defeat lies in self-surrender.

*Woodrow Wilson.*

# A MODERN MYSTIC.

THE Memoir of Laurence and Alice Oliphant, by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant,[1] has been eagerly expected, both on account of the social standing and great personal popularity of that extraordinary pair and the literary repute of one of them, and because of the restless curiosity, half sympathetic and half scornful, of the public mind concerning the novel form of mysticism with which their names are associated. The most interesting of all persons to his fellow-creatures to-day is the man who professes to have caught that lost clue to the unseen for which so many are anxiously groping, and still to shape his course along this increasingly difficult life of ours by faith and not by sight. There is a passage in the life of Darwin by his son which every reader of the book will remember; and a good many, it would be safe to say, will long and clearly remember that passage only. It is where, in his latest years, the great naturalist confesses, with the candid humility which became him so nobly, to that progressive and finally almost complete atrophy of the æsthetic and spiritual perceptions which had accompanied the intense concentration of his faculties upon the business of scientific observation and induction. Once he had loved music and the plastic arts; once he had believed in a personal God and a future life. Now he found himself powerless to love and believe thus; but why, he indirectly suggests, should a private incapacity, for which he can see a perfectly natural and sufficient cause, affect in any way the existence of a transcendent objective reality? This last word of the gentlest of unbelievers, whose daily life had exemplified with peculiar beauty almost all the accepted "fruits of the spirit," seemed to reflect light from an unexpected quarter upon the helpless bewilderment of some who were suffering from a like disability, without perhaps having attained to a similar state of grace. There is, alas, no doubt as to the prevalence of the disease in question, and little as to its contagious character. But if it be in truth a disease, and not a lasting destitution, it may well be susceptible of cure, and Laurence Oliphant commands our attention as one of those who claim to have found a remedy.

There is no need to do more than briefly review the extraordinarily picturesque career of incessant change and adventure which brought Laurence Oliphant, at the age of thirty-five, to the seeming goal of all his worldly ambitions, — a seat in the British House of Commons, and an assured position in that fine world of London where he had hitherto shone merely as a passing visitor.

He was born in 1829, at Cape Town, Africa, where his father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, was then Attorney-General. His pedigree was good, but not specially brilliant. He came, as his kinswoman and biographer gracefully says, "of one of those plain Scotch families in whose absence of distinction so much modest service to their country is implied." When about ten years old Laurence went with his mother to England, and was for two years in the private school of one Mr. Parr, at the end of which time he was provided with a private tutor in the person of a clever youth fresh from Oxford, and sent to his parents in Ceylon, his father having been appointed Chief Justice there. He was not yet thirteen, but his formal schooling was over. He had lessons in Ceylon, after

[1] *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By MARGARET OLIPHANT W. OLIPHANT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

a desultory fashion, along with the sons of Mr. Moydart, a Scottish neighbor at Colombo; and from these and the good society he saw he learned all that a gentleman's son absolutely needs to know. But the fact cannot be too strongly insisted on, whatever bearing it may be thought to have on his wonderful after career, that of mental discipline, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, he had simply none. Moral discipline he had, for his father and mother were both evangelical pietists of the old-fashioned Scottish type; not gloomy and severe, but strict and earnest, doing all in their power to stimulate in their only child the activity of a naturally tender conscience. The boy was very responsive to their appeals, bold and high-spirited, but artless, confiding, and affectionate, with that native grace of bearing which no teaching can better, — altogether, then as always, a most lovable creature. His relations with his parents were delightful, but especially so with his mother, whose incessant preoccupation about the soul of her brilliant son created no barrier between them; whom afterwards, in the fullness of his manhood, he seems easily to have drawn along with him into the strange paths which he elected to tread; and who was always more like an elder sister than a parent, for indeed, as Laurence himself used fondly to say, "there were only eighteen years" between them.

There was talk, when Laurence was about seventeen, of having him prepared for Cambridge; but his father got a holiday at this time, a part of which he proposed to spend on the continent of Europe, in one of those leisurely tours in a big traveling carriage which move the thrall of the locomotive to hopeless envy; and the indulgent pair, having been assured by their sapient son that such a trip would be far more advantageous to him than the university, decided to take him along: so that then and there, as it proved, vanished his last chance for an academic course. He made a fitting début the next year in Rome (it was the memorable winter of 1847–48) in a far more congenial and less hackneyed career. He was in the thick of the mobs which drove the monks out of the Propaganda, tore the arms from the front of the Austrian Legation, and compelled the Princess Pamphili Doria to descend from her carriage and set fire to the symbols of despotism heaped up in the Piazza del Popolo. From these and similar adventures his good luck delivered the eighteen-year-old revolutionist without serious consequences; and he returned with his parents to Ceylon, became his father's private secretary with appointments to the comfortable amount of £400 a year, and was so far associated with him in his legal business as to be able to boast in after time that he had been engaged in twenty-three murder cases before he was as many years old. He was the life of the colonial society, being a special favorite with the feminine portion thereof; and he also found grace in the eyes of a native Indian prince, who halted at Ceylon on his way back from a visit to England, and took Laurence in his suite for a tour through India, introducing him — almost first among Europeans — to the wild joys and unusual perils of an elephant hunt, which the youth describes with great gusto in his letters to the home circle in Ceylon. But he finds room even in these to answer his mother's anxious inquiries about his spiritual state, remarking with admirable *naïveté* that "it is not easy to practice self-examination upon an elephant, with a companion who is always talking or singing within a few feet; but it is otherwise in a palkee, which is certainly a dull means of conveyance, but forces one into one's self more than anything."

He returned to England at the close of 1851, and began "eating his dinners" in Lincoln's Inn Hall, while society opened wide its arms to the well-

connected and fascinating youth, and a sincere sentiment of philanthropy allured him to try his hand and the power of his voice in the ever terrible slums.

But the course of legal study in London was too long and the ways of London lawyers were too slow for this young citizen of the world, who had also come out as an author by publishing some extracts from the diary which he had kept during his Indian expedition of the year before. He therefore decided, in the summer of 1852, to try the easier ordeal of an examination for the Scottish bar, which was rather a close corporation in those days, and numbered among its members a good many relatives and friends of the Oliphant family. "I have been introduced to all my examiners," he writes, "and have buttered them properly, and they look good-natured enough. Robert Oliphant has been overwhelming me with kindness, introducing me right and left, propitiating my examiners, and puffing me splendidly as a colonial lawyer, a young author, and altogether an interesting young personage, that it would be folly to pluck for the want of a little smattering of Latin."

His confidence was justified by the event, and he consoled himself for the dullness of Edinburgh society after London with the beauty of the place and its romantic associations. He felt a natural need of change in the autumn, however, and started with a young English sportsman, Mr. Oswald Smith, to go salmon-fishing on the rivers of Russian Lapland, with ulterior designs upon the white bears of Spitzbergen. But their accoutrements having been confiscated at St. Petersburg, or rather retained for a duty much larger than these wild huntsmen chose to pay, they decided instead on exploring the inland territory of Russia in Europe, with a view on Oliphant's part to writing another book. Again chance favored him. They made their way to the Crimea, saw with their own eyes the lay of the land in that fatal peninsula, the fortifications in process of construction at Sevastopol, and all the vast military preparations going forward there; so that a year later, when the conflict in the East had become inevitable, Oliphant's little book, The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, projected and produced in *gaieté de cœur*, became almost the only authority accessible concerning the configuration of the seat of war; and Laurence was called to the councils of cabinet ministers, and his opinions were asked — and freely and graciously given, we may be sure — on the most momentous questions of policy. He thought he should at once have received some important appointment in the East, but this did not immediately come, and in the interval he was fain to accept the offer of Lord Elgin to go as the private secretary of that accomplished nobleman on a special mission to the United States and Canada. It is curious to find this novice in diplomacy, who, by natural gifts and the accidents of his training, or absence of training, had so much in common with the typical son of the universal Yankee nation, characterizing American civilization with that peculiarly candid contempt which is always affected by the English swell. A facetious and very readable account of his Washington experience may be found in Laurence Oliphant's Episodes in a Life of Adventure, from which it would indeed appear that the society of our national capital in those *ante bellum* days was, if anything, faster in its pace than it is now. But Lord Elgin's methods were adapted to his environment, and his enemies used to say that the treaty which he went to negotiate was "floated through on champagne."

Abundant use was found for the same great political agent after the embassy had moved on to Canada, where Laurence, who had reconciled himself in a degree to the freedom of Western man-

ners, entered with much enthusiasm into the round of social gayeties wherewith the wily Lord Elgin surrounded all his goings. Yet the young *attaché* was not without searchings of heart on the score of these festive entertainments, and he tells his tender mother unreservedly what obstacles he found to spiritual progress in wine, woman, and song. We may love him for the rare ingenuousness of the avowals that his temperament, "though not precisely amorous," was "joyous," and that he should not mind taking a good deal of champagne, in the way of business, if he did not like it so well. But when it comes to confiding misgivings of this nature to his chief in Quebec, we cannot wonder that the good-natured man of the world should have replied: "All these comments of yours upon our proceedings distress me very much. After all, we are only amusing people; and if you have got anything to repent of, I wish you 'd wait and do it on board ship." The humor of this appealed to Lord Elgin's secretary, and he duly reported it to his mother.

Laurence Oliphant returned to Europe in 1855, with his mind full of a new and original plan of campaign for the besieging armies in the Crimea. He was permitted rather than formally authorized to proceed to the East, and lay before Lord Stratford de Redcliffe this plan, of which the principal feature was coöperation with the forces of the native Prince Schamyl in the eastern Caucasus, and he also obtained a place as Times correspondent. His amateur strategy came to naught, though he never ceased to believe and aver that the whole course of the war might have been changed had his views been adopted. While the fighting blood in his veins, of which there was plenty, leaped at the sight of armies in action, and he did some gallant volunteer service, the dread realities inseparable from war, the incalculable anguish, the irremediable destruction, moved him as he had never yet been moved, and imparted a new and grave character to the perpetual undercurrent of his religious reflections. It has all done him good, he thinks, and strengthened his faith. "I feel ready for anything that God may see fit, — for disappointment, I hope, as well as success."

He fell ill at last of that wasting Crimean fever which claimed more victims than the sword, and had to return to England early in 1856. There he amused his convalescence by standing for Parliament, contesting unsuccessfully the burghs of Stirling, for which he afterward sat. In the spring of that year he revisited America along with the famous Mr. Delane of the Times, made a tour of the Southern States with a view to writing a book on negro slavery, prophesied the desperate struggle which was to come five years later, as well as the disruption of the Union which was not to come, and wound up this particular "episode in a life of adventure" by joining the filibustering expedition of Walker to Nicaragua. I do not think that Laurence Oliphant's biographer puts the case too strongly when she describes this latter feat as affording "practical evidence of his extreme impatience with the as yet undetermined lines of his own life." It calmed that impatience, no doubt, when a British squadron intercepted the vessel on which Oliphant had embarked, and the commander, who chanced to be Admiral Erskine, a distant cousin of his, took summary possession of the young man "as a British subject being where no British subject ought to be," and "restored him to all the privileges of his rank," whatever that may mean. "The moral of all which," Mrs. Oliphant pleasantly adds, "would seem to be that, when you have a habit of getting into risky positions, the best thing in the world is to belong to a good Scotch family of 'kent folk' with relations in

every department of Her Majesty's service both at home and abroad." But surely this is an inverted moral. Why not say that if you belong to a family of kent folk it is better not to compromise them by getting into risky positions at all?

But the witchery which Laurence Oliphant exercised over all those who knew him well, and the faith in his capacities which he inspired, prevailed over any passing mistrust of his "steadiness;" and the next year — 1857 — saw him on his way to China, once more as the private secretary of Lord Elgin. Their mission was delayed, and partially thwarted, by the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. They surrendered the contingent of troops which had convoyed them to the East, and had to sit, as Laurence expressed it, "kicking their heels" in Hong-Kong, until a fresh detachment could be spared to accompany them.

During this period of inaction he fell again into his old ways of religious musing and speculation. Oliphant revolted from the phase of Christianity which he encountered in the English colony at Hong-Kong, — the "worldly holiness" of merchants and chaplains, and missionaries most of all. He freed himself completely at this time, or fancied that he did so, from the strait bonds of the evangelical creed in which he had been brought up, and to which, thus far, he had fitfully but sincerely striven to conform himself. Thorndale, or The Conflict of Opinions, fell in his way, a book long since outgrown, but a thoughtful work which did certainly mark one of the lower levels in the rising flood of rationalism. This ephemeral book seemed to the young seeker for truth a veritable revelation, and he was unspeakably touched and relieved when he found that his mother, to whom he had dreaded owning the change in his views, had also been much impressed by Thorndale, and had sent it to him at the precise moment when he was sending it to her.

His own peculiar simplicity and candor are in all that he says in his private letters concerning the workings of his mind at this time of transition; but the depth of his experience, as well as the range of his researches, may be judged by the fact that Longfellow was his favorite poet (he could not read Tennyson), and Theodore Parker his favorite theologian.

The evolution of theoretic heresy was interrupted by the exciting scenes which accompanied the bombardment of Canton; and when, through the help of this crushing argument, the "mission" of Lord Elgin had been brought to a successful termination, we find our adventurer paying a flying visit with his chief to Japan, and being quite fascinated by his first glimpse of that unearthly paradise. In 1860 he came back to Europe, turned up at Nice just at the critical moment of the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, espoused Garibaldi's quarrel with Cavour, and did his best, but happily in vain, to incite both Niçois and Savoyards to an armed resistance against the new arrangement. His diplomatic associations had already procured him an introduction to Count Cavour, with whom he had the honor of dining at Turin, and it would be difficult to find, even in Laurence Oliphant's own collected writings, a more striking instance of inadequate judgement than this on the one great creative statesman of our time, one of the few impassioned and absolutely selfless patriots of any time: "A thick-set, solid man, with a large, square head and spectacles, an able, mathematical, practical sort of head, without chivalry, principle, or genius." We are glad at least to be told of the casual agitator that he afterwards modified this opinion; and meanwhile he furnished some very entertaining articles to Blackwood, conceived in the spirit of the naïve remarks that "it is great fun to have another object in Italy than churches and picture galleries," and that one "cannot

stand by and see a good cause ruined, and such blackguards as the Emperor carrying all before him, without wagging a finger."

A deeper sense of responsibility awoke in this impressionable being when, in June of 1861, he received for the first time an important diplomatic appointment, and was made chargé d'affaires at Yeddo. The unfortunate result of that first English mission to Japan is well known, but Oliphant behaved with great coolness and gallantry on the occasion of the night attack upon the English Embassy, and as he lay severely wounded on board the British gunboat Ringdove, in the stifling July heat, he experienced a peacefulness and exaltation of spirit which find affecting expression in the few lines he succeeded in scrawling to his mother with his bandaged fingers: "My only thought that night was for you. For myself I am glad; it made me know I could face death, which at one time seemed inevitable. I found my creed or philosophy quite satisfactory. I take everything as in the day's work, and that is why, in one sense, I do not feel thankful like others. I have such a profound feeling of being in God's hands, and having nothing to do with my own fate, that gratitude even would be presumption. . . . It must all end; one has only to hold on and feel sure that the use and object of it all will be evident."

Such words make one feel that the root of the matter was in him, even in his most dubious enterprises and lawless escapades. It is this which arrests a too easy criticism, and forbids one lightly to cavil at what came later. After three years more of piquant experience, meteor-like apparitions in London society, where he was always warmly welcomed, cruisings in the Mediterranean with the Prince of Wales, solitary rambles in the Abruzzi, in the Turkish provinces, in Poland, then convulsed by the throes of its last revolution, where we find him lending the power of his generous lungs to the insurgents, as they raised their national anthem within hearing of the Russian camp, this modern knight-errant seems to have resolved to range himself once for all, and fulfill the expectations of his friends. After coquetting with several Scottish constituencies, he was returned to Parliament for the burghs of Stirling. His place was found; his innocuous wild oats were sown; he had nothing now to do but help himself to the dainties of life and make the most of this world. Instead, he renounced it.

But first he had signally disappointed the prophecies of those friends who, accustomed to his vivid writing and his fluent and persuasive eloquence in private talk, had expected him to make a great figure in the House of Commons as an orator and debater. During the two years he sat there, he never opened his lips on any question of national or international policy. Afterwards he said that he had been forbidden to do so by the obscure teacher of whom he was already a secret disciple. He was, however, suffered to express himself in the pages of Blackwood, where he came out as a satirist of social follies and hypocrisies in Piccadilly, Fashionable Philosophy, and other contributions of a similar character. Writing of this kind, if done even tolerably well, is sure to amuse and be popular; and Laurence Oliphant's was far more than tolerable. But it was never superlatively good, and his biographer, we think, praises it excessively and without discrimination. He lacked somewhat of the literary touch; he worked with a blunt instrument, and just missed oftentimes, through ignorance of books and imperfection of training, the effect at which he aimed so earnestly. His novels and satires are already unreadable. A little more skill, a better style and method, might have made them classic. He is at his best in statements of fact and tales of teeming incident which he tells

without reflection or affectation, speaking freely and offhand, as a man of the world to men of the world. But his equipment of language was quite inadequate to render intelligible the visionary beliefs and metaphysical subtleties which occupied his later years, and those who most incline to accept as supernatural the origin of the message he had to deliver in Sympneumata and Scientific Religion have really most reason to regret his eminently unscientific habit of mind and the frequent confusion and difficulty of his utterance.

The apostle and director whose guidance Laurence Oliphant thus implicitly accepted was an American named Harris, originally a Swedenborgian preacher, some of whose printed sermons had fallen in Lady Oliphant's way, and impressed her very much by their strain of artless and fervent piety, as early as when Laurence was in Italy. Harris was at this time lecturing and preaching in England, in provincial halls, dissenting chapels, wherever he could obtain a hearing for his views concerning the higher life. Afterwards he returned to his native land, and established at Brocton, on the shores of Lake Erie, a small community of his disciples, who were to exemplify his doctrines in their simple, self-denying, and laborious lives. The "life," Harris taught, was far more essential than the doctrine: it was to live a life of humble "use," not to adopt a creed of any kind, that he summoned the selfish children of men, and summoned them, as he claimed, by direct warrant from heaven. There were to be no distinctions of days or public religious services in his community; nevertheless, its members were all understood to accept certain of the tenets of the so-called New Church, such as the duality of God, consisting of a union in one person of the masculine and feminine principles, in place of the Trinity of the popular theology, a belief in the constant intervention in human affairs of both good and evil spirits, and, more distinctively, that the second coming of Jesus Christ is even now being accomplished in the world by means of a transfusion of his divine life into the bodily frame of his true disciples, the witness of whose conversion, or election, is a certain peculiarity of respiration, recognizable by other disciples, but by those alone. Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant gives a striking account of the very interesting circumstances under which she herself first came to converse rather intimately with the subject of her memoir. It was in the House of Commons, the night when Disraeli brought forward the very measure of reform on which the Gladstone ministry had lately been defeated, and when it became evident that the Liberal leader was preparing to oppose as a party measure what he had previously advocated on the lofty ground of principle. The upright and candid soul of Laurence Oliphant — a disinterested Liberal if ever there was one, and indeed always and most conspicuously disinterested in all things — revolted from the adroit jugglery of both famous leaders. He expressed himself sick of his part in so false a business, and, though he was very guarded in his manner of replying to certain inquiries of his kinswoman concerning his new spiritual teacher, she was less amazed than the world in general to learn, a few months later, that he had turned his back on all his advantages and prospects of promotion in England, and thrown in his lot with the colony on Lake Erie.

"A man," says Mrs. Oliphant, "who thus abandons the world for religious motives is almost sure, amid the wide censure that is inevitable, to encounter also a great deal of contempt; yet had he become a monk, either Roman or Anglican, a faint conception of his desire to save his soul might have penetrated the universal mind; but he did not do anything so comprehensible. He

went into no convent, no place of holy traditions, but far away into the wilds, to 'live the life,' as he himself said, to work with his hands for his daily bread, giving up everything he possessed. . . . On his arrival at Brocton, or, as it is formally called, Salem-on-Erie, the home of the community, he was plunged into the severest and rudest elements of life. Coming straight from Mayfair, he was sent to sleep in a large loft, containing only empty orange-boxes and one mattress, and he remembered arranging these articles so as to form some semblance of a room. His earliest work was clearing out a large cattle-shed or stable. He said, often, he recalled in a sort of nightmare the gloomy, silent labor for days and days, wheeling barrows of dirt and rubbish in perfect loneliness, for he was not allowed to speak to any one; and even his food was conveyed to him by a silent messenger, to whom he might speak no word. Often, after this rough work was ended, and he came home dead-beat at nine o'clock, he was sent out again to draw water for household purposes till eleven o'clock, till his fingers were almost frost-bitten."

A two years' novitiate was required of every new member of the community, during which tests of varying degrees of severity were imposed at the option of the "master;" and this period was apparently lengthened by a year in the case of those who came from the higher walks of life, and had to undergo a more complete revolution in their personal and mental habits. A year later — that is to say in 1868 — Lady Oliphant also repaired to Brocton, but she was very seldom allowed to see her son, and never to hold any private communication with him. For Harris arranged his disciples in "'groups of three or four persons to assimilate; but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious.' In such cases, all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives, until 'the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race; so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it could be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love,' to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx and 'breaking the sphere.'"

All this looks to the uninitiated like a spiritual tyranny of the most ruthless and intolerable order. But both the neophytes, the restless citizen of the world and the delicate lady of over fifty, profess to have found amid their sordid and uncongenial surroundings — at least in these early days — an unprecedented calm and contentment of spirit, and to have relied with the happiest and most childlike faith on the loving purpose of their divinely illuminated leader. In 1870 Laurence was permitted to return to Europe, — his mother had not yet served her term, — and to resume his old manner of life. He came back in the highest health and spirits, hilarious as a schoolboy in the holidays, his faith in Harris and the excellence of his discipline quite unshaken, his personal graces unimpaired, and more fascinating than ever, if possible, to men and to women for the almost incredible character of his latest adventure.

He had sunk all his private means in Brocton, but he had a subsidy from the community sufficient to keep him, very economically, until he could obtain remunerative employment of some kind which Harris should approve. It was the year of the great Franco-Prussian conflict, and Oliphant soon got a place as war correspondent of the Times, and was found to wield as ready and pithy a pen as ever. He renewed his engage-

ment as Paris correspondent in 1871, and in Paris his mother was permitted to join him for a time. And there, too, alike for his joy and his doom, — as his co-religionists continue to affirm, — he met Alice Le Strange, the beautiful, accomplished, and singularly congenial being whom he made his wife.

On all sides there was great opposition to their union: from Miss Le Strange's family, who were people of fortune and position, for perfectly conceivable reasons; and equally on the part of the "father" in America, who seems to have dreaded above all things in his community the association and collusion of people of the world. In the month of June, 1872, the wedding ceremony was performed with all due conventionality at St. George's, Hanover Square; but soon afterwards the married pair, as well as Lady Oliphant, were recalled to America and sundered as widely as possible. The mother meekly resumed her habits of household drudgery in the Brocton settlement; the bride was bidden to go and support herself by giving music lessons in a rough mining village in California; the bridegroom received orders to attempt the seemingly whimsical task of "living the life" and serving the interests of the community among the stockbrokers of New York.

All these behests were heroically obeyed; the daily task was accepted, the pang of separation borne, alike by the sensitive and fragile women and the world-experienced man. His New York residence is supposed to have furnished Laurence Oliphant with the materials for his tale of Irene Macgillicuddy, and for the scathing Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company which appeared in his old organ, Blackwood. There is no sign on the part of any of the three, for fully seven years more, of a doubt concerning the infallibility of the self-elected pope on Lake Erie, or a weakening of their allegiance to him. From this point onward, however, the story of the trio becomes so exasperating and even painful in its mystery, and so piteous in view of the tragic end appointed, that we lose heart and patience to relate it circumstantially.

In 1878 we find Laurence Oliphant again in Europe, full of the project of getting from the Turkish government a grant of land in Palestine, for the purpose of establishing a colony there, presumably on the principles of Brocton, and of Santa Rosa in California, where a new settlement had recently been started under the personal auspices of "Father" Harris. He even writes to The Athenæum, with a mixture of sanguine simplicity and involuntary cynicism the like of which it would be hard to find, that the northern and more fertile half of Palestine is capable of immense development, and "any amount of money can be raised upon it, owing to the belief which people have that they would be fulfilling prophecy and bringing on the end of the world. I don't know why they are so anxious for this latter event, but it makes the commercial speculation easy, as it is a combination of the financial and sentimental elements which will, I think, insure success." No grant was obtained from the Turks, but the results of Oliphant's reconnoitering tour were embodied in his interesting book on The Land of Gilead. The mystic spell of the East took full possession of his soul, and eventually he decided to fix his own home among the simple German colonists of Haifa, on the Bay of Acre. But this was after his revolt, or emancipation, from Harris.

All these years the husband and wife had remained apart, and the former even confessed at one time to his biographer that Harris entertained doubts, notwithstanding the stern tests to which he had put them, whether the lady of his (Oliphant's) choice were indeed his true mate, the partner of his spiritual breath, his "sympneumatic" soul. Happily this crafty suggestion had no effect,

except perhaps upon their own faith in the arbitrary ruler of their destinies.

Late in the year 1880 Mrs. Laurence Oliphant was permitted to rejoin her husband in England. "Their meeting made December June;" they were still one in heart and in self-devoted purpose; henceforth, during the very short time that remained to them here, there was to be no shadow on their mutual confidence.

They passed the next winter together in Egypt, where Laurence Oliphant gathered the material for his book on The Land of Khemi. The next summer a great sorrow and a great shock befell them both. A rumor reached them from Brocton that Lady Oliphant was in precarious health. Laurence hurried to his mother's side, and found her dying of cancer. The "father," as has been said, had now taken up his residence with his new colony at Santa Rosa, and those few sheep in the wilderness of western New York were deprived of the blessing of his immediate supervision. The faith of the mother and son, though much had already occurred to shake it, still sufficed to take them across the weary continent to the door of the mysterious being who had required and received so much from them both. There, however, — there seems no reasonable doubt about it, — they were refused not only aid, but even admission, except upon terms which neither could any longer accept. Two days later Lady Oliphant died, and her son, in great anguish of mind at the double loss and terrible revulsion of mind which overtook him, rent and cast away forever the bonds which had bound him so long.

A controversy is even now raging in the daily and weekly press of England concerning the circumstances which attended this painful rupture, and some disciples of Harris vehemently impugn the scrupulously mild and temperate statements of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. But the defense of their idol is couched in terms which, to the outsider, seem strangely ambiguous; and there exists documentary evidence that, in his desperate determination to prevent Oliphant's secession, Harris first applied to the wife in England for authority to shut her husband up in a madhouse, and then, upon her refusal, denounced upon both the rebels, for their disobedience, the untimely fate which too truly overtook them.

Fortunately, Laurence Oliphant found powerful friends among the world's people in California, — as indeed he won such always and everywhere, — who served him loyally and efficiently at this sad crisis of his history. Chief among these was Mr. Walker, of San Rosario, who has lately interfered with much dignity and authority in the controversy above mentioned to correct certain misstatements on the part of Harris's defenders. Through this gentleman's exertions a portion of the property which both Laurence and Alice Oliphant had invested in Harris's scheme was redeemed, and the site of the Brocton community was finally made over to them. They gladly assumed along with it, as their peculiar charge, the pathetic remnant who were still toiling in the old fields, forsaken of their guide; and several of these "dear Brocton people," as Alice always called them, subsequently joined the Oliphants in Palestine, and became members of their modest household at Haifa. The most wonderful scene of all, perhaps, is that which "ends this strange, eventful history," and which shows the faith of this pair in Harris's original revelation, surviving their faith in the man, and in fact sustaining them to the last.

After their settlement in the East, there ensued for them a brief season of great outward peace and mutual contentment of soul. They lived simply and laboriously still, on terms of the frankest equality with their plain friends and co-religionists from over sea, and

with the sturdy German peasant folk about them. Every passing European traveler was made welcome under their roof. They exercised the large and simple hospitality of the early world. They had stripped themselves of every factitious advantage without detriment to their personal attractiveness or the social charm in which they were so like one another, and so superior to most other people. Sometimes they received guests of great distinction. General Gordon, that other modern mystic, with whom Laurence Oliphant had so much in common, and whom he had met in China when both were young, halted with them in February, 1884, on his way to the accomplishment of his own final sacrifice. The two men, though differing widely on some points, discovered a deep mutual sympathy; partly, perhaps, as one of them archly suggested, "because each of us is considered one of the craziest fellows alive." But we agree with Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant that "to have heard those two crazy fellows talking, as they wandered by the edge of the sunlit sea, would have been something to remember."

The heat of Haifa during the summer months proved so oppressive that a sort of lodge had to be built for the refuge of the colonists, in a Druse village, higher up on the slopes of Carmel; and there on those historic heights, on the 2d of January, 1886, Alice Oliphant died. Her slender strength had been fatally undermined by the severities of her life in the wild West, but she succumbed suddenly to an attack of fever contracted on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias. In the last year of her life she had dictated to her husband, or rather the two had produced, by virtue of that "marriage of true minds" which constituted the main article of their spiritualistic creed, the singular but undeniably striking book entitled Sympneumata.

After his wife's death and the blank days of uttermost desolation which immediately followed it, Laurence Oliphant enjoyed, as he believed, a fuller influx of her spirit than ever before; and it was under her supposed inspiration from the other world that, two years later, among the same hill solitudes where she had breathed her last, he wrote out that fuller and more formal exposition of his beliefs which is embodied in Scientific Religion. He had wished to call this book The Divine Feminine, but his publishers perceived objections.

This was Oliphant's last work; the joint legacy to the world, as he firmly believed, of himself and his counterpart in heaven. He still traveled restlessly back and forth between England and the East, seeking, in the spirit of the primitive apostles, everywhere and by all means to disseminate the truth as he had received it. He even paid one more brief visit to America. But his bodily strength was visibly declining, and in November, 1888, he died in the house of one of the comrades of his youth, at Twickenham on the Thames. Three months before he had performed one of the most inexplicable and seemingly inconsistent acts of his eccentric career. He had contracted a second marriage with a daughter of the late Robert Dale Owen, who shared his visionary views, and nursed him in his last illness as only a wife could have done, but with a full understanding on both sides that this union of sad expediency was without prejudice to that spiritual first marriage of which the world had received such solemn attestation. The actual disciples of Harris presume to assert, as we have said, that both Laurence and Alice Oliphant died untimely because they denied the truth of his revelation, and thus cut themselves off from certain sources of life which are supposed to reside in the "father." It is even claimed by some that Harris himself and those who truly keep the faith will not die at all. But we have seen that Alice was cut off by malarial

fever, while Laurence's malady was the same as his martyred mother's, and no doubt inherited from her. Its course was rapid and singularly painless. The patient's mind was always clear, his faith confident and happy. He reverted, at the very last, to the religious language of his earliest years, and died with such phrases upon his lips as have for ages been deemed conclusive of a simple Christian hope.

It is worthy of remark that in Oliphant's case, as well as in Count Tolstoï's and that of certain other of the more radical innovators of our day, we are driven back perforce to the first century of our era for anything like a near parallel to their course, or plausible clue to their position. Viewed in the light of the New Testament, the actions of these men seem not altogether strange, whatever we may think of their tenets. For Laurence Oliphant's peculiar beliefs the reader is referred to his latest writings. He will find much hard and bewildering reading there, for the style is labored and obscure, and some remarkable reasoning. But he will also find an unflinching altruism and an ideal standard of morality; while the theory of the blended fatherhood and motherhood of God, as reflected in the new and closer union of true counterparts in married life, has unquestionably, as the biographer says, recommended itself to some of the best of people as a true revelation from heaven.

Were it indeed such, it could do no more at the outset than arrest the attention and claim the acceptance of a few good people. The Christian revelation itself did no more than this. But the testimony of Laurence Oliphant's life is far less ambiguous than that of his books. He shrank from no sharpest test of moral sincerity. By nature one of the most pleasure-loving of mortals, he stopped at no sacrifice of ease, or wealth, or joy. He stultified himself in the eyes of the worldly no less by what he did than by what he wrote; nevertheless, his place is assuredly among those who have counted not their lives dear, so they might grasp the Highest Good. He followed, as some indeed in every age have done, the highest of known examples in choosing the "form of a servant," and resolutely abiding by that self-denying choice. It doth not yet appear what the sons of God shall hereafter be, but if the amazing promises to those who have left houses and lands and kindred for the kingdom of heaven's sake retain any lasting validity, or ever had any intelligible meaning, their fulfillment must be for such as he. Putting that celestial recompense quite out of the question, however, one is tempted to declare them sufficiently rewarded here if they are saved from spiritual atrophy; if they retain, as this wayward, uncalculating, credulous, fallible, and yet faithful pair undoubtedly did, a happy faith in things divine, an open vision of the unseen.

It would be almost impertinent to praise the manner in which Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant has executed her delicate and difficult task. Her great literary aptitude and experience, the keenness of her perceptions, the breadth of her charity, the mingled shrewdness and gentleness of her judgments, and her power, so many times exemplified as a sympathetic and eloquent yet discerning biographer, all pointed her out as the fittest person in the world to tell this extraordinary story. Her view of the prophet Harris appears to us the most charitable that the case permits, and essentially the right one. He was honest in the beginning, — a single-minded and devout fanatic. He was so still at the time when he obtained his despotic influence over the candid but impressionable mind of Lady Oliphant and her son. But his head was turned and his heart corrupted by the possession of unlawful power; while the assumption of a direct warrant from heaven was his

first fatal falsehood, and the parent of many more.

Mrs. Oliphant is really so great a lady of letters, and we have all received so largely of her bounty, that we feel she has a sort of right to certain literary privileges and favorite solecisms of language; and that it would be petty, if not unseemly, to cavil at her for sometimes confounding *shall* and *will*, for her supposed American use of the word *allow* for *concede* or *admit*, and for insisting upon writing *diplomat* as a masculine form of *diplomate*. Let us rather close this imperfect survey of what is at least the most suggestive and affecting book of an arid year with a significant passage from the author's final summing up of her subject: —

"The priests and martyrs of the old ages had even too much conscience of what they were doing, and never made light of the sacrifice; but the nineteenth century has this advantage over its predecessors which we call the ages of faith. It is all for materialism, for profit, for personal advantage; the most self-interested, the least ideal, of ages. But when, here and there, a generous spirit, emancipated from these bonds, rises above the age, his sacrifice is no longer marked with gloom, or made into an operation of pain; it is a willing offering, — more than willing, unconsidered, lavish, gay, the joyous giving up, without a backward look or thought, of everything for the love of God — except the love of man."

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## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS

*Religion and Theology.* Who Wrote the Bible? a Book for the People, by Washington Gladden. (Houghton.) The higher criticism has been expended now for some time upon the Bible, with the result that a certain consensus of judgment may be regarded as attained. It has been Dr. Gladden's plan to present this latest accepted word of the critics in such a form as to meet the inquiries of a large class of readers who are uneasy over the rumors which have reached them, and are intelligent enough to receive reasonably a statement of results if given in the vernacular. The author has not been eager to give his readers the very latest conjecture and suspicion, but shows himself to be at once conservative and frank. The book ought to help many to readjust their views and to fortify their faith. — The Professor's Letters, by Theophilus Parsons. (Roberts Bros.) Originally these letters were addressed to a young girl of sensitive religious nature by a well-known writer of law books, who was a follower of Swedenborg. The tenderness and friendliness of the writing give an attractive character to the work, which is not so officially Swedenborgian as to repel those who are not in sympathy with the New Church, but are open to the refining thought which is apt to accompany the belief of its members. — Following the methods of other scholars, a number of students of church history have formed the American Society of Church History for the purpose of research, meetings, and publication. The third volume of these Papers (Putnams) contains what is in effect a treatise on The Renaissance, by Dr. Schaff, as well as shorter papers on The Historical Geography of the Christian Church, The Anabaptists of the Sixteenth Century, and other topics. Perhaps this subdivision of work is desirable, but we hope the day will come when historical societies at large will regard ecclesiastical history as within their purview.

*Social and Political Science.* The American Citizen, by Charles F. Dole. (Heath.) It is interesting, in view of the large number of books devoted to teaching the duties and rights of the citizen, to observe in what a variety of ways writers approach the subject. The fact that the study is pushing

its way into the common school is leading writers to consider how it may be made comprehensive, and how it may engage the attention of those who have not been trained to think abstractly. Mr. Dole in this book begins at the right end, for he traces the notion of formal society in a very practical way through the family, the school, the playground, the social life of the young, up to the state, continuing with an application of principles to economics and to international law. A pretty wide range is taken, and some of the steps may be regarded as leaps ; but the book unquestionably will set both teachers and scholars to thinking, and it bases all considerations on ethical and not conventional grounds. — The Relation of Labor to the Law of To-day, by Lujo Brentano. Translated from the German by Porter Sherman. (Putnams.) A compact treatise, proceeding on historical lines, which discusses the guilds as predecessors of trades-unions, then treats of these unions, and so comes to the heart of the struggle going on to-day. The second book deals with the economic principles of the labor question. The solution of the question, as it lies in the author's mind, rests finally in the realization of freedom and equality of all before the law. — The fifth and sixth numbers of the Ninth Series of Johns Hopkins University series (Baltimore) are occupied with an investigation into the causes which led to the development of municipal unity among the Lombard communes, by William Klapp Williams, and bears the title The Communes of Lombardy from the Sixth to the Tenth Century. His inquiry seems to demonstrate the more vigorous principle of Teutonic organization as compared with the weaker remnant of Roman system. — In the series Questions of the Day (Putnams) Mr. George Haven Putnam has issued a very serviceable book under the title The Question of Copyright, which gives a summary of the copyright laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world, together with a report of the legislation now pending in Great Britain, a sketch of the contest in the United States, 1837–1891, in behalf of international copyright, and contains also certain papers on the development of the conception of literary property, and on the probable effects of the new American law. Mr. Putnam appears here as author as well as editor, and other writers are Mr. Bowker, Mr. Besant, Mr. Brander Mathews, and Sir James Stephen. — The Yellow Ribbon Speaker, Readings and Recitations, compiled by Anna H. Shaw, Alice Stone Blackwell, and Lucy Elmina Anthony. (Lee & Shepard.) As the names of the compilers indicate to those who do not know the significance of the yellow ribbon, this speaker contains passages in prose and verse which tell for the cause of woman's rights, as that term is popularly understood. — A second series of Speeches, Lectures, and Letters, by Wendell Phillips (Lee & Shepard), has been published, and further volumes are promised. These speeches will be read, we suspect, as Whittier's poems are read, more for their eloquence and impassioned invective than as contributions to the history of the country. Mr. Phillips had the courage of his convictions, but those convictions were not always justified by the event. In this volume is a stirring tribute to Lincoln, but possibly some of his auditors remembered Mr. Phillips's earlier judgment of the President when he characterized him with a sneer as a "first-rate second-rate man." — Politics and Property, or Phronocracy, a Compromise between Democracy and Plutocracy, by Slack Worthington. (Putnams.) Mr. Worthington begins with the serious statement : "It is evident to mankind in general that the earth on which we reside — an infinitesimal portion of the material universe — exists ;" but in eighteen pages after this elemental start he reaches the Democratic and Republican parties. The main contention is for a system of cumulative taxation, but phronocracy involves also limitation of the suffrage and the occupation by the United States of all land from the frozen north to the Isthmus. Why should not the phronocratic philosopher wish to go further south ? An isthmus is a most arbitrary stopping-place. — Henry George's Protection or Free Trade has been issued in a twenty-five-cent edition in paper covers. (Henry George & Co., New York.) — The Criminal Jurisprudence of the Ancient Hebrews, compiled from the Talmud and other Rabbinical Writings, and compared with Roman and English Penal Jurisprudence, by S. Mendelsohn. (M. Curlander, Baltimore.) A most interesting compilation, and one most suggestive as to the high moral standard of the Hebrew

nation. It would be of even more interest to modern students if the land and usury laws of the ancient Hebrews could be subjected to the same critical editing. Of no slight value is the chapter of Maxims and Rules which bears out the reputation of the Hebrews for proverbial wisdom.

*Essays.* Excursions in Art and Letters, by William Wetmore Story. (Houghton.) Mr. Story has written so learnedly upon subjects connected with the arts which he engages in, and yet has scattered his work through so many periodicals, that he has done a service to students and readers in thus collecting what otherwise would miss a long life. The papers in this volume are Michel Angelo, Phidias and the Elgin Marbles, The Art of Casting in Plaster among the Ancient Greeks and Romans, A Conversation with Marcus Aurelius, and Distortions of the English Stage as instanced in "Macbeth." The wide range of his scholarship and the sweep of his intellectual sympathy are well indicated by these subjects and his treatment of them. — Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius, by Thomas Hitchcock. (Harpers.) Mr. Hitchcock has chosen a dozen subjects, chiefly from the ranks of men of letters, since they usually furnish the largest number of documents in evidence. He has done his work with good taste and an interest which is communicated to the reader. Yet we wonder why it is that when we come to the passion of love, novels containing imaginary cases are so much more interesting than biographies which deal with actual and recorded psychological phenomena.

*Music and the Drama.* Music in its Relation to Intellectual Life ; Romanticism in Music. Two Lectures by F. L. Ritter. (Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.) Mr. Ritter makes the second of these lectures to consist mainly in running comments on the succession of composers of the romantic school. — Hamlet from the Actor's Standpoint, its Representatives and a Comparison of their Performances, by Henry P. Phelps. (Edgar S. Werner, New York.) An odd medley, out of which one can pick a good many significant comments on the presentation of the character, but not many on the nature of Hamlet. The notes which Mr. Furness gathered from Mr. Booth and others, and used in his Variorum edition, are rather more pointed in this respect. — Blind, The Intruder, translated from the French of Maurice Maeterlinck by Mary Vielé. (W. H. Morrison, Washington.) These two plays belong to the work of the impressionist school in literature, and it would be difficult to find elsewhere language so stripped of ideality in form and yet so charged with meaning. The author has, as it were, dealt with words in masses, and manages to convey to the mind distinct impressions which cannot be traced for origin to particular phrases. The work is a curiosity of form. Mrs. Vielé has skillfully done her work as a translator.

*Hygiene.* Power through Repose, by Annie Payson Call. (Roberts Bros.) A little book which presents in a lucid, earnest way the observations and reflections of a woman who has studied the various forms in which nervous tension shows itself in her sex, and has reached the perception of certain simple but far-reaching laws which, if obeyed, would correct the apparently fatal tendency to nervous exhaustion. Miss Call writes as one who has a mission, but her book in its method and style is an admirable illustration of her principle so well condensed in the title. — Drinking-Water and Ice Supplies, and their Relations to Health and Disease, by T. Mitchell Prudden. (Putnams.) A lively popular statement of the general conditions which affect the purity and impurity of water and ice. The author prudently abstains from specific instructions, but seeks to interest the householder in the subject, with the view to making him or her, very often her, more intelligently observant. — What to Eat, How to Serve it, by Christine Terhune Herrick. (Harpers.) It is surprising how many variations can be played on this familiar tune. Mrs. Herrick writes as freshly and as sensibly on breakfasts, lunches, dinners, and high teas, the rooms in which they are served, the furniture of the table and the service, as if ever so many housekeepers, she among them, had not been giving the same excellent advice any time the past dozen years. — The Daughter, her Health, Education, and Wedlock ; Homely Suggestions for Mothers and Daughters, by William M. Capp, M. D. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) An unpretentious, sensible little book, which would

perhaps make more of an impression if the writer had a more epigrammatic style ; but he says a good many things which will arrest attention because of the simplicity and reasonableness of the presentation.

*History and Biography.* Mr. John Fiske, in the friendly preface to his two-volume work on The American Revolution (Houghton), declares that he has never to this day understood the secret of the interest shown in the work when he was delivering it piecemeal before companies of young and old. We suspect his readers could reveal the secret to him by explaining to a mind not ordinarily obtuse that the power of coördination which he has enables him to select the really essential facts in a narrative of the Revolution, and to place them in such relation as to disclose the connection of cause and effect ; and that his own human interest in the story is communicated to the reader through the medium of a limpid, animated style. Mr. Fiske has a marvelous faculty for appropriating the best material and transforming it by his genius into the appearance of his own invention. These volumes read as if the author designed the American Revolution. — The American Race, a Linguistic Classification and Ethnographic Description of the Native Tribes of North and South America, by Daniel G. Brinton. (Hodges.) Dr. Brinton introduces his study with an inquiry into the origin of American races, and after disposing of other theories, maintains an European origin from the northwest. His main work, however, is to classify the races into five groups, on the basis of language, though he does not neglect the evidence of craniology. He gathers into this volume the results already announced by him in a more fragmentary form. — In his The Life and Times of John Dickinson (Lippincott), Dr. Charles J. Stillé has written a temperate and reasonable exposition of the career of a statesman who was so philosophical in mind, so legal in training, and so courageous in disposition that he was pretty sure to be misunderstood in a time of political upheaval, and we may add, pretty sure also to misunderstand the actual tendency of events. The study is an excellent contribution to historical literature, and marks quite well the new spirit in which our political history is written, — a spirit which is unpartisan, yet national. — Under a Colonial Roof-Tree, Fireside Chronicles of Early New England, by Arria S. Huntington. (Houghton.) The apparent carelessness of this book adds to its charm. A more formal method and a closer regard to the demands of antiquarian students might have served to dissipate something of the agreeeable flavor which now attaches to these rambling pages wherein old Hadley and the life it held reappear and disappear to the eye. One gets glimpses of household interiors which are not the reconstruction of the author, but the result of her affectionate unveiling of records and diaries. — The Biography of Dio Lewis, by Mary F. Eastman. (Fowler & Wells Co.) The author of this life must have despaired of putting on record a character so charged with vitality as that of Dr. Lewis. He was a whole battery in himself, giving off sparks in all directions, and electrifying every one with whom he came in contact. His work in promoting knowledge and observance of the laws of health was admirable and has been continued by many disciples ; but the public that knew him here may be somewhat surprised at the extent of his labors for temperance. He seemed, in New England parlance, always about to be flying off the handle, but in reality he was cutting at all sorts of evils. The biography is not too formal, and one gets a tolerably faithful notion of this lively reformer, with his generous nature and his restless impulses.

*Poetry.* The Vision of Misery Hill, a Legend of the Sierra Nevada, and Miscellaneous Verse, by Miles I'Anson. (Putnams.) A collection of hearty rhymes which have sometimes the vigor as well as the slouch of the miner. The pictures were engraved by no ordinary engraver, or if the engraver was ordinary his tools were not.

*Education and Textbooks.* Memorials of St. Paul's School. (Appleton.) St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., has contrived in its short career of thirty-six years to accumulate a body of traditions which, if all goes well, will furnish the basis for delightful memories for many generations. Very likely some of the varied forms of life which it has cultivated in these earlier years will disappear, but good customs which have stood the test of two generations of men are likely to prevail ; and this

volume, interesting now to on-lookers, will one of these days have peculiar interest to those who are curious as to the beginnings of things. We would not for this reason advise persons to buy it and store it against an indefinite future use, but we can assure the reader who does not happen to have been a St. Paul's boy, or a Concordian, as J. H. C. would have us call him, that he will find in this work a most lively account of a Knabengarten. The ingenuity which has gone into this cultivation of boy life at Concord is extraordinary. — French by Reading, a Progressive French Method, by Louise Seymour Houghton and Mary Houghton. (Heath.) The principle upon which this clever book is designed is that of a teacher and pupil working together. After a brief introduction giving the necessary information as to letters and their pronunciation, a series of lessons is given, which start with interlinear translations, just as a teacher might read aloud to the pupil, follow with grammatical inferences, and conclude with the French passage free from the translation. The series proceeds from easy forms to more difficult.

*Fiction.* One of our Conquerors, by George Meredith. (Roberts.) The initiated may be left to analyze the elements of greatness in this book. To the reader bred on intelligible literature, the game seems hardly worth the candle. He finds characters enigmatically named whose story, simple in its main lines, is so swathed in envelopes of phrases which constantly suggest occult meaning as to make him wonder if he is not at work upon the inversion of a parable. One of our Conquerors is apparently loaded to the muzzle with meaning, and the result is likely to be nearly fatal to the innocent reader who touches it off.

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Experience in Recollecting.

It has occurred to the writer that the extent to which it is possible, by a determined and persistent effort of the will, to recall some special event long since forgotten, or revive a certain association of impressions which time and stress of circumstances seem to have blotted utterly and irrevocably out of our consciousness, has not yet been given its due share of attention.

The remarkable fasts of Dr. Tanner served to extend the supposed limit of human endurance without food so far beyond any previous conceptions of it as to confound the physiologists. So, perhaps, some one, by a series of careful observations and experiments, may so extend our ideas of the limit of human recollection as to astonish the psychologists.

Indeed, already there seems enough of fact and experience to warrant the assumption that, given a healthy brain, the limit of recollection is determined simply by the measure of will power of which one is capable. For instance, there are our daily surprises of *involuntary* recollection, not only convincing us of the abiding nature of our impressions, but also illustrating the strangely erratic ways they have of passing in and out of the orbit of our consciousness. And further confirmation of the remarkable tenacity of our impressions and the extraordinary possibilities of their revival is found in the familiar and uniform testimony of those persons rescued from drowning or other situations of great peril, who tell us how the events of a lifetime passed with incredible swiftness in review before them.

Now, if such conditions of mental exaltation are brought on *involuntarily* by such extreme emergencies, it seems not at all improbable that a similar condition of super-exalted and active memory might be invoked by the efforts of a strong, well-disciplined will. If people generally were possessed of this conviction, there can be little doubt of its proving of great practical advantage in many ways. Take, for example, the distressing situation of a person falsely accused, or of one whose life or fortune or honor may depend on the complete recollection of some little event, or the important words uttered on a certain occasion,

with all the attending and confirming circumstances : the usual course, after a few fitful and hopeless endeavors to recall these misty and faded-out impressions, is for the person to give up in utter despair ; but if he were encouraged to believe, and fully assured, that by long and sustained effort (it might be of days', it might be of weeks' duration), he would at last be able to recall the exculpating words and the collateral incidents, is it not quite probable that he would succeed ?

Such an illustration of the possibility of recollection is furnished by Dr. Holmes's story (in Mechanism in Thought and Morals) of the gentleman who, in the last agonies of drowning, had restored to him remembrance of having placed between the leaves of a book, years before, a certain bond, the loss of which involved not only a large sum of money, but his reputation for veracity as well. Now, if this person had been fully persuaded that by determined and prolonged effort to recall his act he could at last revive recollection of the missing bond, it is more than probable that he would have accomplished it, and not been indebted for its recovery to the adventitious aid of hydropathic treatment.

A little experience of the writer, though not claimed to be at all conclusive, yet leads him to believe that this might have been done. About twenty-five years ago, he, in company with two young ladies, attended a concert in Troy, the attractive feature of which was the singing of a certain worthy and aspiring young lady of Albany, then known simply as Miss Emma Lajeunesse, now as the famous singer Madame Albani.

The programmes provided for the occasion were of unusual amplitude, and included, besides the order of exercises, choice selections from noted authors, intended to amuse and edify the audience while waiting. It occurred to one of our company to propose that we should try which of us could soonest commit and recite a certain little poem ascribed to Goethe. The writer succeeded in doing it by the time the concert commenced.

The incident served its purpose for the time and, like other trivialities invented for an occasion, passed out of his mind, as did the poem also.

Months after, one of the ladies wrote him, inquiring if he could then recall the lines which she had tried but evidently failed to recollect. At first, though he made quite prolonged effort to do so, he could not even remember the subject, and it was only after much further labor that part of a line came to him. But his pride revolting at a confession of failure, he still kept on trying to remember, and by this persistence through the day brought a few more scattered fragments to mind. That night he dropped to sleep with the resolve to waken early, and while the brain was clearest make another attempt to recall it. Accordingly, waking about four o'clock A. M., after struggling some time, he managed, as Mark Twain has expressed it, to "blast out" two of the stanzas, after which, being quite exhausted by the effort, he fell asleep again. But he must have left the recollecting machinery running, for, when he wakened again at seven, the words of the last stanza were not long in marshaling themselves in order, ready to pass out through the narrow gate into consciousness.

At that time he noted the fact that, just as the faults of a negative are reproduced in the copied photograph, so one or two little inaccuracies, into which he would fall in spite of himself when first committing the lines, again appeared in his labored recollection of them.

His experience, too, confirmed the observation of others, that, once give the brain an impulse towards the solving of any problem, the continuity of its effort in that direction is not entirely broken by the intervention of sleep, or its diversion for a time to other thoughts.

Some Unwritten Poems of "The Pathetic." — Adopting the theory that everybody is on occasion a poet whose felicitous single line, or even fragment of a line, deserves to go upon record, I began some time since to rescue from total oblivion such lyrical fugitives as came in my way. From the collection thus made, certain extracts, here submitted, seem to me very creditable to their unconscious or careless authors. The first of my fugitives, with all its appearance of bearing the "professional touch," was merely post-prandial in its origin, and doubtless has been long forgotten by its clever utterer. The conversation had turned upon the efficiency for good or ill of apparently

slight and generally unrecognized influences.

"A spark
Whose tiny flash has fired the prairie dies
Unseen amid the glory it has lighted,
Yet, after all, was nothing but a spark."

Here is another verse which might have been the opening of an ode by Quintus Horatius Flaccus addressed to Postumus:

"Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!"

It has, however, no context, and no record save the present one; so the reader is at liberty to add (as I did when the words slipped unregarded into the air) whatever seems the true sequel, in the way of wistful reminiscence or of protest at Time's fierce haste.

Another one-line poem was the *sotto voce* exclamation of a romantic voyager of my acquaintance who, on a stormy night, from the deck of his steamer, recognized a beacon-light not set down in the Coast Survey:

"It is her lamp, — the only light in heaven!"

If the foregoing have a certain literary aroma, I flatter myself that the rest I have to offer are of a quite opposite character. Such, for instance, the conclusion reached by one who was sending a series of fond messages. Impatient that words could not be made to carry the whole freight of her feeling, the sender interrupted herself with,

"Oh, tell him the things I meant to say!"

Such, too, the perpetual monody of an insane woman, who unconsciously voiced a common disability of our beclouded human nature: —

"They said that my mind was too melancholy!"

Among these sombre canticles I recall the words of my old family physician, who had never heard of Omar Khayyám, but who spoke merely from the questioning standpoint of the medical profession, when he was wont to say, —

"There 's a long time after, — when you 're dead."

Also among my collection is a brief chant of leave-taking which I had from an ex-filibuster of Walker's Expedition. A young Spaniard, mortally wounded, was heard to cry out as he fell,

"Adios, mundo!"

A lyric of pain, briefer still and as heavily burdened with mortality, came from a sick child who, looking up into his mother's face, crowded all inquiry into the one unanswerable word, —

"Why?"

A Genius for Friendship.

— The wholesome spirit of optimism pervading the Club forbids one's embracing any radically discouraged view of human life and its relations. Yet I trust that for once only an old member may be permitted to disburden a mind made heavy by the recent recital of two instances illustrating the occasional one-sidedness of a certain covenant which Cicero and others have treated with great discrimination. The first of these two instances presents the case of an unsuccessful man of business virtually ending his days by the immedicable disease, chagrin. Hearing that the partner whose selfish dexterity has brought about this conclusion is pushing a magnificent architectural scheme, the dying man, with a querulous monotony, repeats these words: "No, no, it can't be! One man builds a house, and another man dies without a roof to call his own!" The other instance is yet more poignantly relevant. An all-absorbing egotist, gifted with that facile and fatal possession, the "artistic temperament," has been the efficient cause of ruin to a liberal friend, a painter of no mean ability. The octopus — for to this prehensile order of predatory creature belongs the egotist in question — still recalls his old comrade in the following gracious manner: "Poor fellow! nobody ever pretended that he could paint, but he did have a genius for friendship!"

Now I do not count myself a cynic, but I leave it with the Club: Do not such blots upon the 'scutcheon of amity suggest, in these two cases at least, that the whole matter is regulated by the law of "supply and demand"? In other words, does it not somewhat too frequently happen that those who give all are thrown in the way of those whose nature it is to receive all and to give nothing? Every generous and unsuspicious creature invites its fate. Hence it is that sheepfolds are decimated and the free horse goes to his death. "The genius for friendship" likewise tempts a hard master, who will not fail to provide exhaustive employment. There is current a rough truism which is not inapplicable to this subject: "Those who are willing to take the black end of the poker will always get it."

THE

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## THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

### XLVIII.

IN A COLD, BARE ROOM.

When I reached Arden, I took one of the melancholy vehicles which stand at our station, and very much astonished the driver by ordering him to take me, not to my own home, but to the House of Martha.

"You know they 're busted up, sir," remarked the man, turning to me, as his old horse hurried us along at his best pace.

"But the sisters have not left?" I eagerly asked.

"Not all," he replied, "but two or three of them went down this morning."

"Drive on quicker," I said. "I am in a hurry."

The man gave the horse a crack with his whip, which made no difference whatever in our speed, and said: "If you 've got a bill agin any of them, sir, you need n't worry. The Mother is still there, and she 's all right, you know."

"Bill! Nonsense!" I answered.

"I 'm sorry they 're busted," said the man. "They did n't do much hackin', but they give us a lot of haulin' from the station."

As I hurried up the broad path which led to the front of the House of Martha, I found the door of the main entrance open, — something I had never seen before, although I had often passed the house. I entered unceremoniously, and saw before me, in the hallway, a woman in gray stooping over a trunk. She turned at the sound of my footsteps on the bare floor, and I beheld Sister Sarah. Her eyes flashed as she saw me, and I know that her first impulse was to order me out of the house; but this, of course, she now had no right to do, yet there were private rights which she still maintained.

"I should think," she said, "that a man who has done all the mischief you have done — who has worked and planned and plotted and contrived until he has undermined and utterly ruined a sisterhood of pious women who ask nothing of this world but to be let alone to do their own work in their own way, would be ashamed to put his nose into this house; but I suppose a man who would do what you have done does not know what shame is. Have you come here to sneer and gibe and scorn and mock and gloat over the misfortunes of the women whose home you have broken up, ruined, and devastated?"

"Madam," I replied, "can you tell me where I can find Miss Sylvia Raynor?"

She looked as if she were about to spring and bite.

"Atrocious!" she exclaimed. "I will not stay under the same roof with you." And she marched out of the door.

I made my way into the reception-room. I met no one, and the room was empty, although I heard on the floor above the sound of many footsteps, apparently those of the sisters preparing for departure.

I looked around for a bell, or some means of making my presence known. The room appeared harder, barer, emptier, than when I had seen it before. In a moment it was filled with all the light and beauty of the world. A door opened and Sylvia entered.

"I saw you come," she said, advancing with outstretched hands, "and hurried down as soon as I could." She was in her gray dress, but without shawl or head covering. Her face was filled with the most charming welcome. I hastened toward her. I did not take her hands, but opening my arms I folded her in them, and kissed her over and over again. With flushed face she pushed herself a little from me.

"Is n't this taking a great deal for granted?" she asked.

"Granted!" I exclaimed. "Think of what has been denied! Think of the weeks, the months" —

"We might a great deal better think somebody may come in here and see us," said Sylvia, pushing herself still farther from me.

"But did n't you expect me to rush to you the instant I heard you were a free woman? Did you suppose there was anything to be taken for granted between us?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I think we understood each other pretty well, but then, don't you see, I did n't suppose it would be like this. I am expecting a trunk from New York every minute, and I thought that when it came I should be dressed like other people. Now that I am not a sister, I do not want you to see me in these dreary clothes. Then I would go to my mother's house, and I supposed you would call on me there, and things would go on more regularly. But you are so impetuous."

"My dearest love," said I, "it fills me with rapture to take you in my arms in the same dress you wore when I fell in love with you. Often and often, when I looked at you through that grating, have I thought that it would be to me the greatest joy on earth if I could take you in my arms and tell you that I loved you."

"You thought that!" exclaimed Sylvia. "It was very wrong of you."

"Right or wrong, I did it," I replied; "and now I have her, my dear little nun, here in my arms."

She ceased to push, and looked up at me with a merry smile.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the morning the wasp came near stinging me?"

"Indeed I do," I said vehemently.

"Well, before that wasp came," she continued, "I used to be a good deal afraid of you. I thought you were very learned and dignified. But after I was so frightened, and you saw me without my bonnet, and all that, I felt we were very much more like friends, and that was the very beginning of my liking you."

"My darling," I exclaimed, "that wasp was the best friend we ever had! Do you want to see it?" and, releasing her, I took from my pocket the pasteboard box in which I had placed our friend Vespa. As she looked at the insect, her face was lighted with joyous surprise.

"And that is the same wasp," she inquired, "and you kept it?"

"Yes, and shall always keep it," I said. "Even now it has not ceased to be our friend." Then I told her how my desire to take with me this memento of her had held me back from the rolling Atlantic, and brought me to her. She raised her face to me with her beautiful eyes in a mist of tenderness, and this time her arms were extended.

"You are the dearest man!" she said.

In less than a minute after she had spoken these words, Mother Anastasia entered the room. She stood for a moment amazed, and then she hastily shut the door.

"Really," she cried, "you two are

incomprehensible beings! Don't you know that people might come in here at any moment? It is fortunate that I was the person who came in just now."

"But you knew he was here?" asked Sylvia.

"Yes, I knew that," the other replied, "but I expected you would both remember that at present this house might almost be considered a public place."

"My dear Marcia," said Sylvia, "if you knew him as well as I do, you would know that he would never remember anything about a place."

I turned to the ex-Mother Superior, who had already discarded the garb of the sisterhood, and was dressed in a dark walking suit.

"If you knew me as well as I know myself," I said, stretching toward her both my hands, "you would know that my gratitude toward you is deeper than the deepest depths of the earth."

She took one of my hands. "If you have anything to be grateful for," she responded, "it is for the lectures I have given you, and which I am afraid I ought to continue to give you. As to what was done here yesterday, I consider myself as much benefited as anybody, and I suppose Sylvia is of the same opinion regarding herself. But there is one person to whom you truly ought to be grateful, — Miss Laniston."

"I know that," I said. "I have seen her. She told me what she did, and I treated her as I would treat a boy who had brushed my coat; but I shall make amends."

"Indeed you shall," replied Sylvia, "and I will go with you when you do it."

"But you must not set yourself aside in this way," said I, addressing the older lady. "It was you who fanned my hopes of winning Sylvia when there seemed no reason why they should not fade away. It was you who promised to help me, and who did help me."

"Did you do that, Marcia?" asked Sylvia.

The beautiful woman who had been Mother Anastasia flushed a little, as she answered: —

"Yes, dear; but then you were only a sister on probation."

"And you wanted me to marry him?"

The other smiled and nodded, and in the next moment Sylvia's arms were about her neck, and Sylvia's lips were on her cheek.

I was very much affected, and there is no knowing how my feelings and gratitude might have been evinced, had not the clumping of a trunk upon the stairs and the voices of sisters at the door called me to order.

## XLIX.

### MY OWN WAY.

When I returned to my grandmother, she was greatly surprised to see me, and I lost no time in explaining my unexpected appearance.

"Really, really!" she exclaimed. "I was just writing you a letter, which I intended to send so that you would get it when you arrived in London; and in it I was going to tell you all about the breaking up of the House of Martha, of which I first heard half an hour after you left me. I was glad you did not know of it before you started, for I thought it would be so much better for all the changes to be made while you were away, and for Sylvia to be in her mother's house, where she could get rid of her nunnish habits and have some proper clothes made up. Of course I knew you would come back soon, but I thought your own mind would be in much better order for a little absence."

"My dear grandmother," I cried, "in mind and body I am in perfect order, and it is presence, not absence, which has made me so."

"Somehow or other," said she, smil-

ing, "the fates seem to help you to have your own way, and I am sure I am delighted that you will stay at home. But what has become of Mr. Walkirk?"

"Upon my word," I answered, "I do not know!"

Toward evening Walkirk returned, looking tired and out of spirits. I truly regretted the carelessness and neglect with which I had treated him, and explained and apologized to the best of my ability. He was a good-natured fellow, and behaved magnanimously.

"Things have turned out wonderfully well," he said; "and I assure you I shall be more pleased with the state of affairs when I am a little less fatigued. Minor annoyances ought not to be considered, but I have really had a pretty rough time of it. As the hour for sailing drew near, and you did not make your appearance, I became more and more nervous and anxious. I would not allow our baggage to be put on board, for I knew a conference with a lady was likely to be of indefinite duration; and when at last the steamer sailed, I went immediately to Miss Laniston's house to inform you of the fact, and to find out what you proposed to do; but Miss Laniston was not at home, and the servant told me that a gentleman — undoubtedly you — had left the house nearly an hour before, and his great haste made her think that he was trying to catch a steamer. 'People would not hurry like that,' she said, 'to catch a train, for there 's always another one in an hour or two.'

"Then I began to fear that, in your haste, you had gone on board the wrong steamer. Two others sailed to-day, a little later than ours, and I hastened to their piers and made all sorts of inquiries, but I could find out nothing. Then I went to your club, to your lawyer's office, and several other places where I supposed you might go, but no one had seen or heard of you. A fear began to creep over me that you had had some greatly depressing news from Miss Laniston, and that you had made away with yourself."

"Walkirk!" I exclaimed, "how dared you think that?"

"Men in the nervous condition I was," he answered, "think all sorts of things, and that is one of the things I thought. Finally I went to Miss Laniston's house again, and this time I found her, and learned what had happened. Then I returned to the pier, ordered the trunks sent back here, for I knew there was no trip to Europe now, and here I am."

It was easy to see that whatever pleasure the turn in my affairs may have given Walkirk, he was disappointed at losing his trip to Europe; but I thought it well not to reopen his wound by any allusion to this fact, and contented myself by saying the most earnest and cordial things about what he had done and suffered for me that day, and inwardly determining that I should make full amends to him for his lost journey.

In about ten days I received a message by cable from Liverpool, which was sent by my stenographer, informing me that he had gone aboard the steamer, as per agreement, and, being busy writing letters to send back by the pilot, had not discovered that Walkirk and I were not on board until it was too late. The message was a long one, and its cost, as well as that of the one by which I informed the stenographer that he might come home, and the price of the man's passage to Liverpool and back, as well as the sum I was obliged to pay him for his lost time, might all have been saved, had the fellow been thoughtful enough to make sure that we were on board before he allowed himself to be carried off. But little rubs of this kind were of slight moment to me at that time.

On the day after things had been taken for granted between Sylvia and myself, I saw her at her mother's house, and I must admit that, although it had

given me such exquisite pleasure to feel she was mine in the coarse gray gown of a "sister," it delighted me more to feel she was mine in the ordinary costume of society. She was as gay as a butterfly should be which had just cast off its gray wrappings and spread its wings to the coloring light.

I found Mrs. Raynor in a somewhat perturbed state of mind.

"I cannot accommodate myself," she said, "to these sudden and violent mutations. I like to sit on the sands and stay there as long as I please, and to feel that I know how high each breaker will be, and how far the tide will come in; but these tidal waves which make beach of sea and sea of beach sweep me away utterly. I cannot comprehend where I am. A week ago I considered you an enemy, with active designs on the peace of my daughter. I was about to write you a letter to demand that you should cease from troubling her. Then I heard you were going to Europe, and I felt that henceforth our paths would be smoother, for I believed that absence would cure you of your absurd infatuation; but suddenly down goes the House of Martha, and up comes the enemy, transformed into a suitor, who is loved by Sylvia, and against whom I can have no possible objection. Now cannot you see for yourself how this sort of thing must affect a mind accustomed to a certain uniformity of emotion?"

"Madam," I answered, "it will be the object of my life to make you so happy in our happiness that you shall remember this recent tumult of events as something more gratifying to look back upon than your most cherished memories of tranquil delight."

"You seem to have a high opinion of your abilities, and of the value of what you offer me," she said, smiling, "but I am perfectly willing that you should try what you can do; nevertheless, I wish you had gone to Europe. Everything would have turned out just the same, and the affair would have been more seemly."

"Oh, we can easily make that all right," I replied. "Sylvia and I will go to Europe on our bridal trip."

As I finished these words, Sylvia came into the room accompanied by Miss Laniston.

"Here is a gentleman," remarked my dear girl to her companion, "who has declared his desire to thank you for something you have done for him; and he has spoken so strongly about the way in which he intends to pour out his gratitude that I want to see how he does it."

"Mr. Vanderley," said Miss Laniston, "I forbid you to utter one word of that outpouring which you would have achieved yesterday morning had it not been so urgently necessary to catch a train. When I am ready for the outpouring, I will fix a time for it, and let you know the day before, and I will take care that no one shall be present but ourselves."

"Any way," said Sylvia, "he will tell me all about it."

"If he does," continued Miss Laniston, "you will reënter a convent."

## L.

### MY BOOK OF TRAVEL.

When the House of Martha had been formally abolished, the members of the sisterhood made various dispositions of themselves. Some determined to enter institutions of a similar character, while others who had homes planned to retire to them, with the intention of endeavoring to do what good they could without separating themselves from the world in which they were to do it. Sister Sarah was greatly incensed at the dissolution of the House, and much more so because, had it continued, she expected to

be at the head of it. She declared her determination of throwing herself into the arms of the Mother Church, where a sisterhood meant something, and where such nonsense and treachery as this would be impossible.

I did not enjoy the autumn of that year so fully as I should have enjoyed it had I been able to arrange matters according to my own ideas of what was appropriate to the case. Sylvia lived in the city, and I lived in the country, and although I visited her whenever I could, and she and her mother dined several times with my grandmother, there were often long stretches, sometimes extending over the greater part of a day, when I did not see her at all.

Thus it was that I had sometimes to think of other things, and one morning I remarked to my understudy: "Walkirk, there is something I regret very much, and that is the non-completion of my book. I shall never finish it, I am sure, because everything that has ever happened to me is going to be made uninteresting and tedious by what is to happen. Travel as well as life itself will be quite another thing to me, and I am sure that I shall be satisfied with enjoying it, and shall not want to write about it. And so good-by to the book."

"In regard to your book," said Walkirk, "I feel it my duty to say to you that there is no occasion for you to bid good-by to it."

"You are wrong there!" I exclaimed. "I shall never write it. I do not want to write it."

"Nevertheless," Walkirk remarked, "the book will be written. I shall write it. In fact I have written a great part of it already."

"What in the name of common sense do you mean?" I cried, staring at him in astonishment.

"What I am going to say to you," replied Walkirk, "may displease you, but I earnestly hope that you may eventually agree with me that what I have done is for the general good. You may remember that when you began to talk to me of your travels, you also handed me some of the manuscript you had prepared for the opening chapters of your book, and gave me an outline of the projected plan of the work. Now, as I have often told you, I consider the material for a book of travels contained in your experiences as recited to me extremely fresh, novel, and entertaining, and it would undoubtedly make what publishers call a 'hit' if properly presented; but at the same time I am compelled to say that I soon became convinced that there was no probability that you would properly present your admirable subject matter to the reading world."

"Upon my word," said I, "this is cool!"

"It is hard to speak to you in this manner," he answered, "and the only way in which I can do it is to be perfectly straightforward and honest about it. I am at heart a literary man, and, so far as I have the power, have cultivated the art of putting things effectively; and I assure you, sir, that it gave me actual pain when I found how you were going to present some of the incidents of your journey, such as, for instance, your diving experiences in the Maelstrom, or at least in the place where it was supposed to be, and where, judging from your discoveries, it may, under certain conditions and to a certain extent, really exist.

"There were a good many other points which I believed could be made of startling interest and value, not only to ordinary readers, but to scientific people, if they were properly brought out. I saw no reason to suppose that you would so bring them out, and I felt not only that I could do it, but that it would greatly please me to do it.

"My feeling on the subject was so strong that, as you may remember, I declined to act as your secretary. I am

perhaps over-sensitive, but I could not have written your book as you would have dictated it to me, and as you did indeed dictate it to your various secretaries."

"Go on," I said. "I am perfectly charmed with my power of repressing resentment."

"Therefore it was," he continued, "that I set to work to write the book myself, founding it entirely upon your daily recitals. My plan was to write as long as you were in the humor to talk, and, if you should lose your interest in me as a listener I would then declare what I had done, show you my work, and implore you to give me enough matter to finish it.

"I have now stated my case, and I place it entirely in your hands. I will show you what I have written, and if you choose to read it, and do not like it, you can throw it into the fire. The subject matter is yours, and I have no rights over it. But if you think that the work which you have decided to discontinue can be successfully carried on by me, I shall be delighted to go ahead and finish it."

"Walkirk," I answered, "you have the effrontery of a stone sphinx; but let me see your manuscript."

He handed it to me, and during the rest of the morning, and for a great part of the night, after I had returned in a late train from the city, I read it. The next day I gave it back to him.

"Walkirk," said I, "as my understudy go ahead and finish this book. You never came nearer the truth than when you said that the material was vastly interesting."

Walkirk was charmed, and took up the work with enthusiasm. Whenever I had a chance I talked to him, and whenever he had a chance he wrote. However, at that time I handed over so much of my business to my understudy that he was not able to devote himself to his literary work as assiduously as he and I desired. In fact, the book is not yet finished, but when it appears I think it will be a success.

## LI.

### A LOOSE END.

I was now a very happy man, but I was not an entirely satisfied one. Looking back upon what had happened, I could see that there were certain loose ends which ought to be gathered up before they were broken off and lost, or tangled up with something to which they did not belong.

It has always been my disposition to gather up the loose ends, to draw together the floating strands of circumstance, tendency, intention, and all that sort of thing, so that I may see what they are and where they come from. I like to know how they stand in relation to me, and how they may affect me.

One of the present loose ends was brought to my mind by a conversation with Sylvia. I had been speaking of her cousin Marcia Raynor, and expressing my pleasure that she was about to enter a new life, to which she seemed so well adapted.

"Marcia is a fine woman," she said, "and I love her ever so much; but you know she has caused me a great deal of pain; she has actually made me cry when I have been in bed at night."

I assured her that I had never imagined such a thing possible.

"Of course," Sylvia continued, "I do not refer to the way she acted just before the House of Martha was broken up. Then she opposed everything I wanted to do, and would listen to no reason; but I would n't listen to her reasons either, and I was entirely too angry with her to think of crying on her account. It was before that time that she made my very heart sick, and all on your account."

"She was severe upon me, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it," said Sylvia; "if she had been severe, I should not have minded it so much, but it was quite the other way. Now just put yourself in my place and try to think how you would have felt about it. There was I, fixed and settled for life in the House of Martha; and there were you, perfectly convinced — at least I was afraid you were convinced — that there was nothing for you to do but to give me up; and there was Marcia, just about to step out into the world a free woman, and at the same time taking a most wonderful interest in you, and trying to make you understand that you ought to let me alone, and all that sort of thing."

"In which she did not succeed at all," I remarked.

"So it appears," continued Sylvia, "but I could n't be sure about that at the time, you know; and if she had succeeded there was no earthly reason why you should not have become as much interested in her as she was in you, and then — But it 's too dreadful to talk about; it used to make my blood fairly boil."

"You mean to say," I asked, "that you were jealous of your cousin Marcia?"

"Yes," she answered, "there is no use in calling my feelings by any other name. I was jealous, — savagely so, sometimes."

Now this was a very high compliment, and I did not fail to express my satisfaction at having been the subject of such emotions. But one of the results of Sylvia's communication was to remind me of the existence of a loose end. I had never understood Mother Anastasia's feelings toward me. It had been very interesting to make conjectures about those feelings, and now that I could safely do more than conjecture, I wished to find out, if possible, if there had been any reasons for the construction I had placed upon the actions of the beautiful Mother Superior. Of course this was of no real importance now, but one cannot be brought into relations with such a woman as Marcia Raynor without desiring to know exactly what those relations are.

I had far too much prudence, however, to talk on this subject with Sylvia; if I talked with any one, I must do it very cautiously. One morning I called upon Miss Laniston. That lady was well informed on a great many points, and, moreover, was exceedingly free-spoken. I did not expect any direct information from her, but she might say something from which I could make inferences.

She thought I had come to thank her for what she had done for me; but I assured her that this ceremony must be postponed for the present, for Sylvia had instructed me to write my gratitude in a letter, which she thought would be a much better method than for me to pour it out in a private interview.

"Your Sylvia appears to be a jealous little body," she remarked.

"Oh no," said I; "although it is natural enough for persons in our state of mind to have tendencies in that direction. By the way, one of these tendencies on her part was rather odd. Are you aware that at one time she was almost jealous of her cousin Marcia, then a gray-bonneted sister? As you know so much of our affairs, I do not think I am going too far in telling you that."

Miss Laniston considered the subject.

"It is the commonest thing," she said presently, "to make mistakes about matters of this sort. Now, for instance, I once put a few questions to you which seemed to indicate that there might be some reason for Sylvia's uneasiness. Did n't you think they pointed that way?"

"Yes, I did," I replied.

"And have you ever thought of them since?" she asked.

"Occasionally. The matter is of no vital interest now; but at the time you spoke of it, I could not help wondering if I had said or done anything, during my rather intimate acquaintance with Mother Anastasia, which would give you good cause to put the questions to which you just now alluded."

"Well," said Miss Laniston, "you appeared to me, at the time, to be in a decidedly unbalanced state of mind; but I think I acted most unwarrantably in speaking of Marcia as I did. In fact, I often act unwarrantably. It is one of my habits. And to prove it to you, I am going to act unwarrantably again. Having brought the elder Miss Raynor before you in a way that might have led you to have certain undefined ideas about her, I am going to bring her before you again, in order that those ideas may be exactly defined. It is all wrong, I know; but I do like to set things straight, whether I do it in the right way or wrong way."

"That is exactly my disposition," I replied; "I always want to set things straight."

She left the room, and soon returned with a letter.

"When I decide positively to do a thing," she said, sitting down and opening the letter, "I think it just as well to drop apologies and excuses. You and I have decided that matters ought to be set straight, and so let us do it. Marcia has just written me a long letter, in which she says a good deal about you and Sylvia, and I am going to read you a part of it, which I think will straighten out some things that I may have made crooked in my efforts to do good to all parties concerned, — a dangerous business, I may say.

"'It is delightful to think,' thus Marcia writes, 'that Sylvia's life is at last settled for her, and that, too, in the right way. Of course, neither you nor I would be satisfied with a match like that, yet Sylvia is not only satisfied with Mr. Vanderley, but I have no doubt that she will be perfectly happy with him. More than that, I believe she will supply his shortcomings and strengthen his weaknesses; and as he has a naturally good disposition and an ample fortune, I am sure Sylvia is to be sincerely congratulated. When we first spoke of this matter, a good while ago, I thought that if the Sylvia-Vanderley affair could ever be arranged it would be a good thing, and I have not changed my opinion.'

"The rest of the letter," said Miss Laniston, folding it as she spoke, "chiefly concerns the new college, and I do not suppose it would interest you."

I agreed with her, and took my leave. The loose end had been gathered up.

## LII.

### I FINISH THE SICILIAN LOVE STORY.

It might be supposed that my little experience in gathering up loose ends would deter me from further efforts in this direction, but it did not.

I had left Miss Laniston without asking some questions I intended to put to her. I wished very much to know — I thought it was my right to know — something definite about the Mr. Brownson who had formerly been connected, so to speak, with the Misses Raynor. I hated this subject as I hated the vilest medicine, but I felt that I must get the matter straightened in my mind; yet I could not say anything to Sylvia about it, and after what Miss Laniston had read to me I could not ask her anything, even if I had been sufficiently composed to formulate questions. That lady was a very plain-spoken person; too much so, perhaps.

Walkirk was very different; in fact, I think he erred on the other side. I am

sure that he would have liked to conceal from me anything that would give me pain. During his life he had met a great many people; he might know something about Brownson. Any way, I would throw out some feelers in that direction.

"Yes," I remarked to him, in a conversation about the late Mother Superior, "what she is going to do is a very fine thing, a noble enterprise, and she is just the sort of person to go into it; but after all I would rather see her married to the right sort of man. A woman like that owes it to society to be married."

"I fancy," said Walkirk, "that she has permanently left the marrying class. When she broke with Brownson, I think she broke with marriage."

"What were the points of that affair?" I asked. "Did you ever happen to hear anything about him?"

"I knew him very well," answered Walkirk. "Those were his prints I was cataloguing just before I entered your service. He had then been dead a year or more, and I was working for the estate."

I arose and went to the window. I wiped my forehead, which had become moist. If this man had known Brownson, why should he not know all? Was he familiar with both engagements? It made me sick to think of it. There was no sense or reason in such emotion, for it was not likely that Sylvia's engagement had been a secret one; but I had a proud soul, and could not bear to think that people about me, especially Walkirk, should be aware of Sylvia's attachment, slight as it may have been, to another than myself. I heartily wished that I had not spoken of the subject. Still, as I had spoken of it, I might as well learn all I could.

"What sort of a man was this Brownson?" I asked. "What reason was there that Miss Marcia Raynor should care for him?"

"He was a fine man," said Walkirk. "He was educated, good looking, rich. He was young enough, but had been a bachelor too long, perhaps, and had very independent ways. It was on account of his independence of thought, especially on religious matters, that he and Miss Marcia Raynor had the difficulties which ended in the breaking of their engagement. I am quite sure that she was a good deal cut up. As I remarked before, I do not think that she will consider marriage again."

I took in a full breath of relief. Walkirk had told the little story of Brownson, and had said nothing of any subsequent engagement. Perhaps he knew of none. This thought was truly encouraging.

"Perhaps you are right," I said. "She may know better than any of us what will suit her. Any way, I ought to be satisfied. And that reminds me, Walkirk, that I have never expressed to you, as strongly as I wished, my appreciation of the interest you have taken in my varied relations with Miss Sylvia Raynor, and of the valuable advice and assistance you have given me from time to time. For instance, I believe that your reluctance to have me go away from Tangent Island was due to your discovery that the island belonged to Sylvia's mother, and that therefore there was some probability that she might come there."

Walkirk smiled. "You have hit the truth," he answered.

"I have sometimes wondered," I continued, "why a man should take so much interest in the love affairs of another. When one engages an understudy, he does not generally expect that sort of thing."

"Well," replied Walkirk, "when a man engages as an understudy, or in a similar capacity, he often performs services without regard to his duty and salary, simply because they interest and please him. Now it struck me that it would be a curious bit of romantic real-

ism, if two beautiful women, who on account of one man had become nuns in a convent, or what was practically the same thing, should both be taken out of that convent and brought back to their true life in the world by another man."

"Two women?" I gasped.

Walkirk smiled, and his voice assumed a comforting tone.

"Of course that sort of thing has its rough points for the second man, but in this case I do not think they amount to much. Brownson's affair with the younger lady would have come to an end so soon as she had discovered the rocks in his character, but her mother broke it off before it came to that. Still, I do not think she would have gone into the sisterhood if it had not been for the man's death very soon after the breaking of the engagement. This affected her very much, but there was no reason why it should, for he was killed in a railway accident, and I have no doubt that he would have married some one else if he had lived long enough."

I had nothing to say to all this. I walked slowly into my study and shut the door. Surely I had had enough of picking up loose ends. If there were any more of them, I would let them flap, dangle, float in the air, do what they please; I would not touch them.

That evening I spent with Sylvia. In the course of our conversation she suddenly remarked: —

"Do you know, we have so much to do, and so much to talk about, and so much to think about and plan, that I have had no chance to ask you some questions that I have been thinking about. In the first place, I want you to tell me all about Mr. Walkirk. How long has he been with you? Are you always going to keep him? What does he do? What was his business before he came to you? Was he always an understudy for people? It has struck me that this must be such an odd occupation for a man to have. And then there is another thing; a mere supposition of mine, but still something that I have had a sort of curiosity about: suppose that the House of Martha had not been broken up, and it were all fixed and settled that I should stay there always, and suppose cousin Marcia had left us, and had gone into her college work, just as she is doing now, do you think that you would have had any desire to study medicine? And then there is another thing that is not a question, but something which I think I ought to tell you, — something which you have a right to know before we are married."

"Sylvia," said I, interrupting her, "let me offer you a little piece of wisdom from my own experience: The gnawings of ungratified curiosity are often very irritating, but we should remember that the gnawings of gratified curiosity are frequently mangling."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, "is that the way you look at it? Well, I can assure you that what I have to tell is of no importance at all; but if you have anything to say that is mangling, I want to hear it this very minute."

"My dear Sylvia," said I, "we have had so much to do, and so much to talk about, and so much to think about and plan, that I have had no chance to finish the story of Tomaso and Lucilla."

"That is true!" she cried, with sparkling eyes, "and above all things I want to hear the end of that story."

I sat by her side on the sofa and finished the story of the Sicilian lovers.

"In some ways," she said, "it is very much like our story, is n't it?"

"Except," I answered, "the best part of ours is just beginning."

*Frank R. Stockton.*

# EMILY DICKINSON'S LETTERS.

Few events in American literary history have been more curious than the sudden rise of Emily Dickinson into a posthumous fame only more accentuated by the utterly recluse character of her life and by her aversion to even a literary publicity. The lines which form a prelude to the published volume of her poems are the only ones that have yet come to light indicating even a temporary desire to come in contact with the great world of readers; she seems to have had no reference, in all the rest, to anything but her own thought and a few friends. But for her only sister, it is very doubtful if her poems would ever have been printed at all; and when published, they were launched quietly and without any expectation of a wide audience; yet the outcome of it is that six editions of the volume have been sold within six months, a suddenness of success almost without a parallel in American literature.

One result of this glare of publicity has been a constant and earnest demand by her readers for further information in regard to her; and I have decided with much reluctance to give some extracts from her early correspondence with one whom she always persisted in regarding — with very little ground for it — as a literary counselor and confidant.

It seems to be the opinion of those who have examined her accessible correspondence most widely, that no other letters bring us quite so intimately near to the peculiar quality and aroma of her nature; and it has been urged upon me very strongly that her readers have the right to know something more of this gifted and most interesting woman.

On April 16, 1862, I took from the post office in Worcester, Mass., where I was then living, the following letter: —

Mr. Higginson, — Are you too deeply occupied to say if my verse is alive?

The mind is so near itself it cannot see distinctly, and I have none to ask.

Should you think it breathed, and had you the leisure to tell me, I should feel quick gratitude.

If I make the mistake, that you dared to tell me would give me sincerer honor toward you.

I inclose my name, asking you, if you please, sir, to tell me what is true?

That you will not betray me it is needless to ask, since honor is its own pawn.

The letter was postmarked "Amherst," and it was in a handwriting so peculiar that it seemed as if the writer might have taken her first lessons by studying the famous fossil bird-tracks in the museum of that college town. Yet it was not in the slightest degree illiterate, but cultivated, quaint, and wholly unique. Of punctuation there was little; she used chiefly dashes, and it has been thought better, in printing these letters, as with her poems, to give them the benefit in this respect of the ordinary usages; and so with her habit as to capitalization, as the printers call it, in which she followed the Old English and present German method of thus distinguishing every noun substantive. But the most curious thing about the letter was the total absence of a signature. It proved, however, that she had written her name on a card, and put it under the shelter of a smaller envelope inclosed in the larger; and even this name was written — as if the shy writer wished to recede as far as possible from view — in pencil, not in ink. The name was Emily Dickinson. Inclosed with the letter were four poems, two of which have been already printed, — "Safe in their alabaster cham-

bers" and "I'll tell you how the sun rose," together with the two that here follow. The first comprises in its eight lines a truth so searching that it seems a condensed summary of the whole experience of a long life: —

> We play at paste
> Till qualified for pearl;
> Then drop the paste
> And deem ourself a fool.
>
> The shapes, though, were similar
> And our new hands
> Learned gem-tactics,
> Practicing sands.

Then came one which I have always classed among the most exquisite of her productions, with a singular felicity of phrase and an aerial lift that bears the ear upward with the bee it traces: —

> The nearest dream recedes unrealized.
> The heaven we chase,
> Like the June bee
> Before the schoolboy,
> Invites the race,
> Stoops to an easy clover,
> Dips — evades — teases — deploys —
> Then to the royal clouds
> Lifts his light pinnace,
> Heedless of the boy
> Staring, bewildered, at the mocking sky.
>
> Homesick for steadfast honey, —
> Ah! the bee flies not
> Which brews that rare variety.

The impression of a wholly new and original poetic genius was as distinct on my mind at the first reading of these four poems as it is now, after thirty years of further knowledge; and with it came the problem never yet solved, what place ought to be assigned in literature to what is so remarkable, yet so elusive of criticism. The bee himself did not evade the schoolboy more than she evaded me; and even at this day I still stand somewhat bewildered, like the boy.

Circumstances, however, soon brought me in contact with an uncle of Emily Dickinson, a gentleman not now living; a prominent citizen of Worcester, a man of integrity and character, who shared her abruptness and impulsiveness but certainly not her poetic temperament, from which he was indeed singularly remote. He could tell but little of her, she being evidently an enigma to him, as to me. It is hard to tell what answer was made by me, under these circumstances, to this letter. It is probable that the adviser sought to gain time a little and find out with what strange creature he was dealing. I remember to have ventured on some criticism which she afterwards called "surgery," and on some questions, part of which she evaded, as will be seen, with a naïve skill such as the most experienced and worldly coquette might envy. Her second letter (received April 26, 1862), was as follows: —

Mr. Higginson, — Your kindness claimed earlier gratitude, but I was ill, and write to-day from my pillow.

Thank you for the surgery; it was not so painful as I supposed. I bring you others, as you ask, though they might not differ. While my thought is undressed, I can make the distinction; but when I put them in the gown, they look alike and numb.

You asked how old I was? I made no verse, but one or two, until this winter, sir.

I had a terror since September, I could tell to none; and so I sing, as the boy does of the burying ground, because I am afraid.

You inquire my books. For poets, I have Keats, and Mr. and Mrs. Browning. For prose, Mr. Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Revelations. I went to school, but in your manner of the phrase had no education. When a little girl, I had a friend who taught me Immortality; but venturing too near, himself, he never returned. Soon after my tutor died, and for several years my lexicon was my only companion. Then I found one more, but he was not contented I be his scholar, so he left the land.

You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano.

I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their "Father."

But I fear my story fatigues you. I would like to learn. Could you tell me how to grow, or is it unconveyed, like melody or witchcraft?

You speak of Mr. Whitman. I never read his book, but was told that it was disgraceful.

I read Miss Prescott's Circumstance, but it followed me in the dark, so I avoided her.

Two editors of journals came to my father's house this winter, and asked me for my mind, and when I asked them "why" they said I was penurious, and they would use it for the world.

I could not weigh myself, myself. My size felt small to me. I read your chapters in the Atlantic, and experienced honor for you. I was sure you would not reject a confiding question.

Is this, sir, what you asked me to tell you? Your friend,

E. Dickinson.

It will be seen that she had now drawn a step nearer, signing her name, and as my "friend." It will also be noticed that I had sounded her about certain American authors, then much read; and that she knew how to put her own criticisms in a very trenchant way. With this letter came some more verses, still in the same birdlike script, as for instance the following: —

Your riches taught me poverty,
Myself a millionaire
In little wealths, as girls could boast,
Till, broad as Buenos Ayre,
You drifted your dominions
A different Peru,
And I esteemed all poverty
For life's estate, with you.

Of mines, I little know, myself,
But just the names of gems,
The colors of the commonest,
And scarce of diadems
So much that, did I meet the queen
Her glory I should know;
But this must be a different wealth,
To miss it, beggars so.

I 'm sure 't is India, all day,
To those who look on you
Without a stint, without a blame,
Might I but be the Jew!
I 'm sure it is Golconda
Beyond my power to deem,
To have a smile for mine, each day,
How better than a gem!

At least, it solaces to know
That there exists a gold
Although I prove it just in time
Its distance to behold;
Its far, far treasure to surmise
And estimate the pearl
That slipped my simple fingers through
While just a girl at school!

Here was already manifest that defiance of form, never through carelessness, and never precisely from whim, which so marked her. The slightest change in the order of words — thus, "While yet at school, a girl" — would have given her a rhyme for this last line; but no; she was intent upon her thought, and it would not have satisfied her to make the change. The other poem further showed, what had already been visible, a rare and delicate sympathy with the life of nature: —

A bird came down the walk;
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to a wall,
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around;
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger, cautious.
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam —
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, plashless as they swim.

It is possible that in a second letter I gave more of distinct praise or encouragement, for her third is in a different mood. This was received June 8, 1862. There is something startling in its opening image; and in the yet stranger phrase that follows, where she apparently uses "mob" in the sense of chaos or bewilderment: —

Dear Friend, — Your letter gave no drunkenness, because I tasted rum before. Domingo comes but once; yet I have had few pleasures so deep as your opinion, and if I tried to thank you, my tears would block my tongue.

My dying tutor told me that he would like to live till I had been a poet, but Death was much of mob as I could master, then. And when, far afterward, a sudden light on orchards, or a new fashion in the wind troubled my attention, I felt a palsy, here, the verses just relieve.

Your second letter surprised me, and for a moment, swung. I had not supposed it. Your first gave no dishonor, because the true are not ashamed I thanked you for your justice, but could not drop the bells whose jingling cooled my tramp. Perhaps the balm seemed better, because you bled me first. I smile when you suggest that I delay "to publish," that being foreign to my thought as firmament to fin.

If fame belonged to me, I could not escape her; if she did not, the longest day would pass me on the chase, and the approbation of my dog would forsake me then. My barefoot rank is better.

You think my gait "spasmodic." I am in danger, sir. You think me "uncontrolled." I have no tribunal.

Would you have time to be the "friend" you should think I need? I have a little shape: it would not crowd your desk, nor make much racket as the mouse that dents your galleries.

If I might bring you what I do — not so frequent to trouble you — and ask you if I told it clear, 't would be control to me. The sailor cannot see the North, but knows the needle can. The "hand you stretch me in the dark" I put mine in, and turn away. I have no Saxon now: —

As if I asked a common alms,
And in my wondering hand
A stranger pressed a kingdom,
And I, bewildered, stand;
As if I asked the Orient
Had it for me a morn,
And it should lift its purple dikes
And shatter me with dawn!

But, will you be my preceptor, Mr. Higginson?

With this came the poem already published in her volume and entitled Renunciation; and also that beginning "Of all the sounds dispatched abroad," thus fixing approximately the date of these two. I must soon have written to ask her for her picture, that I might form some impression of my enigmatical correspondent. To this came the following reply, in July, 1862: —

Could you believe me without? I had no portrait, now, but am small, like the wren; and my hair is bold, like the chestnut bur; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass, that the guest leaves. Would this do just as well?

It often alarms father. He says death might occur, and he has moulds of all

the rest, but has no mould of me; but I noticed the quick wore off those things, in a few days, and forestall the dishonor. You will think no caprice of me.

You said "Dark." I know the butterfly, and the lizard, and the orchis. Are not those *your* countrymen?

I am happy to be your scholar, and will deserve the kindness I cannot repay.

If you truly consent, I recite now. Will you tell me my fault, frankly as to yourself, for I had rather wince than die. Men do not call the surgeon to commend the bone, but to set it, sir, and fracture within is more critical. And for this, preceptor, I shall bring you obedience, the blossom from my garden, and every gratitude I know.

Perhaps you smile at me. I could not stop for that. My business is circumference. An ignorance, not of customs, but if caught with the dawn, or the sunset see me, myself the only kangaroo among the beauty, sir, if you please, it afflicts me, and I thought that instruction would take it away.

Because you have much business, beside the growth of me, you will appoint, yourself, how often I shall come, without your inconvenience.

And if at any time you regret you received me, or I prove a different fabric to that you supposed, you must banish me.

When I state myself, as the representative of the verse, it does not mean me, but a supposed person.

You are true about the "perfection." To-day makes Yesterday mean.

You spoke of Pippa Passes. I never heard anybody speak of Pippa Passes before. You see my posture is benighted.

To thank you baffles me. Are you perfectly powerful? Had I a pleasure you had not, I could delight to bring it.

YOUR SCHOLAR.

This was accompanied by this strong poem, with its breathless conclusion. The title is of my own giving: —

THE SAINTS' REST.

Of tribulation, these are they,
Denoted by the white;
The spangled gowns, a lesser rank
Of victors designate.

All these did conquer; but the ones
Who overcame most times,
Wear nothing commoner than snow,
No ornaments but palms.

"Surrender" is a sort unknown
On this superior soil;
"Defeat" an outgrown anguish,
Remembered as the mile

Our panting ancle barely passed
When night devoured the road;
But we stood whispering in the house,
And all we said, was "Saved!"

[Note by the writer of the verses.] I spelled ankle wrong.

It would seem that at first I tried a little, — a very little — to lead her in the direction of rules and traditions; but I fear it was only perfunctory, and that she interested me more in her — so to speak — unregenerate condition. Still, she recognizes the endeavor. In this case, as will be seen, I called her attention to the fact that while she took pains to correct the spelling of a word, she was utterly careless of greater irregularities. It will be seen by her answer that with her usual naïve adroitness she turns my point: —

DEAR FRIEND, — Are these more orderly? I thank you for the truth.

I had no monarch in my life, and cannot rule myself; and when I try to organize, my little force explodes and leaves me bare and charred.

I think you called me "wayward." Will you help me improve?

I suppose the pride that stops the breath, in the core of woods, is not of ourself.

You say I confess the little mistake, and omit the large. Because I can see orthography; but the ignorance out of sight is my preceptor's charge.

Of "shunning men and women,"

they talk of hallowed things, aloud, and embarrass my dog. He and I don't object to them, if they 'll exist their side. I think Carl would please you. He is dumb, and brave. I think you would like the chestnut tree I met in my walk. It hit my notice suddenly, and I thought the skies were in blossom.

Then there 's a noiseless noise in the orchard that I let persons hear.

You told me in one letter you could not come to see me "now," and I made no answer; not because I had none, but did not think myself the price that you should come so far.

I do not ask so large a pleasure, lest you might deny me.

You say, "Beyond your knowledge." You would not jest with me, because I believe you; but, preceptor, you cannot mean it?

All men say "What" to me, but I thought it a fashion.

When much in the woods, as a little girl, I was told that the snake would bite me, that I might pick a poisonous flower, or goblins kidnap me; but I went along and met no one but angels, who were far shyer of me than I could be of them, so I have n't that confidence in fraud which many exercise.

I shall observe your precept, though I don't understand it, always.

I marked a line in one verse, because I met it after I made it, and never consciously touch a paint mixed by another person.

I do not let go it, because it is mine. Have you the portrait of Mrs. Browning?

Persons sent me three. If you had none, will you have mine?

YOUR SCHOLAR.

A month or two after this I entered the volunteer army of the civil war, and must have written to her during the winter of 1862–3 from South Carolina or Florida, for the following reached me in camp: —

AMHERST.

DEAR FRIEND, — I did not deem that planetary forces annulled, but suffered an exchange of territory, or world.

I should have liked to see you before you became improbable. War feels to me an oblique place. Should there be other summers, would you perhaps come?

I found you were gone, by accident, as I find systems are, or seasons of the year, and obtain no cause, but suppose it a treason of progress that dissolves as it goes. Carlo still remained, and I told him

> Best gains must have the losses' test,
> To constitute them gains.

My shaggy ally assented.

Perhaps death gave me awe for friends, striking sharp and early, for I held them since in a brittle love, of more alarm than peace. I trust you may pass the limit of war; and though not reared to prayer, when service is had in church for our arms, I include yourself. . . . I was thinking to-day, as I noticed, that the "Supernatural" was only the Natural disclosed.

> Not "Revelation" 't is that waits,
> But our unfurnished eyes.

But I fear I detain you. Should you, before this reaches you, experience immortality, who will inform me of the exchange? Could you, with honor, avoid death, I entreat you, sir. It would bereave YOUR GNOME.

I trust the "Procession of Flowers" was not a premonition.

I cannot explain this extraordinary signature, substituted for the now customary "Your Scholar," unless she imagined her friend to be in some incredible and remote condition, imparting its strangeness to her. Mr. Howells reminds me that Swedenborg somewhere has an image akin to her "oblique place," where he symbolizes evil as simply an oblique angle. With this letter came verses, most refreshing in that

clime of jasmines and mocking-birds, on the familiar robin: —

THE ROBIN.

The robin is the one
That interrupts the morn
With hurried, few, express reports
When March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one
That overflows the noon
With her cherubic quantity,
An April but begun.

The robin is the one
That, speechless from her nest,
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.

In the summer of 1863 I was wounded, and in hospital for a time, during which came this letter in pencil, written from what was practically a hospital for her, though only for weak eyes: —

DEAR FRIEND, — Are you in danger? I did not know that you were hurt. Will you tell me more? Mr. Hawthorne died.

I was ill since September, and since April in Boston for a physician's care. He does not let me go, yet I work in my prison, and make guests for myself.

Carlo did not come, because that he would die in jail; and the mountains I could not hold now, so I brought but the Gods.

I wish to see you more than before I failed. Will you tell me your health? I am surprised and anxious since receiving your note.

The only news I know
Is bulletins all day
From Immortality.

Can you render my pencil? The physician has taken away my pen.

I inclose the address from a letter, lest my figures fail.

Knowledge of your recovery would excel my own. E. DICKINSON.

Later this arrived: —

DEAR FRIEND, — I think of you so wholly that I cannot resist to write again, to ask if you are safe? Danger is not at first, for then we are unconscious, but in the after, slower days.

Do not try to be saved, but let redemption find you, as it certainly will. Love is its own rescue; for we, at our supremest, are but its trembling emblems. YOUR SCHOLAR.

These were my earliest letters from Emily Dickinson, in their order. From this time and up to her death (May 15, 1886) we corresponded at varying intervals, she always persistently keeping up this attitude of "Scholar," and assuming on my part a preceptorship which it is almost needless to say did not exist. Always glad to hear her "recite," as she called it, I soon abandoned all attempt to guide in the slightest degree this extraordinary nature, and simply accepted her confidences, giving as much as I could of what might interest her in return.

Sometimes there would be a long pause, on my part, after which would come a plaintive letter, always terse, like this: —

"Did I displease you? But won't you tell me how?"

Or perhaps the announcement of some event, vast to her small sphere, as this:

AMHERST.

Carlo died. E. DICKINSON.
Would you instruct me now?

Or sometimes there would arrive an exquisite little detached strain, every word a picture, like this: —

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald;
A rush of cochineal.
And every blossom on the bush
Adjusts its tumbled head; —
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy morning's ride.

Nothing in literature, I am sure, so condenses into a few words that gorgeous atom of life and fire of which she here attempts the description. It is, however, needless to conceal that many of her brilliant fragments were less satisfying. She almost always grasped whatever she sought, but with some fracture of grammar and dictionary on the way. Often, too, she was obscure and sometimes inscrutable; and though obscurity is sometimes, in Coleridge's phrase, a compliment to the reader, yet it is never safe to press this compliment too hard.

Sometimes, on the other hand, her verses found too much favor for her comfort, and she was urged to publish. In such cases I was sometimes put forward as a defense; and the following letter was the fruit of some such occasion: —

Dear Friend, — Thank you for the advice. I shall implicitly follow it.

The one who asked me for the lines I had never seen.

He spoke of "a charity." I refused, but did not inquire. He again earnestly urged, on the ground that in that way I might "aid unfortunate children." The name of "child" was a snare to me, and I hesitated, choosing my most rudimentary, and without criterion.

I inquired of you. You can scarcely estimate the opinion to one utterly guideless. Again thank you.

Your Scholar.

Again came this, on a similar theme:

Dear Friend, — Are you willing to tell me what is right? Mrs. Jackson, of Colorado ["H. H.," her early schoolmate], was with me a few moments this week, and wished me to write for this. [A circular of the "No Name Series" was inclosed.] I told her I was unwilling, and she asked me why? I said I was incapable, and she seemed not to believe me and asked me not to decide for a few days. Meantime, she would write me. She was so sweetly noble, I would regret to estrange her, and if you would be willing to give me a note saying you disapproved it, and thought me unfit, she would believe you. I am sorry to flee so often to my safest friend, but hope he permits me.

In all this time — nearly eight years — we had never met, but she had sent invitations like the following: —

Amherst.

Dear Friend, — Whom my dog understood could not elude others.

I should be so glad to see you, but think it an apparitional pleasure, not to be fulfilled. I am uncertain of Boston.

I had promised to visit my physician for a few days in May, but father objects because he is in the habit of me.

Is it more far to Amherst?

You will find a minute host, but a spacious welcome. . . .

If I still entreat you to teach me, are you much displeased? I will be patient, constant, never reject your knife, and should my slowness goad you, you knew before myself that

> Except the smaller size
> No lives are round.
> These hurry to a sphere
> And show and end.
> The larger slower grow
> And later hang;
> The summers of Hesperides
> Are long.

Afterwards, came this: —

Amherst.

Dear Friend, — A letter always feels to me like immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend. Indebted in our talk to attitude and accent, there seems a spectral power in thought that walks alone. I would like to thank you for your great kindness, but never try to lift the words which I cannot hold.

Should you come to Amherst, I might then succeed, though gratitude is the

timid wealth of those who have nothing. I am sure that you speak the truth, because the noble do, but your letters always surprise me.

My life has been too simple and stern to embarrass any. "Seen of Angels," scarcely my responsibility.

It is difficult not to be fictitious in so fair a place, but tests' severe repairs are permitted all.

When a little girl I remember hearing that remarkable passage and preferring the "Power," not knowing at the time that "Kingdom" and "Glory" were included.

You noticed my dwelling alone. To an emigrant, country is idle except it be his own. You speak kindly of seeing me; could it please your convenience to come so far as Amherst, I should be very glad, but I do not cross my father's ground to any house or town.

Of our greatest acts we are ignorant. You were not aware that you saved my life. To thank you in person has been since then one of my few requests. . . . You will excuse each that I say, because no one taught me.

At last, after many postponements, on August 16, 1870, I found myself face to face with my hitherto unseen correspondent. It was at her father's house, one of those large, square, brick mansions so familiar in our older New England towns, surrounded by trees and blossoming shrubs without, and within exquisitely neat, cool, spacious, and fragrant with flowers. After a little delay, I heard an extremely faint and pattering footstep like that of a child, in the hall, and in glided, almost noiselessly, a plain, shy little person, the face without a single good feature, but with eyes, as she herself said, "like the sherry the guest leaves in the glass," and with smooth bands of reddish chestnut hair. She had a quaint and nun-like look, as if she might be a German canoness of some religious order, whose prescribed garb was white piqué, with a blue net worsted shawl. She came toward me with two day-lilies, which she put in a childlike way into my hand, saying softly, under her breath, "These are my introduction," and adding, also, under her breath, in childlike fashion, "Forgive me if I am frightened; I never see strangers, and hardly know what I say." But soon she began to talk, and thenceforward continued almost constantly; pausing sometimes to beg that I would talk instead, but readily recommencing when I evaded. There was not a trace of affectation in all this; she seemed to speak absolutely for her own relief, and wholly without watching its effect on her hearer. Led on by me, she told much about her early life, in which her father was always the chief figure, — evidently a man of the old type, *la vieille roche* of Puritanism — a man who, as she said, read on Sunday "lonely and rigorous books;" and who had from childhood inspired her with such awe, that she never learned to tell time by the clock till she was fifteen, simply because he had tried to explain it to her when she was a little child, and she had been afraid to tell him that she did not understand, and also afraid to ask any one else lest he should hear of it. Yet she had never heard him speak a harsh word, and it needed only a glance at his photograph to see how truly the Puritan tradition was preserved in him. He did not wish his children, when little, to read anything but the Bible; and when, one day, her brother brought her home Longfellow's Kavanagh, he put it secretly under the pianoforte cover, made signs to her, and they both afterwards read it. It may have been before this, however, that a student of her father's was amazed to find that she and her brother had never heard of Lydia Maria Child, then much read, and he brought Letters from New York, and hid it in the great bush of old-fashioned tree-box beside the front door. After the first book she thought

in ecstasy, "This, then, is a book, and there are more of them." But she did not find so many as she expected, for she afterwards said to me, "When I lost the use of my eyes, it was a comfort to think that there were so few real books that I could easily find one to read me all of them." Afterwards, when she regained her eyes, she read Shakespeare, and thought to herself, "Why is any other book needed?"

She went on talking constantly and saying, in the midst of narrative, things quaint and aphoristic. "Is it oblivion or absorption when things pass from our minds?" "Truth is such a rare thing, it is delightful to tell it." "I find ecstacy in living; the mere sense of living is joy enough." When I asked her if she never felt any want of employment, not going off the grounds and rarely seeing a visitor, she answered, "I never thought of conceiving that I could ever have the slightest approach to such a want in all future time;" and then added, after a pause, "I feel that I have not expressed myself strongly enough," although it seemed to me that she had. She told me of her household occupations, that she made all their bread, because her father liked only hers; then saying shyly, "And people must have puddings," this very timidly and suggestively, as if they were meteors or comets. Interspersed with these confidences came phrases so emphasized as to seem the very wantonness of over-statement, as if she pleased herself with putting into words what the most extravagant might possibly think without saying, as thus: "How do most people live without any thoughts? There are many people in the world, — you must have noticed them in the street, — how do they live? How do they get strength to put on their clothes in the morning?" Or this crowning extravaganza: "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?"

I have tried to describe her just as she was, with the aid of notes taken at the time; but this interview left our relation very much what it was before; — on my side an interest that was strong and even affectionate, but not based on any thorough comprehension; and on her side a hope, always rather baffled, that I should afford some aid in solving her abstruse problem of life.

The impression undoubtedly made on me was that of an excess of tension, and of an abnormal life. Perhaps in time I could have got beyond that somewhat overstrained relation which not my will, but her needs, had forced upon us. Certainly I should have been most glad to bring it down to the level of simple truth and every-day comradeship; but it was not altogether easy. She was much too enigmatical a being for me to solve in an hour's interview, and an instinct told me that the slightest attempt at direct cross-examination would make her withdraw into her shell; I could only sit still and watch, as one does in the woods; I must name my bird without a gun, as recommended by Emerson. Under this necessity I had no opportunity to see that human and humorous side of her which is strongly emphasized by her nearer friends, and which shows itself in her quaint and unique description of a rural burglary, contained in the volume of her poems. Hence, even her letters to me show her mainly on her *exaltée* side; and should a volume of her correspondence ever be printed, it is very desirable that it should contain some of her letters to friends of closer and more familiar intimacy.

After my visit came this letter: —

Enough is so vast a sweetness, I suppose it never occurs, only pathetic counterfeits.

Fabulous to me as the men of the Revelations who "shall not hunger any more." Even the possible has its insoluble particle.

After you went, I took Macbeth and turned to "Birnam Wood." Came twice "To Dunsinane." I thought and went about my work. . . .

The vein cannot thank the artery, but her solemn indebtedness to him, even the stolidest admit, and so of me who try, whose effort leaves no sound.

You ask great questions accidentally. To answer them would be events. I trust that you are safe.

I ask you to forgive me for all the ignorance I had. I find no nomination sweet as your low opinion.

Speak, if but to blame your obedient child.

You told me of Mrs. Lowell's poems. Would you tell me where I could find them, or are they not for sight? An article of yours, too, perhaps the only one you wrote that I never knew. It was about a "Latch." Are you willing to tell me? [Perhaps "A Sketch."]

If I ask too much, you could please refuse. Shortness to live has made me bold.

Abroad is close to-night and I have but to lift my hands to touch the "Heights of Abraham." DICKINSON.

When I said, at parting, that I would come again some time, she replied, "Say, in a long time; that will be nearer. Some time is no time." We met only once again, and I have no express record of the visit. We corresponded for years, at long intervals, her side of the intercourse being, I fear, better sustained; and she sometimes wrote also to my wife, inclosing flowers or fragrant leaves with a verse or two. Once she sent her one of George Eliot's books, I think Middlemarch, and wrote, "I am bringing you a little granite book for you to lean upon." At other times she would send single poems, such as these: —

THE BLUE JAY.

No brigadier throughout the year
So civic as the jay.
A neighbor and a warrior too,
With shrill felicity
Pursuing winds that censure us
A February Day,
The brother of the universe
Was never blown away.
The snow and he are intimate;
I 've often seen them play
When heaven looked upon us all
With such severity
I felt apology were due
To an insulted sky
Whose pompous frown was nutriment
To their temerity.
The pillow of this daring head
Is pungent evergreens;
His larder — terse and militant —
Unknown, refreshing things;
His character — a tonic;
His future — a dispute;
Unfair an immortality
That leaves this neighbor out.

THE WHITE HEAT.

Dare you see a soul at the white heat?
Then crouch within the door;
Red is the fire's common tint,
But when the vivid ore

Has sated flame's conditions,
Its quivering substance plays
Without a color, but the light
Of unanointed blaze.

Least village boasts its blacksmith,
Whose anvil's even din
Stands symbol for the finer forge
That soundless tugs within,

Refining these impatient ores
With hammer and with blaze,
Until the designated light
Repudiate the forge.

Then came the death of her father, that strong Puritan father who had communicated to her so much of the vigor of his own nature, and who bought her many books, but begged her not to read them. Mr. Edward Dickinson, after service in the national House of Representatives and other public positions, had become a member of the lower house of

the Massachusetts legislature. The session was unusually prolonged, and he was making a speech upon some railway question at noon, one very hot day (July 16, 1874), when he became suddenly faint and sat down. The house adjourned, and a friend walked with him to his lodgings at the Tremont House; where he began to pack his bag for home, after sending for a physician, but died within three hours. Soon afterwards, I received the following letter: —

The last afternoon that my father lived, though with no premonition, I preferred to be with him, and invented an absence for mother, Vinnie [her sister] being asleep. He seemed peculiarly pleased, as I oftenest stayed with myself; and remarked, as the afternoon withdrew, he "would like it to not end."

His pleasure almost embarrassed me, and my brother coming, I suggested they walk. Next morning I woke him for the train, and saw him no more.

His heart was pure and terrible, and I think no other like it exists.

I am glad there is immortality, but would have tested it myself, before entrusting him. Mr. Bowles was with us. With that exception, I saw none. I have wished for you, since my father died, and had you an hour unengrossed, it would be almost priceless. Thank you for each kindness. . . .

Later she wrote: —

When I think of my father's lonely life and lonelier death, there is this redress —

> Take all away;
> The only thing worth larceny
> Is left — the immortality.

My earliest friend wrote me the week before he died, "If I live, I will go to Amherst; if I die, I certainly will."

Is your house deeper off?

YOUR SCHOLAR.

A year afterwards came this: —

DEAR FRIEND, — Mother was paralyzed Tuesday, a year from the evening father died. I thought perhaps you would care. YOUR SCHOLAR.

With this came the following verse, having a curious seventeenth-century flavor: —

> A death-blow is a life-blow to some,
> Who, till they died, did not alive become;
> Who, had they lived, had died, but when
> They died, vitality begun.

And later came this kindred memorial of one of the oldest and most faithful friends of the family, Mr. Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican: —

DEAR FRIEND, — I felt it shelter to speak to you.

My brother and sister are with Mr. Bowles, who is buried this afternoon.

The last song that I heard — that was, since the birds — was "He leadeth me, he leadeth me; yea, though I walk" — then the voices stooped, the arch was so low.

After this added bereavement the inward life of the diminished household became only more concentrated, and the world was held farther and farther away. Yet to this period belongs the following letter, written about 1880, which has more of what is commonly called the objective or external quality than any she ever wrote me; and shows how close might have been her observation and her sympathy, had her rare qualities taken a somewhat different channel: —

DEAR FRIEND, — I was touchingly reminded of [a child who had died] this morning by an Indian woman with gay baskets and a dazzling baby, at the kitchen door. Her little boy "once died," she said, death to her dispelling

him. I asked her what the baby liked, and she said "to step." The prairie before the door was gay with flowers of hay, and I led her in. She argued with the birds, she leaned on clover walls and they fell, and dropped her. With jargon sweeter than a bell, she grappled buttercups, and they sank together, the buttercups the heaviest. What sweetest use of days! 'T was noting some such scene made Vaughan humbly say,

"My days that are at best but dim and hoary."

I think it was Vaughan. . . .

And these few fragmentary memorials — closing, like every human biography, with funerals, yet with such as were to Emily Dickinson only the stately introduction to a higher life — may well end with her description of the death of the very summer she so loved.

As imperceptibly as grief
The summer lapsed away,
Too imperceptible at last
To feel like perfidy.

A quietness distilled,
As twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered afternoon.

The dusk drew earlier in,
The morning foreign shone,
A courteous yet harrowing grace
As guest that would be gone.

And thus without a wing
Or service of a keel
Our summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

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## THE HAWKBIT.

How sweetly on the autumn scene,
When haws are red amid the green,
The hawkbit shines with face of cheer,
The favorite of the faltering year!

When days grow short and nights grow cold,
How fairly gleams its eye of gold
On pastured field and grassy hill,
Along the roadside and the rill!

It seems the spirit of a flower,
This offspring of the autumn hour,
Wandering back to earth to bring
Some kindly afterthought of spring.

A dandelion's ghost might so
Amid Elysian meadows blow,
Become more fragile and more fine
Breathing the atmosphere divine.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

# GRAN'THER HILL'S PATRIDGE.

THE September sun shone with summer-like fervor in the little valley of Danvis; not an afternoon of August had been hotter, or breathed a droughtier breath upon wilting forests and sered fields. Here and there among the dusky green of the woods, a tree nurtured by more sterile rootage than its neighbors was burning out its untimely ripeness in a blaze of red or yellow, from which the puffs of warm wind scattered sparks of color so intense that it seemed as if they might kindle the dry earth.

All nature was languid in the unseasonable heat and drought. The unrefreshing breeze blew in lazy puffs without even energy of direction, but listlessly trying this quarter and that, now bearing, now dropping, the light burden of a tree's complaining, the rustle of the rolled corn leaves, the faint whimper of tired brooks, the petulant clamor of the crows, and the high, far-away scream of a hawk that, level with the hazy mountain peaks, wheeled in slow circles, a hot brown speck against the bronze sky.

The same wearied air pervaded the precincts of Joseph Hill's home and the house itself. The hens lay panting with drooped wings under the scant shade of the currant bushes, whose shriveled remnant of fruit gave no promise of refreshing coolness; their half-grown progeny stalked aimlessly about the yard in indolent quest of nothing, while they grated out the discordant yelp which is neither peep nor cluck, and expresses nothing if it be not continual discontent; and the ducks waddled home, thirsty and unhappy, from the dried-up puddle.

The hollyhock stalks stood naked and forlorn among the drooping leaves, with only here and there a blossom too stunted to tempt a bumble-bee showing among the browning buttons of seed vessels. The morning-glory leaves hung limp upon their twisted vines, that had evidently blown their last purple trumpet to call the bees, clutching their supporting cords only with a dying grasp. All the house-side posies were withered, "chiny asters," "sweet-williams," and "sturtiums;" nothing held up its head but the sturdy houseleeks — hens and chickens their mistress called them, and nursed them in their box in doors and out the year round, for their oddity and their repute for curing corns.

Even Gran'ther Hill, whom age might wither though it could not sap his vitality, showed little of his accustomed vigor, as he sat in the doorway with his bristly chin upon his staff, staring vaguely on the haze-bounded landscape, or at something beyond the filmy veil unseen by other and younger eyes, the past or the future. Battlefields of revolutionary days, lonely scouts in the great wilderness, secret missions in the service of the old Green Mountain Boys — or was he looking forward to the paths of the unknown, which he must presently tread?

Whatever occupied his thoughts, it apparently was not what was said or done by those near him. In the same room was his son, who sat with his chair tilted against the wall; and a well-fed, self-satisfied man, who, slovenly clad, though his blue coat had not been long worn and its brass buttons were bright, sat across the table from Joseph, with a small hair trunk open before him, packed brimful of paper parcels and tin boxes. Joseph Hill's eldest daughter, a tired, overgrown girl of twelve in an outgrown frock, moved wearily about the household labors that had fallen on her, and her younger brother sat disconsolately in one corner, nursing an aching tooth that kept him home from school. Their mother, who lay in the bedroom beyond, had been ill for weeks with an intermit-

tent fever, but was now "on the gain," thanks to the treatment of the keen-eyed, blue-coated man with the hair trunk full of roots and herbs and their tinctures.

He was a disciple of Dr. Samuel Thompson, a self-taught mediciner, who, many years before, had brought upon himself the wrath, bitterer than his own concoctions, of the regular physicians of New England by his unauthorized practice and his denunciations of their methods. In time they enlarged and improved their pharmacopœia by availing themselves of his discoveries, but gave him no credit, and few know to what "noted empiric" they are indebted for them. Joseph was conservative, and would rather have employed the old regular physician of Danvis than this innovator, or perhaps both, and his father was bitter "agin Injin an' ol' woman ways o' darkterin';" but this unlicensed practitioner had cured Maria's mother of "newrology," and him she was set upon having, and Joseph consented, according to his usual custom when "M'ri" insisted.

"Mis' Hill," said the doctor, looking over his spectacles and his trunk at Joseph, "is sights better. The reg'lar course we 've gi'n her, lobele' 'metics, steamin' an' sofuth, has hove off the agur spells an' the fever. All she wants naow is strenth'nin', suthin' tu give her an appetite t' eat, an' suthin' nourishin' t' eat. We 're goin' tu leave her these here spice bitters, tu take a small spoo'f'l steeped up in a teacup o' hot water three times a day; an' you must git some popple bark, an' steep up a big han'f'l on 't in a gallern o' water, an' hev her drink a ha' pint on 't most any time when she 's dry, or a dozen times a day; an' it would be a good thing for her tu take a leetle pennyr'yal tea, say a teacupful three, four times a day, kinder 'tween times, an' then eat nourishin' victuals."

Gran'ther Hill turned his head and glowered savagely at him, but uttered only a contemptuous snort.

"I do' know," said Joseph, slowly easing the fore-legs of his chair to the floor and as slowly scratching his head, "but what M'ri kin hold some victuals arter she 's took all them steepin's, but it don't seem 's 'ough she could much, that is tu say, not a turrible sight. Ye see, darkter, she hain't a turrible big womern, that is, not so big as some. But mebby she kin. I d' know."

"Ye 'll draowned her wi' yer cussed slops!" Gran'ther Hill growled, turning in his chair and thumping the floor with rapid blows of his cane. "'F you 'd ha' gi'n her some callymill an' bled her 'n the fust on 't, she 'd ha' ben all right naow! You 've roasted her an' biled her, an' naow yer goin' tu draowned her wi' yer pailfuls o' spice bitters an' popple soup, an' the Lord knows what tarnal slops!"

"Callymill is pizon, an' tew much bleedin' is what kills hawgs," said the doctor with calm emphasis.

"Pizon is good when it 's took proper," Gran'ther Hill retorted, "an' folks hain't hawgs, not all on 'em hain't. I wish 't Darkter Stun 'ould come along an' gi' me a dost o' callymill an' bleed me; I know it 'ould make me feel better this tarnal roastin' weather. It 's a feller's blood 'at heats him. I c'n feel mine a chuggin' up agin the top o' my skull every beat o' my pult, an' I wish I was red of a quart on 't!"

"You don't look, Kepting Hill," the doctor said, after a brief survey of the old man's gaunt figure, "as if you hed a grea' deal o' blood tu spare."

"I know 't I 've shed lots on 't for my country," said Gran'ther Hill, "but I 've got 'nough left tu fill up tew, three pepper darkters wi' better 'n they 've got!"

"No daoubt on 't, kepting, no daoubt on 't," the good-natured mediciner answered, "but you don't wanter waste it. Tew much good blood no man can't hev, an' aour remedies make bad blood good. You take some pepsissiway an' put it in some ol' Medford, an' take a swaller

three times a day, a good big swaller, kepting, an' see what it 'll du for yer blood."

"That saounds sensibler 'n the water swash you was talkin' on, an' I begin tu think you know suthin' arter all. Joseph, nex' time you go over tu Hamner's, you git me a quart, 'n' I 'll gether me some pepsissiway, an' I 'll put in three, four sprigs, an' try it."

"Reason is aour guide," said the doctor, "an' aour remedies is what Natur p'ints aout tu us. We don't make no secret o' what she tells us. Naow, these 'ere spice bitters is compaounded of several nat'ral plants, but the main ingrejencies is fever-bush an' bayberry. We hain't no secrets; all we 're after is the trewth."

"Go t' thunder!" growled Gran'ther Hill. "You 're arter yer livin', jes' as all on us is. Nothin' on this livin' airth riles me wus 'n hearin' darkters an' preachers gabbin' 'baout the' raslin' raound jes' for the sake o' duin' other folks good, when they an' ev'ybody knows it 's theirselves they 're workin' for. Who they tryin' tu fool, — God amighty, or folks, or the' ownselves?"

"Sartinly, we 've got tu live whilest we 're raslin' for the trewth, kepting. You drawed pay when you was fightin' fer your kentry, an' you fit a leetle better, proberbly, 'n you would for nothin' but glory. Starvin' fodder that is, for livin' on in this world. An' that reminds me 't Mis' Hill wants suthin' nourishin' t' eat. The' hain't nothin' better 'n patridge meat, which it is victuals an' medicine to oncte, for a patridge is continerly a-feedin' on a hulsome diet, fever-bush berries, wintergreen, pepsissiway, blackberries, popple-buds, and birch-buds, an' I do' know what all, of Nature's pharmycopy, which is dissimerlated through the meat. You never knowed a man tu git sick eatin' patridge, did ye, Kepting Hill, or you, Mr. Hill?" and while waiting for a reply the doctor dived into the depths of his tall Leghorn hat for a red bandanna handkerchief, with which he vigorously mopped his face and blew a trumpet-blast of his nose.

"Not me," said Gran'ther Hill. "I 've lived on 'em for weeks when I was scaoutin' 'long wi' Peleg Sunderland, an' the wolves had drove all the deer off."

"Not tu aour haouse, we don't," said Joseph; "ner scasely git a taste on 'em sen' father gin' up huntin'. Wal, that is tu say, exceptin' when Sam Lovel brings us a mess, or oncte when bub killed one with his bow-arrer, or mebby ketched it in a snare, I d' know but he did."

"I did kill him wi' my bow-arrer," protested the boy, forgetting his toothache in his desire to assert his sportsmanship; "an' ol' he one he was, bigger 'n a rhuster, a thumpin' of a spreuce lawg I c'n show ye, an' I sneaked up julluk gran'ther tells o' Injins duin', an' I knawked him stiffer 'n a stake, 'n' I lit on him fore he" — Here a thump of the grandfather's cane reminded the boy of the often-repeated maxim that such as he were to be seen, not heard, and muttering that he could "show 'em the lawg," he subsided into silence and the nursing of his aching jaw.

"I s'pose you c'n shoot Mis' Hill a patridge, can't ye, Mr. Hill? They say the woods is so full on 'em 'at they 're a steckin' aout o' the aidges."

"No, darkter," said Joseph, going over to the stove hearth for his pipe and beginning a quest for his tobacco, "I hain't no knack for huntin' patridge. They allers see me afore I du them, an' by the time I git my gun up the' hain't nuthin' left but a glimp an' a noise, an' afore I c'n git my mind made up tu shoot at them onsartainties, as Sam does, an' father uster, both on 'em is gone. I thought I left my terbarker on the manteltree shelf. Oh, there it is on the winder stool."

"Wal," said the doctor, bending a benign glance upon the boy, "bub c'n git his mar a patridge with his bow-

arrer, I know, an' if he will, I 'll pull his tooth so 't won't ache again."

"I won't tech tu try fer no sech pay; but 'f they 'd le' me take gran'ther's ol' gun I 'd git one. The' 's a hull litter on 'em stays up in the aidge o' the parstur."

"You shoot a patridge wi' my gun?" growled his grandfather, glowering upon him. "Ye could n't hol' it tu arm's len'th a secont, you hain't staout 'nough tu pull the tricker 'f you c'ld reach it, an' if ye could 't 'ould kick ye int' the middle o' next week! It 's a man's gun, that is," pointing up to the long-barreled flint-lock that hung above the mantel, gray with all the dust which had fallen on it since the spring campaign against the crows, "an' it 's killed moose an' wolves an' bear an' Injins an' Tories an' Hessians an' Britishers, an' it c'ld tell who hel' it when it killed 'em. He hain't dead yit; an' 'f ye want a patridge, he c'n git ye one, which his name is Josier Hill. What ye say 'baout patridge is sensibler 'n what ye say 'baout darkterin', an' Marier 's goin' tu hev one. I 'd be willin' fer you tu pick aout my victuals, but I 'd ruther hev an' ol'-fashioned reg'lar larnt physican darkter du my darkterin'."

"Reg'lar licensed pizoners, they be, ign'antly killin' folks under kiver of the die-plomies," Dr. Wead protested in a discreetly low voice; then in a louder tone, "seem 's 'ough you was ruther along in years tu go huntin', kepting. Better start aout some o' the young fellers, that 'ere Lovel, fer instance. They say he 's a marster hand at huntin'."

"If ever I got sick o' anythin'," said the old man, bending his bushy brows in a savage frown and thumping the floor with his staff, "it 's everlastin'ly hearin' tell o' that 'ere Sam Lovel's huntin'! Ye 'd think, tu hear 'em talk, 'at me an' Peleg Sunderland wa'n't never nowheres 'long side o' him, — him 't was brung up on patridge an' foxes tu be sot up 'longside o' men 't was raised when the' was painters an' Injins in the woods thicker 'n red squirrels be naow! I s'pose he ken shoot tol'able well wi' his cannern fer nowerdays, but I git almighty sick o' hearin' tell on 't. Joseph here 's allers braggin' secont han' o' what Sam Lovel 's done, an' Joseph do' know one eend of a gun f'm t' other. Took arter his mother, 'n' she wa' no hunter. Bub, here, ac's more like, an' 'f he 'd ben borned fifty year ago, when the' was suthin' tu hunt, he 'd ha' ben a hunter." Even such faint praise banished for a moment the torture of the aching tooth, as the boy cast longing looks up at the ancient gun, whose brass mountings were brighter and more precious to his eyes than burnished gold.

"I 'm a-goin' tu git Marier a patridge," the old man went on. "Good minter go right off. 'F I don't, I will in the mornin'; I 've heard a gun every oncte in a while all the art'noon. There 't goes agin," as a flat report came faint and echoless through the sultry air from the lower slope of the mountain side. "He hain't killin' nothin', I know by the way his gun saounds, but he 'll scare everything aout'n the woods er over the maountain. Guess I 'd better go right off an' git ahead on him."

"Better wait till the cool o' the mornin', father. They 'll all git settled back in the' haunts by then," Joseph suggested; and then in a loud whisper to the doctor, "He 'll fergit all 'baout it by then!"

"Wal, mebby, I 'll see," said his father, settling back uneasily in his armchair, and again fixing his senile stare on the outer world.

"Naow then," said Dr. Wead in a more cheerful tone than the proposal warranted, "naow, then bub, 'f you seddaown in the door an' brace yer back agin one post an' yer feet agin t' other, I 'll red ye o' that 'ere pesky tooth in a jiffy."

"I do' wanter hev it pulled!" the

boy whimpered. "It don't ache a mite naow!"

"It 's unly foolin' on ye, bub," said the doctor. "That 's a trick the pesky things is allers up tu. I won't hurt ye more 'n a minute, an' then you 'll be tu play an' practicin' wi' yer bow-arrer fer to shoot yer mar a patridge."

"Why, yes, Josie," urged his father, "jest seddaown an' hev her aout julluk a man, an' I 'll git ye — le' me see, why, I 'll git ye a jew-sharp nex' time I go t' the store."

"Can't play no jew-sharp when I hain't got no teeth, more 'n gran'ther can," the boy half sobbed.

"Could n't ye give him suthin' tu kinder ease it up fer a spell?" Joseph asked, after puzzling his brains for a more tempting offer. "'F his mother was raound he c'ld stan' it better."

The doctor shook his head. "Nothin' but cold iron 'll stop it."

"It 'll hurt like Sam Hill!" howled poor little Josiah.

"Look a-here, bub," said his grandfather turning his chair again to face the room. "It hain't a-goin' tu be said 'at a boy 'at wants tu go huntin' wi' a gun, an' which he 's named arter his gran'ther that fit tu Hubbar'ton an' Bennin'ton, to say nuthin' o' takin' Ticonderogue, is a-goin' tu raise a rumpus 'baout hevin' a mis'able leetle tooth pulled aout. If ye don't come right stret here an' seddaown in the door an' open yer maouth an' shet yer head, I 'll take ye up tu the leegislatur this fall, right afore them tew brass cannern t' we took f'm the Hessians tu Bennin'ton, an' hev yer name changed, the hull on 't; Josier shall be Nosier, an' Hill shall be Holler, 'cause ye'll be so low daown, an' 'cause ye 'll holler for havin' a tooth pulled. An' if ye seddaown like a man an' say nothin', I 'll let ye shoot my gun tu a mark, 'f it kicks ye furder 'n ye shoot! There!"

The boy looked a moment into the relaxed sternness of his grandfather's face, and then, his own pale but resolute, walked over and took the prescribed position on the threshold.

"Git aout yer cant-hook, darkter, whilst his grit 's up," said Gran'ther Hill, while Joseph retreated to the bedside of his wife, whither, with an appalled look dispossessing the wearied expression of her face, his daughter accompanied him.

The doctor, taking the terrible turnkey from his trunk, bestrode the boy, whose head he grasped between his knees, and in one brief but awful moment wrenched out the tooth and a suppressed groan.

"You 'll make a hunter an' a sojer," said the doctor. "You stood it like a major, an' I 'm goin' tu wrop up that tooth in a piece o' paper for ye t' show folks."

The old man gave his grandson a gentle punch in the ribs with his cane to express his approval. "Ded n't hurt ye much naow, did it, bub?"

"The hole aches wus 'n the darned tooth did," said Josiah the younger. "When ye gointer let me shoot yer gun, gran'ther?"

"T'morrer, when I git back f'm huntin'," his grandsire promptly responded. "Say, bub, is that Mis' Purin't'n comin' up the rhud? Yes? Well, then, I 'm goin' huntin' right naow 'f she 's comin' here, 'n I 'll bate she be." Arising with all the speed that his stiff joints could compass, he took down his gun, drew the iron ramrod and dropped it into the barrel, then measured the protruding end with his fingers, returned the rod to its pipes, threw the long barrel into the hollow of his arm, and critically examined flint and priming, before his son had come forth from the bedroom.

"Why, father, ye 'd better not go this arternoon, you 'll git yer blood all het up!" Joseph expostulated.

"Your darkter says I hain't got no blood," his father answered, reaching up for the big powder-horn, the buckskin

shot-pouch, and a wisp of tow for wadding, while he whispered loudly, "That 'ere Purin't'n womern 's a-comin', 'n' I 'd ruther git het an' sunstruck 'n tu hear her gab. Wonder Purin't'n never took tu huntin'."

"She won't stay long, not so turrible long, I don't scasely b'lieve she will, an' you c'n go an' lay daown in yer room," urged Joseph; and the doctor also made some attempt to dissuade the old man from going abroad, though it was noticeable that he was hurriedly packing the little hair trunk and hastily preparing for his own departure.

"Don't you go a-huntin' no patridge for me," plead Maria's feeble voice from the bedroom. "A chicken 'll du jest as well."

"I tell ye you 're a-goin' tu hev a patridge, an' I 'm goin' tu git it!" the veteran protested.

"Wal," said Joseph, making search for his hat in all places but under his chair, where it was, "ef you will go ag'in' all reason, I 'll go 'long with ye, erless I 'll hev bub go; er mebbe we 'll both on us go, tu kerry your game, ye know, an' yer gun, an' sech, an' mek it kinder comf'table fer ye."

"When I go huntin' I don't go 't the head of a army, wi' a fife an' drum a-playin'," cried Gran'ther Hill at the top of his cracked and whistling voice, "nor no lummuxes, an' no bubs a-taggin' tu my heels, a-scarin' all the game outen sight an' hearin' wi' the' crackin', an' snappin', an' sloshin', an' gabbin'! D 'ye think I 'm a five-year-ol' boy 't can't go nowheres by hisself? You stay 't hum an' tend t' your own business, an' I 'll tend tu mine!"

Lowering the muzzle of his gun to clear the lintel of the door, he went out as Mrs. Purington entered. Dropping heavily into the nearest chair and puffing out a brief salutation, she cast back her green gingham sun-bonnet, and began fanning her hot face with her checked apron held by its nether corners.

"It is tew orfle hot tu stir aou' door, but I thought I mus' some an' chirk up Mis' Hill a leetle mite, an' I tol' him I would come if it melted me. I declare tu goodness I b'lieve it hes! Whew! Who ever see sech weather for the time o' year? Hain't your caows s'runk the' milk orfle? An' aour cistern 's mos' dry, an' the spring hain't never ben so low sen' he c'n remember. I 'd know what 's goin' tu be become on us all 'f we don't git shaowers. It 's 'nough tu make well folks sick an' tu kill sick folks, an' I p'sume tu say it will kill Mis' Hill. Haow is she anyway?" leaning forward to peer into the bedroom, her fat hands, still holding the apron corners, resting on her short lap. "Gittin wus an' wus, I s'pose?" then, with a sudden fear, "'T hain't nothin' ketchin' I hope, — none o' these ketchin' fevers?"

"No," Joseph assured her. "Intumittens, or some sech name, the darkter calls it. Suthin' like fev' 'n' aig; kinder wus 'n that, an' then ag'in, not so bad," he explained.

Her fears of infection set at rest, Mrs. Purington drew her chair to the bedroom door and set herself to comforting the sick woman.

"Wal, Marier, you du look peakeder 'n what I expected, an' it 's a massy 't I come when I did, or I might not ha' seen you alive. Mis' Tarbell, his brother's wife's sister, was took jest the same way 'long in hayin', an' it hove her intu quick consumpshern, an' she died 'fore the graound froze up, which was some consolashern, 'cause 't wa'n't no sech work diggin' the grave as 't 'ould ha' ben later. I du hope you feel prepared for the wust, Marier, I du."

"Ruby," said Mrs. Hill, as her eye caught the scared face of her daughter, "I wish 't you 'd gwaout an' see 'f you can't find that speckled hen's nest. No, Mis' Purin't'n, I hain't prepared for no wust. I 've hed that, an' I 'm better. All I want naow is some stren'th tu be up an' a-doin'. Poor Ruby!" as her

eyes anxiously followed the girl's wearied footsteps. "It 's ben tough on her, an' she 's putty nigh tuckered aout."

The scared and tired girl got little comfort, except in escaping from the alarming and wearisome gabble of the visitor, in her listless, rambling search for the nest of the Dominique among the withered currant bushes and the rampant weeds, that in spite of the drought still flourished in the fence-corners, to the delight of the yellow birds, who, too busy to sing, if singing-days were not over, gathered the seeds of pig-weed and red-root. Nor was there more comfort in moping by her mother's posy-bed, whose neglected plants looked as tired as herself.

"That 's allers the way wi' folks 'at 's got consumpshern," continued Mrs. Purington, "a-thinkin' they 're better when they 're growin' wus — allers. An' that pepper an' steam darkter, — I met him as I was a-comin' int' the do'yard, — a mis'able cretur tu look at. They say he jest biles folkses' skins off, an' turns 'em inside aout wi' his lobele 'metics. Ef I wa'n't so beat aout wi' the heat, I 'd turn tu an' help Ruby fix up things, for it does look dreffle run daown 't the heel in the kitchin, — hain't ben int' the square room; but it does seem as if 't was all I c'ld du jest tu set here an' comfort ye all I ken. I will fix yer piller," and she set to beating the pillow close to the convalescent's ears, and twitching it to and fro under her head. "I 'd ha' sent up sis tu help Ruby, but she 's daown tu Huldy's, an' they 're fixin' up fer uncle 'Lisher Peggs an' aunt Jerushy, which they 're expectin' on 'em back from the West nex' canal-boat 'at comes. A turrible senseless piece o' business all raound; but they will hev it the' own way, — Huldy an' Sam." And so she went on with her torturing gabble, which the sick woman was thankful only tired, but did not frighten her.

Meanwhile Gran'ther Hill was hobbling across the fields toward the woods, followed by the longing eyes of his grandson. Dr. Wead, watching the bent figure from the height of his sulky-seat, rocking on its leathern thorough-braces, remarked to himself, "A stronery tough ol' critter for a man 'at 's ben pizened wi' callymill fer the Lord knows haow many year, an' as contrairy as he is ol' an' tough."

He was a pathetic old figure to look upon as, supporting his stiffened legs with his staff, and trailing his long gun with the unforgotten handiness acquired in years so far past that they were like a dream, he picked his slow way across the shrunken brook and into the skirt of the forest. The woods were very still, scarcely stirred by the light puffs of the breeze; the birds, their summer songs forgotten, so silent, and the feeble current of the brook babbling so faintly, that the continuous murmur of the bees among the woodside asters was the sound most audible, save when a locust shrilled its prolonged, monotonous cry that presently sank with an exhausted fall to the droning undertone of the bees.

The aged hunter made his way through the bordering thickets and over the dry matting of old leaves with a stealthier tread than many a younger man might have, and scanned carefully with slow, dulled gaze, the shaded depths of low-branched young evergreens, sapling poplars and birches, and thorny tangles of blackberry briers.

Suddenly fell on his ears the noise of scurrying feet among the dry leaves, and the warning "wish, quit, kr-r-r quit! quit!" of a grouse. Dropping his staff and bringing his cocked piece to a ready, he searched the thicket with eager eyes and presently discovered an alert dusky form skulking among the shadows. The long gun was aimed with almost the celerity if not with the precision of its ancient use in the boasted days when its owner scouted and hunted with doughty Peleg Sunderland. The trigger was pulled, the flint flashed out a shower of

sparks, and the old gun bellowed and kicked in a way worthy of its renown, and mowed a narrow swath through the stems of saplings and briers. The booming report, so different from the flat discharges which at irregular intervals during the afternoon had cracked through the sultry air, came to young Josiah's ears and almost shook him from his seat on the rail fence with the thrill of delight it sent through him.

Rushing into the house, he loudly proclaimed, "Gran'ther's fired. Yes, sir! I heard him!" and in the next breath, "I'm goin' t' see what he 's got!"

"Don't you dast tu!" his father said with unwonted decision. "'F he hain't killed nothin', an' 't ain't no ways likely 't he hes, though the 's no tellin' but what he hes, he 'll be madder 'n tew settin' hens. Don't ye dast tu go, bub!"

"Jest 's like 's not his gun hes busted, er gone off 't wrong eend, er suthin', an' killed him," said Mrs. Purington. "Guns is dreffle dan'g'ous things. It 's 'nough tu dry up a feller's blood wi' col' chills tu hear father Purin't'n when he was alive, an' uncle 'Lisher, tell o' the folks 'at got killed by 'em tu Plattsburgh fight, which they was both there. Don't ye go nigh, Bub Hill. 'T 'ould scare ye t' death tu see your gran'ther a-lyin' in his gore."

"Hed n't you better go an' see, Joseph?" said Maria anxiously.

"Sho!" said her husband. "Father could n't shoot hisself wi' the ol' gun erless he got someb'dy tu help him. It 's longer 'n a brook, an' it never busts, leastways it never did 's I knows on. Ketch me a-goin' nigh him 'f he 's missed. He 'll make things gee, a-blamin' it onter all creation but hisself."

Thus admonished, the boy went back to his perch on the top rail, to content himself with impatient watching for his grandsire's return.

It was well he did not seek him, for he would have found him then in his most peppery mood. Quicker than the echo of the discharge had come a rapid beat of wings and a brief scurry among the dead leaves. The old man stooped low and peered beneath the slowly lifting smoke, almost confident that he would see his victim fluttering out its last breath in or near the ragged path of the charge. But there was nothing to be seen astir but a sapling slowly bending to its fall from its half-severed stem, a sere leaf wavering to earth, and the eddying haze of rising smoke. Ah! the bird was stone dead, and lying there somewhere, waiting to be picked up without casting one reproving glance upon his slayer from his glazing eyes. Gran'ther Hill was glad of that, for like all old hunters he had grown tender-hearted toward his prey.

First he reloaded his gun, measuring powder and shot in his palm with scrupulous care in spite of his haste to go forward, and then stooping low, groped his way into the thicket. Scanning the ground foot by foot, often misled this way and that by some semblance of what he was in quest of, objects that upon poking with his staff proved but gray and russet stumps or clots of old leaves, he crept on far beyond the range of his gun, growing less hopeful with each more wearied step. Then he retraced his course, zigzagging across it, peering into hollow logs and probing brush heaps with his staff, then took his bearings anew from the place where he had shot, and went over the ground again and again, rewarded only by finding one mottled tail-feather, which he thrust in his hat to disprove a total miss, and grew more rebellious against fate with every unsuccessful attempt to find his bird, which, in fact, sat unscathed amid the branches of a fir, recovering from the terror of the sudden storm of lead that had so lately hurtled past it.

"What tarnal dodunk loaded that 'ere gun, I wonder?" he growled, glaring savagely into space. "Did n't put no wad top o' the paowder, I 'll bate, er the

shot was tu big er tu small er suthin'! Er 't was some of that cussed paowder o' Chapin's; 't won't burn no quicker 'n green popple sawdust, an' the patridge seen the flash an' dodged! But I hit him, I know I did! I never missed a settin' shot in my life, an' he lays right here clus tu deader 'n hay, only I can't see him! Blast my darned eyes, a-failin' on me jes' naow, arter eighty-six, goin' on eighty-seben year! I wish 't I hed my specs; I wish 't I let Joseph's boy come 'long wi' me, he 's sharper eyed 'n a lynk; he 'd ha' faound him. I 'll fetch him here an' hev him look, an' ef he don't find him I 'll skin him. 'F I thought 't was you 't made me miss him," shaking his gun till the ramrod rattled in its pipes and wooden casing, "ye ol' wore aout goo'-for-nothin' iron hole, I 'd wallupse ye raound a tree, darn ye! But I did n't miss him, he 's lyin' dead clus tu 'mongst some o' these cussed rhuts an' bresh. Darn yer cussed hidin' tricks!" addressing the trees and shaking his staff at them, "can't ye let an ol' man 'at fit fer ye when you wa'n't knee-high tu a tud-stool hev one leetle, nasty, mis'able patridge fer his sick darter? Darn ye, I wish 't ye 'ould all burn up an' roast yer cussed patridges inside on ye!"

For answer came a rustle of feet suddenly grown careless where they trod, and then appeared through the parted branches the tall form and good-natured face of Sam Lovel. The old man stared half-angrily, half-ashamed, at the apparition.

"Why, Gran'ther Hill, you a-huntin' this hot day?" Sam asked.

"Yis, I be," the old man answered testily. "I do' know but I got jes' 's good right tu go a-huntin' hot days as other folks."

"Sartainly, gran'ther, sartainly; but I did n't s'pose the' was nob'dy else but me sech a fool as tu go huntin' sech weather. Ye know some on 'em calls ev'eybody fools 'at goes huntin' any time. Wal, what luck be ye hevin'?"

"The cussedest luck I ever see. I come tu git a patridge fer Joseph's wife 'at 's sick, an' I shot one fust thing, an' I can't find the darned thing, an' it hain't tew rods off f'm where we be."

"Wing broke, an' hid?"

"No, sir, killed deader 'n hay, jest one kerflummux an' still; an' I can't find it nowheres, nothin' but this tail feather."

This Sam examined, but did not suggest the patent fact that it was not cut out by a shot, nor the possibility of a miss. "Wal, naow, mebby I c'n help ye find him; four eyes is better 'n tew sometimes. I s'pose you hain't shot a patridge afore for a good spell, an' you would n't ha' ben tryin' naow only tu get one for M'ri. Wal, le 's see, you sarch in there, an' I 'll try up this way. He 's flummuxed inter some bresh heap er holler, I bate ye. An' they look julluk the dead leaves 'f they don't lay belly up, anyway."

Searching intently in one direction while the old man pottered in another, Sam presently shouted gleefully, "Here he is, gran'ther! Deader 'n a mallet, lyin' in a bresh heap 't you 've trod onter! You most took his head off an' knocked him gally west. It was jest the stren'th o' the shot 'at hove him here!" and Sam reappeared, holding a rather rumpled partridge, whose head dangled from the ruffed neck by a film of skin.

The old man, more pleased than a child with a coveted toy, took the bird and smoothed its rumpled feathers, so absorbed that he did not notice the softened thud, mixed with the careless scuff of Sam's foot, of something that fell between them.

"Wal, I 'll be darned!" Sam ejaculated in suppressed surprise, "ef here ain't another 'at we 're most treadin' onter!" and stooping, he picked up another partridge, that with its life had almost lost its head.

"Tew tu one shot, by the gret horn spoon! Wal, gran'ther, you beat the

hull caboodle!" and he patted the veteran's shoulder tenderly. "I never done that but oncte, an' I 've bragged on 't ever sence."

Gran'ther Hill's blank stare of astonishment relaxed into a toothless grin of supreme delight, and his bleared eyes were dim with unaccustomed moisture.

"I knowed the' was one a-lyin' here somewheres, but I never 'spected the' was tew," he said, his voice trembling with the swelling and throbbing pride of his heart. "Young eyes is sharper 'n ol' ones, an' I 'm a thaousan' times obleeged tu ye fer findin' my patridges. I 'd jest abaout gi'n up, an' was goin' hum tu git Joseph's boy tu help me find the one 't I knowed I killed; he 's got eyes julluk a lynk, an' 'ould ha' made a hunter 'f he 'd ben borned soon 'nough, when the' wus suthin' wuth huntin'. These 'ere 'll jest set Marier right up, an' fore they 're gone, I 'll git her another. They thought I could n't git nary one, but 't ain't nothin' tu kill a patridge when ye know haow;" and all the while he was slowly turning the birds before his admiring eyes.

"Naow 'f I c'n find me some lutherwood, I 'll tie them patridge laigs tugether an' sling 'em crost my gun an' g' hum. You don't see some handy, du ye?"

Yes, Sam saw a sprawling moosewood or wicopy close at hand, and presently fitted the old man out with a thong of its tough bark, wherewith the birds were tied together, ready for slinging on the gun barrel.

"'T ain't every day 't ye see a man goin' huntin' wi' a gun in one hand an' a cane in t' other," Gran'ther Hill chuckled; "but the ol' gun an' me hain't forgot aour ol' tricks 'f we du go wi' a cane. It 's kinder cur'ous 't I hit 'em both in the neck an' nowheres else 'cept knockin' aout one tail feather, an' there it is, a-missin';" but he did not notice that the feather in his hat did not correspond in length or markings with those in the tail of the bird that he was inspecting.

"The ol' gun kerries turrible clus," Sam exclaimed, "an' jes' one stray shot hit the tail — glanced on a twig like 's not."

"An' hain't you killed nary one?" the old man asked, only now noticing that Sam carried no game in sight. "I swan I 'd ort tu divide wi' ye," making a feeble motion toward untying one of his birds.

"Wal, yes, I got tew, three in here," patting the pocket of his striped woolen frock.

"Wal," the old man said, slipping the birds on to his gun and shouldering it, "I s'pose I mus' be a-moggin'. Do' know haow I 'm goin' tu make up ter ye for findin' my patridge, erless I go 'long wi' ye some day an' show ye haow tu hunt patridge."

"That 'll jest du it," said Sam heartily. "Some cool day, t' rights, 'fore they git wild wi' the fallin' leaves, we 'll go. I want tu see ye kill tew 't a shot."

And so they parted, each going his way, the young man skirting the woods, the old man homeward, picking his way across Stony Brook with a lighter step and a lighter heart than he had come with. He minded nothing of the hot, droughty weather; no day could have seemed finer than this in its decline, its warm air laden with the odor of the firs, and the "cheop" of the crickets beginning to thrill through it, while the purple of the asters grew darker in the blurred, lengthening shadows. As he crossed the pasture he began to whistle, toothlessly, "We 're marching onward toward Quebec," and his rheumatic footsteps fell to the time of the old martial air.

Then he saw his grandson running to meet him.

"Oh, gran'ther!" cried the boy, breathlessly, as he caught a glimpse of the old man's swinging burden, "ye got one, did n't ye?" and then as he walked

puffing and eager-eyed alongside, "Tew on 'em! Oh, my sakes, tew! I never hearn ye shoot but oncte. You never killed 'em both tu one shot, gran'ther?"

"Sho, bub, that hain't nothin' for a man 'at onderstan's it," said his grandfather lightly.

"Oh, gran'ther! you c'n jest beat 'em all, you can. Say, gran'ther, le' me kerry 'em, won't ye? Gran'ther, say?" the boy pleaded.

"Jullook a-here, bub," said the old man, sinking his voice to a husky undertone, "you le' me kerry 'em, an' I 'll let ye shoot the gun tu a mark right naow! Hey?"

"Oh, my sakes! Will ye, naow, t'-night?"

"Yes, sir, I will. You go an' set that 'ere busted cap agin the fence, ten rod off, an' come back here an' rest crost this 'ere stump an' let 'er hev!"

Away the boy ran, never minding a stubbed toe or a heelful of thistles that waylaid his course, and setting the broken fence-cap against a rail came panting back.

"Git ye breath fust," Gran'ther Hill said, as the boy reached eagerly for the gun, which the old man took slowly from his shoulder, depressing the muzzle till the partridges slipped to the ground. "Ye could n't hit a barn-door ten rod off whilst ye 're a-puffin' that way. Naow," as the boy's breathing became regular through hard restraint, and he gave the gun into his hands, "p'int below the mark, an' raise her up slow, an' when ye git aimed atween the tew holes, onhitch!"

Kneeling and resting the long barrel across the stump, the boy slowly elevated the muzzle till it hid the lower auger hole, and then pulled with might and main, shutting both eyes in expectation of the flash and recoil, but neither came.

"I can't pull her off," he whined in half-tearful disappointment.

"Ye can't pull her off when she hain't on'y half cocked, ye gump!" said the old man impatiently, and reaching out he pulled the heavy hammer to full cock. "There naow, when ye pull the tricker, I guess ye 'll hear from her!"

Again the boy essayed, pulled manfully at just the right moment, and there was a shower of sparks, a blinding flash of ignited priming, a deafening roar, and with it a kick that tumbled the young marksman on to his haunches.

"You hit it!" the old man cried, "I seen the splinters fly! Naow run over 'n' fetch the cap here."

The boy made all haste to get upon his feet, and ran wildly over to the fence, rubbing, as he ran, his shoulder that ached with a more universal pang than his tooth had done. But it was a delightful pain, and borne with a triumphant smile when he saw the weather-worn surface of the wood brightened with fresh splinters and punctured with a half dozen dark holes, and as many half-embedded shot staring at him as if in astonishment at his skill.

"Ye done well, bub, so ye did!" said his grandfather, when the target was brought to him and inspected. "She scattered more 'n she did when I shot the patridge, but I s'pose I got in a leetle tew much paowder; but you done almighty well."

So they went home, the one as proud as the other, the old man with his birds, the boy with his target, he running ahead to proclaim the wonderful achievements of the twain. It was a pleasure added to the old man's triumph, another reward of his afternoon's outing, to see the departing form of Mrs. Purington waddling homeward along the highway.

The two were welcomed with all the honors they could desire, even Mrs. Hill came forth from her bed-room to view the trophies, and the youngsters home from school were dumb with admiration of the feats of their grandfather and brother. Gran'ther Hill recounted all

the details of his afternoon's adventure, and ended by saying, —

"I don't b'lieve I'd ha' faound one of 'em 'f 't had n't ben for that 'ere long-laiged Sam Lovel;" and Joseph, picking the birds, unmarked but by the bullet holes in their necks, remarked with a twinkle in his eyes that no one saw, —

"I don't scacely b'lieve ye would, father; don't seem 's 'ough ye would."

*Rowland E. Robinson.*

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## THE ASCETIC IDEAL.

Toward the close of the year 381 there came to Rome in company with Paulinus, then Bishop of Antioch, and Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, a Dalmatian monk, whose advent at that time in the golden city was a far more significant and memorable circumstance than that of either of his episcopal superiors. Paulinus, indeed, was in some sort upon his trial. There were rival claimants to the see of Antioch, — that turbulent and fanatical city where the disciples were first called Christians, whose dust the Emperor Julian had shaken so scornfully from his impatient feet less than twenty years before. Both the orthodox and the Arian parties had elected their man, and the council, or rather synod, of 382, which our travelers were hastening to attend, had been convened for the special purpose of adjudicating their claims. Epiphanius went as the powerful friend and ally of Paulinus; Eusebius Hieronymus, — known to all the world as St. Jerome, — by invitation of the reigning Pope, as a cleric, young indeed, but already renowned both for the sanctity of his life and his profound learning in those questions of doctrine and exegesis which must needs come up for discussion before the assembly.

The Pope was Damasus, one of the few Roman bishops of the fourth century whose personality remains luminously distinct, — the able, the martial, the learned and stately Damasus, who himself had had literally to fight for the headship of the church with an unscrupulous rival, whose very name seems to convey a reminiscence of the grave splendor of living which he affected, and whereby it is certain that he greatly imposed upon the still pagan patriciate of Rome. Damasus was now seventy-seven years old, within three years of the end of his conspicuous and stormy career, but there was no sign of failure in his faculties; and the correspondence which he had previously held with Jerome, who was about forty years his junior, must at least have sufficed to assure him that he would find a loyal mouthpiece in the devout scholar; the fact being that, between the lines of the latter, we may read plainly foreshadowed not merely the doctrine of papal infallibility, but others which are popularly held to be among the latest accretions or corruptions of the early Catholic belief.

Pope Damasus at all events made the young doctor his private secretary for the occasion of the council; and when Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, at whose instance it had been convened, was taken severely ill soon after his arrival in Rome, the presidency of the assembly, which would naturally have been his, devolved upon Jerome. He acquitted himself admirably in this office, and remained in Rome for the three succeeding years, highly distinguished by the Head of the Church, employed by him in revising the text of the Gospels and the Psalter, and

occupying for the first and only time in his life a brilliant position in the eyes of the world. Jerome was in the years — between thirty-five and forty — when mundane honors have usually their greatest attraction even for the detached and disinterested soul, but this was a man fortified in advance against their spell.

He had seen the whole civilized world of his day and the glory of it, — from Trèves, the far seat of the Western Empire, to Constantinople, the gorgeous home of the Eastern, and from his heart he spurned it all. Freely, unaffectedly, without reservation, he, in common with so many of the more fervid Christians of his epoch, had long since closed his heart to the allurements of sense, and invested the whole treasure of his affection and his hope in the mystical city of God. It was as the well-nigh irresistible champion of the ascetic against the domestic life that he made his deepest mark in Rome, and secured his chief effect upon the history of the church; and it is from this point of view that it is proposed — at a time when ideas akin to those of St. Jerome are once more beginning, as they periodically do, strongly to work upon generous minds of a certain order — to reconsider his interesting story.

It will be necessary first to pass in brief review the events of Jerome's earlier years up to the time when his vocation was fully established, and he found in the doomed and decaying but still gorgeous capital of the ancient world, and in the peculiar social conditions of the hour, a fruitful field for its exercise. He was born about the year 343 at Stridon, a little town near the borders of Pannonia, not far from the great city of Aquileia. All the beautiful country between the Illyrian Alps and the head of the Adriatic was like a garden then, — "citied to the top, crowded with culture." But it was precisely here, alas! that, in 377, the invading Goths first slaked their thirst for plunder, leaving behind them such a waste of ruin that when the necessity afterwards came upon Jerome literally to "sell all that he had and give to the poor," he found only, as he says, a few "half-burned villas" to dispose of in his native district. His parents, though not people of rank, were able to send him to Rome for his education, and to provide him with the means of purchasing there what was, for the time, an extensive and valuable classical library. His fondness for the great pagan writers amounted to a passion. Later he fought against it as a deadly sin, but how rarely well he knew them appears not only in the character of his own Latin style, but from the fact that although at one period of his life he abstained for fifteen years from opening either a Cicero or a Virgil, his writings of this time, as always, teem with the aptest quotations from both authors, dropping, as it would seem, unconsciously from his rapid pen. As an old, old man, when his memory of the intervening days was growing dim, Jerome used to renew in dreams his college contests for the oratorical prize, and his habit of haunting the law courts in hopes of catching something of the true forensic manner. Earlier he had been used to review his student life in a deeply penitential spirit, accusing himself of youthful excesses which his unsparing conscience may possibly have exaggerated, and recalling with a repugnance we can hardly understand, unless he means to hint at improprieties which he does not name, a fashion that prevailed among the youth of going the round, on Sundays, of the tombs of the apostles and martyrs.

"And I often," he says, with a perceptible shudder, "entered into those crypts which have been hollowed in the depths of the earth, where the walls of the entrance on either hand are lined with bodies of dead men, and all is so

dark as almost to fulfill the word of the Psalmist, 'They shall go down quick into hell.' . . . Only at rare intervals is the fearsome gloom in part dispelled by the admission of a little light from above; and when you turn to retrace your steps, and all is blind and black around, you are reminded of Virgil's expression: —

'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.'"

It may be interesting also to note, in passing, that the brief reign of Julian was comprised within the student years of Jerome. But though he somewhere calls the apostate emperor, in his rhetorical way, "a traitor to his own soul," he is less vehement upon the subject than might have been expected. "After Julian had turned to the worship of idols," he says in his Chronicle or Compendium of the history of his own time, "there was a species of mild persecution rather inviting than impelling men to sacrifice" (to the heathen gods), "and to this many of our own people voluntarily acceded."

It is well known that the passionate crusade of Julian was never popular in that most exclusive section of the old pagan society of Rome, with whose wives and daughters, at least, Jerome afterwards came into such close relations, and whom he was destined to influence so mightily. The very zeal of the innovator for the outworn faith was an offense to their well-bred indifferentism.

His course of instruction in the Roman schools ended, Jerome probably returned to Aquileia, but very soon departed again on a journey to Gaul. With him went his friend and foster-brother Bonosus, a youth of fortune and promise, whose ancestral estates adjoined the little property of Jerome's father. The original purpose of this journey is uncertain, but its most important result was undoubtedly to inoculate Jerome with much of that enthusiasm for the monastic life which had already taken full possession of the soul of his fellow-traveler. On their return to Dalmatia in 372, Bonosus withdrew definitively from the world to a retreat which, half in horror, as it would seem, and half in envy, but with language already strongly mystical, Jerome thus describes: —

"Thy friend and mine, Bonosus,[1] is already mounting the predestined ladder of Jacob's dream. He is bearing his cross; he takes no thought for the morrow; he casts no look behind. . . . Think of it! A youth trained with us in the liberal arts, in affluent circumstances, preëminent among his companions, he has cast off mother and sisters and a fondly loved brother, and planted himself like a new colonist of paradise upon a perilous island in the roaring sea, — an island of bare stones and rugged cliffs, awful in its isolation. Not a tiller of the soil dwells there, not even the little monk Onesimus, whom you knew, and whom Bonosus loved so tenderly, accompanied him into that waste. Alone — yet not alone, for Christ is with him — he beholds the glory of God as even the apostles never saw it, save in the desert. . . . Do but think how hard his battle is, and you will be able to gauge his victory; the mad sea raging all around the isle, bellowing back from the winding chasms of its mountain wall, not a grass-blade anywhere, nor slightest shadow of foliage, the steep cliffs inclose him as in a dreadful prison, yet is he intrepid and secure. . . . Why may he not see in his isle some vision like that of John?"

The Ruffinus to whom this moved and moving letter was addressed came later to exercise a somewhat sinister influence upon Jerome's fate; but they were friends for a long time after this. The letter was written from Antioch, whither Jerome had betaken himself, accompanied by a small band of friends, all restless in spirit like himself, longing, but still delaying, to take the last step which should cut them off from the world of

[1] The letter is addressed to another Dalmatian monk named Ruffinus.

men, and bind them to the contemplative life. One of their number, Heliodorus, decided to return to Aquileia; and to him Jerome addressed a letter of remonstrance for his defection, and praise of the hermit life, which came afterwards to be used as a kind of manual of asceticism. He himself, with two companions, Innocentius and Hylas, proceeded to Chalcis, a "lesser Thebaid" on the eastern boundary of Syria, where the monastic life was fully organized after the pattern of the Egyptian desert, and the monks divided, according to the degrees of austerity which they affected, into the three grades, or classes, of cenobites, recluses, and anchorites.

The life of the cenobites was, comparatively speaking, a humane and healthful one. They dwelt in large monasteries, had churches regularly served, ate in common, cultivated the soil, and engaged in several branches of useful industry. They also exercised a generous hospitality, and in one of their houses Jerome and his friends were first received as guests, and here the two latter, succumbing no doubt to the first effect of the burning climate upon frames exhausted by fasting and fatigue, died of fever. Jerome himself, ill in body and prostrated in spirit by the shock of his bereavement, — "I have lost one of my eyes!" he exclaimed when Innocentius died, — felt that he had received a call to a more complete self-consecration, and made trial for a time of the life of the recluse. Not under a very severe form, assuredly, for he had always his books with him, and these very books were the occasion of some of his most painful conflicts, and of sundry of the strange and indelible dreams or visions which belong to this crisis of his career.

Let us hear him describe one of these experiences in his own forceful words. The passage occurs in a letter addressed many years later to one of his lady penitents in Rome: —

"When I left my home and family for the kingdom of heaven's sake . . . I could not make up my mind to part with the books which I had collected at Rome with so much labor and zeal. And so, miserable being that I was! I fasted and then I read Tully; or, after nights of tears and vigil, when my very soul had been rent by the recollection of past sins, I would take up my Plautus," — some manuscripts say Plato, — "and then, when I came to myself and began to read the prophets, the rudeness of their style disgusted me; and because, in my blindness, I saw not the light, I thought it was the sun's fault and not that of my eyes. So was I the sport of the old serpent, and thus it came to pass that in the middle of Lent my exhausted frame was attacked by a fever which preyed upon the very marrow of my bones, and left me no rest, until I was so wasted that my limbs — incredible as it sounds — barely held together. Preparations were even made for my burial. My body became quite cold, and only the faintest flutter of life yet lingered in my languid heart. Then was I suddenly rapt away in spirit, and haled before the tribune of the Judge, where, overcome by the great light and the dazzling splendor of the attendant bands, I fell down and dared not look up. Questioned concerning my state, I announced that I was a Christian; but He who presided there said, 'Thou liest. Thou art a Ciceronian, but no Christian, "for where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also."' Then was I stricken dumb, and between the lashes which I received, for He ordered me to be scourged, I was still more tortured by the fires of conscience as I thought upon that verse, 'In the grave who shall give Thee thanks.' Whereupon I began to cry aloud, and moaning to say, 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me!' — ejaculating between the strokes of the lash. Then those who stood about fell prostrate at the feet of the Judge, beseeching that, being so

young, I might have pardon and a place for repentance, and receive further torture only in case I should again read the books of the Gentiles. But I, who in my extremity would have pledged myself yet more deeply, began to swear by His name, saying, 'If ever again I hold and read my worldly books, I shall have denied Thee.' Upon this, my oath, I was let go, and I came back to life."

We know that Jerome came in after years to regard this vision as in part, at least, the hallucination of fever; that he did not consider it literally binding, and even instructed in pagan learning some of the devoted followers, women as well as men, who accompanied him on his return to the Holy Land. For the time being, however, the renunciation of his favorite intellectual pursuits was complete and sincere, and the Christian world may rejoice that it was so, since he now first began to employ his active mind in those Hebrew studies, to which his commentaries upon the Old Testament owe their principal value.

He remained in the desert of Chalcis nearly five years, or until the spring of 379, when he returned by way of Antioch to Constantinople, and passed a year there in studying the writings of the Greek fathers, under the guidance of St. Gregory Nazianzen. At Antioch he was consecrated priest by Paulinus, confessedly against his own will, nor did he ever, during a life of nearly a century, overcome his reluctance to performing the most solemn and mysterious of the priestly functions. Finally, in the ensuing year, he went with Paulinus to Rome, as we have seen, and was at once raised by the Head of the Church to an influential position.

The Church of Rome at that time, like that of the European continent at the present time, was mainly a church of priests and women; but many of the women — again after the fashion of the devotees of every age — were of great personal distinction, and rejoiced in the highest of social traditions. Many things go to show that, under the pagan emperors, there had been a state of things in Roman society somewhat like that which existed in French society in the days of Napoleon III. There was a Faubourg St. Germain in imperial Rome, comprising the descendants of republican heroes and mythical demigods which held haughtily aloof, for the most part, from the vulgar and shameless excesses of the palace. Another standard of manners prevailed among them than that which invited the biting satire of Tacitus or the cynical frankness of Suetonius. A certain, at least theoretic, loyalty lingered in this patrician circle to the fine early Roman ideals of domestic faith, chaste marriage, and personal purity. Its members probably told themselves and one another that they were the true Romans, and that the *parvenu* emperor of the day, whoever he might be, was — like their majesties of Savoy to the noble *Neri* of modern Rome — "not in society." We shall by and by see Jerome himself pleading with an aristocratic widow named Furia the long tradition of the Camilli — "generis tui grande privilegium" — as an argument against her second marriage: —

"There has hardly been a case of remarriage in that family," are his words, "since the days of Lucius Furius Camillus; so that," he sternly adds, "your perseverance in widowhood would not be so much praiseworthy as your defection would be shameful, from a principle which has been observed by the pagan ladies of your line through so many generations."

After Constantine had embraced Christianity and founded his new capital in the East, there ensued about fifty years of complete religious toleration, during which the new faith made important conquests in the more refined circles of Roman society. These conquests were largely feminine still, and when, under Gratian and Theodosius, indications be-

gan to appear that Christianity was likely to abuse its new political preponderance by persecuting in its turn, a party was formed in the Senate to resist these aggressions, which could boast such names as those of Prætextatus the stainless præfect, and Symmachus, who made so gallant a fight for the Altar of Victory. They waged a hopeless battle, as we know, and not a few of them must have had to contend against the convictions of the home-circle, as well as the growing might of imperial and priestly predominance. Yet the Christian profession of the great ladies of Rome was in many cases a purely formal one, accompanied by an extraordinary freedom of manners and an almost fabulous degree of luxury and self-indulgence in their daily life, until Jerome came to arouse them from their complacent languors and fire their impressible souls with a new ardor for the extremest forms of self-abasement and mortification. A crowd of noble names occurs at once to the memory. We will select a few as typical, and apply to the letters of Jerome for more precise information concerning those who bore them.

First, and in many ways unquestionably the sanest and noblest of all, there was Marcella, in whose great house upon the Aventine Jerome was received as a guest at the time of the council.[1] She was already a widow, and, after the death of her husband, had refused the suit of a very distinguished old senator named Cerealis, consul in the year 358, who was so enamored of her beauty that he proposed securing to her the reversion of all his immense wealth. Her excellent mother, Albina, was naturally unwilling to let such an occasion slip, and supported rather warmly the suit of Cerealis. "But," replied Marcella, "even if I wished to marry, and not, as I do, to embrace a life of perpetual chastity, it is a husband I should desire, and not an inheritance." Her senile adorer urged that, after all, he might live a good while, whereas a young man might be cut off untimely. "To which," says Jerome, "she made this light and elegant reply(!): 'A young man may die soon, but an old man cannot survive long.'" And he adds that the experience of Cerealis proved discouraging to her other suitors, and that she soon ceased to be importuned.

She withdrew into a very dignified retirement, affecting no extreme austerity, but occupying herself chiefly with the study of the sacred Scriptures, and with charity on an extensive scale. She seldom went into the world, "least of all to the houses of great ladies, where she might see what she must needs condemn; . . . she was the first to confound the *gentility*" (*gentilitas* was the regular term in the fourth century for the pagan society of Rome) "by the example in her dress and conversation of a true Christian widowhood. . . . For there are those who touch up their faces with rouge and ceruse, who go clad in garments of glistening silk, who flash with jewels and wear gold necklaces, who hang in their perforated ears the priceless pearls of the Red Sea, and are redolent of perfumes, and, in short, who mourn their husbands as those who exult in having escaped from thralldom, while still they are on the lookout for others. . . . But the dress of *our* widow was

[1] There seems to have been the same sort of competition for the privilege of entertaining distinguished delegates as we might see in the case of the great savants who attend a scientific congress to-day. But let not the reader please his fancy by any vain imaginings of general receptions for the members of the synod, or decorous banquets graced by the presence of the queens of Roman society. The guests of the great ladies were lodged and served apart in dignified seclusion. It was a point of propriety among the stricter pietists that the sexes should not eat together, and Jerome could record with grave gratitude of Paula, after her race was run, that "she never sat at table with a man after her husband's death." We shall see, further on, what he thought of the promiscuousness of the *Agapæ*.

chosen not for the display of her person, but for its defense against the cold. . . . Her mother was always with her, and though the needs of a great establishment compelled her sometimes to receive monks and clerics, she never saw them alone."

These particulars are from a sort of obituary in the form of a letter, addressed long afterward to the nun Principia, when Jerome had lately heard of Marcella's death in Rome amid the horrors of Alaric's siege. He goes on to dilate on her extraordinary mental powers and accomplishments; telling how graciously she overcame his own shamefaced reluctance to instruct her, how docile was the attitude of her mind, and yet how independent, "for she never accepted what I said at once, and without inquiry. . . . If I were to tell all that I found in her of goodness, of talent, of piety and purity, I should fear to go beyond belief; . . . but this one thing I will say, that all which I had amassed and made my own by long study and daily meditation, she absorbed, she acquired, she possessed, so that after I went away, whenever any discussion arose concerning the testimony of the Scriptures, it was customary to appeal to her. And she, having a great deal of tact, and being perfectly versed in what philosophers call τό πρέπον, — that is to say, the *becoming*, — used to answer, not as it were in her own words, but in mine, or those of some other person, thus professing herself a learner, even while she taught."

Full and generous though this tribute be, there is a certain formality about it, as of one who consciously renders what he knows to be due. The same thing may be said of a short letter addressed to Marcella herself during Jerome's residence in Rome, concerning the exceptional sanctity of a young sister of hers named Asella, who had been devoted to the religious life by her parents before she was born. There is something almost terrible in his dry catalogue of the austerities practiced by this child from her twelfth year; although it was in speaking of her that he employed one of his most beautiful and frequently quoted images; averring that the soul of the unborn infant appeared to her father in a dream, "like a crystal vase, clearer than any mirror."

But in neither of these careful eulogies do we detect that high-wrought fervor, that rapt admiration and quiver of intense personal feeling, which mark all he has to tell us of the ladies of another noble race, over whom his ascendancy became complete, and whose conversion to asceticism, under his influence, agitated and outraged their entire caste.

The father of Paula traced his descent to Agamemnon; her mother to the Gracchi and the Scipios. Her husband, Toxotius, lately deceased, had carried his pedigree back through Julius Cæsar to Æneas and the goddess of Love. Left a widow at thirty-three with four daughters, Blæsilla, Paulina, Julia Eustochium, and Ruffina, beside a little boy who bore his father's name, Paula always dated her true religious awakening from the time of her great bereavement. She had been a Christian before, but such a worldly Christian as we have already seen portrayed by Jerome's mordant pen: she had reveled in those appliances of Eastern luxury which her great wealth easily commanded, passing her days upon silken couches, and going abroad, even to divine service at St. Peter's, in a litter borne by obsequious eunuchs. But though thus pampered, and seemingly confirmed in habits of physical indolence, she had an active and brilliant intelligence, and her fastidious refinement and high-strung sensibilities were in themselves a protection against vulgar vice. Prone to exaltation of mind, and capable only of extremes in action, when she put on her widow's weeds she had altered her entire manner of life. She had thrown her whole soul into

works of practical charity, and soon began, to the conceivable disquiet of her relatives, to disburse, not merely her own wealth, but the patrimony of her children, replying to all remonstrance upon this head, "I shall leave them a larger fortune than I take away; I shall leave them the mercy of Christ." Jerome recalls with compunction that he himself at one time tried to impose a check upon Paula's reckless prodigality; but he was met by the intrepid answer that she had made a vow not to leave a penny to her heirs, but herself to die a mendicant and fill a pauper's grave. "My very shroud," were her words, "shall be the gift of another." "Her faith was more ardent than mine," pursues her biographer wistfully. "She was wholly united to her Saviour, and, in the poverty of her spirit, did but follow her Lord who was himself a pauper;" and he adds later on with the matchless *naïveté* of a true child of the kingdom, "so she obtained what she desired, and even left her daughter burdened with a large debt."

This one of her children who survived Paula was the third daughter, Eustochium, a girl of grave and collected character, whose religious vocation was early pronounced, and who, without being subject to her mother's transports of religious emotion, persevered unswervingly, through a long life, in her chosen line of self-sacrifice. Extraordinary attempts were made by her worldly and wealthy relatives to turn her from her purpose, one of which was quaintly described by Jerome long afterwards in a letter to Paula's daughter-in-law, Læta, who had written him for advice about the education of her own little girl, intended for a nun. After strictly prohibiting the boring of the small maiden's ears, or the artificial reddening of her hair, and recommending that her pearls be sold for the purchase of the one priceless pearl, he says: —

"A lady of rank named Prætextata" (she was probably related to the great pagan præfect) "did once, under orders from her husband Hymettius, who was uncle, on the father's side, to the nun Eustochium, compel that young lady to change her usual costume; dressing and braiding her neglected hair after the fashion then prevailing in the world. For she desired intensely to vanquish the maiden's purpose, and to defeat the wishes of her mother. But, look you, there came to her in her dreams that very night an angel with a terrible face, who, after denouncing her for having dared to deck with sacrilegious hands the head of a virgin of God, threatened her, if she persisted, with the simultaneous loss of her own husband and all her children. . . . All of which came to pass," adds the unflinching narrator, "and I have recalled the incident not by way of insulting the unfortunate in their sorrow, but in order to warn you with how great awe and caution you ought to keep watch over that which has been devoted to God."

But Eustochium, whose ancestral name of Julia had been quietly dropped, as too full of pagan associations to be borne by a handmaid of the Lord, proved impervious to temptation on the side of personal vanity; and the famous twenty-second epistle of Jerome — *To the daughter of Paula, on the keeping of her vows* — was quite as much a manifesto and a defiance addressed to the more worldly minded party in the Roman Church as a compendium of private instruction. It has always ranked with the letter to Heliodorus, already mentioned, and the whole theory and practice of the celibate life is covered and illustrated by the two compositions. In the earlier letter, which was written from the desert, Jerome had dwelt rather upon general principles; calmly condemning marriage itself, and all constraint of domestic ties, as mere temporary provisions of the old law, always destined to be superseded in the fullness

of time by the freedom of the gospel of Christ. He was forced to admit, when pressed in argument, that there might be such a thing as a blameless marriage; nay, that the institution had still its lingering utility "for the generation of saints." But his views, and those of the entire school whom he so eloquently represented, were nothing less than revolutionary. To them, it seems not to have admitted of the shadow of a doubt that the higher Christian life is precluded by family bonds and obligations. They felt constrained to take their Master for a pattern here, as well as in his repudiation of private property; and the thorough radicalism of their revolt from the whole constituted order of society is only to be paralleled in the latest pages of Tolstoï, or of certain of those modern mystics, who see, in some ancient and mysterious perversion of the true relation of the sexes, the very essence of the "aboriginal calamity."[1]

It is easy to see how fanatical and pernicious the doctrines of the Pope's

[1] A good deal has been said and written of late about the position of woman in the early Christian centuries. The discussion appears to have been started by Principal Donaldson, of the University of St. Andrews, in the Contemporary Review for 1889. In an able, temperate, and scholarly article this writer undertook to show — and in our opinion did show pretty conclusively — that *in so far as regards her freedom of thought and action, and her influence direct or indirect upon the life of the state*, the so-called "sphere" of woman, — ampler, in some respects, in the days of Julius Cæsar than at any other period either before or since, — was distinctly contracted, and her position depressed by the advent of Christianity. A very different opinion has always prevailed in modern Christendom, and Mr. Donaldson's view was naturally a startling one to such as have never studied, at its original sources, the history of the latest pagan and the first Christian ages. It provoked, at all events, the voluble indignation of a very lively writer in the erst sedate North American Review, who contested Principal Donaldson's position in three long articles, characterized by much warmth of feeling and almost more wealth of fancy; and by a light and easy familiarity with the chief actors "upon the memorable scene," which found expression in such indulgent phrases as "dear old pagans," "my sweetest gossip Pliny," "my gentle, murdered Cicero," and "sprightly, scholar-bred, gentle Atticus." This lady takes the ground that, owing to the almost boundless freedom of divorce then prevailing, the domestic position of the Roman matron in the last days of the republic and the first of the empire was an exceptionally degraded one; and she illustrates her position by a copious collection of anecdotes, culled chiefly from the gloomy pages of Tacitus the pessimist and Suetonius the foul-mouthed cynic. One always hopes however, as one does after reading our modern pessimists, that things in general were not quite so bad as these writers would make out. The anecdotes are doubtless very shocking, and the state of society which they reveal very vicious; yet they are unquestionably instructive as illustrating some, at least, of the probable results of that widely advertised remedy for "Woman's Wrongs," — a loosening of the marriage tie. But the North American writer, if she will pardon us for saying so, seems to us, in the dreadful zest of her *chronique scandaleuse*, not merely to have missed Principal Donaldson's point, but almost to have forgotten her own. The original question concerned the intellectual and political rather than the moral and social status of women at the beginning of our era. And the strange fact remains, that, while the unspeakable vices of the Roman decadence were a powerful social solvent, Christianity by introducing from the East into the West the fashion of organized asceticism, proved for the time being, at least, a more powerful solvent still. Well does Amédée Thierry say at the close of his brilliant Récits de l'Histoire Romaine au Cinquième Siècle, "The old world perished as much through its virtues as its vices."

There has never been, upon the whole, a finer conception of domestic order and purity than that evolved and cherished by the half-civilized Roman of early republican days; nor yet a theoretic definition of marriage more simple and noble than may be found in that code of old Roman law on which the world has really improved so little. That ideal was doomed to dreadful defacement by the license of a later time. It was reserved for the yellow-haired barbarians of the savage North, whose *matrimonia severa* are gravely noted and commended by Tacitus himself, to restore to the world that religion of the hearth and the home which has been one of the strongest safeguards of our race in later times.

latest protégé must have appeared to the colder and more conventional Christians of Rome; and to that idle section of the well-to-do metropolitan clergy, — so like the perfumed abbés of the *grand siècle* in France, — on the freedom of whose manners, "the pest of their love-feasts" and the like, Jerome reflects with scathing satire in this very letter to Eustochium. Ruffinus reproached his former friend with having furnished a handle to all who hated the faith, by the picture he dared draw of the manners of Christian Rome.

The antagonism between Jerome and the fashionable Christians was yet further embittered by the circumstances attending the death of Paula's married daughter, Blæsilla, — a decidedly more sympathetic and endearing, if less admirable, figure than that of the austere and resolute Eustochium. Blæsilla had been wedded at eighteen by one of the Camilli, a brother to the husband of Furia before mentioned; and, like Marcella, she had been widowed in seven months. At first she tried to smother her grief in social dissipation; then she fell ill of a fever, which greatly prostrated her strength; and it was at this point that Jerome interfered to save her from a second marriage and a relapse into worldly ways. He writes a very pious and thankful letter on the subject of his conversion of Blæsilla to Marcella, who was perhaps absent from Rome at one of the many suburban villas which she had converted into houses of refuge and homes for convalescents.

"Our widow, who used to pass whole days inquiring of her mirror what last touch might be added to her toilet, now confidently says: 'We all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the like image, from glory to glory.' Once her handmaids wove glittering gems among the tresses they crowned her fair head withal; now it is enough for her if that head be veiled. The downiest bed seemed hard to her in those days, and she could scarce lie quiet, how high soe'er they piled her couch. Now she arises betimes to pray. The music of her voice in the Alleluia is heard before all the rest. She kneels upon the bare ground."

The almost inevitable result followed. Blæsilla's imperfectly restored health soon gave way again; she sank in rapid decline, and died before she was twenty. She departed in a mood of rapturous faith, without a request for the life so quickly consumed, nor a shadow on the brightness of her spirit, save that which hovered in her pathetic last words: "Pray the Lord Jesus to forgive me for not having accomplished all that I desired."

In the obituary or memorial of her which he addressed to Paula, Jerome wrote of this young convert with what was for him extraordinary emotion. He praises the polished beauty of her address. "To hear her speaking Greek, you would have thought that she knew no Latin; yet she expressed herself in the Roman tongue without the faintest suspicion of a foreign idiom," and also the general aptitude for language, whereby she learned in a few months enough Hebrew to enable her to chant the Psalms with her mother in the original tongue. Then he touches tenderly upon the last scene of all, and adds: —

"Have no fear, my Blæsilla! Your garments are made white forevermore. . . . Well said I once that conversion is never late. . . . The burden of the flesh is cast aside, the soul hath flown like a bird to its Maker, the wanderer hath entered upon her ancient inheritance."

Yet he chides Paula with considerable severity for having given the heathen occasion to cavil by the wild and open abandonment of her grief; and he cannot forbear expressing his disapproval of the pomp with which Blæsilla was buried, — more especially of the golden pall which covered her bier. He seemed to hear the sweet voice of his spiritual

daughter protesting from heaven against such unseemly display.

The stately funeral of Blæsilla was indeed attended by an immense concourse of people, and was the occasion of something very like a popular tumult. The unbelieving made no doubt that she had been killed by her austerities, and many even among the Christians held her pitiless director responsible for the young widow's death. An outcry was raised against the whole race of monks, and their subversive and suicidal teaching. Jerome's own life was perhaps for a moment in danger; and when, about six weeks later, in December, 384, his great patron, Pope Damasus, also passed away, his enemies in the church threw off all disguise, and the whispers against his good name, which had hitherto circulated in private, swelled into a storm of calumny concerning the nature of his relations with the ladies of Paula's and other noble households.

He repelled these aspersions with the scorn they deserved; but one may be permitted to wish that he had not also stooped to retort upon his detractors a species of personal abuse hardly less coarse than their own. Marcella, at least, his wise and dignified first hostess in Rome, regretted his course here, and had the courage to tell him so; and a certain coolness appears to have ensued between them in consequence of her frankness.

But Rome could no longer be a congenial place of residence for Jerome, whose temperament and habits of thought had always allied him with the meditative East. He said his last good-by to the mistress of the world in the ensuing August, not without a solemn presentiment of the disasters that were so soon to befall her; and the fire of unholy gossip was no doubt rekindled for a season when it became generally known that Paula and Eustochium were to follow in a few weeks, and rejoin him at Antioch, making thence, under his guidance, a long-projected pilgrimage to the Holy Places in Palestine, previous to fixing their permanent abode in some Oriental country. The mother and daughter used every argument to induce Marcella to join them, but without success. Jerome's last letter of farewell was written from shipboard to the cloistered Asella, and he actually omitted her sister's eminent name from the long list of elect ladies whom he distinguished by some special parting message.

Paula's two remaining daughters and her only son had, of course, to be left behind; and the mother had to sustain herself, as best she might, under the pang of a parting which she at least knew to be final, by the abundant promises held out to those who leave houses and lands and kindred for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Jerome, as usual, can see only one side to what seems to the natural mind a distressing dilemma. He subsequently drew a somewhat sensational picture — imaginary, of course, since we know that he was not present — of the parting on the beach at Ostia, the little ones with outstretched arms calling piteously after the receding ship, — but only to exult in the sublimity of his lady's triumph over the weakness of her maternal heart.

The three friends met at Antioch, as proposed; but it was early winter, and the weather already very severe, before preparations were completed for the extensive caravan which the still ample wealth of the Roman matron enabled her to organize for the journey. They were to take what was called the shore-route to Syria, but even this involved a good deal of rough mountain travel; and Paula's appearance was at that time so fragile that a serious effort was made by her episcopal host at Antioch to dissuade her from starting before spring. But her zeal and that of Eustochium would brook no delay, and her health seemed positively to improve under the fatigues and hardships of the route.

They halted at every place renowned in Scripture story: at Sarepta, where Elijah had given the widow back her son, and where, one would think, though of course we hear nothing about it, that Paula's heart must have bled afresh at the thought of the son whom God had not summoned, but whom his mother had forsaken; at Tyre, whence St. Paul had sailed for the fatal city from which they had so lately fled. Their way lay thence over the spurs of Carmel, the mysterious and ever sacred mountain, to Cæsarea, at that time both a consular residence and a noted seat of Christian learning, where they visited the house of Cornelius, transformed into a church, and whence they made an excursion to the already ruined city of Antipatris, built by the Herod of the gospel to the memory of his father. And so on, by the "fields of Mageddo; . . . *conscious of the death of Josias*," as Jerome says with one of those classic turns of expression so familiar to his pen, to Joppa, whence their reminiscences must have been singularly mingled of sacred and profane. For they passed from the house of Simon the tanner, "now an elegant chapel," to the scene of Andromeda's deliverance by Perseus, and were even shown the bony carcass of the dragon, and the marks of chains upon the sea-worn cliff. The roses were not yet in bloom when they crossed the plain of Sharon under the soft skies of early spring, passing Arimathea, and staying long enough at Lydda for Jerome to have a few costly lessons in Hebrew from an eminent rabbi there. Thence, by way of Ajalon, where the sun and moon stood still at Joshua's command, they moved on to the goal of all their hopes, to earth's most sacred city, known to the heathen world, since Hadrian rebuilt it after the great destruction, as Ælia Capitolina.

The Gentile name thus arbitrarily imposed was repudiated alike by Jews and Christians, the latter being perhaps more numerous and powerful in Jerusalem at this moment than at any other period either before or since. Cyril had just breathed his last there, and the church was factious and turbulent; but all parties united in extending an impressive welcome to the great Roman lady and her distinguished suite.

The noble ecclesiastical buildings of Constantine were at this time quite intact. They consisted of a chapel, small but very richly adorned, which was believed to mark the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and was connected by a large open court called the Court of the Garden, or of Golgotha, with the more imposing Church of the Holy Cross. Underneath the latter was the crypt, where the Empress Helena had been guided to her stupendous discovery; and it was here that Paula first fell prostrate in one of those cataleptic trances which were repeated at Bethlehem, and at Olivet, and at the point where she obtained her first glimpse of the Jordan, and which were ever afterward a marked feature of her ecstatic piety.

The two edifices of Constantine, both of which, strange to say, fronted westward, were within the limits of Ælia Capitolina. Mount Zion and the vestiges of the great temple, as well as of Julian's abortive attempt at its restoration, were outside the city wall; and Jerome, in whom we constantly observe that feeling for landscape, so rare in his day, which enables the historian of events to vivify their natural surroundings by one poetic touch, is more than usually eloquent in describing the desolation of the spot.

"'The Lord hath loved the gates of Zion,' — not these crumbling and fire-scarred portals which we now see, but the gates against which hell shall not prevail, — whereby so vast a multitude have already gone in to Christ." One house alone remained standing in all the artificially leveled space on the summit of the Holy Hill, but this might well have been miraculously preserved, for

tradition identified it as the scene of the Last Supper.

Upon the Mount of Olives, which Paula was now strong enough to climb on foot, they visited the small but splendid church of the Ascension, erected by the Empress Helena. It was open at the top like the Pantheon in Rome, and successive architects were said to have tried in vain to fill the vacant space with masonry. A prominent feature in the deeply interesting view surveyed by our pilgrims from the porch of this exquisite church was a group of conventual buildings upon a neighboring hill. These had been erected by another rich and pious Roman dame, one Melania, who had set an example to Paula five years before, by forsaking her only surviving child, and coming under the direction of Jerome's early comrade, the monk Ruffinus, to live the contemplative life upon the sacred soil of Jerusalem. Paula knew, as she looked, that such would be the tenor of her own future days, and those of the maiden beside her; and a presentiment had already visited her that Bethlehem, where her Lord had been cradled, would be the place of her rest. But before fixing herself in her final earthly abode, she had set her heart upon going over the rest of Palestine, and upon visiting, in Egypt, both the splendid city of Alexander, — long a centre of philosophy, and now a renowned Christian centre, — and Nitria, that *oppidum Domini* on the borders of the desert, whence five thousand cenobites, presently to be scattered by an Arian persecution, were living their peaceful, absorbed, yet not unjoyous life of toil and praise and prayer.

All these purposes were accomplished; and nothing could be more interesting, did space permit, than to follow, step by step, the progress of Paula's caravan. Our authority for the course and incidents of this memorable journey is always Jerome's own, who reviewed it minutely twenty years afterward, with the aid, perhaps, of notes taken by the way, at a time when every memory must have been quickened and softened by Paula's recent death. We too may see, under his guidance, if we will, the dark defile, with its guard of Roman soldiers, where the victim of brigands was rescued by the good Samaritan; the sycamore which Zaccheus climbed to see his Lord pass by; the boughs, laden with ex-votos, of the oak (it had been a terebinth in Josephus's time!) under which Abraham entertained the angel; the miracle-working tomb of John the Baptist in Samaria; the solemn splendors of sunrise on the Dead Sea, and the beautiful panorama of Palestine from the heights of Tabor. Sweetest of all, perhaps, for the melting suggestion it conveys of

> "port after stormy seas,
> Peace after war, death after life,"

is the visionary first glimpse afforded us of Nitria, with its fruitful fields and gardens, its waving palms and pealing bells, and the long lines of hooded figures passing quietly into the one vast church at the stated hours of prayer.

So great was the fascination of this place for Paula that it seemed to her, at first, as if she could never leave it. But before the week had expired, beyond which not even guests as highly honored as themselves might be entertained in idleness at Nitria, her affections had reverted to Bethlehem, and it was definitely decided to return thither.

The great fatigues of the journey through which the devout enthusiasm of the once invalid lady had carried her so triumphantly were now, however, beginning to tell upon her slender frame, and it was thought better that she and her female suite should go back to Palestine by sea. For there had come with the mother and daughter, all the way from Rome, a few devoted attendants, many of them young unmarried girls of their own class, who had embraced their views with ardor, and were destined to

form the nucleus of the Bethlehem convent.

They were all poorly lodged in the little Syrian town, and suffered infinite hardship during the three years which had still to elapse before Paula's extensive building operations were completed, and there had arisen upon the hallowed site of the Saviour's birth, beside a nunnery and a monastery, each with its own chapel, — for it was only on Sundays and high festivals that the brothers and sisters even worshiped in common, — several extensive houses of entertainment for the Western pilgrims now flocking in annually greater numbers to the Holy Land. The expenses of the vast establishment continued to be met by the revenue from these *hospitia* long after Paula's great private resources, eked out for a moment by Jerome's humble patrimony, were as thoroughly exhausted as the enthusiastic heiress had ever desired.

Their life henceforth was that life of the cloister and the chapel, which is essentially the same in all times and countries. It is a mode of existence of which the stern monotony is intensely forbidding to the imagination of many; yet it will usually be found, upon candid inquiry, to afford — quite apart from all transcendental joys and heavenly compensations in the present or future — a rather high average of individual health, serenity, and content.

In the case of Paula and Eustochium there was, at least, no mental stagnation. They kept up and became remarkably proficient in those Hebrew studies which they had commenced in Rome beside their lost Blæsilla. They seem indeed to have enjoyed a steady reflex from the extraordinary literary activity which soon began to prevail in the neighboring monastery. There many scribes were constantly employed; the celebrated Rabbi Bar-Anina came and gave lessons by night, for fear of being mobbed by the Jewish populace if he attempted it by day; and Jerome himself, in addition to those immense labors of translation and annotation whose lasting monument is the Vulgate, opened a free school for the education of the youth of Bethlehem both in sacred and profane letters.

He had attained the high table-land of his middle life, his time of most fruitful and memorable production. The sacred artists of a later day loved best to picture him as he was at this period: Dürer, in a cell like the wainscoted chamber of some old Nuremberg dwelling, bending above his manuscript, the legendary lion[1] at his feet, the light falling upon his reverend hair through tiny, leaded window-panes; Ghirlandajo, on the wall of Ognissanti in the sunnier seclusion of an Italian convent. These images, and many more, lead the imagination of the believer gladly on to that last earthly Communion which confronts and almost outshines the Transfiguration in the Vatican chamber; and to the buoyant figure with strong arm flung across the lion's mane, pressing "upward toward the point of bliss," amid the company of the redeemed, upon Tintoretto's great canvas in the hall of the Gran Consiglio at Venice.

Abundant assaults from without had to be met and withstood by Jerome during the fifteen succeeding years, — unworthy jealousy and bitter detraction of the new-comers on the part of Ruffinus and Melania; an obstinately hostile disposition, and even grave accusations of heresy from John the Bishop of Jerusalem. But this kind of opposition rather increased than impaired the fame and efficacy of the great ascetic's work during the last years of the fourth century. New penitents, with noble names, begin to figure in the long list of his correspon-

[1] We find no allusion in Jerome's own writings to the grateful beast with whom his name is associated in mediæval story, whom he healed of a cruel wound, and who ever after followed and guarded his footsteps.

dents, — Principia, Fabiola, Theodora, Sabina; while from far-away Gaul come the letters of ladies with less familiar patronymics, — Hebidia, Algasia, Artemia, — requesting instruction about the regulation of their lives, which Jerome, amid all his manifold cares and occupations, finds time to give them minutely.

Recruits of more or less distinction to Paula's community arrived so fast from Rome that her houses overflowed and multiplied; and as the first generation of little ones, orphaned by the maternal exodus, grew up to manhood and womanhood, and their earthly fates were determined, the result, so far as we are informed of it, did certainly seem to justify, in many cases, the hardy faith which had abandoned them thus literally to the protection of their heavenly Father.

Both the daughters whom Paula had left behind died early, it is true, but the elder, Paulina, had first been married to Pammachius, a senator and a Christian, whom the loss of his young wife impressed so deeply that he distributed vast sums to the poor on the occasion of her funeral, and ever afterward wore, even when sitting in the Senate, the dress of a *religieux*. Toxotius, the boy, was early married to Læta, of whom we have already heard. She was the child of a pagan pontiff and a Christian mother, and that first-born daughter of hers, consecrated to virginity at her birth, whose education we have seen Jerome directing so carefully from Palestine, was no other than the little Paula who fulfilled her destiny in the convent at Bethlehem, and who tended the father in his suffering last days, after both her sainted grandmother and her aunt Eustochium had passed away.

The story of the granddaughter and namesake of Melania is more sensational, and illustrates very curiously indeed another side of the unique social conditions of this time of dissolution, but it is far too long and too complicated to be told in this place.

In the year 403, when the gathering horror of barbarian invasion was beginning to darken the whole civilized world, the health of Paula seemed visibly declining, and it soon became evident that her malady was mortal. The rule of separation which the two devoted friends had observed so faithfully, though living side by side, was relaxed at last, and Jerome was often at the bedside of the sufferer. She declined to modify in the least her habits of rigid self-denial, and the obstinacy — playful in form, indeed, and veiled by the innate and inalienable grace of the woman of society — with which she refused even the indulgences and alleviations commanded by her physicians seems finally to have dismayed her uncompromising director himself.

"Why should I speak of her tender assiduities toward the sick," he says, "and tell how marvelously she ministered to them, and surrounded them with every comfort, since when she too was stricken she refused to receive the like, and unjustly — as I must think — turned her mercy to others into cruelty toward herself? . . . In July, owing to the intense heat, she had terrible access of fever, which, by the goodness of God, she overcame. Her doctors then recommended her to take a little wine in order to build up her strength, for they thought it would induce dropsy if she persisted in drinking water. Then I myself went privately to Bishop Epiphanius, and besought him to advise, nay command, her to try the wine. But she, who was so clever and quick in her perceptions, at once detected the stratagem and let it be seen by a slight smile that she knew it was my doing. What would you have? When that blessed prelate, after earnestly expostulating with her, came out of her room, I asked him what success he had had, and his answer was, 'I prevailed so far that she very nearly persuaded an old man like me to take no more wine!'"

"I mention it," Jerome adds, "not

because I approve the rash assumption of burdens beyond one's strength, but from the desire to illustrate, by this very tenacity of hers, the temper of her spirit, the ardent passion of that faithful one whose song was ever, 'My soul thirsteth after Thee.' . . . It is difficult to preserve moderation in all things."

Paula died on the 26th of January, 404, in the fifty-seventh year of her age, and the twenty-first of her residence in Bethlehem. Though the end had been so many months foreseen, Jerome was at first utterly prostrated by his loss. His very life-work became distasteful to him, and it was to rouse him from the torpid melancholy into which he seemed likely to fall that Eustochium urged upon him the preparation of that memoir of her mother from which the above and other extracts have been taken. He subsequently resumed and completed his work upon the Vulgate, and many of his commentaries upon the Old Testament books were written after this. In his preface to the book of Daniel there is an allusion to Paula, "who now sees the face of God," which reminds one of the rapt last phrases of the Vita Nuova.

Eustochium succeeded her mother in the headship of the nunnery, and the burden thus assumed was a heavy one indeed, for the darkest days of the Bethlehem colony were at hand. Irruptions of Isaurian mountaineers and of Bedouins from across the Syrian border created a famine in the district, and most of the convent buildings were, at one time or another, sacked and partially destroyed. The new abbess had no private resources, or rather, as we have already been told, less than none, and the work of restoration was a slow and difficult one. Despite her calm courage and great practical resources, Eustochium had painful need in these days of all the moral and spiritual support that Jerome could afford her. Such as he had he gave without stint, but there is a sober tone about his latest counsels which would certainly have seemed lukewarm and *suspect* in another, to the headlong reformer of a generation before.

"It is not alone," he wrote her about this time, "the shedding of blood in confession that avails. The spotless service of a devout mind may also be a daily martyrdom. The one crown is woven of roses and violets, the other of lilies." Eustochium died in 419. Jerome lived until the 30th of September, 420.

*It is difficult to preserve moderation in all things.* There are not wanting indications that the common law was exemplified in the case of this great father of the early church, and that the dying saint felt, as the youthful agitator could not do, the everlasting beauty of moderation. It has fallen in with our purpose to illustrate one aspect only, and that perhaps the most extravagant and questionable, of a master mind which exercised a powerful influence over the Christian life, if not the Christian doctrine, of many subsequent ages; one to whose learned and untiring labors upon the sacred books of our religion every student of the Bible is still greatly indebted. Let us make room for one more quotation from the private correspondence of St. Jerome, for a passage which may not merely serve, even in the dull medium of translation, to afford some faint idea of the frequent magic of his eloquence, but which shows its author in another and a broader light than many of the preceding extracts; for here at last we find him breaking the bonds of that intense and morbid individualism which is the snare of all monastic piety, and showing himself capable of sinking the pain of private woes and perils in a sense of the dumb passion of the whole human race.

In the year 394 an amiable and brilliant young Roman nobleman named Nepotianus embraced the religious life under Jerome's influence, and gave pro-

mise to the latter of setting a bright example of sanctity to others of his class; but he died in a few years, and it is thus, in a letter of condolence addressed to his uncle Heliodorus who was then Bishop of Altium, that Jerome pictures the state of the world from which, in a good hour for himself, the beloved youth had been called away: —

"My soul shrinks from surveying the ruins of this time of ours. Between Constantinople and the Julian Alps not a day has passed for more than twenty years without the shedding of Roman blood. Scythia, Thrace, Macedonia, Dardania, Dacia, Thessaly, Achaia, Dalmatia, and all Pannonia, are devastated, ravaged, betrayed, by Quadi and Macromani, by the Goth, the Sarmatian, the Alan, the Vandal, and the Hun. Think of the matrons, think of the godly maids, whose fair and innocent bodies have fed the lust of these savage beasts! Bishops have been seized, presbyters and all manner of holy ministers have been slaughtered, churches destroyed, and horses stabled at the very altars of Christ. The whole Roman world is plunging to its fall. . . .

'Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, . . .
Omnia pœnarum percurrerem nomina possim.'

I am not writing history. I have but dropped a passing tear over the woes of this generation. Another must tell the tale in full, and let Thucydides and Sallust be dumb! . . .

"Happy Nepotianus, far removed from sights and sounds like these! And yet, we who must either suffer thus ourselves or see our brethren suffer have the heart to live, nor do we count those blest, but rather subject for our tears, who suffer not! For we are conscious of old offenses to be expiated before our God. The barbarians prevail through our crimes, the Roman army is vanquished by our vices. . . . A strange mode of offering consolation, is it not? to bewail the deaths of a world, while we dissuade from sorrow for one! It is said that Xerxes, that mighty king who leveled the mountains and bridged the sea, once wept on beholding from a commanding height the infinite hosts of his innumerable army, at the thought that, in a hundred years from that time, not one of all those men and women would survive. Would that we too might ascend to a point whence we could see, as in a mirror, the whole world outspread below! Then would ruin be discerned on every hand, nation clashing with nation, kingdom against kingdom: some tortured, some slain, some swallowed in the deep, some dragged into slavery; here wedding and there woe; here birth and there death; here wealth and there beggary; and not the mere army of Xerxes, but the whole mass of living men, — how soon to be no more! Speech itself is baffled by the immensity of this thought, and all I have said is as nothing. . . . Let us then descend from heaven, and come back for a moment to ourselves and our own destinies. You have experienced in your proper person, is it not so? the successive stages of infancy, boyhood, youth, manhood, and age. Daily we die, daily we are consumed, and still we believe that we are immortal. All that I myself dictate, write, read, or emend takes somewhat from my life. Every stroke of the pen is a fatal stroke. We write and write again; our letters cross the sea in rushing ships, while every wave as it passes helps to undermine our being here. One boon alone we firmly hold, our union in the love of Christ. 'Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth. Through this, which lives forever in our hearts, our dear Nepotianus, though absent, is present with us yet, and widely as you and I are sundered he can clasp a hand of each. He whom now we know not after the flesh we hold in loyal remembrance, nor need

we ever deny ourselves speech concerning him with whom we may speak no more."

It is to have studied Cicero to some purpose, after all, to be able to write such Latin as we find in the original of the foregoing passages. All is not here of exquisite polish, of stately rhythm and carefully prepared effect, which we find in Jerome's great literary model, nevertheless there is a something here which is not there. That excellent critic and admirable modern Latinist, Erasmus, once wrote concerning the style of Jerome: "How much of antiquity there is in him, of historic lore and the grace of Grecian letters! What phrases, what fine turns of speech, such as not merely leave all Christian writers far behind, but are fit to be compared with Cicero's own! Nay, I myself, when it comes to such a comparison, do seem, unless my love of the great saint misleads me, to discover I know not what lack in the prince of orators himself." To us it appears that the quality which Erasmus misses in Cicero is the essential and distinctive quality of *all* early Christian eloquence. It is the same that gives their enthralling charm to the rugged pages of St. Augustine, — a strain unheard in the world before the dawning of the new day. Its effect upon the ear is like that of a plaintive melody upborne upon some vast organ-swell; or the thrilling monotony of a voice which, if it alter, must break in tears. It seems ever to suggest by the mere artless collocation of its syllables, indeed one knows not how, the idea of soft wave-motion, steadily propagated across a level deep of unsounded feeling toward the clearness of some far horizon beyond the wrecks of time. It is a massive living flood, no longer bound and led through artificial channels, however nobly constructed, until it breaks at the determined moment, like the Anio at Tivoli, in the scenic splendor of calculated cascades:

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

*Harriet Waters Preston.*
*Louise Dodge.*

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## DEEP-SEA SPRINGS.

Thou readest how in lands of tropic heat,
When lake and river fail and thirst is sore,
The parchëd dweller by the burning shore
Dives, while the sultry tides above him meet,
And fills a leathern sack from waters sweet
That, voiceless and unseen forevermore,
Unblending with the brackish current pour
From some remote spring-gladdened mountain-seat.

Thou readest too my heart? In fate allied
To that poor diver of the salt-sea waste,
Finding all else but leaves a bitter taste,
Recourse it hath not, in the whole world wide,
O Love! save where, deep, silent, and untraced,
The freshening waters flow beneath the world's faint tide.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

# IN LONDON WITH DOCTOR SWIFT.

One of the most frequent charges brought against Swift is that of heartless cynicism. Writer after writer has dwelt upon this detestable quality with persistent emphasis. Even Thackeray, usually so charitable in his judgments, has tarnished with this charge, in The Lectures on the English Humorists and in Henry Esmond, the tribute which he pays to the man whom Addison justly called "the greatest genius of his age." Yet there exists well-authenticated documentary evidence which is amply sufficient to refute this charge. That evidence is the minute diary which Swift kept during his residence in London in 1710–1713, and is popularly known as the Journal to Stella.[1]

The occasion which brought Swift to London was in itself trivial enough. On the 6th of February, 1704,[2] Queen Anne had remitted, for the benefit of smaller benefices, a branch of the royal revenue technically known as the first fruits and tenths. The former of these was the first year's entire profits of a church living, or other spiritual preferment; the latter, the tenth part of the annual profit of such preferment. They were a relic of the feudal ages, having been imposed originally by Innocent IV., and up to 1535 had gone to the Papal See. When by the easy method of a statute Henry VIII. made himself Head of the Church, the first fruits and tenths had reverted to the crown. But Queen Anne's bounty — such was the popular name given to the Act of Remission — had only extended to the clergy of the English establishment, and Swift sought to secure a similar remission to the church in Ireland. In the last months of 1704 he had written, from the vicarage of Laracor, an earnest letter on the subject to Archbishop King, then in London. From time to time he made in vain personal application to various members of the Whig Junto, and on September 1, 1710, he landed at Chester on his way to London, to urge once more upon the ministry the claims of the Irish Church to share in Queen Anne's bounty. He had left in their lodgings, opposite St. Mary's Church in Dublin, Esther Johnson and her half companion, half confidante, Mistress Dingley. From the date of his landing to the time of return — June 6, 1713 — he kept a daily journal, which he forwarded at irregular intervals, averaging a fortnight apart, to Esther Johnson in the form of a letter. It is known that Esther Johnson faithfully and punctually answered these letters, but her replies are lost. The letters which Swift wrote were found among his papers after his death, and it is these letters which constitute the Journal to Stella.

The Journal is almost priceless as a contribution to the literature of the political history of the times, but it possesses a still greater value as a revelation of Swift's personal character. At the close of that famous supper party given by

[1] The last twenty-five letters of the Journal, covering the period of February 9, $\frac{1712}{1711}$–June 6, 1713, were first published by Hawkesworth in 1766; the forty preceding letters, commencing with the entry made at Chester on September 2, 1710, and completing the series, by Johnston of Ludgate Hill in 1768. Both Hawkesworth and Mr. Deane Swift, the editor of the first forty letters, made unauthorized alterations in the text of the "little language," that is, the words written to convey the effect of Esther's childish mispronunciations. The originals of the letters edited by Deane Swift are no longer extant; those edited by Hawkesworth are in the British Museum. Copious extracts from these latter are given in their original form by Mr. Forster in his Life of Swift.

[2] That is, according to the old style of reckoning, the civil year commencing on March 25th instead of January 1st.

Agathon to celebrate the triumph of his first tetralogy, the brilliant Alcibiades likens Socrates to "the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them." The simile may not be inaptly applied to the dean of St. Patrick's. The Swift of literature is not a figure to love. In the works of no other English writer of equal merit is there to be found so little of "the milk of human kindness." The humor of The Tale of a Tub, the withering irony of the controversial pamphlets, the tragic misanthropy of Gulliver's Travels, command intellectual admiration, but evoke no feeling of personal affection. The Journal to Stella is the key which opens the impassive mask of the satirist, behind which is disclosed the heart of the man who was sensitive to the delicate charm of a romantic passion, who was capable of disinterested acts of kindness, who was swayed by all those varied emotions which make the whole world kin.

Swift's acquaintance with Esther Johnson dated from the time of his first residence with Sir William Temple at Moor Park. She was then a child of seven, and daughter of the widowed Mistress Bridget Johnson, who occupied the position of companion to Lady Giffard, Temple's sister. Swift became her volunteer teacher, and fondness for the child ripened into love for the woman. Bridget Johnson re-married, and Esther Johnson, on the death of Temple, who had left her a small legacy, removed with Mistress Rebecca Dingley to Dublin, which became her permanent home. What considerations influenced Swift to resolutely forego the dream which he once entertained of living out his life by Stella's side must ever remain a matter of conjecture. That he loved her dearly and sincerely must be evident to every impartial reader of the Journal.

The first entry in the Journal,[1] made at Chester, September 2, 1710, indicates Swift's impatience to hear from Stella, for he begs her to remember that, while all other letters are to be sent in the care of Steele, hers are to be sent to St. James Coffee House so he may receive them sooner. His disappointment is great when, after arriving in London, he was handed a letter and "hoped to see little MD's hand, and it was only to invite me to a venison party." When he had come into full favor with the ministry, when famous beauties craved an introduction and great lords were urgent in their invitations to dinner, her letters are still the chief event in his life. "As hope saved, nothing gives Pdfr any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with." Her absence is forgotten for a time in reading her letters. "When I find you are happy or merry, then it makes me so here; and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letters or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly." No business will interfere with the pleasure he finds

[1] In the Journal, Swift and Esther Johnson (she was not called Stella until long afterwards) are never mentioned by name, but by a series of ciphers which were Swift's invention, and which Mr. Forster translates as follows: "He is himself throughout Pdfr, sometimes Podefar and F R, or other fragments of what may be assumed to be Poor Dear Foolish Rogue. She is Ppt, presumably Poppet or Poor Pretty Thing; but MD, My Dear, is also for the most part her designation, though it occasionally comprises Mrs. Dingley, who has the further designation of M E, Madam Elderly; D or D D, Dingley or Dear Dingley, standing only and always for her exclusively." The Life of Jonathan Swift, vol. i. In the extracts from the Journal given in the present article, MD stands invariably for Esther Johnson alone.

in writing, for "it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you and telling you where I have been." Each letter, though only a mere scrap, is tenderly treasured. Bernage, a lieutenant in the Irish army, had through Stella interested Swift in his efforts to secure promotion, and afterwards became a terrible bore by his persistent correspondence. "I would have burnt his last," exclaims Swift with petulancy, "had I not seen Ppt's hand at the bottom." He is troubled lest one of her letters had been lost in a packet, which rumor said had been taken, and another he put away "so safe that he could hardly find it." He protests his love for her in ardent terms of passionate attachment. He loves her, and will, infinitely above all earthly things, better than his life "a thousand millions of times, and he will swear it ten millions of times." He prays God to "bless his dearest MD, and all will be well." She is his dearest life, his dearest, charming, poor, pretty thing. He drinks her health to himself "a hundred thousand times," and each letter closes with a tender valediction, not infrequently a fervent prayer for her safety and preservation. His love invests with a certain sacredness whatever she is fond of. Parsivol, his steward at Laracor, had written that he could sell the horse, little Johnson. "Sell it!" Swift exclaims. "Pray let him know he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Ppt loves and may sometimes ride?"

He is always hers "late and early," and, waking or sleeping, she is ever in his thoughts, for he is constantly dreaming of her. "I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of Ppt, and was grieving and crying all night," he writes one morning, and the reality of his dream forces the fervent prayer from his lips, "God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you." He is even sufficiently sentimental to re-read her letters before retiring, and then he will go to sleep and "dream of my own dear, roguish, impudent Ppt." He is full of anxiety for her health and especially for her eyes, which had troubled her considerably. She is to dictate to Dingley so as not to strain her "little dear eyes." If she will write, she is to shut her eyes and write just a line and no more, and Dingley may stand by and tell her when she goes too high or too low. He gives her a practical example by writing a line with his own eyes shut. "Faith, I think it is better than when they are open," is the comment he makes for her encouragement. His solicitude for her eyes spoils half the pleasure he finds in the dear, familiar handwriting. "Why do you write, dear sirrah MD," he says in gentle rebuke, "when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? What comfort is there in reading what you write when one knows that?"

He has scarcely reached London before he longs to be back. He hopes "in God that Pdfr and Ppt will be together in a twelvemonth," when "I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings." He avows that he has not had one happy day since parting, and, writing of the misfortune of Mrs. Long, a famous beauty and standing toast at the Kit-Kat Club, who had been forced by adverse circumstances to exchange the gayeties of London for the monotony of secluded lodgings in the country, he expresses his pity in the forcible simile that "it is just such an alteration in life as if Pdfr should be banished from Ppt and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond," the bustling wife of the Vicar of Trim. He is genuinely pleased to learn that she has kept his birthday, and only wishes that he had been with her, for her presence can bring him happiness whatever be the weather or wherever the place. "I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day for want of Ppt," he writes at the close of a rainy day which had kept him an involuntary prisoner in his lodgings. "I

often thought how happy I could have been had it rained eight thousand times more if Ppt had been with a body." He would be glad to be in the same kingdom with her, even though she be at Wexford, and begs her "to be easy till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I am at in all my pursuits." He becomes weary of the flatteries of ministers, the vexatious delays of courts, and wishes over and over again that they were together, in fact, that they had never parted. In his congratulations upon her birthday he includes a fervent prayer that this may be their last separation: "God Almighty bless Ppt, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy and wealthy, and with me ever together and never asunder again unless by chance." He speculates with tender imaginings upon her pastimes and pleasures, her blunders at ombre at the house of the kindly Archdeacon Walls, her wild gallops from Dublin to Laracor, for she was an excellent and fearless horsewoman, and her walks and card-playing at Wexford, whither she had gone with Dingley to drink the waters. He seeks to beguile the irksome hours of separation by reminiscences of the past. The doctors had given up Sir Andrew Fountaine, but Swift declares he will live, because "I found the seeds of life in him as I found them in poor dearest MD when she was ill many years ago," he adds in support of his opinion, recalling an illness in the early life of Stella. St. John's persistent disregard of wise advice in matters of diet calls to mind like fits of obstinacy in Stella. While, after telling how Prior swore that a pun made by Swift was the worst he (Prior) had ever heard, he adds, with great glee, "I thought so too, but at the same time I thought it was most like Ppt's that ever I heard." Harley once asked Swift, in the Court of Requests, how long he had learned the trick of writing to himself. Swift explains the question to Stella by telling how Harley "had seen your letter through the glass case at the coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand. . . . I think I was little MD's writing-master;" and he more than once playfully resumes his former office of pedagogue by corrections of her spelling and criticism of her handwriting. There are frequent reminiscences of those early days at Moor Park. Some are bitter in their contempt for the Temple family, especially for the imperious Lady Giffard, but others are tender in their association with Stella, whose childish love and sympathy once gladdened the life of an awkward and untried student. He finds pleasure in talking to himself in the "little language," his playful mimicry of the childish prattle of Stella. "All the while I was undressing myself," he writes after an evening spent with Mrs. Manley, the author of the New Atalantis, "there I was speaking monkey things in air just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed." Referring to his favorite project, the formation of an academy for the improvement of the English language, he playfully declares, "Faith, we shall never improve it so much as F W has done, sall we? No, faith, oor is char gangridge." [1]

Her good opinion is very dear to him, and he is anxious that she should not think he had deliberately broken faith with her by his protracted sojourn in London. He knows that "Ppt repines inwardly at Pdfr's absence," and he assures her over and over again that it is business, not inclination, which detains him. Why should he not long to be with her, since he frankly confesses that among all the women of London famous for beauty, fashion, and wit he sees "nothing among any of them that equals

[1] No, faith, yours is charming language. The "F W" stands for foolish wench, one of Swift's many terms of endearment for Stella, as Lear speaks of Cordelia as "my poor fool."

MD by a bar's length." His time is always at the service of her friends. Although not at all to his liking, he will serve Sterne, the dean of St. Patrick's, who had come to London on business in connection with his prolocutorship of the Irish Convocation, "because I suppose MD would have me." Ann Johnson, Stella's younger sister, is about to marry one Filby, and she begs Swift to interest himself in securing her future husband an office in the customs. Swift, at considerable personal inconvenience, does the best he can because "it is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt's whose affairs she has so at heart." He begs her not to misunderstand any expressions of irritation at the importunities of office-seekers which may have crept into his letters. "Ppt mistakes me," he writes, referring probably to an apology in one of her letters for bothering him with a request to serve some friend. "I am not angry at your recommending any one to me provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser." Everything which he has is hers. "You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world, and all that grieves me is that I am not richer for MD's sake." His genuine regret at his inability to aid her is expressed in a half jocular strain. "Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you?" he exclaims after telling her of his success in securing for "little Harrison" the secretaryship to Lord Raby at The Hague.

She is the one confidante of his literary and political secrets. He had already confessed to her the authorship of The Tale of a Tub, formal acknowledgment of which had been withheld from Addison. The various papers contributed to the Examiner, and the humorous and satirical poems which charmed the wits or stirred the anger of prominent Whig politicians, are duly reported and her criticism requested. Memoranda of grave political movements involving the destinies of Europe are daily jotted down for her benefit. Men as discreet and reticent as Swift take only one woman into such confidence, and that is the woman in whom love has inspired perfect trust.

Nor is the human side of Swift's character revealed alone in his love for Stella. His sympathies were quickly touched by misfortune. There was that "little Harrison" who had come fresh from the university to try his fortune in London, and had only a tutorship of forty pounds a year, but was rapidly running into debt at the tavern by supping with the wits and men of fashion. Swift takes a fatherly interest in the improvident lad, lectures him upon his extravagance, and finally makes him editor of the new Tatler. He corrects his protégé's articles, dictates an occasional article for the paper, and generously overlooks many annoying indiscretions committed by the inexperienced editor. Subsequently he secures for him "the prettiest employment in Europe, — secretary to Lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary to The Hague." When Harrison returned to London in charge of the draft of the Barrier Treaty, having in the mean time been promoted to queen's secretary, Swift is indignant at finding that the "poor brat" has not been paid a groat of a very generous salary. Harrison is taken suddenly ill, and Swift has him removed to Knightsbridge, and, having obtained thirty guineas from Bolingbroke and an order on the treasury for a hundred pounds, sets out to see the poor invalid. What follows is best told in his own words: —

"I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had

the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me. . . . Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord-treasurer nor anywhere else, but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much. Poor creature! . . . I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief."

Cynicism should be made of sterner stuff than to break into sobs like these in the presence of untimely death.

Congreve, the most brilliant of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, had been Swift's school-fellow at Kilkenny. In 1711 he was living in retirement, chiefly dependent upon the fees incidental to the office of Commissioner of Wine Licenses, which he had secured by the aid of Halifax, the Whig Mæcenas. At the time of the Tory triumph, Congreve, partially blind and suffering from the gout, momentarily expected to be turned out of office. Swift secures the powerful protection of Harley for his old school friend, and after writing an account of the circumstances to Stella, adds the terse and modest comment, "I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work." Then there was that unfortunate Patty Rolt, who was a constant pensioner upon his charity, and for whose "rogue of a husband" he obtained leave to come to England from Port Mahon. He was not unmindful even of that superficial and ungrateful Steele, for he used every effort consistent with his own dignity to have his quondam friend retained in the office of Stamped Paper, which the latter had justly forfeited by his intemperate partisanship.

One or two incidents recorded in the Journal may be aptly quoted as illustrating Swift's genuinely sympathetic nature. Mary, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Ormond, had married, on October 21, 1710, Lord Ashburnham, who was considered the greatest *parti* in England. Swift had always been fond of the young bride, whom he had known in Ireland during the term of her father's lord-lieutenacy, and in whom he detected a resemblance to Stella. On January 3d he is greatly moved by her unexpected death, and he closes his letter to Stella with the melancholy words, "I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think that God did never intend life for blessing." After the treacherous assassination of the Duke of Hamilton at the close of the famous duel with Lord Mohun in Hyde Park, Swift hastens to visit the duchess. "I never saw so melancholy a scene," he tells Stella, "for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her. . . . She has moved my very soul." He does his best to comfort the unhappy woman, and, with considerate thoughtfulness born of genuine pity, opposes her removal to other lodgings, "because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears." On still another eventful occasion Swift proved how genuinely human he was in his sympathies. On the seventh anniversary of the queen's accession he was playing cards in the drawing-room of Lady Catherine Morris, when the son of the Duke of Arundel brought the news of the stabbing of Harley in the cockpit at Whitehall by the Marquis of Guiscard, a broken-down and discredited French adventurer. "My heart is almost broke," he writes to Stella, and begs her to overlook the abrupt sentences of his letter. "Pardon my distraction. I now think of all his kindness to me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate

French Popish villain. Good-night and God preserve you both and pity me; I want it." "Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger," he writes on the following night, "and till then I can have no peace. Good-night . . . and pity Pdfr."

These are strange outbursts of feeling, strange confessions of the need of human sympathy, to fall from the lips of a selfish and arrogant cynic.

In one of the letters in the Journal Swift tells Stella that "Pdfr is going to be very busy; not Pdfr but t' other I." Full justice has been done by reader and critic to "'t other I," that relentless satirist, so stern in his condemnation of shams, so morbidly acute to the weaknesses, the follies, and the sins of humanity. But the world has been strangely indifferent to the Pdfr, — the poor, dear, foolish rogue, the enthusiastic lover, the loyal friend, the kindly and sympathetic heart, — just as the Athenian crowd may have passed and repassed the statuaries' shops in the Agora, and have little suspected that the majestic figure of a god was concealed behind the mocking face of the mask of Silenus.

*Henry F. Randolph.*

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# THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

## XIII.

### THE SECOND DAY.

THE exhilaration of fighting quickened every pulse in the fort. By the next dawn the cannon began to speak. D'Aulnay had succeeded in planting batteries on a height eastward, and his guns had immediate effect. The barracks were set on fire and put out several times during the day. All the inmates gathered in the stone hall, and at its fireplace the cook prepared and distributed rations. Great balls ploughed up the esplanade, and the oven was shattered into a storm of stone and mortar, its adjoining mill being left with a gap in the side.

Responsive tremors from its own artillery ran through the fortress walls. The pieces, except that one in the turret, were all brought into two bastions, those in the southeast bastion being trained on D'Aulnay's batteries, and the others on his camp. The gunner in the turret also dropped shot with effect among the tents, and attempted to reach the ships. But he was obliged to use nice care, for the iron pellets heaped on the stone floor behind him represented the heavy labor of one soldier, who tramped at intervals up the turret stair carrying ammunition.

The day had dawned rainless but sullen. It was Good Friday. The women huddling in the hall out of their usual haunts noticed Marguerite's refusal even of the broth the cook offered her. She was restless, like a leopard, and seemed full of electrical currents which found no discharge except in the flicker of her eyes. Leaving the group of settles by the fireplace, where these simple families felt more at home and least intrusive on the grandeur of the hall, she put herself on a distant chair with her face turned from them. This gave the women a chance to backbite her, to note her roused mood, and to accuse her among themselves of wishing evil to the fort, and consequently to their husbands.

"She hath the closest mouth in Acadia," murmured one. "Doth anybody in these walls certainly know that she came from D'Aulnay?"

"The Swiss, her husband, told it."

"And if she find means to go back to D'Aulnay, it will appear where she came from," suggested Zélie.

"I would he had her now," said the first woman. "I have that feeling for her that I have for a cat with its hairs on end."

Madame La Tour came to the hall and sat briefly and alone at her own table to take her dinner and supper. Later in the siege she stood and merely took food from the cook's hands, talking with and comforting her women while she ate. The surgeon of the fort was away with La Tour. She laid bandages ready, and felt obliged to dress not only the first but every wound received.

Pierre Doucett was brought from one of the bastions stunned and bleeding, and his wife rose up with her baby in her arms, filling the hall with her cries. The baby and her neighbors' children were moved to join her. But the eye of her lady was as awful as Pierre's wound. Her outcry sank to a whimper; she hushed the children, and swept them off the settle so that Pierre could lie there, and even paid out the roll of bandage with one hand while her lady used it. Marie controlled her own faintness; for a woman on whom a man's labors are imposed must bear them.

The four little children stood with fingers in their mouths, looking at these grim tokens of war. All day long they heard the crashing or thumping of balls, and felt the leap and rebound of cannon. The cook, when he came down from a bastion to attend to his kettles, gave them nice bits to eat, and in spite of solemnity they counted it a holiday to be in the hall. Pierre Doucett groaned upon his settle, and Madame La Tour being on the lookout in the turret, Pierre Doucett's wife again took to wailing over him. The other women comforted her with their ignorant sympathy, and Marguerite sat with her back to it all. But the children adapted themselves to the situation, and trooped across to the foot of the stairway to play war. On that grim pavement door which led down into the keep they shot each other with merry cannonading, and were laid out in turn on the steps.

Le Rossignol passed hours of that day sitting on the broad doorsill of the tower. She loved to watch the fiery rain; but she was also waiting for a lull in the cannonading that she might release her swan. He was always forbidden the rooms in the tower by her lady; for he was a pugnacious creature, quick to strike with beak or wings any one who irritated him. Especially did he seem tutored in the dwarf's dislike of Lady Dorinda. In peaceful times, when she descended to the ground and took a sylvan excursion outside the fort, he ruffled all his feathers and pursued her even from the river. Le Rossignol had a forked branch with which she yoked him as soon as D'Aulnay's vessels alarmed the fort. She also tied him by one leg under his usual shelter, the pent-house of the mill. He always sulked at restraint, but Le Rossignol maintained discipline. In the destruction of the oven and the reeling of the mill, Shubenacadie leaped upward and fell back flattened upon the ground. The fragments had scarcely settled before his mistress had him in her arms. At the risk of her life she dragged him across to the entrance, and sat desolately crumbling away between her fingers such feathers as were singed upon him, and sleeking his long gasping neck. She swallowed piteously with suspense, but could not bring herself to examine his body. He had his feet; he had his wings; and finally he sat up of his own accord, and quavered some slight remark about the explosion.

"What ails thee?" exclaimed the dwarf indignantly. "Thou great coward! To lie down and gasp and sicken my heart for the singeing of a few feathers!"

She boxed the place where a swan's ear should be, and Shubenacadie bit her. It was a serene and happy moment for both of them. Le Rossignol opened the door and pushed him in. Shubenacadie stood awkwardly with his feet sprawled on the hall pavement, and looked at the scenes to which his mistress introduced him. He noticed Marguerite, and hissed at her.

"Be still, madman," admonished the dwarf. "Thou art an intruder here. The peasants will drive thee up chimney. Low-born people, when they get into good quarters, always try to put their betters out."

Shubenacadie waddled on, scarcely recovered from the prostration of his fright, and inclined to hold the inmates of the tower accountable for it. Marie had just left Pierre Doucett, and his nurses were so busy with him that the swan was not detected until he scattered the children from the stairs.

"Now, Mademoiselle Nightingale," said Zélie, coming heavily across the flags, "have we not enough strange cattle in this tower that you must bring that creature in, against my lady's orders?"

"He shall not stand out there under D'Aulnay's guns. Besides, Madame Marie hath need of him," declared Le Rossignol impudently. "She would have me ride to D'Aulnay's camp and bring her word how many men have fallen there to-day."

Zélie shivered through her indignation. "Do you tell me such a tale, when you were shut in the turret for that very sin?"

"Sin that is sin in peace is virtue in war," responded Le Rossignol. "Mount, Shubenacadie."

"My lady will have his neck wrung," threatened Zélie.

"She dare not. The chimney will tumble in. The fort will be taken."

"Art thou working against us?" demanded the maid wrathfully.

"Why should I work for you? You should indeed work for me. Pick me up this swan and carry him to the top of the stairs."

"I will not do it!" cried Zélie, revolting through every atom of her ample bulk. "Do I want to be lifted over the turret like thistledown?"

The dwarf laughed, and caught her swan by the back of his neck. With webbed toes and beating wings he fought every step, but she pulled herself up by the balustrade and dragged him along. His bristling plumage scraped the upper floor until he and his wrath were shut within the dwarf's chamber.

"Naught but muscle and bone and fire and flax went to the making of that stunted wight," mused Zélie, setting her knuckles in her hips. "What a pity that she escapes powder and ball, when poor Pierre Doucett is shot down, — a man with wife and child, and useful to my lady besides!"

It was easy for Claude La Tour's widow to fill her idleness with visions of political alliance, but when D'Aulnay de Charnisay began to batter the walls round her ears, her common sense resumed sway. She could be of no use outside her apartment, so she took her meals there trembling, but in her fashion resolute and courageous. The crash of cannon-shot was forever associated with her first reception in Acadia. Therefore this siege was a torture to her memory as well as a peril to her body. The tower had no more sheltered place, however, than Lady Dorinda's room. Zélie had orders to wait upon her with strict attention. The cannonading dying away as darkness lifted its wall between the opposed forces, she hoped for such sleep as could be had in a besieged place, and waited Zélie's knock. War, like a deluge, may drive people who detest one another into endurable contact; and when, without even a warning stroke on the panel, Le Rossignol slipped in as nimbly as a spider,

Lady Dorinda felt no such indignation as she would have felt in ordinary times.

"May I sit by your fire, your highness?" sweetly asked the dwarf.

Lady Dorinda held out a finger to indicate the chimney-side and to stay further progress. The sallow and corpulent woman gazed at the beak-faced atom.

"It hath been repeated a thousand times, but I will say again I am no highness."

Le Rossignol took the rebuke as a bird might have taken it, her bright round eyes reflecting steadily the overblown mortal opposite. She had never called Lady Dorinda anything except "her highness." The dullest soldier grinned at the apt sarcastic title. When Marie brought her to account for this annoyance, she explained that she could not call Lady Dorinda anything else. Was a poor dwarf to be punished because people made light of every word she used? Yet this innocent creature took a pleasure of her own in laying the term like an occasional lash on the woman who so despised her. Le Rossignol sat with arms around her knees in the hearth corner. Lady Dorinda in her cushioned chair chewed aromatic seeds.

The room, like a flower garden, exhaled all its perfumes at evening. Bottles of essences and pots of pomade and small bags of powders were set out for the luxurious use of its inmate when Zélie prepared her for the night. Le Rossignol enjoyed these scents. The sweet-odored atmosphere which clung about Lady Dorinda was her one attribute approved by the dwarf. Madame Marie never in any way appealed to the nose. Madame Marie's garments were scentless as outdoor air, and the freshness of outdoor air seemed to belong to them. Le Rossignol liked to have her senses stimulated, and she counted it a lucky thing to sit by that deep fire and smell the heavy fragrance of the room. A branched silver candlestick held two lighted tapers on the dressing-table. The bed curtains were parted, revealing a huge expanse of resting-place within; and heavy folds shut the starlit world from the windows. One could here forget that the oven was blown up, and the ground of the fort ploughed with shot and sown with mortar.

"Is there no fire in the hall?" inquired Lady Dorinda.

"It hath all the common herd from the barracks around it," explained Le Rossignol. "And Pierre Doucett is stretched there, groaning over the loss of half his face."

"Where is Madame La Tour?"

"She hath gone out on the walls since the firing stopped. Our gunner in the turret told me that two guns are to be moved back before moonrise into the bastions they were taken from. Madame Marie is afraid D'Aulnay will try to encompass the fort to-night."

"And what business took thee into the turret?"

"Your highness" —

"Ladyship," corrected Lady Dorinda.

—"I like to see D'Aulnay's torches," proceeded the dwarf, without accepting correction. "His soldiers are burying the dead over there. He needs a stone tower with walls seven feet thick like ours, does D'Aulnay."

Lady Dorinda put another seed in her mouth, and reflected that Zélie's attendance was tardier than usual. She inquired, with shadings of disapproval, —

"Is Madame La Tour's woman also on the walls?"

"Not Zélie, your highness" —

"Ladyship," insisted Lady Dorinda.

"That heavy-foot Zélie," chuckled the dwarf, deaf to correction, —"a fine bit of thistledown would she be to blow around the walls. Zélie is laying beds for the children, and she hath come to words with the cook through trying to steal eggs to roast for them. We have but few wild-fowl eggs in store."

"Tell her that I require her," said Lady Dorinda, fretted by the irregularities of life in a siege. "Madame La Tour will account with her if she neglects her rightful duties."

Le Rossignol crawled reluctantly up to stand in her dots of moccasins.

"Yes, your highness."

"Ladyship," repeated Claude La Tour's widow, to whom the sting was forever fresh, reminding her of a once possible regency.

"But have you heard about the woman that was brought into the fortress before Madame Bronck went away?"

"What of her?"

"The Swiss says she comes from D'Aulnay."

"It is Zélie that I require," said Lady Dorinda with discouraging brevity.

Le Rossignol dropped her face, appearing to give round-eyed speculation to the fire.

"It is believed that D'Aulnay sent by that strange woman a box of poison into the fort to work secret mischief. But," added the dwarf, looking up in open perplexity, "that box cannot now be found."

"Perhaps you can tell what manner of box it was," said Lady Dorinda with irony, though a dull red was startled into her cheeks.

"Madame Marie says it was a tiny box of oak, thick set with nails. She would not alarm the fort, so she had search made for it in Madame Bronck's name."

Lady Dorinda, incredulous, but trembling, divined at once that the dwarf had hid that coffer in her chest. Perhaps the dwarf had procured the hand and replaced some valuable of Madame Bronck's with it. She longed to have the little beast shaken and made to confess. While she was considering what she could do with dignity, Zélie rapped and was admitted, and Le Rossignol escaped into outside darkness.

Hours passed, however, before Shubenacadie's mistress sought his society. She undressed in her black cell, which had but one loophole looking toward the north, and taking the swan upon her bed tried to reconcile him to blankets. But Shubenacadie protested with both wings against a woolly covering which was not in his experience. The times were disjointed for him. He took no interest in Lady Dorinda and the box of Madame Bronck, and scratched the pallet with his toes and the nail at the end of his bill. But Le Rossignol pushed him down, and pressed her confidences upon this familiar.

"So her highness threw that box out into the fort. I had to shiver and wait until Zélie left her, but I knew she would choose to rid herself of it through a window, for she would scarce burn it, she hath not adroitness to drop it in the hall, show it to Madame Marie she would not, and keep it longer to poison her court gowns she dare not. She hath found it before this. Her looking-glass was the only place apter than that chest. I would give much to know what her yellow highness thought of that hand. Here, mine own Shubenacadie, I have brought thee this sweet biscuit moistened with water. Eat, and scratch me not.

"And little did its studding of nails avail the box, for the fall split it in three pieces; and I hid them under rubbish, for mortar and stones are plentiful down there. Thou shouldst have seen my shade stretch under the moon like a tall hobgoblin. The nearest sentinel on the wall challenges me. 'Who is there?' 'Le Rossignol.' 'What are you doing?' 'Looking for my swan's yoke.' Then he laughs, little knowing how I meant to serve his officer. The Hollandais mummy hath been of more use to me than trinkets. I frightened her highness with it, and now it is set to torment the Swiss. Let me tell thee, Shubenacadie, punishment comes even on a swan who would stretch up his neck and stand

taller than his mistress. Wert thou not blown up with the oven? Hide thy head and take warning."

## XIV.

### THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN POWERS.

The dwarf's report about Klussman forced Madame La Tour to watch the strange girl; but Marguerite seemed to take no notice of any soldier who came and went in the hall. As for the Swiss, he carried trouble on his self-revealing face, but not treachery. Klussman camped at night on the floor with other soldiers off guard; screens and the tall settles being placed in a row between this military bivouac and the women and children of the household protected near the stairs. He awoke as often as the guard was changed, and when dawn-light instead of moonlight appeared with the last relief, he sprang up and took the breastplate which had been laid aside for his better rest. Out of its hollow fell Jonas Bronck's hand, bare and crouching with stiff fingers, on the pavement. The soldiers about to lie down laughed at themselves and Klussman for recoiling from it, and fury succeeded pallor in his blond face.

"Did you do that?" he demanded of the men, but before they could utter denials his suspicion leaped the settles. Spurning Jonas Bronck's treasured fragment with his boot in a manner which Antonia could never have forgiven, Klussman sent it to the hearth and strode after it. He had not far to look for Marguerite. As his eye traveled recklessly into the women's camp, he encountered her beside him, sitting on the floor behind a settle and matching the red of a burning tree trunk with the red of her bruised eyelids.

"Did you put that in my breastplate?" said Klussman, pointing to the hand as it lay palm upwards. Marguerite shuddered and burst out crying. This had been her employment much of the night, but the nervous fit of childish weeping swept away all of Klussman's self-control.

"No; no;" she repeated. "You think I do everything that is horrible." And she sobbed upon her hands.

Klussman stooped down and tossed the hand like an escaped coal behind the log. As he stooped he said, —

"I don't think that. Don't cry. If you cry I will shoot myself."

Marguerite looked up and saw his helplessness in his face. He had sought her before, but only with reproaches. Now his resentment was broken. Twice had the dwarf's mischief thrown Marguerite on his compassion and thereby diminished his resistance to her. Jonas Bronck's hand, in its red-hot seclusion behind the log, writhed and smoked, discharging its grosser parts up the chimney's shaft. Unseen, it lay a wire-like outline of bone; unseen, it became a hand of fairy ashes, trembling in every filmy atom; finally an ember fell upon it, and where a hand had been some bits of lime lay in a white glow.

Klussman went out and mounted one of the bastions where the gunners were already preparing for work. The weather had changed in the night, and the sky seemed immeasurably lifted while yet filled with the uncertainties of dawn. Fundy Bay revealed more and more of its clean blue-emerald level, and far eastward the glassy water shaded up to a flushing of pink. Smoke rose from the mess fires in D'Aulnay's camp. The first light puff of burnt powder sprung from his batteries, and the artillery duel again begun.

"If we had but enough soldiers to make a sally," said Madame La Tour to her officer, as she came for an instant to the bastion, "we might take his batteries. Oh, for monsieur to appear on the bay with a stout shipload of men!"

"It is time he came," said the Swiss.

"Yes, we shall see him or have news of him soon."

In the tumult of Klussman's mind Jonas Bronck's hand never again came uppermost. He cared nothing and thought nothing about that weird fragment in the midst of living disaster. It had merely been the occasion of his surrendering to Marguerite. He determined that when La Tour returned and the siege was raised, if he survived he would take his wife and go to some new colony. Live without her he could not. Yet neither could he reëspouse her in Fort St. John, where he had himself openly denounced her.

Spring that day leaped forward to a semblance of June. The sun poured warmth, the very air renewed life. But to Klussman it was the brilliancy of passing delirium. He did not feel when gun-metal touched his hands. The sound of the incoming tide, which could be heard betwixt artillery boomings, and the hint of birds which the sky gave, were mute against his thoughts.

Though D'Aulnay's loss was visibly heavy, it proved also an ill day for the fort. The southeast bastion was raked by a fire which disabled the guns and killed three men. Five others were wounded at various posts. The long spring twilight sunk through an orange horizon rim and filled up the measure which makes night before firing reluctantly stopped. Marie had ground opened near the powder magazine to make a temporary grave for her three dead. They had no families. She held a taper in her hand and read a service over them. One bastion and so many men being disabled, a sentinel was posted in the turret after the gunners descended. The Swiss took this duty, and felt his way up the pitch-black stairs. He had not seen Marguerite in the hall when he hurriedly took food, but she was safe in the tower. No woman ventured out in the storm of shot. The barracks were charred and battered.

As Klussman reached the turret door he exclaimed against some human touch, but caught his breath and surrendered himself to Marguerite's arms, holding her soft body and smoothing her silk-stranded hair.

"I heard you say you would come up here," murmured Marguerite. "And the door was unlocked."

"Where have you been since morning?"

"Behind a screen in the great hall. The women are cruel."

Klussman hated the women. He kissed his wife with the first kiss since their separation, and all the toils of war failed to unman him like that kiss.

"But there was that child!" he groaned.

"That was not my child," said Marguerite.

"The baby brought here with you!"

"It was not mine."

"Whose was it?"

"It was a drunken soldier's. His wife died. They made me take care of it," said Marguerite resentfully.

"Why did n't you tell me that?" exclaimed Klussman. "You made me lie to my lady!"

Marguerite had no answer. He understood her reticence, and the degradation which could not be excused.

"Who made you take care of it?"

"He did."

"D'Aulnay?" Klussman uttered through his teeth.

"Yes; I don't like him."

"*I* like him!" said the savage Swiss.

"He is cruel," complained Marguerite, "and selfish."

The Swiss pressed his face to her soft cheek.

"I never was selfish and cruel to thee," he said weakly.

"No, you never were."

"Then why," burst out the husband afresh, "did you leave me to follow that beast of prey?"

Marguerite brought a sob from her

breast which was like a sword through Klussman. He smoothed and smoothed her hair.

"But what did I ever do to thee, Marguerite?"

"I always liked you best," she said. "But he was a great lord. The women in barracks are so hateful, and a common soldier is naught."

"You would be the lady of a seignior," hissed Klussman.

"Thou knowest I was fit for that," retorted Marguerite with spirit.

"I know thou wert. It is marrying me that has been thy ruin." He groaned with his head hanging.

"We are not ruined yet," she said, "if you care for me."

"That was a stranger child?" he repeated.

"All the train knew it to be a motherless child. He had no right to thrust it on me."

"I demand no testimony of D'Aulnay's followers," said Klussman roughly.

He let her go from his arms, and stepped to the battlements. His gaze moved over the square of the fortress, and eastward to that blur of whiteness which hinted the enemy's tents, the hint being verified by a light or two.

"I have a word to tell you," said Marguerite, leaning beside her husband.

"I have this to tell thee," said the Swiss. "We must leave Acadia." His arm again fondled her and he comforted his sore spirit with an instant's thought of home and peace somewhere.

"Yes. We can go to Penobscot," she said.

"Penobscot?" he repeated with suspicion.

"The king will give you a grant of Penobscot."

"The king will give it to — me?"

"Yes. And it is a great seigniory."

"How do you know the king will do that?"

"He told me to tell you; he promised it."

"The king? You never saw the king."

"No."

"D'Aulnay?"

"Yes."

"I would I had him by the throat!" burst out Klussman. Marguerite leaned her cheek on the stone and sighed. The bay seemed full of salty spice. It was a night in which the human soul must beat against casements to break free and roam the blessed dark. All of spring was in the air. Overhead stood the north star, with slow constellations wheeling in review before him.

"So D'Aulnay sent you to spy on my lord, as my lord believed?"

"You shall not call me a spy. I came to my husband. I hate him," she added in a resentful burst. "He made me walk the marshes, miles and miles alone, carrying that child."

"Why the child?"

"Because the people from St. John would be sure to pity it."

"And what word did he send you to tell me?" demanded Klussman. "Give me that word."

Marguerite waited, her face downcast.

"It was kind of him to think of me," said the Swiss; "and to send you with the message!"

She felt mocked, and drooped against the wall. And in the midst of his scorn he took her face in his hands with a softness he could not master.

"Give me the word," he repeated. Marguerite drew his neck down and whispered, but before she finished whispering Klussman flung her against the cannon with an oath.

"I thought it would be, betray my lord's fortress to D'Aulnay de Charnisay! Go downstairs, Marguerite Klussman. When I have less matter in hand I will flog thee! Hast thou no wit at all? To come from a man who broke faith with thee and offer his faith to me! Bribe me with Penobscot to betray St. John to him!"

Marguerite sat on the floor. She whispered, gasping, —

"Tell not the whole fortress."

Klussman ceased to talk, but his heels rung on the stone as he paced the turret. He felt himself grow old as silence became massive betwixt his wife and him. The moon rose, piercing the cannon embrasure, and showed Marguerite weeping against the wall. The mass of silence drove him resistless before her will. That soft and childlike shape did not propose treason to him. He understood that she thought only of herself and him. It was her method of bringing profit out of the times. He heard his relief stumble at the foot of the turret stairs and went down the winding darkness to send the soldier back.

"I am not sleepy," said Klussman. "I slept last night. Go and rest till daybreak." And the man willingly went. Marguerite had not moved a fold of her gown when her husband again came into the lighted tower. The Swiss lifted her up and made her stand beside him while he stanched her tears.

"You hurt me when you threw me against the cannon," she said.

"I was rough. But I am too foolish fond to hold anger. It has worn me out to be hard on thee. I am not the man I was."

Marguerite clung around him. He dumbly felt his misfortune in being thralled by a nature of greater moral crudity than his own. But she was his portion in the world.

"You flung me against the cannon because I wanted you made a seignior."

"It was because D'Aulnay wanted me made a traitor."

"What is there to do, indeed?" murmured Marguerite. "He said if you would take the sentinels off the wall on the entrance side of the fort at daybreak any morning, he would be ready to scale that wall."

"But how will he know I have taken the sentinels off?"

"You must hold up a ladder in your hands."

"The tower is between that side of the fort and D'Aulnay's camp. No one would see me standing with a ladder in my hands."

"When you set the ladder against the outside wall it is all you have to do, except to take me with you as you climb down. It is their affair to see the signal."

"So D'Aulnay plans an ambush between us and the river? And suppose I did all that and the enemy failed to see the signal? I should go down there to be hanged, or my lady would have me thrown into the keep here, and perhaps shot. I ought to be shot."

"They will see the signal," insisted Marguerite. "I know all that is to be done. He made me say it over until I tired of it. You must mount the wall where the gate is, that side of the fort toward the river, the camp being on another side."

Klussman again smoothed her hair and argued with her as with a child.

"I cannot betray my lady. You see how madame trusts me."

She grieved against his hard breastplate with insistence which pierced even that.

"I am indeed not fit to be thought on beside the lady!"

"I would do anything for thee but betray my lady."

"And when you have held her fort for her will she advance you by so much as a handful of land?"

"I was made lieutenant since the last siege."

"But now you may be a seignior with a holding of your own," repeated Marguerite. So they talked the night away. She showed him on one hand a future of honor and plenty which he ought not to withhold from her; and on the other a wandering forth to endless hardships. D'Aulnay had worked them harm; but this was in her mind an argument that

he should now work them good. Being a selfish lord, powerful and cruel, he could demand this service as the condition of making her husband master of Penobscot; and the service itself she regarded as a small one compared to her lone tramping of the marshes to La Tour's stockade. D'Aulnay was certain to take Fort St. John some time. He had the king and all France behind him; the La Tours had nobody. Marguerite was a woman who could see no harm in advancing her husband by the downfall of his mere employers. Her husband must be advanced. She saw herself lady of Penobscot.

The Easter dawn began to grow over the world. Klussman remembered what day it was, and lifted her up to look over the battlements at light breaking from the east. Marguerite turned her head from point to point of the dewy world once more rising out of chaos. She showed her husband a new trench and a line of breastworks between the fort and the river. These had been made in the night, and might have been detected by him if he had guarded his post. The jutting of rocks probably hid them from sentinels below.

"D'Aulnay is coming nearer," said the Swiss, looking with haggard indifferent eyes at these preparations, and an occasional head venturing above the fresh ridge. Marguerite threw her arms around her husband's neck, and hung on him with kisses.

"Come on, then," he said, speaking with the desperate conviction of a man who has lost himself. "I have to do it. You will see me hang for this, but I 'll do it for you."

## XV.

### A SOLDIER.

Marie felt herself called through the deepest depths of sleep, and sat up in the robe of fur which she had wrapped around her for her night bivouac. There was some alarm at her door. The enemy might be on the walls. She tingled with the intense return of life and was opening the door without conscious motion. Nobody stood outside in the hall except the dwarf, whose aureole of foxy hair surrounded features pinched by anxiety.

"Madame Marie — Madame Marie! The Swiss has gone to give up the fort to D'Aulnay."

"Has gone?"

"He came down from the turret with his wife, who persuaded him. I listened all night on the stairs. D'Aulnay is ready to mount the wall when he gives the signal. I had to hide me until the woman and the Swiss passed below. They are now going to the wall to give the signal."

Through Marie passed that worst shock of all human experience. To see your trusted ally transmuted into your secret most deadly foe sickens the heart as death surely cannot sicken it. Like many a pierced wretch who has collapsed suddenly into the dust while the stab yet held the knife, she whispered feebly, —

"He could not do that!"

The stern blackness of her eyes seemed to annihilate all the rest of her face. Was rock itself stable underfoot? Why should one care to prolong life, when life only proved how cruel and worthless are the people for whom we labor?

"Madame Marie, he is now doing it. He was to hold up a ladder on the wall."

"Which wall?"

"This one — where the gate is."

Marie looked through the glass in her door which opened toward the battlements, rubbed aside moisture, and looked again. While one breath could be drawn Klussman was standing in the dawn-light with a ladder raised overhead. She caught up a pair of long pistols which had lain beside her all night.

"Rouse the men below — quick!" she said to Le Rossignol, and ran up the

steps to the wall. No sentinels were there. The Swiss had already dropped down the ladder outside and was out of sight, and she heard the running, climbing feet of D'Aulnay's men coming to take the advantage afforded them. Sentinels in the other two bastions turned with surprise at her cry. They had seen Klussman relieving the guard, but his subtle action escaped their watch-worn eyes. They only noticed that he had the strange woman with him.

D'Aulnay's men were at the foot of the wall planting ladders. They were swarming up. Marie met them with the sentinels joining her and the soldiers rushing from below. The discharge of firearms, the clash of opposing metals, the thuds of falling bodies, cries, breathless struggling, clubbed weapons sweeping the battlements — filled one vast minute. Ladders were thrown back to the stones and D'Aulnay's repulsed men were obliged to take once more to their trench, carrying the stunned and wounded. A cannon was trained on their breastworks, and St. John belched thunder and fire down the path of retreat. The Swiss's treason had been useless to the enemy. The people of the fort saw him hurried more like a prisoner than an ally towards D'Aulnay's camp, his wife beside him.

"Oh, Klussman," thought the lady of St. John as she turned to station guards at every exposed point and to continue that day's fight, "you knew in another way what it is to be betrayed. How could you put this anguish upon me?"

The furious and powder-grimed men, her faithful soldiers, hooted at the Swiss from their bastions, not knowing what a heart he carried with him. He turned once and made them a gesture of defiance, more pathetic than any wail for pardon, but they saw only the treason of the man, and shot at him with a good will. Through smoke and ball-ploughed earth D'Aulnay's soldiers ran into camp and his batteries answered. Artillery echoes were scattered far through the woods, into the very depths of which that untarnished Easter weather seemed to stoop, coaxing growths from the swelling ground.

Advancing and pausing with equal caution, a man came out of the northern forest toward St. John River. No part of his person was covered with armor. And instead of the rich and formal dress then worn by the Huguenots even in the wilderness, he wore a complete suit of hunter's buckskin which gave his supple muscles a freedom beautiful to see. His young face was freshly shaved, showing the clean fine texture of the skin. For having nearly finished his journey from the head of Fundy Bay, he had that morning prepared himself to appear what he was in Fort St. John — a man of good birth and nurture. His portables were rolled tightly in a blanket and strapped to his shoulders. A hunting-knife and two long pistols armed him. His head was covered with a cap of beaver skin, and he wore moccasins. Not an ounce of unnecessary weight hampered him.

The booming of cannon had met him so far off on that day's march that he understood well the state of siege in which St. John would be found, and long before there was any glimpse of D'Aulnay's tents and earthworks the problem of getting into the fort occupied his mind. For D'Aulnay's guards might be extended in every direction. But the first task in hand was to cross the river. One or two old canoes could be seen on the other side; cast-off property of the Etchemin Indians who had broken camp. Being on the wrong bank these were as useless to him as dream canoes. But had a ferryman stood in waiting, it was perilous to cross in open day, within possible sight of the enemy. So the soldier moved carefully down to a shelter of rocks below the falls, opposite that place where Van Corlaer had watched the tide sweep up and drown the

rapids. From this post he got a view of La Tour's small ship, yet anchored and safe at its usual moorings. No human life was visible about it.

"The ship would afford me good quarters," said the soldier to himself, "had I naught to do but rest. But I must get into the fort this night, and how is it to be done?"

All the thunders of war and all the effort and danger to be undertaken, could not put his late companions out of his mind. He lay with hands clasped under his head and looked back at the trees visibly leafing in the warm Easter air. They were much to this man in all their differences and habits, their whisperings and silences. They had marched with him through countless lone long reaches, passing him from one to another with friendly recommendation. It hurt him to notice a broken or deformed one among them, but one full and nobly equipped from root to crown was Nature's most triumphant shout. There is a glory of the sun and a glory of the moon, but to one who loves them there is another glory of the trees.

"In autumn," thought the soldier, "I have seen light desert the skies and take to the trees and finally spread itself beneath them, a material glow, flake on flake. But in the spring, before their secret is spoken, when they throb, and restrain the force driving through them, then have I most comfort with them, for they live as I live."

Shadows grew on the river, and ripples were arrested and turned back to flow up stream. There was but one way for him to cross the river, and that was to swim. And the best time to swim was when the tide brimmed over the current and trembled at its turn, a broad and limpid expanse of water, cold, dangerous, repellent to the chilled plunging body; but safer and more easily paddled through than when the current, angular as a skeleton, sought the bay at its lowest ebb.

Fortunately tide and twilight favored the young soldier together. He stripped himself and bound his weapons and clothes in one tight packet on his head. At first it was easy to tread water; the salt brine upheld him. But in the middle of the river it was wise to sink close to the surface and carry as small a ripple as possible; for D'Aulnay's guards might be posted nearer than he knew. The water, deceptive at its outer edges in iridescent reflection of warm clouds, was cold as glacier drippings in midstream. He swam with desperate calmness, guarding himself by every stroke against cramp. The bundle oppressed him. He would have cast it off, but dared not change by a thought of variation the routine of his struggle. Hardy and experienced woodsman though he was, he staggered out on the other side and lay a space in the sand, too exhausted to move.

The tide began to recede, leaving stranded seaweed in green or brown streaks, the color of which could be determined only by the dullness or vividness of its shine through the dusk. As soon as he was able, the soldier sat up, shook out his blanket and rolled himself in it. The first large stars were trembling out. He lay and smelled gunpowder mingling with the saltness of the bay and the evening incense of the earth.

There was a moose's lip in his wallet, the last spoil of his wilderness march, taken from game shot the night before and cooked at his morning fire. He ate it, still lying in the sand. Lights began to appear in the direction of D'Aulnay's camp, but the fort held itself dark and close. He thought of the grassy meadow rivulet which was always empty at low tide, and that it might afford him some shelter in his nearer approach to the fort. He dressed and put on his weapons, but left everything else except the blanket lying where he had landed. In this venture little could be carried except the man and his life. The frontier

graveyard outlined itself dimly against the expanse of landscape. The new-turned clay therein gave him a start. He crept over the border of stones, went close, and leaned down to measure the length of the fresh grave with his outstretched hands. A sigh of relief which was as strong as a sob burst from the soldier.

"It is only that child we found at the stockade," he murmured, and stepped on among the older mounds and leaped the opposite boundary to descend that dip of land which the tide invaded. Water yet shone there on the grass. Too impatient to wait until the tide ran low, he found the log and moved carefully forward, through increasing dusk, on hands and knees within closer range of the fort. Remembering that his buckskin might make an inviting spot on the slope he wrapped his dark blanket around him. The chorus of insect life and of water creatures, which had scarcely been tuned for the season, began to raise experimental notes. And now a splash like the leap of a fish came from the river. The moon would be late; he thought of that with satisfaction. There was a little mist blown aloft over the stars, yet the night did not promise to be cloudy.

The whole environment of Fort St. John was so familiar to the young soldier that he found no unusual stone in his way. That side toward the garden might be the side least exposed to D'Aulnay's forces at night. If he could reach the southwest bastion unseen, he could ask for a ladder. There was every likelihood of his being shot before the sentinels recognized him, yet he might be more fortunate. Balancing these chances, he moved toward that angle of shadow which the fortress lifted against the southern sky. Long rays of light within the walls were thrown up and moved on darkness like the pulsing motions of the aurora.

"Who goes there?" said a voice.

The soldier lay flat against the earth. He had imagined the browsing sound of cattle near him. But a standing figure now condensed itself from the general dusk, some distance up the slope betwixt him and the bastion. The challenger was entirely apart from the fort. As he flattened himself in breathless waiting for a shot which might follow, a clatter began at his very ears, some animal bounded over him with a glancing cut of its hoof, and galloped toward the trench below St. John's gate. He heard another exclamation, — this rapid traveler had probably startled another sentinel. The man who had challenged him laughed softly in the darkness. All the Sable Island ponies must be loose upon the slope. D'Aulnay's men had taken possession of the stable and cattle, and the wild and frightened ponies were scattered. As his ear lay so near the ground, the soldier heard other little hoofs startled to action, and a snort or two from suspicious nostrils. He moved away from the sentinel without further challenge. It was evident that D'Aulnay had encompassed the fort with guards.

The young soldier crept slowly down the rocky hillock, avoided another sentinel, and, after long caution and self-restraint and polishing the earth with his buckskin, crawled into the empty trench. The Sable Island ponies continually helped him. They were so nervous and so agile that the sentinels ceased to watch moving shadows.

The soldier looked up at St. John and its tower, knowing that he must enter in some manner before the moon rose. He dreaded the red brightness of moon-dawn, when guards whom he could discern against the stony ascent might detect his forehead above the breastwork. Behind him stretched an alluvial flat to the river's sands. The tide was running swiftly out, and in the starlight its swirls and long muscular sweeps could be followed by a practiced eye.

As the soldier glanced warily in every direction, two lights left D'Aulnay's camp and approached him, jerking and flaring in the hands of men who were evidently walking over irregular ground. They might be coming directly to take possession of the trench. But why should they proclaim their intention with torches to the batteries of Fort St. John? He looked around for some refuge from the advancing circle of smoky shine, and moved backwards along the bottom of the trench. The light stretched over and bridged him, leaving him in a stream of deep shadow, protected by the breastwork from sentinels above. He could therefore lift a cautious eye at the back of the trench and scan the group now moving betwixt him and the river. There were seven persons, only one of whom strode the stones with reckless feet. This man's hands were tied behind his back, and a rope was noosed around his neck and held at the other end by a soldier.

"It is Klussman, our Swiss!" flashed through the soldier in the trench, with a mighty throb of rage and shame and anxiety for the lady in the fort. If Klussman had been taken prisoner, the guns of St. John would surely speak in his behalf when he was about to be hanged before its very gate. Such a parade of the act must be discovered on the walls. It was plain that Klussman had deserted to D'Aulnay and was now enjoying D'Aulnay's gratitude.

"The tree that doth best front the gates," said one of the men, pointing with his torch to an elm in the alluvial soil; "my lord said the tree that doth best front the gates."

"That hath no fit limbs," objected another.

"He said the tree that doth best front the gates," insisted the first man. "Besides this one, what shrub hereabouts is tall enough for our use?"

They moved down towards the elm. A stool carried by one man showed its long legs grotesquely behind his back. There were six persons besides the prisoner, all soldiers except one, who wore the coarse, long, cord-girdled gown of a Capuchin. His hood was drawn over his face, and the torches imperfectly showed that he was of the barefooted order and wore only sandals. He held up a crucifix and walked close beside Klussman. But the Swiss gazed all around the dark world which he was so soon to leave, and up at the fortress he had attempted to betray, and never once at the murmuring friar.

The soldier in the trench heard a breathing near him and saw that a number of the ponies, drawn by the light, had left their fitful grazing and were venturing step by step beyond the end of the trench. Some association of this scene with soldiers who used to feed them at night, after a hard day of drawing home the winter logs, may have stirred behind their shaggy foreheads. He took his hunting-knife with sudden and desperate intention, threw off his moccasins, cut his leggins short at the middle of the leg, and silently divided his blanket into strips.

Preparations were going forward under the elm. One of the soldiers climbed the tree and crept out upon an arched limb, catching the rope end thrown up to him. Both torches were given to one man that all the others might set themselves to the task. Klussman stood upon the stool, which they had brought for the purpose from the cook's galley in one of their ships. His blond face, across which all his thoughts used to parade, was cast up by the torches like a stiffened mask, hopeless yet fearless in its expression.

"Come, Father Vincent," said the man who had made the knot, sliding down the tree. "This is a Huguenot fellow, and good words are lost on him. I wonder that my lord let him have a friar to comfort him."

"Retire, Father Vincent," said the

men around the stool, with more roughness than they would have shown to a favorite confessor of D'Aulnay's. The Capuchin turned and walked toward the trench.

The soldier in the trench could not hear what they said, but he had time for no further thought of Klussman. He had been watching the ponies with the conviction that his own life hung on what he might drive them to do. They alternately snuffed at Klussman's presence and put their noses down to feel for springing grass. Before they could start and wheel from the friar, the soldier had thrown his hunting knife. It struck the hind leg of the nearest pony, and a scampering and snorting hurricane swept down past the elm. Klussman's stool and the torch-bearer were rolled together. Both lights were stamped out by the panic-struck men, who thought a sally had been made from the fort. Father Vincent saw the knife thrown, and turned back, but the man in the trench seized him with steel muscles and dragged him into its hollow. If the good father uttered cry against such violence there was also noise under the elm, and the wounded pony yet galloped and snorted toward the river. The young soldier fastened his mouth shut with a piece of blanket, stripped off his capote and sandals, and tied him so that he could not move. Having done all most securely and put the capote and sandals upon himself, the soldier whispered at the friar's ear an apology which must have amused them both, —

"Pardon my roughness, good father. Perhaps you will lend me your clothes?"

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

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## GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

Among all the soldiers who during the war for the Union rose to high position and won an enduring name, none better deserves or will better repay a careful study than George H. Thomas. There were in him qualities hardly to be found in any of our other generals. A certain grandeur impresses one, like that which the world loves to recognize in Washington. Others, perhaps, fought as bravely; a few as successfully. None have left more deep and lasting impression on the minds and hearts of those who served under them. Grant's life for twenty years after the war, and especially the last year of it, has thrown a glorious glamour about his name which no man, friend or foe, now wishes to dispel. Yet when the war ended, his military operations were most severely criticised by competent and not unfriendly judges. In action his personal presence counted for little. Sheridan showed greater activity on the battlefield; the sight of him there was always inspiring. Thomas died before his full record was made public. Only tradition and memory remained. The living presence of Grant and Sheridan and Sherman for so many years made them naturally and inevitably the dominant objects of popular regard. But in the hearts and minds of those who had followed him on the march, had seen him by the camp-fire, had gone into battle under his eye, the great figure of Thomas still stands alone, colossal, undiminished by comparison with the greatest, — a nation's landmark.

This devotion to his name and memory has been spoken of as "an unreasonable passion which scarcely permitted criticism of anything he said or did." To call it an unreasoning rather than

an unreasonable passion would be more correct; for when analyzed it will be found entirely reasonable, though perhaps in its origin and growth unreasoning, like the passion a good and true son feels for a wise and venerated father. But his soldiers never did analyze it. It grew up insensibly and commanded their reason, as an absorbing and enduring passion always must. Now that he and all his great compeers have left us, the source of this passion may perhaps be found. Then it will be seen that it

> "hath its seat
> In reason, and is judicious: is the scale
> By which"

his intellectual and moral qualities are best tested and measured.

First and foremost, General Thomas was a soldier. He never was anything else. From the day he entered the Military Academy in 1836 till he died in March, 1870, his life for thirty-four years was wholly devoted to the military profession. Most of it was spent in far-off camps and at distant posts, with no society but that of his fellow-officers and their families. The too frequent result of such a mode of life is to make one the slave of routine. Action becomes almost automatic. Hardly anything is more mechanical than mere soldiering in time of peace. Most of the older of our distinguished generals, Halleck and McClellan and Grant and Sherman and Meade, not to mention others, had been more or less in civil life. The younger, of whom Sheridan and McPherson were the type, had not yet become subdued to routine. Thomas had been in the line for twenty-one years when he was summoned to the broader activities of a great war, and to exercise the faculties of a great captain. In all that time he had been, not a mere soldier, but a man of growing power; his intellect stimulated, not repressed, by the practice of his profession. Every year gave new proofs of his increasing mental vigor. At the battle of Buena Vista, in 1847, he was called a "scientific artillerist." In 1855 he was promoted to be major of cavalry, when he was within three of the bottom of the list among captains of artillery. This unwonted promotion was not caused by accident or intrigue. It was a just tribute to his exceptional merit. Robert E. Lee, George B. McClellan, Joseph E. Johnston, John Sedgwick, and others afterward famous, were promoted at the same time, but none so greatly advanced as he.

He had not been in the army eighteen months when he was brevetted "for gallantry and good conduct" in action, a distinction won by none of his contemporaries. In the Mexican War he was twice brevetted for the same cause, and was one of a very small number who gained so many of those marks of merit. He was afterward instructor at West Point for three years. Thence he was sent to Fort Yuma, perhaps the most undesirable post in the United States, — a veritable place of exile. Even in this unpromising field he found scope for his active and observant intellect. He studied the geology and flora of the region, the language and habits of the Indians, everything of interest in its geography and history. He investigated the navigability of the Colorado River with the view of utilizing it to supply our army in Utah. He became an expert in woodcraft. Stationed afterward in Texas, he scouted the whole northwestern frontier of that great State, adding much to our knowledge of its geography and resources.

In November, 1860, he left Texas on a year's leave of absence granted him the preceding August, long before the political storm had burst upon the country. While so absent there came to him, as to all officers in the army, the crucial test of duty and honor. He was a Virginian, born while Madison was President, preceded by Jefferson, fol-

lowed by Monroe. Marshall was still Chief Justice. All the great offices in the nation had been largely held by Virginians. The traditions of devotion to "the mother of Presidents," which proved so commanding to Lee and Johnston and others, spoke also strongly to him. Before his leave had half expired, Virginia seceded. His regiment, surrendered to lawless insurgents in Texas, was finding its way, in squads, to New York. On the 11th of April, 1861, he was ordered to conduct its remnants to Carlisle Barracks for reorganization. Without a syllable of objection he obeyed the order, thus arraying himself indissolubly on the side of the Union. While on his way there the guns opened on Fort Sumter. On the 15th came the President's call for seventy-five thousand men. On the 17th the Convention of Virginia in secret session adopted the ordinance of secession, and summoned all Virginians to take service for their native State. On the 20th, Robert E. Lee, recently promoted to be colonel of his regiment, offered his resignation, and without waiting for action upon it left silently for Richmond, where he at once assumed command of the insurgent forces. On the 21st, while Lee was making his secret way to the Confederacy, Thomas was leading a squadron to disperse a rebellious mob trying to help the Southern cause by destroying the railroad leading to Washington. From that day till the rebellion ended in complete overthrow, he was not absent from his post of duty a single hour.

His severance from family and State was a keen trial, but "his duty was clear from the beginning." To his vision there was but one country, — the United States of America. He had few or no friends at the North. Its political policy had not seemed to him to be wise. But he could serve under no flag except that which he had pledged his honor to uphold. On the 25th of April he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel to fill the vacancy caused by Lee's defection. On the 5th of May, Sidney Johnston having resigned, he was made colonel. In assuming both these positions he renewed his oath of allegiance; to him not a mere form but "a solemn pledge to the government." On the 2d of July he crossed the Potomac at the head of a brigade, and on the soil of his native State met and put to flight a body of Virginia troops drawn up by "Stonewall" Jackson to contest his passage. It was the first encounter in that section between the national and the insurgent troops, and he acted with conspicuous bravery. Yet when, a month later, his appointment as brigadier-general of volunteers was urged by Robert Anderson, both the latter and Sherman had to contend against suspicions of his loyalty, so little was he known at Washington. For the fifty-four brigadiers whose appointments antedated his, among them Blenker and Sigel and Prentiss and McClernand, there were sponsors in Congress or elsewhere. Thomas had no representative. Only his army service could speak for him, and they who best knew it had already joined the Confederacy.

Immediately on his appointment he was ordered to Kentucky, reporting there on the 6th of September to General Robert Anderson, the department commander. His first duty was to organize and discipline a camp composed chiefly of refugees from East Tennessee and the mountain counties of Kentucky. In a military point of view, it was work of the most primitive character. Much of it might better have been done by a competent drill sergeant. But it was a good lesson. He soon learned, and had respect and sympathy for, the eager patriotism and the cruel experiences of these undisciplined but unshaken sons of the wilderness. They, in turn, learned to trust him with confidence unsurpassed. By the middle of October he had mustered into service five Kentucky and two Ten-

nessee organizations. With the addition of seven others, he made ready for his anticipated expedition into East Tennessee. Various causes first delayed and finally prevented the execution of his plan. But the abandonment of that undertaking did not lessen his labors. Other and more serious work awaited him. On the 19th of January, 1862, in the early twilight of a rainy winter morning, his advance forces, consisting of four regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, were unexpectedly attacked by a body of the enemy nearly twice as large. At first his troops yielded a little ground; but from the moment he reached the front there was no more wavering. After several hours of stubborn fighting he ordered a charge. The result was decisive. By ten o'clock, the whole rebel division was in disorderly retreat, with the loss of its commander and three hundred and fifty men. His victorious regiments kept up the pursuit till night. In the darkness the remnant escaped across the river, only to renew the flight which ended almost in the dissolution of the command that had set forth to surprise and defeat him.

This battle of Mill Spring was one of the most successful during the war. It was the first ray of light after the dark disasters of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff and Belmont. In it General Thomas showed the instincts and the adaptability of a great captain. At the critical moment he changed his course from defensive to offensive. By a well-ordered charge at the instant when the enemy was shaken by the loss of its commander, he turned what seemed only a momentary repulse into a disorganized rout. This overwhelming defeat prevented the intended advance of the Confederate army to the very banks of the Ohio, with the panic consequent on such invasion. But the only personal advantage he gained was experience and confidence. No official recognition came. Promotion then, when he had so nobly earned it, would have made him the senior major-general of volunteers, — except the four already appointed from civil life, — and would have immediately opened to him the way to larger commands, for which he was so amply fitted, and which so sadly needed men like him.

During the rest of that year his services were arduous and continuous; but they afforded little scope for the exercise of his skill as a commander in battle, the final test of a soldier's quality. He was not present at Shiloh. But, on the march from Shiloh to Corinth, he was ordered by Halleck to supersede Grant as commander of the right wing, — a slight Grant never forgot. After the occupation of Corinth he returned, at his own request, to the command of his old division in the army under Buell. After almost incredible hardships in the mountain region of Tennessee, he marched at its head to Louisville, Ky., in pursuit of the rebel army under Bragg, then threatening the Ohio River. Ordered by the War Department to supersede Buell, he telegraphed to Washington, "General Buell's preparations have been completed to move against the enemy, and I therefore respectfully ask that he may be retained in command." His request was granted. The indecisive battle of Perryville was fought on the 8th of October, followed by the hurried retreat of the enemy back to Tennessee. Buell was a second time relieved. But, instead of Thomas being placed in command, General Rosecrans was summoned from the brilliant defense of Corinth to the vacated position. So for a year longer Thomas remained a subordinate. Soon after Rosecrans assumed command, Thomas sent him the outline of a plan of campaign, designed to place the Union army on the line of the Tennessee River before winter set in or Bragg could advance. The plan was not then adopted; but six months later, when the army moved, it followed substantially the route thus marked out.

As commander of the "centre," — afterward the 14th Army Corps, of five divisions, — Thomas held fast the critical point at the fierce battle of Stone's River, December 31, 1862. The right was swept from the field, the left threatened with disaster. With two divisions, a little over 10,000 men, he maintained his ground, beating back every assault. He lost over twenty-five per cent. of the number engaged. A few days later the enemy retreated. "True and prudent; distinguished in council and on many a battlefield for his courage," were the words in which he was described by his gallant commander, General Rosecrans, who that day showed peculiar gallantry. They feebly express the renewed admiration and confidence of his devoted soldiers.

Perhaps the most signal illustration of defensive battle during the war for the Union was that given by General Thomas at Chickamauga. He had already rescued his corps, isolated by mountain ranges from the rest of the army, from imminent peril of capture or defeat. By wearisome marches day and night he had placed it in front of the enemy's right, urgently striving to gain the road to Chattanooga, the one line of safety for the Union army. Here, on the 19th of September, he held his own against repeated attacks. A night of almost sleepless anxiety followed, and again the gigantic struggle was renewed. About noon of the 20th, the whole right wing of the Union army was swept from the field, involving in its disastrous flight the commanders of two corps, of several divisions, and even the army commander himself. This terrible calamity left Thomas with only the remnants of six divisions and two brigades, out of ten full divisions with which the battle had begun. Ignorant of the catastrophe, he learned it only by finding the enemy where he had looked for reënforcements. Opposed to him were eleven divisions, flushed with unexpected success. Among them were two of the best divisions from Lee's Virginia army, commanded by McLaws and Hood, and led by Longstreet. Against such odds and in face of such untoward disasters, he steadfastly held his ground throughout the long afternoon, repelling assault after assault, made each time with fresh troops on his own tired and diminishing lines. As night came on and his ammunition was reduced to two or three rounds a man, he led in person an audacious attack, breaking through the hostile lines, and scattering his enemy in confusion, bringing away guns and prisoners. Then, under orders from his commander in Chattanooga, he fell slowly back to Rossville unmolested, and there all the next day awaited the attack which was never delivered.

History justly celebrates the heroism of great commanders who, against overwhelming odds, and in the face of sudden reverses, keep an unbroken front, maintain their courage and self-control, or deal counterblows which neutralize the force of the disaster, — Cromwell with his Ironsides redeeming the day at Marston Moor; Napoleon with the help of Desaix recovering the field after it had been lost; Wellington grimly holding his own while waiting for "night or Blücher;" Sheridan reorganizing his divisions after the morning disaster, and leading them to victory. But what other instance is there of a subordinate — after his commander, deeming the day lost, has been swept from the field in the mass of retreating regiments — holding his ground, with little more than half the original force, for six long hours against the repeated onslaughts of fresh troops double his own in number, and at last inflicting such damage on his enemy that pursuit was impossible? Thomas's defense on that immortal day stands by itself.

As a consequence of this battle, he was now given the command which a year before he had declined. The honor

brought him no special gratification. The duties now imposed upon him were extremely difficult and embarrassing. Besides, he was placed under a general whom, when last met, he had superseded under circumstances which left bitter memories. Moreover, the chance of keeping his hold on Chattanooga was by no means encouraging, as shown by his first reply to Grant's anxious inquiry: "I will hold the town till we starve." Out of this unpromising condition he was soon raised by the arrival of reënforcements; and on the 25th of November, by the bold and self-ordered assault on Missionary Ridge, his long beleaguered and distrusted army won forever the gateway to Georgia and the Southern sea.

How large a share of the spirit which led to this desperate and successful assault was due to General Thomas's influence is a complex question. No other soldiers had ever done anything like it. Whence came that self-confidence which, after two months of virtual imprisonment almost to the verge of starvation, impelled these men to undertake that tremendous enterprise? Whence, if not from that inflexible, unyielding, never-failing will, whose operations were almost as one of the forces of nature? — the same spirit which had impelled them to hold fast at Stone's River and Chickamauga, and now inspired them to resistless action at Missionary Ridge. An army soon becomes the very reflection of its commander. "The storming of the Ridge was one of the greatest miracles in military history. . . . The generals caught the inspiration of the men and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities." So, early the next morning, wrote the assistant Secretary of War, who saw the whole sublime spectacle.

Thus far in the conduct of the great campaigns in the West, Thomas had held far greater responsibilities than Sherman, — had commanded larger armies, had taken leading part in more battles, had achieved far more important results, and had been always successful. A comparison of their careers clearly shows this. Thomas also held the superior rank. Yet when Grant, as Lieutenant-General, was called to the command of all the armies, Sherman was selected, through his recommendation, to succeed him as commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi. It was natural that he should thus favor his brilliant subordinate; but it was a real and public misfortune that a portion, at least, of the friendship and confidence he entertained for Sherman was not displayed toward Thomas.

In the Atlanta campaign Thomas commanded two thirds of the grand army operating under Sherman. Throughout, save on one unfortunate occasion, he bore the brunt of the battle. Had his advice been early taken, it is probable the result would have been more decisive. The only successful assault made in that campaign was at Jonesboro, on the 1st of September, when Thomas's old corps, the 14th, — to quote Sherman's own words, — "swept forward over some old cotton-fields, and went over the rebel parapet, handsomely capturing a brigade and ten guns."

Soon after the occupation of the abandoned city, Thomas was sent, with two divisions, back to Tennessee to repel a mere raid of Forrest. Once there, he was ordered to remain, to guard the railroad line between Nashville and Chattanooga. This was the reward of his labors during four months of almost constant battle. His old army was divided among strangers. He himself was not consulted concerning any of its future operations, and was banished to the rear as supervisor of communications. But when, a month later, Hood, having outwitted and outmarched Sherman, appeared unexpectedly on the banks of the Tennessee, the presence and power of Thomas were quickly revealed. As Sher-

man with sixty-two thousand men, — the pick of nearly double that number, "able-bodied, well-armed, provided with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action"— was marching out of Atlanta to go through the heart of Georgia where was not an organized brigade to oppose him, on Thomas, with twenty-five thousand men, — the remnants of the two smallest corps, including "all dismounted cavalry, all sick and wounded," — was thrown the burden of meeting and overcoming the one remaining army on which rested the hopes of the Confederacy in the Southwest. For a month the situation was most precarious. The narrow escape at Columbia, the hazardous peril at Spring Hill, the bloody encounter at Franklin, were followed by the appearance in front of Nashville, early in December, of the army which since May had thwarted all Sherman's efforts, and now, reënforced by Forrest's cavalry, was determined to recover all that had cost such untold labor. So anxious became the general-in-chief over the unexpected and dangerous condition in which Sherman had involved him, that he visited his impatience on Thomas, ordering him to be relieved, first by Schofield, then by Logan; and finally started himself for the scene of operations. It was a natural but needless apprehension. The army under Thomas had not a moment of doubt about the success of their chief. On the 15th and 16th of December was fought a battle, as carefully planned and as successfully executed as any during the war. When, on the afternoon of December 16th, the Confederate army with its overthrown leader was driven from its formidable works, a mere disorganized mob, the very foundations of that corner of the Confederacy were crumbled to dust. This crowning victory was Thomas's ample vindication. With an army little superior in number to its adversary, he achieved a success so overwhelming that the hostile force and its commander were eliminated from any further influence on the fortunes of the war. The seeker after contrasts in history may find one by reading the account of contemporaneous operations before Savannah, including the correspondence between Sherman and Hardee, and reflecting upon the relative numbers and results.

This unprecedented victory relieved General Thomas of any further work in the field. His triumphant army was soon scattered. One corps went to North Carolina, where its commander received Johnston's final surrender; another moved on Mobile, and aided in reducing that stronghold; a third was exiled to Texas, where under Sheridan it helped shorten the rule of imperialism in Mexico, in addition to maintaining law and order in the distracted State; while the cavalry, under Wilson, made its resistless way through Alabama and Georgia, ending with the capture of Jefferson Davis.

The pursuit had not ended when, on Christmas Eve, the Secretary of War at last gave long-delayed expression to the national feeling in the notification to General Thomas of his nomination as major-general in the regular army, adding to the formal announcement: "No official duty has been performed by me with more satisfaction, and no commander has more justly earned promotion by devoted, disinterested, and valuable services to his country." This late recognition completed the list of his official honors. He had now received a commission for every grade in the service, from second lieutenant to major-general. Congress also soon after thanked him for his "skill and dauntless courage." The redeemed State of Tennessee presented him a gold medal, and adopted him as one of its citizens.

He had the fortune, almost alone among army commanders who came in contact with Andrew Johnson, to enjoy the good will of that singular man. When the latter, as President of the United States, was in the height of his

controversy with General Grant, he tried to win General Thomas to his side by a piece of strategic flattery which with most men would have been successful. He nominated the great soldier to the Senate for the brevet rank of general, with a view to assignment to duty with that rank over the head of Grant. But the offer did not even rise to the dignity of a temptation. In a letter which is a standing rebuke to all similar self-seeking, Thomas wrote: "I have done no service since the war to deserve so high a compliment; and it is now too late to be regarded as a compliment if conferred for service during the war." So was crushed that intended conspiracy.

Now that his labors were no longer needed in the field, Thomas gave himself with all zeal to the restoration of civil administration. In the troublous era of reconstruction, he stood as a bulwark for law and order in the threatened anarchy of that distracted region. Practically a dictator, all his acts were directed toward the restoration of civil, and the repression of military government. He had the satisfaction before his death of seeing all the States which had been under his control restored to their proper relations to the general government.

As would naturally be the case, he was a favorite candidate for the presidency, in 1868, in a large portion of the West and South. But he quickly suppressed all such tendencies. In a letter on the subject he declared that under no circumstances would he permit his name to be so used, and that even if nominated he should decline. Among other things he wrote: "I am wholly disqualified for so high and responsible a position. . . . I have not the necessary control over my temper. . . . I have no taste for politics. . . . I am poor, and could not afford it." Surely, so frank and outspoken refusal was never before made by any possible candidate. A politician, in the common use of that word, Thomas could never be: a statesman, in the true sense, he always was. The Constitution was his political Bible. To its study and interpretation he gave his serious and constant attention.

In all personal qualities, General Thomas was the very model of a soldier and a gentleman. Six feet in height, with a graceful and well proportioned figure, he at once attracted the attention his merits so amply repaid. Not brilliant in conversation, like Sherman, he was genial, humorous, thoughtful, and stimulating. His knowledge of books and of philosophy was broad and accurate. While not properly classed as a scholar, he knew what is best in the best books. He had carefully considered the great themes of life and experience, and on proper occasions gave fit expression to his convictions. With a naturally hot and quick temper, he had learned to subdue its outbreaks and to make it serve its proper ends. He was entirely free from affectation, self-consciousness, or ceremoniousness; and he bore himself the same to the soldier in the ranks as to his commander. He never said, or did, or thought anything for effect. He hated noise and controversy and disorder. His whole nature craved peace and harmony. His greatness was inherent and natural and entire. His tastes were all simple and refined. He commanded respect and devotion by his very presence. Wherever he appeared, on the march or in the heat of battle, everything was "all right" in the estimation of his soldiers.

That such a man, so constituted and so trained, should have been a great soldier was the necessary result, not of any special aptitude, but of a nature great in all things. His only warlike quality was his temper, and that was never shown in battle. There he was calm, steady, unmoved, determined to bring order out of the temporary chaos in the best and quickest way. They mistake who have called him slow. His

mind was quick, alert, foreseeing. Having planned in advance as well as he could to assure success, he carried out his purposes with ease and smoothness, but with inexorable determination. If an unexpected emergency arose, he never hesitated or doubted. To will and to do were interchangeable words. And so there remains to his credit a record of unbroken success. "In one point, he has been the most fortunate of men. If ever he has committed a mistake, it has not yet been discovered." These words of Mr. Justice Matthews, uttered two years before his death, remain true now as then.

> "Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed."

In the final view of General Thomas's character and career, and in assigning him his proper place among the great names of history, the mind again insensibly reverts to Washington. Both were Virginians, both were greater in their aims and purposes than any State boundary could confine. "His native State was sacred to him only as it was consecrated to the Constitution and the Union. And if his conduct and career were in contrast with those of other of her sons whom on that account she has preferred to honor, nevertheless a generation in Virginia will yet arise who will learn and confess the truth, that George H. Thomas, when he lifted his sword to bar the pathway of her secession, loved her as well as these, and served her better."

*Henry Stone.*

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## THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the war for secession, as in the war of the revolution, the attitude of North Carolina was somewhat anomalous. As in the latter she had some of the most ardent patriots and devoted royalists, so in the former she comprised among her people some of the stanchest adherents of each cause. Stronger and more disinterested devotion to the royal cause was not shown anywhere in the colonies than when the Macdonalds, Macleods, and Campbells, the expatriated Scottish clans of the Cape Fear region, drew for King George at Moore's Creek the same claymores that they wielded so stoutly for Prince Charlie on Culloden Moor, while perhaps the most spontaneous rising for American liberty was that which resulted in the timely victory of King's Mountain.

Nowhere else in the New World, if indeed in the Old, is there a truer survival of the old English yeoman type than among the laboring whites of North Carolina. If the old prints are to be relied on, perfect types of the churl who stood with Harold on Senlac Hill, and whose arrow flights wrought havoc with French chivalry at Poitiers and Agincourt, are still common among them. By laboring whites I do not mean the much caricatured "poor whites," but a sturdy, independent middle class, who have proved the salt of the earth, not only at home, but in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, and the other Southern States, to all of which they found their way in large numbers during the first half of the century. Along with the Saxon independence and courage, — for if they did run from Cornwallis at Guilford Court House, they came back the next day, and after that his lordship did all the running away himself, — there was no lack of genuine Saxon stubbornness.

It was this characteristic of her yeomanry that made North Carolina at once the most loyal and disloyal of States to

both sides ; that enabled her to send more men into the Southern ranks, and give more lives for the Southern cause, than any other State, at the same time that she contained by far the largest and most determined disaffected element of any State where disaffection was as little backed by Northern arms. In the extreme eastern and western counties, encouraged by the presence or expectation of Federal aid, it assumed a bold front, and sent many men into the Union armies. In the mountains of the west the Confederate conscription officers frequently met with stubborn and organized resistance, and in one instance, at least, a company of Confederate troops was surrounded and captured, officers and all.

In the central part of the State, where my experience lay, this disaffection manifested itself in a dogged determination not to serve in the Confederate ranks. It was not that, as a rule, they lacked courage, for some of the most resolute men I ever knew "hid out" during the war. A good many of these men were small slaveholders, although entirely out of sympathy with the slaveholding class in general. In a few instances they went over to the Federals when carried to the front, but the vast majority either deserted and returned home, or, as was still oftener the case, took to the woods and eluded the conscription officers from the beginning.

Our immediate neighborhood doubtless contained more of this latter class than any other in the State, if not in the South. As a youth familiar with the woods as country boys are, and in the confidence of the negroes as only a boy could be, I had an exceptionally good opportunity of learning something of their habits and hiding-places.

The overseer of the farm belonged to this class, his whole kith and kin being in the woods, where, but for convenient attacks of rheumatism, he would surely have been himself. By dint of this, the hiring of a substitute, the twenty-slave exemption act, and what influence we could bring to bear, — for toward the close of the war it took not one but many causes of exemption to save one, — he managed to remain neither soldier nor deserter to the end.

Sometimes at his house, but oftener while hunting or bird-nesting, I met and conversed with these denizens of the woods, who were always armed, and usually in squads of four or five for mutual protection. Once I unexpectedly ran into quite an army of them, and being decked from head to heel in uniform, gold lace and all, as indeed was every boy who could possibly contrive to be thus attired, I was at the first glimpse taken for a Confederate officer, and for the moment ran some risk of a volley of slugs.

For the first year or more after the passage of the conscription act, the deserter had little to fear so long as he avoided public places, or even gave the conscription officer an excuse for not seeing him. Now and then the captain of the home guard would call out such members of his command as could render no plausible excuse for not responding, and bluster through the neighborhood in a perfunctory kind of way. The deserter who was at home tending his crop, feeding his stock, and living much the same life as usual, always had abundant warning to step out of sight till the motley array thundered by. An hour later he would be in his cornfield again.

But after the Confederate ranks were thinned by the desperate fighting of 1863, the lines of the deserter fell in hard places. The Richmond government set energetically to work to bring every available man to the front. President Davis by proclamation urged every man to hasten to his country's defense, and promised pardon for all past delinquency, provided the offender now hastened to do his duty. Stringent orders and threats

of punishment infused energy into the officers of the home guard. Detachments of Confederate troops visited the neighborhood at short and irregular intervals, while the homes of the deserters were watched and repeatedly searched.

Then it was that the deserters, as we called all who shirked military duty, whether they had ever actually been in the army or not, had recourse to a mode of hiding which they had learned from runaway slaves. The fugitive in this region having neither the swamps of the east nor the mountains of the west for refuge, like all hard-run creatures naturally took to earth. He either enlarged and concealed some natural cavity, or dug a cave in which he hid by day, to sally out under cover of darkness in quest of poultry, pigs, sheep, fruit, roasting-ears, watermelons, and other good things in season. If he feared pursuit by dogs, he rubbed the soles of his feet with onions or odorous herbs in order to confuse the scent. If moderately wary or skillful, he found little difficulty in remaining "out" till the crops were "laid by" and all the heavy work was over, or till cold weather drove him back to a snugger berth in the quarters.

The deserter made a vast improvement on the burrow of the runaway negro. His cave was larger, better constructed, and better appointed than its prototype, but not better concealed. Banding together in squads of two or three, some unfrequented place would be chosen, generally on a hillside to avoid moisture, and as near a stream as practicable, for the easiest and safest way of disposing of the earth thrown up in digging the pit was to dump it in running water. The site being carefully selected and reconnoitred from every possible way of approach, a watch was set, and work was begun and pressed with the utmost dispatch.

First the leaves or pine-needles were raked back and a space "lined off," usually six by eight feet, but often considerably larger. Then the ubiquitous bedquilt was spread to catch every particle of the tell-tale clay, and grubbing hoes, spades, and all available implements were put in rapid motion. As any prolongation of the work increased the danger of discovery, the object was to get it dug and concealed at the earliest possible moment. Every hand that could be trusted, — old men, women, and children, — was called in to assist. To these auxiliaries fell the hardest part of the task, that of disposing of the dirt, which of course could not be left near the cave. This was generally "toted" away in buckets and piggins, and dumped in the adjacent stream, and as the direction from which the cave was approached had to be constantly changed lest the faintest vestige of a path should betray the spot, the labor of transporting eight or ten cubic yards of earth in this primitive fashion was no light undertaking.

The proper depth, commonly about six feet, being attained, a fireplace was cut in the earthen sides of the cave and connected with a flue cut through the adjacent earth. Across the pit, and slightly below the surface, were then placed stout poles, and on these the roof of pine boards, while over all the earth and leaves were carefully replaced so as to conceal all signs of having been disturbed. Pine-needles made a very good carpet. A bed was constructed by driving forked stakes into the ground, and upon these were laid small poles topped with pine boughs. Sometimes a "cupboard" was cut in the earthen walls.

What gave the cave-dweller most concern was the disposal of the smoke from his chimney. Even under the best of circumstances, in the fairest, warmest weather, and in the driest soil, a cave was a dismal abode. There was a darkness, a chilliness, a strange and grave-like silence down there, which made fire, the only light obtainable in those hard times, an indispensable companion. When rainy weather came, and the walls

oozed water, only heat made it habitable. Care was taken to use the driest and most smokeless fuel, but as even that, though burnt ever so sparingly in the daytime, would cause some smoke, various plans were hit upon to minimize the danger of betrayal from this source. When practicable, the cave would be dug near a dead tree, which was first blackened by fire, unless one could be found already partially burned by the chance fire of some coon or opossum hunter. Failing this, an old tree-stump, after being charred, was ingeniously planted over the chimney mouth so that the smoke might rise through or around it. The object of these devices was, of course, that, should any unfriendly eye discover the smoke, it would be attributed to one of the accidental fires which sometimes smouldered in dead timber for weeks at a time. But, as a rule, the occupants, putting their dependence on good eyesight and legs, would, when no especial danger was apprehended, betake themselves to the woods during the day, and use the caves only as sleeping-places. Indeed, few of the deserters took refuge underground except in cases of pressing need, which, toward the last, were very frequent.

Entrance to the cave was usually had by means of a small trap-door in the roof, in the concealment of which much care and ingenuity were also expended. In addition to the leaves always kept on it, a tree would often be felled over the spot, the boughs serving not only to screen the entrance from view, but likewise to lessen the danger of any one walking directly over the cave. As it was all-important that no trace of a path should be seen thereabout, the trunk of the tree afforded a safe walk-way, care being taken always to approach it from different directions. The presence of a newly felled tree, like a burning one, attracted little suspicion, being charged to the negro opossum-hunter.

To show how effectual these devices were, I need but state that in one instance a party of guards out hunting deserters actually stopped and ate their dinner seated on the trunk of a fallen tree whose boughs covered a cave at that moment tenanted by three of the men of whom they were in search. Even the burning stump was not lacking, but as the dodge was then a new one it aroused no suspicion; and after spending an hour or more in eating, joking, and horse-play, in which they were often within a few inches of the cave, they finally took their departure, very much to the relief of the three unhappiest men in the whole Southern Confederacy.

One very clever cave architect dug close to a deep, water-worn gully, and, instead of using a trap-door, cut through the walls of the cave into the gully, fitting a flour barrel into the hole as a door frame. Just here the gully was spanned by a large tree felled by some enterprising coon-hunter. By walking on this till directly over the spot, and then springing down on a heap of stones, no trace of his footsteps was left. His ingenuity stood him in good stead. Once he was sighted, fired on, and so hotly pursued that he was seen to dive from the log and disappear underneath. The guards, confident of a capture, hastened to occupy each end of the gully, from which it was clear that no one had issued. It was, of course, found empty; and although the presence of a cave was suspected and diligently searched for, it was never discovered. No one thought it worth while to peer under a stunted pine growing within six feet of the log, and whose boughs hid the flour-barrel doorway.

A daring and eccentric deserter chose as the location of his cave a high, conspicuous hill in the midst of a large cultivated field, and only a few feet from a frequented path. The débris of an old charcoal kiln rendered a small portion of the soil unfit for the plough, and just here the cave was dug, the refuse char-

coal being used as a cover for the trap-door in the place of leaves. It was the best specimen of cave architecture ever seen in the neighborhood, and bore the marks of long inhabitance. Who dug and fitted it up with so much skill and patience, why he chose that exposed and inconvenient place, how he escaped detection in the digging, how he disposed of the dirt, there being no stream within a long distance, is to this day a mystery. The most reasonable supposition was that he was a stranger in the neighborhood and a man of some means, who bribed the negroes cultivating the field to dig the cave and scatter the clay over the adjacent field, where it was turned under by the plough the next day.

A very domestic man burrowed under the hen-house, within a few feet of his dwelling, and contrived so that the smoke from the cave went up the house chimney. On one occasion he was pursued by the guards and chased into his own door, but a skillet of hot water in the hands of materfamilias proved as potent as Greek fire in quelling martial valor; and when at last the water cooled, the most diligent search of the house failed to disclose the whereabouts of the deserter. Let those laugh who will, but a gallon of boiling water in the hands of a determined virago whom long practice on egg-sucking dogs has made an unerring marksman is a weapon not lightly to be faced.

To insure greater safety, a band of deserters would have several caves in different places, occupying the same one but a few days at a time. A timid man is still twitted with having done nothing but dig cave after cave during the whole war.

The subsequent decay of the roof-poles and the dropping in of the tops proved hiding-places of this kind to have been surprisingly abundant, and to have been in the most unexpected places. A wooded bluff near a stream where I had been all unsuspectingly hunting and fishing turned out to have half a dozen in it. This spot was in sight of the flag at a Confederate post, and less than two miles distant.

Sometimes a squad, after having with the utmost circumspection selected a site and completed a cave, would be dismayed to find that they had been watched from the first by another and perhaps unfriendly squad which had preceded them and taken to earth near by. A sudden shifting of quarters by both parties was pretty sure to be the result, for in those times suspicion was rife.

The deserter while "hid out" was fed by his wife or some female of the family. As this was of course suspected by the officers, and their movements were often watched, the women were driven to exercise no little contrivance and cunning on their part. Nearly every woman had her own code of signals to guide the movements of her deserter husband. Sometimes a certain bedquilt hung on the fence meant danger, and another of different color or pattern meant safety; or a certain song sung on the way to the spring conveyed the necessary information. But hog-calling was the favorite signal. In those days of scarcity the hog became of even more than his usual importance. The neighborhood constantly rang with shrill voices imploring him to hasten home to be fed. A slight change in the habitual mode of calling apprised the deserter a mile distant when he could approach his home, and when he must keep close underground.

In times of danger food had to be carried to the caves by stealth. The ingenuity with which these women, clad only in limp homespun, concealed provisions about their persons would give lessons to the deftest importer of dress silk and kid gloves, aided by crinoline, bustles, and all the paraphernalia of fashion. Many a wild-goose chase did they

lead those who followed them. No less a personage than the captain of the home guard himself, after following a will-o'-the-wisp of a faded checked homespun dress for miles through bush and brier, at length brought up in quicksand, where he stuck fast for hours till finally dragged out by the very men he was seeking to capture. Indeed, these women, in their way, proved quite as true and sacrificing as their more refined sisters who sent their husbands, sons, and brothers to the field instead of the woods.

The deserter's wife had not only to bear more anxiety for her husband's safety than the soldier's wife did, for the sight of armed men seeking his capture or death was almost an every-day occurrence, but she must, by her own almost unaided labor, cultivate the crops and raise food for her family. Then, after a hard day's work, food had to be prepared in the dead hours of night and smuggled out to the men in hiding. In short, her lot was but another proof of the truism that, after all, it is woman who has to bear the brunt of the ills that befall mankind.

The life of the deserter was not without its compensations. There was novelty, excitement, and a spice of danger which added zest to it. Perhaps, as men who had been both declared, it called for more courage to be a deserter than a soldier; but the former enjoyed a freedom impossible to the latter, and the deserter availed himself of his long holiday of two years or more to loaf, hunt, and fish to his heart's content. Owing to the scarcity of ammunition and the absence of such a large proportion of the male population, game became so tame and abundant as to be taken without trouble. Two deserters out turkey-hunting, having ensconced themselves about dawn in a "brush-blind," proceeded to yelp up their quarry. But the gobbler proved strangely unresponsive to their most seductive notes. When at last they were driven to stalk him, and had advanced a few hundred yards, the turkey suddenly turned out to be the captain of the home guard, who happened to be out turkey-yelping that morning, too. As his single bullet of loyal lead was no match for two loads of disloyal slugs, a mutual and hasty retreat was instantly beaten.

The tedium of deserter life was broken by all sorts of pranks and practical jokes played by rollicking members of the fraternity. One very effective but somewhat dangerous pleasantry was for several deserters to don uniform and personate Confederate guards. Some timid deserter or band of deserters, chosen as least likely to shoot, would be ousted from their caves, and at intervals chased around the neighborhood for a day or two. It is hard to imagine joking carried to a greater extreme than by soldiers marching toward the cave where a deserter was hid, pausing in his immediate vicinity, carefully and systematically thumping and prodding the ground, and, after what seemed an eternity to the poor fellow beneath, violently pulling up the trap-door, thrusting in a couple of cocked muskets, and sternly ordering him to surrender; or perhaps he would be suffered to burst out and run, receiving a volley as he went, and then be hunted about the country by those familiar with his haunts, and when, exhausted and desperate, he finally gave himself up, his captors, with a loud guffaw, would transform themselves into neighbors and fellow-deserters.

Another comedy in pantomime was acted when a body of Lee's deserters, in making their way farther south, carrying their arms as they went, suddenly came face to face in the woods with an equally large body of our cave-dwellers. The former took the men in butternut for home guards in search of Lee's deserters, the latter very naturally supposed the men in gray to be Confederate troops in search of cave-dwellers, and both parties turned and fled precipitately. So

headlong was their flight that, blind to the direction they took, each described a circle through the woods, and five minutes later, spent and breathless, again tumbled into each other. Then, in some manner, Lee's men discovered that the men in butternut were not home guards; doubtless their speed made it plain that they could have no connection with those leaden-footed worthies; and a general recognition and affiliation followed.

When we consider the stir made about them, it is surprising how few deserters were captured. Some caves were found, but in nearly every instance they were empty. A singularly unfortunate man, after serving in the ranks with credit and unwounded almost to the very close of the war, finally deserted, returned home, dug a cave, but was immediately taken and sent back to the front, where he lost an arm in the first skirmish.

As fate would have it, it was the lot of one of the youngest and most ignorant of the deserters in the neighborhood to fall before the rifle of a guard. This youth, who was a kinsman of our overseer, was shot almost within sight of our house. Overcome by the wearing loneliness of deserter life, and longing for the companionship and comfort of home, he crept up to the house to reconnoitre. Seeing no one but his little brother, who was busy loading rails on a cart, he approached him for information. When within a few paces a Confederate soldier jumped up from behind the cart, leveled his rifle, and ordered him to surrender. The boy sprang between the guard and his brother, and shouted to the latter to run. For some time the soldier was prevented from firing. A few steps more and the friendly shelter of the woods would have been gained, when the Enfield got in its deadly work. For years afterwards a scar was shown on a neighboring poplar where the heavy bullet, after piercing its victim, had glanced and ploughed a large hole in the tree.

One instance of cave-finding occurred which the finder is not likely to forget. In the summer of 1864 a schoolmate of mine was out hunting partridge nests. It was Sunday, the day which, as all boys will attest, is worth all the other days of the week together for finding nests, catching fish, or indeed effecting any of the multitudinous aims of boy life. Coming to a spot in an old field on which the pines had been felled as if for a tobacco patch, with the broomsedge springing up around the edges of the dead boughs, making an ideal building-place for bob-white, he proceeded to search it thoroughly. Scrambling over the deep gullies by which the spot was surrounded, and beginning to peer and pry among the brush, he suddenly and to his unutterable terror found the earth giving way beneath his feet, precipitating him into a hole in which he would have disappeared entirely but for the desperate and uncertain grasp which he managed to keep on a tuft of broomstraw. Visions of dire judgments on Sabbath breakers flashed through his mind, stimulated by unmistakable evidences of fire at his feet, which seemed to show that his Satanic Majesty might already be at hand. As if in response to his screams, the surrounding earth rose with a mighty upheaval, and two strange beings, whom his fright transformed into demons, sprang into upper air and proceeded to drag him out by main force. He had simply fallen down the chimney of a deserter's cave, in the fireplace of which a slow bark fire was burning.

Another troglodyte saw a still more alarming visitor make his entrance through the same novel doorway. Having retreated to his cave upon hearing the danger signal given and urgently repeated, he had scarcely adjusted the trap-door when his attention was attracted by a rustling among the leaves around the chimney mouth. A moment later a snake appeared over it, and fell wriggling and squirming at his feet. The cave was

in Egyptian darkness, but the glimpse that he had of the reptile in the straggling light of the chimney assured him that it was of the dreaded high-land moccasin species, which the country people think quite as deadly as the rattlesnake itself. There he was, co-tenant of a gravelike hole hardly six feet square, with the most horrible thing that his imagination could picture. Above were the terrible Enfields of the guards; below, the still more terrible fangs of the reptile. But to stir even for the purpose of springing from the cave must bring the moccasin upon him. So for hours the man sat motionless as a stone, till a companion arrived to extricate him. Fortunately, the snake, doubtless restrained by the proximity of a human being, also remained motionless. The man had been of stout body and strong nerves, but for months after that experience he was all nervousness and timidity.

As was formerly true of the runaway negro, there was hardly anything that gave the deserter so much trouble as his dog. His attachment to the brute was too strong to admit of the thought of killing him. But if he approached his home, even at night, the antics of the dog were sure to betray his whereabouts. When in dire straits his life depended on his legs, the dog running with him hindered his progress, and often tripped his feet. Let occasion come for him to steal to his cave with extreme caution and secrecy, again the dog, refusing to "begone," would take up some prominent position, and keep his gaze riveted on the exact spot on the ground under which his master had disappeared.

Indeed, the deserter had three stanch friends, his wife, his negroes, — for, as I have said, some of them owned slaves, — and his dog. More than one deserter owed not only his comfort, but his liberty, if not his life, to the fidelity and cunning of some trusty slave. Often the negro's instinctive knowledge of woodcraft enabled him to make suggestions which greatly increased the safety of the hiding-place; and when questioned by the guards, his apparently innocent responses would throw pursuit in one direction while his master was speeding off in another. No one else could mingle the alarm signal with the hog-calling so successfully or be heard so far as he could; and no matter how thick the guards or how strict the watch, the cave was sure to be kept provisioned. While ostensibly very busy at the store or the station, his alert ears were catching every scrap of news, every rumor which could indicate the movements of the "deserter-hunters."

The war over, almost as many absentees came back to our midst from the woods as from the camp. The meeting between deserter and deserter-hunter was at first very awkward, but the world moved faster now than of old, and the friction disappeared with surprising quickness. When reconstruction was effected, and the deserters went in a body into the Republican ranks, as it was very natural they should do, much of the war-time bitterness revived; but when, a little later, they began to fall back to the Democratic party, the past was forgiven, and, what is better, it was forgotten.

*David Dodge.*

# THE EQUINOCTIAL ON THE IPSWICH DUNES.

THE dunes of Ipswich in Massachusetts lie in a somewhat secluded and peculiar spot. Facing the open ocean between Plum Island and Coffin's Beach, the Ipswich shore presents a strange aspect to the passing world, seaward, skyward, or landward. It is a rough bit of desert, made into odd shapes by wind, tide, and river. From no point of view is it commonplace.

An early morning train from Boston landed me on March 21 at Ipswich station. Rain fell in a determined way upon the earth, the snowdrifts, and the rushing Ipswich River. In a rickety buggy drawn by a lean horse I started for the dunes. It was a five-mile drive over a rolling glacial plain and wind-swept marsh land. As the sea was neared the wind became stronger and stronger. The buggy swayed from side to side; the lean horse, stung by rain in front and whip behind, staggered feebly on against the storm; and birds, waves, sand, trees, marsh grass, the face of the water, — everything, in fact, which could move, — either fled before the gale or writhed under its blows. At nine o'clock I reached a lonely, storm-battered house, half concealed among the sand-hills. The Equinoctial was at its height. It was an hour when prudence bade one stay in the house, but when that which makes a man happy amid the rough revelry of nature said, Go, give yourself to the storm. The sea could not be seen from the house, for the dunes stood in the way, but the wind, the breath of the sea, told where it lay. The wind was charged with rain, hail, cutting bits of sand, the odor of brine, and the roar of the billowy battle beyond the dunes.

What are the dunes? They are the waves of the sea perpetuated in sand. They were changing and growing at that moment, as they are at every moment when the winds blow. A ridge forty feet high eastward of the house was hurling yellowish sand into the dooryard and against the buildings. From its top could be seen a hollow beyond, and then another ridge, from the crest of which a sand banner waved in the wind. That ridge surmounted, a broader hollow was seen beyond, containing lagoons of gleaming water and thickets of richly colored shrubs and a few stunted pines. To right, left, and ahead, other ridges rose like mimic mountains. Some of them had been cut straight through by storms, and showed plainly wind stratification on their cut surfaces. Wading through the pools, from which a few black ducks rose and flew swiftly out to sea, I gained the third ridge, which was the highest of the dunes. Beyond was another hollow, then a fourth dune, then a beach strewn with seaweed, shells, and wreckage, and finally half a mile of snowy breakers, boiling and hissing on their rhythmic journey shoreward. At times the eye seemed to reach further out to sea, but at once the rain, foam, and driving cloud masses closed in on the waves, and sky and ocean were combined in an attempt to overwhelm the dunes. Walking upon the beach was like wrestling with a strong man. Looking through the stinging rain was almost impossible. Not far up the beach was the wreck of a small schooner. It was half buried in the sand, and just within reach of the waves. Streaming with rain, my face smarting from the flying sand, and my breath exhausted, I gained the wreck and sought refuge in its interior.

The vessel's ribs rose high into the air, and a part of her sheathing had not yet been beaten off by gales. The waves struck this wall of plank, and sent shiver after shiver through the broken

hulk. Inside, the wind had little effect, and the water that came in was that flowing downward from the beach, as great waves broke upon the sand and then swept round over the wreck's buried side. Peering through the gaps between the timbers, I looked down into and across a raging mass of water. It was much like a shipwreck without the fear of death. Dozens of herring gulls, now and then a black-backed gull, and every few minutes small flocks of black ducks flew past athwart the gale. Sometimes a gull would face the wind, and fly against it steadily, vigorously, yet never advance an inch. The ducks looked as though they were flying backward, so oddly balanced were they. After nearly an hour of watching I waded ashore, followed my tracks back across the sand-hills, and gained a comfortable "stove-side" in the weather-beaten house. The noonday meal of fat pork, boiled corned beef, cabbage, clams, soda biscuit, doughnuts, mince pie, and coffee seemed in some degree a reasonable complement to the gale.

Early in the afternoon, in company with two friends, — a bird-watcher and a mouse-hunter, — I faced the storm again. We walked northward rather than eastward, keeping within the hollows of the dunes, and not climbing to their windy crests. Rain fell in torrents and in larger drops than in the morning. It whipped into foam the pale blue and green pools between the sand-hills. Gusts of air struck these pools from ever-varying angles, the cliffs and passes of the mimic mountains making all manner of currents and eddies in the wind. Ruffled by these gusts, the pools changed color from moment to moment; sometimes being white with foam and reflected light from the sky, then varying through every shade of blue and sea-green to ultramarine. The coloring in the miniature valleys was exquisitely beautiful. In some, the yellow sand, over which lines and ripples of purple sand were laid, curved from every side with the most graceful lines downward from the ridges to a single tinted mirror at the centre. In others, where the valley was broader, lagoons filled with tiny islands were fringed with vegetation of striking shades. The clumps of sturdy "poverty grass" (*Hudsonia tomentosa*) covered much of the ground, its coloring, while it was wet by the rain, varying from burnt umber to madder brown. Over it strayed scalp locks of pale yellow grasses, restless in the wind. Next to the pools and under them grew a dense carpet of cranberry vines, yielding shades of dark crimson, maroon, and wine-color. Lines of floating cranberries edged these tiny lakes, or shone like precious stones at their bottom. Between the lagoons and on their islands dense thickets of meadow-sweet and leafless wild-rose bushes formed masses of intense color, the shades running from rich reds through orange to gleaming yellow. The rain glistening on these warmly tinted stems made them unnaturally brilliant.

On the shores of some of the lagoons, or forming small conical islands in their midst, were white heaps of broken clam-shells. The shells when disturbed seemed to be embedded in fine black soil, like that left by long-extinguished fires. When these shell-heaps were first explored they contained bones of many kinds of fish and birds, including fragments of that extinct bird, the great auk. They also yielded broken pieces of roughly ornamented pottery, bits of copper, and stone implements of the Indians who had made the Ipswich River and its sand-hills one of their principal camping-grounds. This region has given to relic-hunters bushels of arrowheads, stone knives, and hatchets.

As we approached the largest of the lagoons, which covered several acres, black ducks began to appear, flying in all directions. They rose not only from the large lagoon, but from many smaller

pools hidden among the network of dunes. Over a hundred were in the air at once. Crows, too, and gulls joined in the winged stampede caused by our coming. One flock of crows flying towards Cape Ann later in the afternoon numbered eighty-three birds. Our walk ended at Ipswich Light, a small beacon placed on the edge of the dunes as a warning against their treacherous sands. A bit of land near it had been reclaimed from the desert, and gave promise of being a garden in a few weeks. The rain was at its fiercest here, and beat upon the lighthouse as though it would wash it from the face of the earth. As the wind blew the sand grass, its long blades whirled around, drawing circles in the sand with their tough tips and edges. These circles could be seen from a long distance, so deeply and clearly were they cut. Sometimes a long blade and a short one whirled on the same root and made concentric circles. The geometrical correctness of these figures rendered them striking elements in a landscape so chaotic as the dunes in the Equinoctial.

Scattered about over the sand were small star-shaped objects about the size of a silver dollar, and brown in color. They looked at first glance as though they might have been stamped out of thick leather. Whether they were fish, flesh, or plant was a question not readily answered by a novice. They proved to be a kind of puffball, common in such regions as the dunes, and singularly well adapted to life on shifting sands.

Through the long night of the 21st the wind wailed around the house, and the sound of the waves came up from the sea. Long before sunrise I was awakened by the quacking of domestic ducks in the inlet just in front of my windows. Fog and a gentle east wind ruled the morning, and the fog made queer work with outlines and perspective among the sand-hills. Not far from the house there once stood a fine orchard, many of the trees in which had attained a generous size considering their exposed situation. But the dunes marked them for destruction. The greedy sand piled itself around their roots, rose higher and higher on their trunks, caught the tips of their lower branches, dragged them under its cold and deadly weight, reached up to those higher, and as the trees began to pine hurled itself against their dry leaves, twigs, and branches, then set to work to wear away the trunks themselves. Rising through the fog, these remains seemed like tortured victims stretching out distorted arms for pity. Only a few of the trees retained branches having green wood and pliable twigs, and these were half buried by recent inroads of sand. They reminded me of the fate of men caught in quicksands and drawn down inch by inch to their death.

Tracks in sand are almost as telling records as tracks in snow. Skunks had wandered about over these ridges in force. They do not find their food among the hills, but on the shore where the carrion of the sea is left by the tide. The ocean edge is usually strewn with dead fish, sea birds, and shellfish. Around these remnants are to be seen the tracks of gulls and crows, or the birds themselves. That morning the upper air was noisy with crows coming back from their night roost. They soon scattered along the beach, feeding. For some reason the ducks had disappeared from the lagoons. A few flew past up the coast, but the greater part seemed to have already moved northward. It was upon these sand-hills that the Ipswich sparrow was first shot in December, 1868. The bird is much like the grass finch in contour, and in behavior when approached by man. Its coloring is that of the savanna sparrow, only several shades lighter. During the March migration the Ipswich sparrow is readily to be found among the dunes. Startled by my coming,

three of them stopped feeding on the edge of a small, clear lagoon, and flew up the steep side of the sand-hill above it. This was dotted with clumps of coarse yellowish grass; the sand itself was a shade paler than the grass, and the sparrows' plumage toned in with both so perfectly that when the birds alit it was almost impossible to see them. One dropped down behind a bunch of grass, and ran along swiftly, with his head pointing forward, until he gained the cover of a larger growth of grass, then stopped and raised his head slowly above it, and remained motionless, vigilant.

Crouched among the grass in a hollow I watched him, my glass leveled at his head. Five minutes may have passed before he gave a sharp "chip," ran at full speed down the bank, and flew back to his feeding-ground. Near another pool a dozen or more horned larks were feeding on the wet ground. This bird is one of the most beautiful I know. In the pool caddis worms were crawling about in cases made, not of grains of gravel, but of sections of scouring-rush, which they had found to answer all practical purposes. This is an instance of the use of ready-made clothing to oppose to nature's usual demand for custom-made garments. These caddis worms were the first water-life which I had seen stirring this spring. Later in the day I saw "tomcoddies" or "mummichogs" swimming in a ditch, but they are active all winter. Another sign of spring was the track of a white-footed mouse (*Hesperomys leucopus*) found by the mouse-hunter on his morning round.

Standing on the crest of one of the dunes next the sea, and looking through the fog across lagoons filled with islands to other dunes of many outlines, varying from pointed peak or bold bluff to long graceful ridge, it was impossible to retain true ideas of size and distance. The proportions of pools, islets, bushes, and cliffs corresponded so closely to those which would have marked lakes, islands, groves, and mountain peaks that, for all the eye could tell, Winnepesaukee and the Franconia Mountains were there in all their beauty. During the forenoon the fog crept back to the sea, the sun came out, and the landscape appeared in new colors and proportions. Lakes shrank to pools, mountains dwindled to sand-ridges. The sand itself grew pale, and many of its most brightly colored plants lost their brilliancy as they dried. This was strikingly noticeable in the *Hudsonia tomentosa*, which changed from rich brown tones to sage green and gray. Ducks were replaced by numbers of red-wing blackbirds, and all day long the "flick, flick, flick, flick, flick" of a pigeon woodpecker rang from a tree on Hog Island.

In the afternoon we rowed across the shallow inlet to the island, which is what geologists call a drumlin, and sailors and farmers a hogback. It is a gently sloping hill of gravel, whose longer axis is supposed to indicate the direction of the glacier's advance at that point. The length of the island from northwest to southeast is a little over half a mile, and its height along its backbone is one hundred and forty feet. A sunny old farmhouse on the low land at the end of the island nearest Coffin's Beach was pointed out as the birthplace of Rufus Choate. Beyond it was a fair view of Essex River, with its gleaming flats dotted with clam-diggers, Coffin's Beach, Annisquam Harbor, and the shores of Cape Ann made dim and mysterious by the east wind's veil of haze, a pledge of returning storm. The view northward across Castle Neck and the mouths of Ipswich and Rowley rivers to Plum Island was not only beautiful, but interesting by reason of the distinctness with which it mapped the dunes. As line upon line of white-edged breakers rolled in upon the shore, they seemed to turn to sand and continue their undulations across

Castle Neck to our inlet. Bits of blue shone between these sand-waves. They were the mimic lakes of the caddis worms and the Ipswich sparrows. Bits of white were on the sands of the beach and the flats along the inlet. They were flocks of gulls feeding. So still was the air that now and then the uncanny whining of one of these birds came up to us. Inland the sun made the haze golden instead of gray, and we could not see many miles. In Ipswich, Hamilton, and Essex many drumlins could be seen, one of which, Heartbreak Hill, was especially conspicuous. The outlines of these hills seemed restful and placid. The marshes between them were straw-colored, and cut into arabesques by meandering tide rivers of blue.

The stone walls on Hog Island were apparently being swallowed up by the earth. The boulders also appeared to be sinking below the surface. One stone wall had sunk so that its top was almost level with the ground. In the fields at the base of the hill tunnels of the common field mouse (*Arvicola pennsylvanicus*) ran in every direction. The mouse-hunter, in order to prove beyond a doubt that these sturdy mice, and not moles, were responsible for the tunnels, dug one of them out of his cave and produced him struggling.

At sunset, after our row back to the sand-hills, I climbed the highest dune and took a last look at the singular panorama of blue lagoons, pale yellow ridges, wind-cut bluffs, buried trees, and foaming breakers. It certainly was a unique landscape and one fascinating for many reasons, but it had something sinister in it. The ocean was covered by a thin fog; the east wind coming from the waves was chilling, and it brought confused sounds of roaring water and shrill-voiced gulls. The sands, forever shifting, seemed treacherous, the sea restless, and the wind which stirred them full of discontent. There are many who find rest in the restlessness of the sea, the dunes, and the winds. Perhaps my lack of sympathy is hereditary. Rather more than two hundred and fifty years ago a father and son were fishermen upon these perfidious coasts. In the great storm of December 15, 1636, the father was claimed by the ocean as its own. The son gave up the sea, and grew corn by the ponds of Chebacco. Before he died he moved out of sight and hearing of the ocean, and for many generations none of his descendants lived within tide-water limits.

*Frank Bolles.*

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## THE BUBBLE.

WHY should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I;
But, sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
Nor loss, nor gain, nor change in me is found, —
A life-complete in death-complete to die.

*John B. Tabb.*

# THE LATE SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

THE wave of emotion which swept over Canada on the death of Sir John Macdonald has not yet wholly subsided. The incidents of the political struggle of the session of Parliament at the very beginning of which he died have stimulated the zeal of his followers, and given them a clearer knowledge of the loss they have sustained. Thus personal feeling and political fealty join in keeping fresh the sense of regret for the loss of their old chief.

In the nature of things, there has necessarily been some subsidence of public sorrow. All the circumstances surrounding the death of the Premier tended to create a feeling that since at seventy-six death must be expected, Sir John Macdonald was fortunate in dying as Premier of his country, and in the confidence alike of the people and Parliament of Canada, and of the Parliament and Queen of Great Britain. He passed away with dignity, and dignity, in such a case, affords some alleviation to sorrow.

The life which thus closed was spent almost wholly before the public, and in the discharge of public business. Born at Glasgow in 1815, Sir John Macdonald came with his parents to Canada at an early age; was educated at Kingston; studied law, and was in due time admitted to the bar; and in 1844 entered on his long parliamentary career. A brief list of his various employments in the service of the state will indicate the variety and extent of his public life: —

Receiver-General, May 21 to December 7, 1847.

Commissioner of Crown Lands, December 8, 1847, to March 10, 1848.

In opposition, 1848 to 1854.

Attorney-General, September 11, 1854, to August 1, 1858.

Postmaster-General for one day, August 6, 1858.

Attorney-General, August 7, 1858, to May 23, 1862.

In opposition, May 23, 1862, to March 30, 1864.

Attorney-General, March 30, 1864, to July 1, 1867.

Premier of New Dominion, July 1, 1867, to November, 1873.

In opposition, November, 1873, to September, 1878.

Premier of Canada, September, 1878, to June 7, 1891.

Thus, out of his forty-seven years of parliamentary life, from 1844 to 1891, he was thirty-two years in office, most of that time leader of his party. He was only three years in public life before he was in the government; and in all he was only twelve years in opposition, — still, however, leading his party. His opponents always feared him; his friends never abandoned him in opposition; and whether in power or in opposition, he was always the most versatile and vigorous force in Canadian public affairs.

In order to make as clear as possible to the reader the conditions of public life and the questions which public men had to solve at the time when Sir John Macdonald entered public life, a brief history of political development in Canada must be given.

Among the possessions of the British crown, Canada holds a peculiar place. For Canada, the empire made a great and costly struggle alike against France and against the United States. For the empire, Canada has thrice resorted to arms — in 1775, in 1812, and in 1866 — and turned the tide of invasion from the walls of Quebec and from the frontiers of Ontario. For Canada, the empire has exerted at all times its full

diplomatic strength and skill, though not always successfully, and has afforded when necessary the valuable service of her public credit. For the empire, Canada has incurred great liabilities, which, while developing Canadian territory and enlarging Canadian wealth and commerce, must inevitably be of signal service in the future defense of the Queen's dominions. India alone, among the other dependencies of the crown, has incurred great expenditure for imperial interests; but this was done, not by the spontaneous and loyal self-sacrifice of the people, but by the order of the state. In the West Indies great battles have been fought, which have made the waters surrounding those islands full of glorious historic memories; but those battles were fought by the British navy, and entailed no struggle and little sacrifice on the part of the people. In Canada, however, all efforts made for the security and the interests of the empire have been loyal, spontaneous, and helpful.

Nevertheless, the political development of Canada was slow. It did not exhibit that progress by leaps and bounds towards free political institutions which we notice in the case of the Australian colonies. These latter sprang speedily into full life and vigor because they had no long preliminary period of military rule. They were settled rapidly by men who fully understood the practice of constitutional government, and therefore constitutions were quickly conferred on them. But in the North American provinces, though some became British possessions in 1713, and all in 1763, the acquisition of political institutions of perfect freedom was long delayed. Nova Scotia did not acquire responsible government till 1848; Prince Edward Island not till 1851; New Brunswick not till 1848; Quebec not till 1841, at the time of the union of Upper and Lower Canada, and indeed it was not till the second session of the first Parliament that responsible government was, in theory, conceded to the new Province.

The reasons for this long delay in gaining responsible government are interesting. The country was obtained by conquest or had been always maintained by arms; consequently a period of military rule was natural and necessary. The invasion of Canada from the United States in 1775 prolonged this period of military government, and indeed rendered any other government almost impossible. The loyalist immigration into Canada from 1776 to 1783, and afterward, added to the population a great number of people by no means disposed to think that political agitation of any sort was good for the peace and order of the state. The war of 1812 strengthened the military and conservative feeling again, and gave an air of treason to political designs and demands which at any other time would have been deemed worthy of serious consideration. The rebellion of 1837 stigmatized as traitors all who had joined in it, the penalties inflicted having been very severe. For these reasons, the demand made, and ultimately conceded, for responsible government was met by the fierce and determined opposition of the most influential, intelligent, and respectable men in all Canada. The opposition to responsible government did not come from British officials or the red-tapists of Downing Street. It came from within, from among the people themselves, and from the best and the wisest among them. For example, in Nova Scotia, in 1838, resolutions were passed against the proposed federal union of the Provinces on the ground that it would "imbue the rising generation with a fondness for elective institutions." In New Brunswick, in 1849, the people sustained at the polls an administration strongly opposed to responsible government.

Responsible government having, however, been granted to all the Provinces,

and the union of the two principal Provinces having been accomplished in 1841, a new field in politics was opened for public men. There were at this time three classes of men engaged in the discussion and conduct of public affairs: (1) the old-time Tories, who looked upon all demands for constitutional changes as preliminary symptoms of revolution; (2) the moderate Conservatives, who did not love change of any sort for its own sake, but who were not afraid of improvement; and (3) the Radicals, who saw in responsible government and popular institutions the promise of the golden age. The strife of these factions was rendered more intense by the fact that the governors had no accepted traditions of political conduct, and fell sometimes under the influence of one faction, sometimes under that of another, while striving to seem free from the influence of all. To Lord Durham the people of Lower Canada had been hostile. Lord Metcalfe had been unpopular in Upper Canada. Lord Elgin had been stoned in the streets of Montreal and egged in the streets of Toronto. The House of Parliament had been burned by the excited loyal mob of Montreal in revenge for the passing of the Rebellion Losses Bill. The country was a victim to partisanship, and the strife of parties was unceasing.

Mr. John Alexander Macdonald belonged to the moderate Conservative party, which he was soon to lead. The older Tories had passed or were passing away. The last of them may be said to have been Sir Allan MacNab, who was Mr. Macdonald's leader at first, and who was in a few years succeeded by his subordinate.

The questions which the leaders of public opinion had now to face were of two kinds: —

(1.) Those arising out of the conquest.

These questions had by no means disappeared in 1844. The Quebec act of 1774, which conferred on the French Canadian subjects of the crown the right to the use of their own language, religion, and laws, had always excited the hostility of a considerable section of the British population. The military rule of the British, however just, — and its justice was not without flaws, — was necessarily objectionable to the French people. Hence alienation prevailed between the races, which lasted long, and which is not yet wholly extinct, — an occasional eruption reminding us of ancient explosions. This feeling rendered the government of the country as a unit very difficult; and in 1791 it was divided into two Provinces, each with a legislature of its own, and each with its own laws. Out of this state of things political questions of much local consequence arose in both Provinces. In each there was a political agitation, which resulted in 1837 in a double rebellion, which was not suppressed without blood, and which left behind it bad passions that remained long a source of disturbance. In Lower Canada the old royal grants of land to the seigneurs had in course of time become oppressive and unpopular among the tenants. In Upper Canada the reserves of land for the clergy — claimed by the English Church, and this claim denied by the nonconformist bodies — had proved a source of enduring trouble. In addition, there arose after 1837 the claims of those who had sustained losses in the rebellion. All these questions must be decided in some manner.

One after another they were disposed of. The Rebellion Losses Bill was passed in 1849 by a Liberal government. The old Conservatives and the moderate men alike offered opposition to this measure, under which, they claimed, men who had been in rebellion would be repaid for the loss arising from their rebellious action. In 1849 Mr. Macdonald was under the leadership of Sir

Allan MacNab, and he voted against this bill as a concession to his leader. It was one of the last concessions he was to make to the representatives of the old order. In 1854 Mr. Macdonald himself brought in the bill which secularized the clergy reserves in Upper Canada by dividing them amongst the municipalities, vested interests being respected during the lifetime of incumbents; and likewise the bill which abolished the seigneurial tenures of Quebec, securing fair compensation at the same time to the proprietors. The skill with which this latter question was handled has induced many of those who remember the events to believe that Sir John Macdonald was the one man in the British Empire who could have solved the land question in Ireland.

(2.) The next difficulties to be overcome were those arising out of the union of 1841.

The conditions of politics were as follows: The governors did not relinquish without a struggle the valuable patronage they had hitherto possessed. The legislative council, or upper house, was nominated by the governor, who made the appointments from a very narrow circle of Conservative public men, and a clamor arose for the election of this chamber by the people. The population of Upper Canada, owing to the influx from the United States and to the better character of the country for the purposes of agriculture, increased more rapidly than that of Lower Canada, and the Liberal leaders of the larger population demanded a larger representation in Parliament. This question was discussed with constantly increasing bitterness. The parties in the legislature were represented in the cabinet according to their provincial and racial character, and it became, in spite of every form of reasonable protest, a practice to require a majority from each Province to carry on a government "having the confidence of the legislature." Fiscal questions did not disturb the peace of parties in those days; the political battle was fought on constitutional grounds alone.

Mr. Macdonald was one of those who in 1856 voted for the bill which made the legislative council an elective body; and it continued elective till 1867, when, on the creation of the Senate, the fathers of confederation returned, very wisely in a country where there were then and still are too many elections, to the principle of nomination by the crown for life. To the policy of representation by population advocated by the reform leaders Mr. Macdonald was opposed, because his Lower Canadian allies were opposed to it, and because he did not think that the gain in political power arising from an increased representation in Upper Canada would be any compensation for the feeling of insecurity and suspicion that would continually alarm Lower Canada, which, having been forced into the union of 1841 against its consent and with a suspended local constitution, was naturally in a supersensitive mood. Moreover, the principle of representation by population as then advocated would have perpetuated the provincial differences, which it was the object of the union to efface. Mr. Macdonald's opposition exposed him to attack in his own Province and weakened his political following, because he thereby incurred the reproach of governing Upper Canada by means of the support of the Lower Canadian members. A like accusation was made against him when, after a period of adherence by way of experiment, he abandoned the practice of having a majority in each Province to support a government. This also tended to perpetuate provincial prejudices, and he abandoned it in his endeavor to promote a substantial union of the Provinces and a substantial unity in the legislative chamber.

Up to this time, then, it will be observed by the reader who understands the science of politics that Mr. Mac-

donald, although a Conservative, acquiesced cheerfully in the passing away of practices and institutions which had served their purpose. He had abandoned the theories of the old-time Conservatives; he had assisted in the curtailment of the powers of the governors; he had voted for the election of the legislative council; he had opposed representation by population; he had given up the double majority; he had forced the settlement of the clergy reserves question; he had insisted on the arrangement of the seigneurial tenure dispute; he respected the past, but he also respected the future. He was always thinking of the next session, the next election, the next generation, the next phase of public opinion and public affairs. That the driving-wheel of the machinery of state makes large revolutions he knew very well. He was not impatient for it to come round again; but he knew it would come, and he was always ready for the opportunity it afforded.

In 1864 began the movement which ended in the confederation of the British North American Provinces. Professor Goldwin Smith, in reply to those who make claim for this or that man that he was "the father of confederation," invariably says, "*No; deadlock was the father of confederation.*" And this is what he means.

On the 16th of May, 1863, the Parliament of Canada was dissolved by Lord Monck, the reform party being in power. At the close of the session of 1863, on the 12th of May, the Governor-General, in his speech dissolving the Parliament, said in general terms: —

(1.) That it was not possible to conduct the public business in a satisfactory manner under existing circumstances.

(2.) That two successive administrations had failed to obtain the confidence of the legislature.

(3.) That these facts had made a dissolution necessary.

The causes of the troubles thus alluded to by the governor were as follows: —

On May 20, 1862, the government of Macdonald and Cartier (Conservative) was defeated, by the defection of some of Cartier's Quebec following, on the militia bill; and the ministry resigned. On May 24 the Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte ministry was sworn into office. On May 8, 1863, in the succeeding session, Mr. John A. Macdonald carried a vote of want of confidence in this new ministry. The defeated ministers, acting within their right, advised the governor to dissolve the house, and Parliament was dissolved accordingly on the 16th of May, 1863, as above stated.

The elections were held in June, and the Liberal government was sustained by a very small majority. After a sharp parliamentary struggle, the new Liberal government, finding its position difficult to maintain, and thinking to embarrass its opponents, resigned. When two other men had declined the dangerous task of forming an administration, a member of the upper house, Sir Étienne Taché, undertook the forlorn hope and formed the second Taché-Macdonald administration, Conservative. This new government was defeated, by a vote of sixty to fifty-eight, on a test question; making the fourth ministry condemned in four years. The Governor-General gave his new and defeated ministers power to dissolve once more, a most troublesome and financially ruinous process, though perfectly regular and constitutional; but this time the dissolution did not take place.

At this critical point, when parties were so nicely balanced that neither could form a stable administration, Mr. George Brown, the reform leader, who was a sincere and able advocate of a union of all the British North American Provinces, gave it to be understood, by means of a communication to the late Hon. Alexander Morris, that he was not

unwilling to coöperate with the Conservative ministers in a coalition ministry, for the purpose of getting rid of the disturbing constitutional questions, and of forming a federal union of the Provinces. Thus the deadlock between the two parties brought about the Liberal-Conservative alliance which formed the Dominion of Canada.

But the Canadian "deadlock" would never have produced confederation had not other causes contributed materially to that result. The lower Provinces were considering a union among themselves on lines which had been laid down in an indefinite way for half a century. This was one contributing cause. Then the reciprocity treaty with the United States was about to be abolished. That was clear from the expressions of opinion in the United States, and the necessity for more interprovincial trade began to be foreseen. The Fenian invasion of 1866 gave, later on, a new impetus to the efforts of the fathers of the confederation. The need for a larger revenue, for more and more perfect public works and railways, and for a more uniform trade policy was apparent; and the wisdom of erecting a lasting bulwark of British power on this continent was clear to all Canadian public men. What was wanted at this point was a man who could take in hand the varied groups of political forces, unite them, mould them, inspire them, and give them confidence in themselves and in the future of the country. Such a man was found in Mr. John A. Macdonald, who, on the first day of July, 1867, became Premier of the Dominion, and who now, by the favor of the Queen, became Sir John Macdonald. He had at his disposal at this time the leading men of both sides of politics; for although Mr. Brown, who had taken the first step towards the coalition of parties, had withdrawn from the ministry in a short time, he was unable to check the movement in the other Provinces, and the confederation was formed and governed at first by a union of parties.

The address which, at the close of his fortieth year in public life, was presented to Sir John Macdonald in Toronto, in 1884, contains the following paragraphs: —

"The happy results of British rule in North America, begun when the policy of Pitt was accomplished by the valor of Wolfe, would have been imperfect, if not frustrated, but for the cordial relations which you have for nearly half a century maintained, in spite of unjust and unpatriotic criticism, with the loyal men of genius who have been the chiefs of the loyal Canadians of Quebec; and on this occasion we would mingle with our felicitations to yourself a tribute of grateful remembrance of Cartier, whose statue rises in another city to bear witness to his public deeds and to keep his memory green.

"The hopes of imperial and the policy of Canadian statesmen to found a strong and lasting confederation of the British North American Provinces might have been prevented from early accomplishment but for your unselfish conduct, your generous recognition of the sincerity of political opponents, your willingness to admit to your counsels men of genius and skill when the service of the nation was paramount to the service of party. And history will recall with impartial admiration your agreement in policy and your continuance in friendship with Brown and Howe, with Hincks and McGee, representing phases of opinion which, with the quick sympathy of genius, you conciliated, at a time of crisis, to the service of the state."

In substance these are the merits which his friends claimed for Sir John Macdonald; and on the occasion in question, in the course of a long review of his public career, he took these paragraphs for his text, and accepted and detailed the views expressed in them.

The tasks which Sir John Macdonald

and Sir George Cartier and their colleagues of the Liberal-Conservative government had before them at the establishment of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 were no small ones, notwithstanding the stream of tendency which made for success and the men of experience they had in their party. In the first place, there was serious discontent in Nova Scotia with the financial terms on which that Province had been induced to enter the union. This was remedied in 1869 by an act granting a larger subsidy, and by the settlement of some minor questions relating to public works. In the next place, there was an obvious geographical incompleteness in the Dominion. This was amended with some degree of enterprise. The Northwest Territory was obtained by purchase from the Hudson Bay Company in 1870, and out of this territory the Province of Manitoba was created in the same year. In 1871 British Columbia entered the union. In 1873 Prince Edward Island was added. Finally, in 1886, the population of the Northwest Territory having rapidly increased, a species of representative government was conferred on this region; a representative act was passed, a governor was appointed, and the foundation of a regular provincial constitution established. Four districts have been outlined, namely, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca; three of which already send members to the House of Commons, and all of which will at no distant day form new Provinces of the Dominion.

The geographical question having been settled, there remained the fact that the means of interprovincial communication within Canadian territory were very imperfect. From the East men came to Ottawa by way of Boston. From the West they came by way of San Francisco and Chicago. In summer the St. Lawrence afforded communication with the ocean. In winter our ocean port was Portland, which the fitness of things had decreed to belong to Canada, though Lord Ashburton was not aware of it, and Daniel Webster confessed that he did not remind him of it. The government of Sir John Macdonald undertook to supply the means of communication. The Intercolonial Railway, the first link of which had been begun by the Province of Nova Scotia, was completed in 1871, and has been made more useful still by the acquisition of portions of the Grand Trunk. Extensions of the system in Cape Breton and elsewhere in Nova Scotia have since added to the usefulness of this line, though the fact of increased communication must be offset by the fact of probable yearly deficits.

The bargain with the East having been thus liberally fulfilled, the bargain with the West, requiring the construction of the Pacific Railway, remained to be completed. This work was undertaken in 1872. The next year Sir John Macdonald fell from power, and remained out of office for nearly five years, in consequence of the revelations made concerning the subscriptions paid for political purposes by the promoters of the railway; but the Liberal government which took the place of the defeated administration went on with the work, if not on the lines of Sir John Macdonald's policy, at least on the lines which commended themselves to the practical men of the Liberal party; and the value of the work done was acknowledged by Sir John Macdonald's minister of railways when, in 1878, the Conservatives were returned to power. The work was begun by the new company organized in 1881, and was finished in 1886; an exhibition of vigorous railway management unsurpassed in the history of railways. But the government which undertook to aid the company in this gigantic task took its life in its hand every session till the work was completed; for the vastness of the undertaking alarmed the parliamentary supporters of the government, the most of

whom were not in the habit of thinking in large figures or of looking forward to future generations.

One other great work had to be done if the confederation of the Provinces was not to be a failure. This was, to diversify industry, to encourage manufactures, to develop the natural resources of the country. The necessity for this was pressing, for this reason. Before the foundation of the Dominion there were, as has been said, very imperfect means of communication, and trade had not flourished between the Provinces. The reciprocity treaty of 1854, which made the American markets free to Canadian products of certain kinds, and Canadian markets free on equal terms to American products, had checked the development of a varied industry in Canada. The abrogation of the treaty found Canada without political unity, without intercommunication, with few manufactures, and without an established foreign market. Circumstances rendered the postponement of this question of trade less disastrous than it might have been. The continuance of high prices in the United States before the resumption of specie payment enabled Canada for some years to carry on a fairly satisfactory trade with the republic, in spite of the loss of the free market. But this state of things changed about 1876. Prices went down in the United States. The manufacturers of that country became active and enterprising, particularly in seeking for their surplus a market in Canada. Agricultural products were enormously multiplied. And therefore the manufacturers, farmers, and miners of Canada began to feel the stress of this competition, especially as the Canadian tariff of only about fifteen per cent was opposed to the American tariff of about sixty.

Sir John Macdonald, in 1876, was out of power, but he and his colleagues in opposition saw an opening for a promising political campaign. It has been generally said that Sir John Macdonald was always a free trader at heart. This is not so, for in 1860 he had advocated fiscal changes on the ground that they would afford protection to the labor of Canada. His chief colleague in the framing of his policy, Sir Leonard Tilley, had also as early as 1852 been a protectionist. They were consistent enough, therefore, in advocating protection in 1876, 1877, and 1878, when, after one of the most exciting of all his campaigns, Sir John Macdonald was returned to power, on a promise to promote by means of protection the agricultural, mining, and manufacturing industries of Canada. This policy was duly carried out in the tariff act of 1879, on the lines laid down in 1877 and 1878; and was sustained at the polls at the subsequent general elections of 1882, 1887, and 1891. In this last election of 1891 there was mingled, indeed, the element of a promise to negotiate, on certain restricted lines, for a renewal of reciprocal trade relations with the United States; but in the main the battle was fought on the grounds of the old policy of protection, under the old flag and the old leader. That this policy was maintained without mistakes and miscalculations, without protests and opposition of the strongest kind, no one can assert, but the government remained firm. In this election there was certainly a revolt in the Province of Ontario against protection, and in favor of perfect free trade with the United States. The knowledge of that revolt and the anxiety attendant on it impelled Sir John Macdonald, during a most inclement and dangerous season, to make such efforts in addressing the constituencies as in his feeble state of health he was unable to endure; his death was no doubt hastened by these exertions. Before he died, however, he knew that he had given strength for another parliamentary term to the trade policy he was pledged to maintain.

Some questions, indeed, he left unsettled; among these is one which caused

him at all times the most serious anxiety, since it is one which has always been a source of danger to British North American unity. It is the growth of an aggressive provincialism. The union of 1841 was effected for the purpose of putting an end to this provincial feeling, with which were mingled racial and religious prejudices. But the very means adopted to put an end to the evil were the cause, as so often happens in politics, of its perpetuation and growth. The representation of both Provinces — nay, even the representation of geographical sections of the same Province — in the cabinet; the establishment for a considerable period of the double-majority practice; the development of the agitation for representation by population, — all these things tended inevitably to perpetuate provincialism, and render unity quite out of the question. These tendencies were intensified by the maintenance — the necessary and proper maintenance, under the faith and guarantee of treaties entered into between Great Britain and France — of a separate set of laws and institutions and another language in the Province of Quebec. The establishment of the Dominion of Canada, with added territory, a larger constitution, a fuller measure of freedom in self-government, would, it was hoped, have a tendency to suppress provincialism; but provincialism has become more powerful, more aggressive, than ever. And now that death has removed the one man whose great reputation and whose incalculable personal influence could add overwhelming force to his appeals to national sentiment, the danger arising from the aggressive character of the Provinces becomes serious. Provincial representation in the cabinet, provincial representation in the public service, provincial apportionment of the expenditure, provincial grievances regarding railways and public works, provincial attacks on the stability of the federal ministry, provincial demands for the abolition of the veto power, provincial interests in the arrangement of the tariff, — these are some of the characteristic dangers which menace the maintenance of what was intended by the fathers of the confederation to be a strong central government. But it is the business of statesmen to overcome difficulties; and the death of Sir John Macdonald leaves us still with men of the first rank, capable, it may be hoped, of carrying out his policy and completing his work.

At this point we may abandon for a time the direct line of development of Canadian history to examine briefly Sir John Macdonald's attitude towards Great Britain and towards the United States.

Great Britain, or, one may say, the Queen, never had a more loyal subject. In these days when personal devotion to the crown, to a constitution, even to a country, has become merely a charming legend to some, a cause of scorn and mockery to others, the chivalric devotion of Sir John Macdonald to the honor and interests of the empire and the Queen is most interesting. But at the same time he was modern in his views respecting the needs, interests, and policy of all colonies. He was conservative of the power of the crown, but he never allowed the representative of the crown in Canada to act against the advice of his responsible ministers; and when Lord Lorne, in discussing the Lettellier case in 1878–79, exerted some personal influence against his ministers, and hesitated about following their advice, Sir John Macdonald prepared a minute which was accepted by the colonial office as true constitutional doctrine, and which made it impossible thereafter for any governor of a colony to refuse to follow the advice of ministers who are guiltless of political high crimes, who have an ascertained majority in the legislature, or who are willing to go to the country on the advice which they have tendered to the crown. Having thus maintained the position of responsible ministers

against the action of the direct representative of the crown, Sir John Macdonald went further, and in the same case caused the dismissal of the representative of the representative of the crown, that is the lieutenant-governor of Quebec, for acting in a partisan manner, contrary to the advice of his provincial ministers. Again, Sir John Macdonald was devoted to imperial interests; but he forced the hands of British ministers to protect the Canadian fisheries when they were not disposed to be very active; he made it a part of necessary policy that no treaty affecting Canada, or indeed any colony possessing responsible government, shall be finally negotiated without reserving the assent of the colony to the arrangement; and above all, he made it a necessary part of imperial policy that in all negotiations concerning Canada this country shall be represented in the negotiating body. And at the time of his death it had been made, to all intents and purposes, a further part of imperial policy that none of the British colonies of America shall be permitted to make separate trade arrangements affecting in any way the interests of Canada without the consent of this country.

Respecting the great question of imperial federation now attracting so much attention and challenging so much criticism, the attitude of Sir John Macdonald was not pronounced; it was an attitude of friendly encouragement and attentive consideration. The subject was not a new one to him. In 1861, at Quebec, in discussing the question of representation, he had said: "We are fast ceasing to be a dependency, and assuming the position of an ally of Great Britain. England would be the centre, surrounded and sustained by an alliance not only with Canada, but Australia and all her other possessions; and there would thus be formed an immense confederation of freemen, — the greatest confederacy of civilized and intelligent men that ever had an existence on the face of the globe." In 1885 he was quite as emphatic. With regard to imperial federation, he agreed that there must be something of the kind, and that, as the auxiliary nations of Canada, Australia, and South Africa increased in wealth and population, they must be willing to accept increased responsibility. Speaking on behalf of Canada, he declared that she was willing, and that she would be prepared, to join the mother country in an offensive and defensive league for the maintenance of the empire and flag of Great Britain. It has been asked why Canada should mix herself up with the conflict of nations. Her answer was, that blood was thicker than water, and that her people were Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, far removed from the centre, it might be, but still clinging to the mother country. He was by no means rashly committed to any particular scheme of union; but there are the strongest reasons for believing that, had he lived, Sir John Macdonald would have been found upon the side of those who think that the trade of the British Empire needs guarding, consolidating, and extending under a system of general imperial policy which would provide for its protection. It may also be said on authority that, had Lord Beaconsfield lived, he and Sir John Macdonald would have been jointly engaged in populating and developing the northwest of Canada, and in promoting the imperial usefulness of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railways. The policy was begun in 1879 or 1880; for, after a visit which Sir John Macdonald paid to Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield made, at Bucks, the first of what he intended to be a series of speeches advocating the encouragement of emigration from the United Kingdom into the "illimitable prairies" of the Canadian Northwest.

In regard to the United States there were only two great questions which caused Sir John Macdonald to have any

policy at all; and these were, the trade question and the fisheries question. Sir John Macdonald's attitude had always been conciliatory in discussing the former. He was the ablest member of the government which accepted and ratified the treaty of 1854, negotiated at Washington by Lord Elgin and Sir Francis Hincks. It was Sir John Macdonald who set on foot all but one of the attempts which were made to effect a renewal of that treaty when, in 1866, it was abrogated in what must now be considered a fit of unwarranted petulance at what was mistakenly called the unfriendly character of Canadian action in the civil war. In 1865, when notice of abrogation had been given, a deputation was sent from the various Provinces to have the treaty renewed, if possible. In 1868 the first customs act of Canada contained a clause offering reciprocal trade whenever the United States was willing. In 1869 another attempt at negotiation was made, but owing to the continuance of unfriendly feeling in Congress the attempt utterly failed. In 1871, when the Washington treaty was being arranged, proposals for a renewal of the treaty of 1854 were made by Sir John Macdonald; but he was answered that it was impracticable; it "would not be in accordance with the views of the people of the United States." In 1872 Sir John Macdonald's government, in reply to resolutions of the Dominion Board of Trade, based on resolutions of the National Board of Trade of the United States, stated again its perfect willingness to enter on negotiations for reciprocity. In 1874 Mr. George Brown and Sir Edward Thornton arranged for a treaty, but the Senate would not even discuss it. In 1879, when the new national policy was adopted, the customs act again contained a clause making reciprocity in certain natural products dependent on the willingness of the United States. In 1887, when the fishery treaty was under discussion, a new attempt was made by the Canadian officials to arrange for reciprocal trade relations; but this attempt was also in vain. Finally, in April, 1891, a proposition was made, the terms and conditions of which are matter of dispute as yet, for a meeting at Washington to discuss the trade relations of Canada and the United States. Sir John Macdonald did not live to take more than the initiative step in the negotiation, but it may be positively stated that he had the utmost confidence in some friendly arrangement which would remove all causes of dispute between these two countries.

The friendly policy which Sir John Macdonald pursued in relation to trade matters he was not unwilling to pursue in regard to the fisheries. That had always been, and continues still to be, an affair with which the ministers from the Maritime Provinces have most to do. But Sir John Macdonald never for a moment wavered in his determination that the historical view of British and Canadian interests in the fisheries should be maintained, and that the prime postulates of international law regarding the territorial rights of nations over the waters surrounding their coasts should be enforced. Yet he was ready at all times to negotiate for the free use of those fisheries and for the suspension of the rules of law on terms of friendly reciprocity. He had no hostility to the United States; he was hostile only to certain phases of American policy and certain moods of American opinion which threatened the interests or the allegiance of Canadians; and to these he was determinedly opposed. No citizen of the United States who has studied the history of the two countries can fail to see that a Canadian may reasonably entertain doubts upon the subject of the friendliness and fair play extended to Canada by the republic. It does not require extreme sensitiveness to believe that in 1837 some encouragement was given to the rebels along the border; that in 1866

the Fenian invasion was allowed to ripen in perfect security till it burst, however feebly, on Canadian borders; that no respect has ever been paid to the territorial rights of Canada on the waters along our coasts; and it is a matter of record that an unfriendly and threatening resolution was passed in 1867 in the House of Representatives when the Dominion of Canada was founded. These facts will suffice to justify a reasonable amount of caution and reserve on the part of a statesman who had had half a century's experience of these unpleasing and disturbing affairs.

In conclusion, one may briefly touch on that most interesting yet most difficult subject, the personal character of Sir John Macdonald. Probably no man on this continent was more familiar to the people than was Sir John Macdonald. His picture, whether in caricature or otherwise, had become the possession of the whole country, and no one in Canada could meet him in any place, even in the remotest backwoods, without knowing that he was Sir John Macdonald. He knew personally a surprising number of people, and stories are often told of his memory for faces he had not seen for forty years, and had then only encountered at a political meeting. He had addressed at various times almost every constituency in Canada, east and west, and no man within driving distance would miss the opportunity of hearing "John A."

He was delightfully convivial in private life, and for more than forty years had mingled socially on familiar terms with his followers. It cannot be said that since 1867, however, he had made any attempt to be on familiar terms with his opponents. Political feeling and personal feeling ran very high at times; and though he never said anything on the subject, it was plain that, as a general rule, he preferred to maintain an attitude of reserve with the majority of his opponents. Occasionally this was to be regretted; but he had his own reasons, which were respected, for his conduct, and he did not enforce his example on his colleagues. His conversation was marvelously variable, running from the gravest to the gayest subjects with the ease of a man who "ran through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all." He was full of anecdotes, and used them freely in conversation and in his speeches. In the nature of things, some of these stories got old like himself; but we were always quite ready to laugh at "the grouse in the gun-room," for the sake of the old chief and the old times when we heard it first.

But there was one subject above all others that he loved to talk of, and that was the political history and literature of the eighteenth century in England. On that subject he knew, doubtless, as much as any man living. Lord Beaconsfield, who was also a devotee of that splendid literature, was delighted with Sir John Macdonald's taste in this respect; and in conversation told him, apropos of his familiarity with the premiers, that probably there was no man in England, except Spencer Walpole, who was writing a book on the subject, who could repeat without mistake the names of all the premiers since Pitt. Sir John Macdonald could do that and much more. There was no volume of political memoirs of that century which he had not read. All his leisure was passed in reading, for he was not a devotee of exercise, and seemed seldom to need it. He liked to read and to talk of books with men who loved them. All kinds of books were welcome to him. He frequently read novels, and enjoyed Howells, Black, Hardy, Blackmore, and Besant. He had a keen liking for poetry, especially ballad poetry, and all political poetry was familiar to him. A quotation from the Anti-Jacobin could not pass his ear without recognition; a line from the Noctes Ambrosianæ

would quicken his attention at once, and he would give the following line.

It is very difficult to describe his oratory. He was a master of all the arts of public speaking except that of being eloquent, if in these days this is an art of any value. He debated with great skill; and he preferred brief speeches, though he could, and occasionally did, speak for hours at a time. His manner was at times hesitating, but not from want of matter, for he never rushed into a debate without preparation, and he knew always how to obtain accurate facts at the shortest notice; in this respect his officers and secretaries served him with conspicuous fidelity. He could be humorous; he could be pathetic; he could make dignified and touching appeals to loyalty to the crown, to the party, to himself. Before a crowd on the hustings he was unrivaled in the deadly dexterity of his criticism, his humor, his appeals to popular interests. It was, of course, in the House of Commons that he was always at his best; and his respect for the traditions of the house, the rules of the house, the kind of conduct most likely to touch and please and lead the house, was almost inspired.

He succeeded in keeping together for a quarter of a century a political party singularly composed of English, French, Irish, Scotch, of Catholics and Protestants, of Orangemen and Home Rulers, of old family-compact Tories and sharp democratic labor agitators: and all these men had mingled during his life on terms of such friendly fidelity to the Old Man that it will be some time before they remember that they have serious differences of opinion; the habit of acting together will remain with them for some years, at least. The clergy were largely on his side, and he had a strong party among what may be called the academic classes. The reason for this adherence to him of the clergy and the professors was probably to be found in the fact that in all things religious he was known to be a sound thinker; he had no tolerance for the "scientific" view of man's destiny and origin; the agnostic spirit of the age did not touch him. This "orthodox" habit of mind and the well-known taste he exhibited for an intellectual life and for historical and literary studies gave him a command of the clerical and academic forces which added much to his strength.

The loss of Sir John Macdonald leaves his party weaker and his country more or less in doubt about the immediate political future. But other men will follow in his footsteps, and indeed other men are carrying on his policy and perfecting his measures, with what success we shall not know till the next general election. The old chief had faults; he often admitted them; but it is not yet time to count them over. He made mistakes; these he also would refer to, though, like other men, he naturally preferred to have them regarded as strokes of genius; but we need not dwell upon them now, — it is so short a time since his hand on the shoulder, his touch on the palm, could thrill the feudal blood of his followers with somewhat of the tribal loyalty of the Highlands; and in this discussion of his career perhaps the reader will pardon the impossibility of writing without the sense of his presence and of the sound of his voice.

*Martin J. Griffin.*

# A PEOPLE WITHOUT LAW.

## I.

In saying "A People without Law" I mean our Indians. He who tries to fix and express their legal status finds very soon that he is dealing chiefly with their political condition, so little of any legal status at all have Indians. But we must at once discriminate and remind ourselves that there are different sorts of Indians. What makes any of them peculiar, in a legal point of view, is the fact that they belong to a separate political body, and that our government mainly deals with them, not as individuals, as it does with you and me, but in a lump, as a people or tribe.

When an Indian has detached himself from his own people, and adopted civilized ways of life, and resides among us, he at once becomes, by our present law, a citizen like the rest of us. There are many Indians in the country who have done this. We may set them one side. There are even many Indians in tribes who are our fellow-citizens. In the language of Judge Curtis in the Dred Scott case, "By solemn treaties large bodies of Mexican and North American Indians have been admitted to citizenship of the United States." The Pueblo Indians, for instance, have been judicially declared by the courts of New Mexico to be, in this way, citizens of the United States, although, oddly enough, we keep agents among them. In such cases, the tribal relation, while it is of course a matter of much social importance, is of no legal significance at all; it is like being a Presbyterian, or a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, or a Freemason; and each Indian, however little he knows it, holds a direct relation of allegiance to the United States. Again, there are Indians in the separate States, as in Massachusetts, Maine, and New York, who, although in tribes, have never held any direct relations with the United States, but have been governed as subjects by these States. The problem of this class of people has been slowly and quietly working out under the control of the separate States, without any interference from the general government, until, in some cases, politically and legally speaking, they are not Indians. In Massachusetts, in 1869, every Indian in the State was made a citizen of the State, and it is supposed, I rather think correctly, that they have thus become citizens of the United States. It would not have been so if the general government had entered into relations with them before this declaration. Then the assent of the United States would have been required to make them citizens of that government. But whether citizens of the United States or not, they are citizens and voters in Massachusetts, and might determine the election of a President of the United States by their votes. In the States of Maine and New York the courts still call them the "wards of the State," and as such the States govern them as they think proper, as being subjects, and not citizens.

Leaving these exceptional classes of Indians, what I propose to speak of is the legal status of that less than a quarter of a million of people with whom the United States government holds relations under the clause of the Constitution which gives to Congress the right to "regulate commerce . . . with the Indian tribes," — the people with whom we carry on war, and who live mainly on reservations secured to them by treaties or otherwise. There are, to be sure, some thousands of tribal Indians who wander about loosely over the plains, but in the main the class that I am to deal with, the class that is intimated when

we talk of the "Indian question," may be shortly designated as the Reservation Indians. And yet here I must again discriminate. Out of these Reservation Indians we may conveniently set aside the seventy thousand or so who belong among the "civilized tribes" in the Indian Territory, — the Choctaws, Cherokees, and the rest. These are, to be sure, in strictness, Reservation Indians, and their legal status is highly interesting; a time is coming when it will require the close attention of statesmen, but it does not so much press upon public attention just now. These people govern themselves with a good degree of success; they have constitutions and laws closely modeled upon ours, and have made much progress in the ways of civilized life. As regards their political relation to us, they rest, so far, in a good deal of security on the peculiarly solemn guarantees with which our government accompanied its settlement of them on their lands. But, as I have intimated, the time will probably come when, with or without their consent, there must be a readjustment of our relations with them. In looking ahead, we must contemplate an ultimate absorption of that region into the Union. Already, lately, there has taken place, in some measure, an extension over it of federal courts and federal law. If, then, we deduct these "civilized Indians," there remain somewhere between 130,000 and 180,000 others, whom I am calling Reservation Indians, either living on reservations or candidates for that sort of life; and it is these whose case I wish to consider. In this statement the Alaska Indians are not included. They are too little known, and their relations to the other inhabitants of that country and to our government too little ascertained, to make it practicable to consider them.

I am speaking of "Reservation Indians," but what are Indian reservations? They are tracts of land belonging to the United States which are set apart for the residence of Indians. This is done in various ways, — by treaty, by a law, by an executive order. Often the reservation is a region given to the Indians in exchange for their ancestral home and hunting-ground; sometimes it is a diminished part of this ancestral ground. The Indians, in most cases, are recognized as having a legal right to the occupation of this land. They do not generally own the fee of it; that is in the government. If the tribe should become extinct or abandon the land, the title would rest wholly in the United States. Their title is the same that they were recognized as having in the soil which they originally occupied and ranged over when the Europeans came here, — a right of occupancy merely, yet a right recognized by the courts so long, at any rate, as it is recognized by the political department. This right is merely tribal; the individual does not own land or have any legal right in it. On these reservations the Indians keep up, in point of theory and in the main, their separate national housekeeping, make their own laws, govern themselves. They owe no allegiance to us; each Indian owes allegiance to his tribe and its chiefs. With these separated people, as I said, we carry on war, and until lately we have concluded treaties. Such was the way, also, of our English ancestors.

It has turned out, however, for one reason and another, that they succeeded very poorly at making their own laws and governing themselves; and we did not quite let them alone. We found, for instance, that it would not do to let in outsiders to trade freely with them, and that we must keep ourselves advised as to what they were doing, and whether they were standing to their promises; and so we sent agents among them to represent us in delivering to them the goods and money we owed them, and to protect them against intru-

sion. We could not allow intoxicating liquors to be sold among them, or firearms. We must, in short, fully "regulate commerce" with them. In this way it came about that we really interfered a great deal with the theory of their separate national housekeeping. Yet, further, when wars came, and with them the upsetting of everything and the rearranging by new treaties, of course we interfered still more. As time went by it was perceived that the Indian self-government amounted to little, and we occasionally stepped in with laws to fill the gap. But it is only occasionally and in scraps that we have done this; for the most part, we still stand by and see them languishing under the decay of their own government, and give them nothing in its place, — no courts to appeal to, and no resort when they are wronged excepting to fight. We keep them in a state of dependence upon the arbitrary pleasure of executive and administrative officials, without the steady security of any system of law.

In such a state of things as this, with a wretched system in existence, and with the need of a change, two courses are open to a good citizen, not exclusive of each other, but yet quite different. One is to endeavor to procure an honest, righteous administration of the existing system while it lasts, the punishment of offenders, the securing of good officials, the dismissal of bad ones, redress for outrages, and the creation of a public sentiment that will help to these ends. The other course is to displace that radically bad element of the existing system, the "lawlessness" of it, which poisons everything that is done, and disheartens the reformer by supplying new outrages as fast as he can correct the old ones. These two courses, as I said, are not exclusive of each other. He who would, first of all, abolish certain evil features of our present method of dealing with the Indians may well join in the endeavor to mitigate and mend the administration of the present system while it lasts. And yet a persuasion of the need and the possibility of a radical change will surely affect the judgment in determining the relative importance of things; it will settle the question of *emphasis*, that most important thing in thought and conduct. I desire at the outset to express a conviction that the chief thing to be done, the thing imperative now, the thing that must not wait, whatever else is postponed, is a radical change in the particular of giving to the Indians courts and a system of law upon their reservations; and also to express the conviction that this is not only a thing so much to be desired, but that it is practicable, if those who are interested in this subject will only insist upon it in this spirit.

(1.) Let us now, in coming to closer quarters with this matter, run over certain facts of the legal and political history of our relation with the Indians. Of the more familiar matters I shall say little, but we will try to observe some of the leading points, — enough of them to come to a fair understanding of the situation.

When the Europeans came hither, in the fifteenth century and later, it was unavoidable that there should be conflicts between them and the people whom they found here. Not only the nature of the situation, but the European ideas of the relation to each other of white men and men of other colors, made it certain that there would be trouble. Had the new-comers all been saints and sages, this would still have happened, for they and the savages did not and could not understand each other. Their purposes crossed. Necessity drove each to acts that seemed hostile to the other. How could the savages fail to regard as enemies the strange people who seized and carried away to an unknown fate their neighbors and friends; who carried off their stores of food, and stripped the graves of their families?

How could they know what the Europeans were at? And if they did know, how could they help fearing for themselves and their household gods? The Europeans, however, were not saints and sages, but average men of their time; and the natives were savages. In war both were ferocious and brutal; and the savages were ferocious and brutal to the last degree. In that famous first letter of Columbus, — lately reprinted in the Latin version of 1493 by Professor Haynes, of Boston, with a scholarly translation, — telling of his earliest discoveries, we read these ominous words: "As soon as I had come into this sea I took by force some Indians from the first island." How did the Indians who remained like that? Somehow or other Columbus carried away nine of them to Spain. Was it likely to be any relief to their families to know that they were destined to be duly baptized at Barcelona? Columbus's plans contemplated the regular deportation of them as slaves. In the next century, the Spaniards, in their dealings with the Indians, did not at all improve upon Columbus. Of De Soto, in the fourth decade of the sixteenth century, we are told in Miss Fletcher's Report on Indian Education and Civilization, "De Soto's wanderings across the country might be traced by the groans of Indian captives, male and female, reduced to slavery and compelled to bear the burdens of the soldiers; by the flames of dwellings, the desolation of fields, and the heaps of slain, young and old."

The English were not so bad, yet the adventurers who sailed along these coasts continued the same work of spreading terror and hatred among the natives. The Englishman Waymouth, sailing up a river of the State of Maine in 1605, "kidnapped and carried away five of the natives." "We used little delay," he says, "but suddenly laid hands upon them; and it was as much as five or six of us could do to get them into the [boat], for they were strong, and so naked as our best hold was by their long hair on their heads." Nine years later, Thomas Hunt, a shipmaster, carried away seven and twenty Indians from the coast of Massachusetts, and sold them in Spain as slaves. Six years later, in November, 1620, the Mayflower company began its dealing with Indian affairs (while exploring Cape Cod before landing at Plymouth) by repeatedly taking the Indian stores of corn and beans which they had laid away for their own supply; proposing to themselves, indeed, what the Indians must be pardoned for not appreciating, "so soon as they could meet with any of the inhabitants of that place, to make them large satisfaction." They seem also to have opened Indian graves, for we are told of the bowls, trays, dishes, knife, pack needle, the "little bow," and strings and bracelets of fine white beads that they found in one of them. They were now among the people whose neighbors had been kidnapped by Thomas Hunt. It is not strange, therefore, to read that when they saw some Indians a week later and tried to approach them, these ran away; and to find that the first actual intercourse between our New England ancestors and the natives was as follows, — I quote from Dr. Palfrey's History of New England: "The following morning [December 8], at daylight, they had just ended their prayers, and were preparing breakfast at their camp on the beach, when they heard a yell, and a flight of arrows fell among them. The assailants turned out to be thirty or forty Indians, who, being fired upon, retired."

Observe, I am not just now concerned in blaming either the Pilgrims or the natives. I am drawing attention to facts, and beg my reader to remember that, all things considered, such events were sure to happen. They help us to guess and forecast the relation of separation that was to take place between

the new-comers and their neighbors. As time went on, and new Europeans swarmed in settlements along the coast and on the rivers and meadows of the interior, — drawn often to the same points, to well-watered spots on the sea-coast, the fording-places of a river, the lower falls of a tidal stream, or some fine inland river bottom, by the same attraction which had gathered the natives there, — as these things happened, all men know how collisions came and frightful wars and devastation, how the savages were beaten and crowded back. The necessity of self-preservation was held to justify any atrocities. "The awful conditions of the case," says our grave historian, Dr. Palfrey, in speaking of the performances of Mason and Underhill in the Pequot war of 1637, "forbid being dainty about the means of winning a victory, or about using it in such a manner that the chance shall not have to be tried again."

Complications arose. Not only English, but French and Dutch had set foot on this continent, and they were rivals here. At home, also, these Europeans fought; this induced sympathetic fighting here; and this, again, drew in the savages, whose quarrels, as among themselves and with the colonists, were fomented for the advantage of the fighting Europeans. Whittier in his beautiful early poem of Pentucket (the Indian name of Haverhill) gives a picture of one of the incidents of these wars, when the allied French and Indians attacked that border town, his birthplace: —

> "Even now the villager can tell
> Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
> Still show the door of wasting oak,
> Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
> And point the curious stranger where
> De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare, —
> Whose hideous head, in death still feared,
> Bore not a trace of hair or beard."

Haverhill was my own birthplace, and I well recall the dreadful fear of Indians which the children of that town continued to cherish so late as fifty odd years ago, — a century and a quarter after these events. I can remember coming home from school in mortal terror lest my family had all been carried away by the Indians during my absence.

As time went on, in some colonies the Indians were driven to the west, out further into the vast unknown wilderness, and were forbidden to cross the line of demarcation between them and the whites; and state reservations were established along the border, on which friendly Indians were induced to settle, acting at once as a precaution and a buffer against the shock of hostile attack. During this process other things had happened. Individual Indians had settled among the whites, and had sunk into the mass of the people, and were governed like the rest. To some extent, also, tribes of Indians had been caught and surrounded by the flood of the new civilization, and remained islanded permanently as a separate people in the midst of it, yet governed more or less under the laws of the colonies. It was such cases as these, probably, that were referred to in the first permanent statute of our present national government, passed in 1802, to regulate "commerce with the Indian tribes." The sixteenth section of that act begins, "Nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent any trade or intercourse with Indians living on lands surrounded by settlements of the citizens of the United States, and being within the ordinary jurisdiction of any of the individual States." It was owing, very likely, to this relegation to the States of the affairs of such Indians as are here described that we may trace the circumstance, often not understood, that some States, like New York, Massachusetts, and Maine, have continued to deal freely with Indian tribes within their borders. These tribes, in the language of the statute of 1802, had come to be "surrounded by settlements of the citi-

zens of the United States, and . . . within the ordinary jurisdiction of the . . . States." As a dry question of power, Congress might at any time have taken control of them. But while Congress was staying its hand, it might happen, and has happened in Massachusetts, that the tribal relation had been dissolved. It has happened in the case of individual Indians, whose separation from their tribe has been recognized by the States, and in the case of whole tribes. In such instances, the "Indian tribe," in the sense of the Constitution of the United States, that is in the sense of a separate political community, has ceased to exist before it was ever recognized by the general government; and therewith the power of Congress has gone, because, as regards these persons, there exists no longer the opportunity to exercise it.

(2.) It will be observed that I have now brought the United States upon the scene. New problems have thus emerged. What are the relations between this new government and the Indians? How has their relation to the separate local governments been affected?

The new government had its immediate origin in a sense of danger from England, and in the need of protection from that peril, and the like. One of the first things that presented itself was the possibility of harm from the savages; for the colonies had had a direful experience of what an enemy might do who chose to ally himself with these people. Accordingly, in July, 1775, the Continental Congress resolved "that the securing and preserving the friendship of the Indian nations appears to be a subject of the utmost moment to these colonies," and proceeded to adopt the first of our national arrangements for managing Indian affairs. Commissioners were appointed for each of the three departments (North, Middle, and South) into which all the Indians were divided. These commissioners were to have power to make treaties with the Indians, and to watch the operations of the British superintendents. "The commissioners," it was resolved, ". . . [are to] have power to take to their assistance gentlemen of influence among the Indians in whom they can confide, and to appoint agents residing near or among the Indians to watch the conduct of the [British] superintendents or their emissaries." There are many signs of the anxious care of Congress in this matter. Treaties with the Indians were immediately made. Congress, in January, 1776, directed the importation of $200,000 worth of goods on public account, to be sold by the Indian commissioners to persons licensed to trade with the Indians, at cost and expenses and a commission of two and a half per cent. These traders were to sell only at fixed points and fixed prices. In the same year it was resolved that disputes between the whites and Indians should be determined (if the Indians would agree) by arbitrators chosen one by each party, and one by the commissioners. Many of the Indians took part against us. The anxiety that was felt and the magnitude of the "Indian question" of that day are shown by the way in which this figures in the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and in the Articles of Confederation in 1778–81. "He has endeavored," is the charge of the Declaration against the British king, "to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions." In the ninth of the Articles of Confederation, the separate States, which are forbidden to carry on war, may do this where a State "shall have received certain advice of a resolution being formed by some nation of Indians to invade" it; and these Articles entrust to the Union "the sole and exclusive right and power of regulating the trade and managing all affairs with

the Indians not members of any of the States; *provided*, that the legislative right of any State within its own limits be not infringed or violated."

The Confederation proceeded, of course, like its predecessor the Continental Congress, to make treaties with the Indians as separate people; for example, the treaty with the Cherokees in 1785, at Hopewell, in which it was provided that if an outsider settled on Indian land he should forfeit the protection of the United States, and be subject to punishment by the Indians. In 1786 a formal ordinance was adopted for the regulation of Indian affairs in the territory on the west, lately ceded by the States of the Atlantic margin. This region, divided into two departments, was assigned to superintendents acting under the Secretary of War, who were to attend to the regulation of trade with the Indians and the distribution of presents among them, and to report upon any signs of disaffection. Only licensed citizens of the United States could trade with the Indians; but any such citizen who brought a recommendation from the governor of his State, paid fifty dollars, and gave a bond had a right to be licensed.

Now came the organization of the new government, our present United States, in 1787–89. This, while preserving the old *names* of the "United States" and the "Union," was in reality, as we all know, a very different thing indeed. For certain great purposes it was a nation, gathering into one, for the accomplishment of these purposes, the combined power of all the colonies, and standing, as regards these ends, as a single state covering the entire country; to which, as being in these particulars the supreme state, every citizen had a direct relation and owed sole allegiance. This was not so before. Accordingly, now we not only find the general government endowed, as before, with the power of representing all the country in its relation to the Indian tribes, but we also find a dropping out of the old ambiguous and troublesome clauses about saving the legislative right of the separate colonies. The Constitution of the new government provided that Congress should have power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes." Here, again, as in the two great documents before named, the Declaration of Independence thirteen years before, and the Articles of Confederation eight years before, we remark the importance of the "Indian question" of the period by the express and conspicuous mention of it, and by the circumstance that the handling of it is deemed matter of general concern. It was a dealing with separate nations; if not with a foreign people, yet a separate one.

(3.) In starting now to take a brief survey of the legal position of the Indians under the new Constitution, and of the scope of the power which the nation has over them, let us stop a moment on the threshold and allow ourselves to conjecture what questions might present themselves and what answers would be given. Will the Indian tribes, our ancestors might have asked, remain permanently as separate political bodies? Or will they become broken up and absorbed into our own population? As regards the other anomalous element in our body politic, slaves, the word "slave" had been left out of the Constitution; it was expected that slavery would disappear, and there was an objection in some minds to having any permanent trace of it in the document. As to Indians it was not so; the insertion among the provisions for the basis of representation of the phrase "Indians not taxed" indicated perhaps not merely the recognition of the fact that there were then some Indians who had become embodied among our people, but also an expectation that such a process would go on. Assuming that

it would, how long would it last? And meantime supposing there were war with the Indians and a conquest, what would happen? Was it thought that the Indians might be driven wholly out of our borders, — north, or south, or into the unfathomed west beyond the Mississippi? If they were subdued, how would they be governed? Would the United States have free and full power of governing them as it thought wise, as a subject people; or would it be restrained by the Constitution and its amendments, which secured trial by jury and other rights? Apart from war and conquest, would the Indians become enfeebled and lose their power of self-government? Would they ask, or, if they did not ask, would they need to be governed by us? Would they continue to occupy the great tracts which were then recognized as "Indian country," or would new States grow up, and the white people spread over into the Indian land?

Some of these questions undoubtedly presented themselves. Certainly the makers of the Constitution counted upon the growth of new States at the west. Was not the Ordinance of 1787, adopted while the Constitution was making, an express provision for that? Unquestionably they expected, except for the exigencies of war, that the Indians would long continue a separate people, and that so long as they did the right to occupy their lands would remain to them until it was parted with by their own consent. That the Indians were expected to be gradually more or less absorbed into our population we may believe, for that process had long gone on in the colonies. That our ancestors supposed that in one way or another the Indians would ultimately disappear as a separate element we may also believe, for they recognized them as capable of civilization, and laid plans for their education, training, and Christianizing. In July, 1775, Congress had voted money toward the education of certain Indians at "Dr. Wheelock's school," now Dartmouth College, and in the next year they had made provision for the residence of "ministers and schoolmasters" among the Indians, in order to promote "the propagation of the gospel and the cultivation of the civil arts" among them. And although the experience of the colonies was not calculated to encourage any confident expectation of working out a high form of civilization among the native tribes as a separate population, yet it might well lead to an expectation of a gradual fading out of the peculiarities of tribal life and tribal government, and a gradual subjection of them to the whites; for, as I said, it had been so in the colonies. We may believe, then, that the chance was not wholly overlooked that the general government might, for one reason or another, and for a longer or a shorter time, have to govern the Indians as subjects. If it conquered them in war, it could hardly be doubted that the power to govern them would be the same as if a foreign people were conquered; and if, in the gradual course of events, they should come to be surrounded by our people, and the tribal bond should be enfeebled and tribal government ineffective and the people a source of danger to us, it may well have been expected that our government would take full control of them and govern them.

Our ancestors had themselves been witnesses to things that would suggest these possibilities. They, as well as we, had had experience of the shoving back of Indians as the whites crowded in, of the gradual surrounding of Indian settlements by whites and their submission to white legislation. They had witnessed in the separate colonies, for example in Virginia and Massachusetts, the same process which we in our day are witnessing on the continental scale. What happened in those colonies is happening now between the Mississippi and the Pacific. How had this matter been dealt with at

the periods of which the framers of the Constitution had knowledge? In Massachusetts, as early as 1693–94, the legislature introduced law among the Indians. "To the intent that the Indians may be forwarded in civility and Christianity," they provided for the appointment of "one or more discreet persons within several parts of this Province to have the inspection and more particular care and government of the Indians in their respective plantations, . . . to have . . . the power of a justice of the peace over them" in civil and criminal cases "according to the . . . laws of the Province," etc. And in January, 1789, just before the United States Constitution went into operation, a statute of Massachusetts established a board of five overseers of the Marshpee Indians, "with full power . . . to regulate the police of the said plantation, to establish rules . . . for the well ordering and managing the affairs . . . of the said Indians, . . . and the said overseers . . . may . . . appoint . . . a guardian or guardians to the said Indian and other proprietors to carry into execution their said regulations and orders." These overseers or guardians were authorized to pass upon all contracts, leases, and the like made with the Indians, and to bring actions in their behalf and adjust controversies between them and the whites. They were also to render legal accounts regularly to the governor and council. Under these and like statutes the Indians of Massachusetts were governed entirely, governed not as citizens, but as a subject population; being, in the language of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, speaking through Mr. Justice Gray in 1871, "not subjected to taxation, *nor endowed with the ordinary civil and political rights of citizens*, but . . . treated as the wards of the commonwealth." In Virginia, also, before and after the making of the Constitution of the United States, where Indian tribes had become reduced to very small numbers, trustees were appointed to sell their land and apply the proceeds for their benefit, while the survivors appear to have sunk into the mass of the free population of the colony.

There is a hint in these things, for, as the reader will observe, I have been speaking of the purposes and expectations of those who framed the Constitution of the United States; of what they meant when they spoke of "Indians not taxed," and of regulating commerce "with the Indian tribes;" and of what they meant by their silence when they said nothing more. In view of the historical facts now mentioned, of the nature of the government which was then created and the powers conferred upon it, we must conclude, I think, that while the United States might, if it saw fit, keep on in the old method of dealing with the Indians as a separate people, it also might, in various contingencies easily possible to foresee, change the plan, and govern the Indians as a subject population in methods suited to their stage of development.

(4.) Let us now turn from the attitude of conjecture and forecast, and trace what has happened in point of fact. In the first place, very many treaties were made, mainly for the purpose of getting and exchanging land. The number, down to 1871, when the making of Indian treaties was abandoned, was a little under four hundred. One tenth of these were made before this century. Passing by these, the details of which are very numerous, I confine myself to the general laws. Our present United States took its first permanent step in general legislation about the Indians in the statute of March 30, 1802:[1] "An Act to regulate trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes, and to preserve peace on the frontiers." Its provisions are largely

[1] Reënacting the temporary statutes of 1790, 1793, 1796, and 1799, passed for two and three years, which covered more or less of the same ground.

continued in all later laws. I will give a brief abstract of it, and the reader will notice how closely this statute follows the theory of regarding the Indians as a separate and self-governing people. After providing for marking certain extensive boundary lines previously fixed by treaty between "the United States and various Indian tribes," it forbids our citizens and others from going into this Indian country without a passport, and committing any act against the person or property of Indians in their own country which would be a crime if committed against a citizen of the United States within any State. The offender, if property were taken, was to restore to the Indians twofold. If he could not pay at least the full value, it should be paid out of the treasury of the United States, but only on condition that the Indians abstained from violence in righting themselves. Settlement on Indian lands, and trading without a license from the superintendent appointed by the United States for the particular Indian department, were forbidden; but anybody (limited, by a later statute, to citizens of the United States) giving bond with sureties was to be licensed. The sale of the Indian title to land, except under a treaty or agreement with the United States, was forbidden. In order to promote civilization among friendly tribes, and to secure their continued friendship, the President was authorized to supply them, to a specified amount, with useful domestic animals and implements of husbandry, and goods or money, and to appoint "persons from time to time as temporary agents to reside among the Indians." If Indians should cross the line into any State or Territory of the United States and commit crime or outrage, the injured party or his representatives were to apply to the Indian superintendent or other designated officer and furnish proofs, and this officer was to make demand upon the Indian's nation or tribe for satisfaction. If this satisfaction were neglected or refused for a year, the President was to be informed, and was to take further steps to secure it. The individual injured was ultimately to be paid by the United States, unless otherwise indemnified; but if he should take the remedy into his own hands by violence, he forfeited this right. Outside territorial courts and United States courts were to have jurisdiction of offenses, under this act. The military might turn out anybody who was unlawfully in the Indian country.

So far no attempt was made to govern the Indians, or to administer justice on their land. Of course the theory was that of a people who did all this for themselves. But in a statute of March, 1817, we see something new. The doing in the Indian country of any act which would be punishable if committed in any place under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States is made punishable as it would be if committed there, and jurisdiction is given to the superior court of the Territory, or the United States court of the district, into which the offender should first be brought. But offenses of Indians upon Indians are excepted. Here is a beginning of governing the Indian country, for this covers offenses between whites and between Indians and whites. And then comes another recognition of the Indian weakness. By a statute of 1819, "for the purpose of providing against the further decline and final extinction of the Indian tribes adjoining to the frontier settlements of the United States, and for introducing among them the habits and arts of civilization," the President, with the Indians' consent, may employ among them persons to teach them in the mode of agriculture suited to their situation, and their children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Soon afterwards we find in the statutes a reflection of that terrible pressure of the whites upon the Indians of certain South-

ern States which led to driving them across the Mississippi. By a statute of 1830 the sum of $500,000 was appropriated to carry out the plan for removing all Indians, with their consent, from the existing States or organized Territories to the unorganized region west of the Mississippi, with authority solemnly to assure the Indians making the exchange that the United States will forever secure and guarantee to them the country thus given, and, if preferred, will give them a patent for it, the land to revert to the United States if the tribes become extinct or abandon the land.

On June 30, 1834, a revision was passed of the important statute of 1802, already summarized, superseding the chief of the laws above named. It first gave a definition of what was meant by "Indian country," in clumsy phrases which were interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1877 [1] to mean all the land west of the Mississippi outside of the States of Louisiana and Missouri and the Territory of Arkansas, and the lands east of the Mississippi which now constitute the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. The definition was dropped in the Revised Statutes of 1874, and no other was substituted. The definition of "Indian country" now accepted by the Supreme Court of the United States [2] is "all the country to which the Indian title has not been extinguished, anywhere within the limits of the United States." This includes the country acquired by the United States since 1834, and does not except what is within the boundary of the States unless, as in Colorado, it may have been otherwise provided when they were admitted into the Union. The statute of 1834, after defining the Indian country, reënacted, with modifications, the previous provisions regulating trade and intercourse. There is the same clear theory of recognizing the Indians as a separate people, but we find one or two more of those striking changes which mark the inroads upon this theory. Instead of trusting wholly to the Indians to extradite an offending member, we find now that the superintendents, agents, and sub-agents are to endeavor, by such means as the President may authorize, to arrest and bring to trial (before the outside courts) any Indians committing crimes on the reservation. That is a large discretion. The reader will remember that some crimes on the reservations were forbidden by the statute of 1817. The President may also employ the military in seizing such Indians. The superintendents, agents, and sub-agents are empowered to search for and destroy spirituous liquors, by whomsoever introduced, and to destroy any distillery, though set up by an Indian. The provision of 1817 for extending to the Indian country the criminal code of the United States for places under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States is continued, but excludes, as before, the act of one Indian against another.

In 1849 the progress of ideas about the Indians was further marked by transferring the management of Indian affairs from the War Department, where hitherto it had lain, to the newly created Department of the Interior. The care of the Indians was ceasing to be thought of as a matter incidental to foreign affairs or to war. Vast tracts of country and great numbers of Indians had been added to our country by the ending of the Mexican war, and many of these Indians were made citizens by the treaty. People had been flocking to California and the Western plains, and complicating Indian administration still further. After the war of secession, in 1866, provision was made for the enlistment of Indians in our armies as scouts, — an excellent step lately followed up by the present administration. Other changes were caused by the Pacific Railroad; for

[1] Bates *v.* Clark, 95 U. S., 204.

[2] Ex parte Crow Dog, 109 U. S., 561.

as General Walker says, "In 1867–68 the great plough of industrial civilization drew its deep furrow across the continent, from the Missouri to the Pacific, . . . [bringing changes] which without it would have been delayed for half a century." The Revised Statutes of the United States, compiled in 1874, reveal the still increasing complexity of Indian affairs. The "peace policy" had been adopted, and we find now not merely the regular Indian commissioner authorized in 1832, but an additional board of commissioners, not exceeding ten (serving without pay), to supervise contracts and purchases for Indians, and for other purposes; also five salaried inspectors to visit, examine, and report on the different superintendencies and agencies, and see to enforcing the due performance of their duty by the superintendents, agents, and other employees. The old provisions for authority to the President to employ teachers among the Indians, "with their own consent," are retained. In general we mark an increase of interference with the Indians and of discretionary power over them in the executive department, as in allowing the President to distribute the money or goods due to a tribe to the heads of families (instead of the tribal authorities), and directly to the individuals who are entitled to participate. Agents are required to protect in the enjoyment of their lands those Indians who have received lands in severalty, and are desirous to adopt the habits of civilized life. This draws attention to a process which had been going on by treaty, of dividing up tribal lands to the individual Indians. If any other Indian molest a landowner, the tribal annuities are to be cut down; and if the trespasser be a chief, the local superintendent of Indian affairs *may depose him from his office* of chief for three months. Think of that, — the deposing of the sacred ruler of a separate "nation" by a small United States official! This is indeed a bold inroad on the theory of Indian self-government. The sale of ardent spirits to any Indian under the charge of a superintendent, *anywhere in the country*,[1] is forbidden, — a restraint upon Indians which does not apply to any other class of human beings. The general laws of the United States defining and punishing forgery and depredations on the mails are also extended to the Indian country, by a statute of 1855.

Meantime, the practices of the agents and of the Indian Department generally had more than kept pace in this direction with the course of legislation. "Under the traditional policy of the United States," says General Walker,[2] "the Indian agent was a minister resident to a domestic dependent nation." But in actual fact he had grown long ago to be a ruler over them. "All offenses," wrote an Indian agent to the commissioner in September, 1890, "are punished *as I deem expedient*, and the Indians offer no resistance."

It remains to speak more particularly of three recent statutes, and then to consider the duty of our government.

*James Bradley Thayer.*

[1] So construed in United States *v.* Holliday, 3 Wallace, 407.

[2] The Indian Question, 117.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819–1891.

THOU shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir
That filled our groves with music till the day
Lit the last hilltop with its reddening fire,
And evening listened for thy lingering lay.

But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar
Where strains celestial blend their notes with thine;
Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star
Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign.

How Nature mourns thee in the still retreat
Where passed in peace thy love-enchanted hours!
Where shall she find an eye like thine to greet
Spring's earliest footprints on her opening flowers?

Have the pale wayside weeds no fond regret
For him who read the secrets they enfold?
Shall the proud spangles of the field forget
The verse that lent new glory to their gold?

And ye whose carols wooed his infant ear,
Whose chants with answering woodnotes he repaid,
Have ye no song his spirit still may hear
From Elmwood's vaults of overarching shade?

Friends of his studious hours who thronged to teach
The deep-read scholar all your varied lore,
Shall he no longer seek your shelves to reach
The treasure missing from his world-wide store?

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This singer whom we long have held so dear
Was Nature's darling, shapely, strong, and fair;
Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal-clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonair,

Fit for the loftiest or the lowliest lot,
Self-poised, imperial, yet of simplest ways;
At home alike in castle or in cot,
True to his aim, let others blame or praise.

Freedom he found an heirloom from his sires;
Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in turn;
All went to feed the nation's altar-fires
Whose mourning children wreathe his funeral urn.

He loved New England, — people, language, soil,
Unweaned by exile from her arid breast.
Farewell awhile, white-handed son of toil,
Go with her brown-armed laborers to thy rest.

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade!
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine;
Thy name shall live while summers bloom and fade,
And grateful Memory guard thy leafy shrine!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER.

It would be impossible to sum up Döllinger's character as a man and a scholar more concisely and more completely than in the words of his own device: "Nil temere, nil timide, sed omnia virtute atque consilio" (Nothing recklessly, nothing timidly, but all things with courage and circumspection). It was by strict adherence to the principle here so comprehensively expressed that he matured so well intellectually, and, contrary to the general law of evolution in things theological, grew broader and more liberal with age, and at ninety could put himself in the place of a person holding opinions radically different from his own much more readily and sympathetically than he would have been able to do at thirty. Instead of becoming crabbed and gnarly with years, his spirit was like a choice fruit which mellows and sweetens as it ripens.

Döllinger's life covered a period of full three generations, and his memory went back to the contemporaries of the great-grandfathers of those who are now entering upon early manhood. He saw Napoleon I. review his troops at Bamberg, and had a distinct recollection of him as an undersized and somewhat pursy man, with features clean-cut and cold as marble, and an amber drop of liquid snuff depending from the tip of his nose.

Corresponding to the three generations comprised in his long career are the three periods of his intellectual growth and development. His external life can be summed up in a few lines. He was born at Bamberg on February 28, 1799, and, after pursuing his theological studies in Würzburg and in his native city, was ordained priest in 1822. He then officiated for a short time as curate at the market town of Scheinfeld, in the diocese of Bamberg. In 1826 he was appointed professor of church history and canon law in the university, which had just been transferred from Landshut to Munich, and held this position, with a short interruption occasioned by the Lola Montez episode, till his death on the evening of January 10, 1890.

Döllinger, like Jonathan Edwards, was a marvel of intellectual precocity. He began to study Latin at five years of age, and Greek at seven. His father was his first teacher, but although a distinguished professor, he does not seem to have been a patient pedagogue. As the boy's exercises contained a greater number of grammatical errors than was deemed admissible, he was told that if his next lesson were not wholly free from mistakes he should be bound out as an apprentice and learn a trade. The child took the threat very seriously, and lay awake all night thinking what mechanical occupation he would prefer, and

finally decided to become a bookbinder. The blunt alternative served its purpose and made him henceforth more heedful of his accidence. His next performance proved perfectly satisfactory, and he was glad to escape the necessity of devoting the rest of his days to the mere outside of books.

Döllinger was led to choose the clerical profession, not from any strongly religious feeling, but solely from his love of learning, which was innate, intense, and insatiable. His quiet scholarly tastes and his powers of sedentary endurance rendered him far better fitted for the cultivation of science than for the cure of souls. His father's example and the influence of early associations would naturally have turned his attention to medicine and physiology or to some branch of physics, and in his youth he showed a peculiar talent for entomological researches; but although his faculty for acute and exact observation was remarkable, his fondness for erudition as embodied in written records was still stronger and determined his career. As a boy he looked forward eagerly to the coming vacation, not because it would relieve him from the irksomeness of school, but because it would enable him to visit an uncle who had a fine collection of books, in which he reveled as other boys are wont to do in the pleasures of play-day and the freedom of field and forest. Whatever literary flavor or bookish proclivity may come to a man from having "tumbled about in a library" as a child he surely did not fail to get. "All men," says Holmes, "are afraid of books that have not handled them from infancy." It is a familiarity, however, which, instead of breeding contempt, produces in them affection and reverence for the printed page. Ancestral influences and the atmosphere of his home tended in the same direction. His grandfather was professor of medicine and physician in ordinary to the Prince-bishop of Bamberg, and his father one of the most eminent anatomists and physiologists of his day. Agassiz, who studied embryology under the guidance of the latter at Munich, says that from him he "learned to value accuracy of observation." "Döllinger," he adds, "was a careful, minute, persevering observer, as well as a deep thinker; but he was as indolent with his pen as he was industrious with his brain. He gave his intellectual capital to his pupils without stint or reserve, and nothing delighted him more than to sit down for a quiet talk on scientific matters with a few students, or to take a ramble with them into the fields outside the city, and to explain to them, as he walked, the result of any recent investigation he had made. If he found himself understood by his listeners he was satisfied, and cared for no further publication of his researches. I could enumerate many works of masters in our science which had no other foundation than these inspiriting conversations."

What is here said of the father was eminently true of the son. He was, as his academical colleague Professor Riehl happily characterized him, "a receptive genius in the highest sense of the phrase." His power of work kept pace with his zeal, and both were immense. His faculty of absorbing and assimilating knowledge was quite phenomenal, and his tenacious memory never let a fact or principle slip from its grasp. This rare endowment was invulnerable to old age; even fourscore years did not diminish it, nor touch it with any traces of decay. A young professor, who had come across a small and rather rare book of the seventeenth century, mentioned his discovery to Döllinger. "Yes," he replied, "that is an interesting little treatise; I read it some thirty years ago." He then proceeded to give an analysis of its contents as full as though he had just perused it. He had an extraordinary talent for languages: he was a good Hebrew scholar, an accomplished Latinist and Grecian, and perfectly at home

in English, French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish, speaking and writing them with ease and accuracy. From all these sources he gathered, with untiring industry and during a long life, treasures of erudition in the provinces of theology, ecclesiastical and general history, and philosophy such as none of his contemporaries possessed. In these departments of research his library is probably the most complete private collection of books in Europe. His economical habits of life enabled him to devote considerable sums to this purpose, and in his visits to France and Italy he always managed to pick up at a moderate price some rare volume of great value in obscure second-hand bookstalls, or among the apparently hopeless rubbish of the itinerant antiquaries of the Pont-Neuf or the Portico degli Uffizzi.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extent of his strictly professional studies, he seems to have found ample leisure for general literature, and not only kept abreast with the numerous productions in belles-lettres of his own countrymen, but was well versed in the literatures of England and France and the nations of southern Europe. He was a thorough student of Dante and a recognized authority as an interpreter of the *magno poeta*, with whom he had some marked intellectual traits in common, and to whose features his own bore a most striking resemblance, noted by many, as he lay in the calm composure of his shroud. He had also a fair knowledge of jurisprudence, and was familiar with the results of the most recent scientific researches, in which he took a lively interest.

Although his published writings would fill a goodly number of volumes, like his father he was relatively "indolent with his pen." In conversation with appreciative pupils and other congenial persons, he poured forth the treasures of his vast learning with generous profusion, and thus communicated to younger scholars more material for books than he himself ever printed or wrote. For this reason nearly all his works have more or less of what might be called an "occasional" character; in other words, they are the products of unexpected events and exigencies of the moment. Such, for example, during the past twenty years, have been his critical and controversial treatises directed against ultramontanism, and his brilliant addresses delivered at stated periods, by virtue of his office as president of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences. Yet there are no signs of hasty composition or rash conclusions in any of these performances. In no instance did he ever place the fruits of his investigations before the public until they were fully matured in his own mind, and all available sources of information upon the subject had been exhausted. Thus his Beiträge zur Sektengeschichte des Mittelalters was the result of researches and reflections extending over a period of fifty years, and his last academical discourse in vindication of the order of the Templars, delivered November 15, 1889, had been the subject of thought and study since 1840.

Döllinger's simple habits of life not only enabled him to devote a large portion of his comparatively limited means to the purchase of books, as has been already stated, but also gave him what was of still greater moment, increased length of days, and strength of body and mind for the profitable use of them. His sole passion was for scholarly pursuits, which his moderation in matters pertaining to food and drink permitted him to indulge with impunity. He was firmly convinced that the majority of men die suicides, digging their graves with their teeth; or, as he was wont to express it, "L'homme ne meurt pas, il se tue." He had no reminiscences of physical excesses on his conscience or on his nerves; and his meals were as frugal as those of an anchorite. His breakfast consisted of a cup of coffee and a small roll. At noon

he took a plate of soup, a piece of meat with some vegetable, and a light dessert followed by coffee, of which he was extremely fond, although at supper he usually contented himself with a glass of water. In dining out he would drink a single glass of champagne, and during the last few years of his life took a little red wine mingled with water at his own table, in accordance with the advice of his physician. On hearing of the death of one of his acquaintances, he remarked to a friend: "I never thought that he would live to be old, since I paid him a visit one morning and found a glass of wine on the table before him. People who drink wine in the forenoon never live long." As the man died at seventy-five, the observation indicates Döllinger's conception of what constitutes old age, as well as his views concerning the fatal effect of morning draughts upon the human constitution. Beer he positively abhorred, and was one of the very few Bavarians who never let a drop of it pass their lips, believing that it made men stupid and brutal. That so many monks and priests in Bavaria are unfaithful to their vows of chastity, he was inclined to attribute to the demoralizing and sensualizing influence of the nut-brown beverage. He went to bed at nine and rose at four, in winter at five, and thus got from seven to eight hours' sound sleep. Young's hackneyed verse,

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

was a favorite quotation with him as with Bismarck, commending itself to them, perhaps, less as a poetic sentiment than as a hygienic truth, which each had learned to appreciate in his own experience. This enviable gift of sleep, more precious than any preparations of chloral, was always at his command, even by day, and rendered him capable of dropping off into a refreshing nap at any time, in a meeting of his academical or professorial colleagues, when the discussions failed to interest him, or on account of his increasing hardness of hearing were only partially intelligible to him. It was this beneficent faculty that helped him not a little to hoard his strength, so that as a nonagenarian he showed no perceptible diminution of capacity for literary labor at his writing-desk, or abatement of vigor and endurance as a public speaker. As a remedy for occasional insomnia, in the last half dozen years of his life, he learned the first three books of the Odyssey so that he could repeat them.

His favorite recreation, which he seldom failed to take, was a long daily walk, a form of exercise that became as necessary to him as riding on horseback was to Lord Jeffrey and George Bancroft. In the summer he made excursions in the Bavarian highlands with some congenial companion, and the burden of fourscore years and ten did not interfere with this pleasure, nor with that of bathing in Lake Tegern, where he was wont to pass several weeks of each season. In these wanderings he usually carried his hat in his hand, a practice which may account for the fact that his head never grew hoary, but remained to the last covered with a thick mass of brown hair. Another Munich professor, Dr. Sepp, has the same habit, and although now seventy-five years of age has a head as shaggy as a lion's mane, but somewhat gray. These instances would seem to show that hats are promoters of baldness, and that a free circulation of fresh air is the most effective hair-preserver. Perhaps, too, it tends to make a man cool-headed. In the summer of 1874, as Döllinger was walking in this way with Gladstone through the Munich park known as the English Garden, a tall and dignified prelate met them and passed by, lifting his hat high above his head and looking straight forward into space. "Who is that right reverend ecclesiastic?" inquired Gladstone. "That is the Archbishop of Munich, by whom I was ex-

communicated," replied Döllinger, without the slightest trace of bitterness, and then continued the conversation, unruffled by this sudden encounter with the man who but recently had called down curses upon him with such superfluity of bluntness and brutality.

Reference has already been made to the three periods of Döllinger's development, marking the radical change which he gradually underwent in his attitude towards the Roman hierarchy. It must be remembered, however, that this transformation involved no renunciation of principle or essential lack of self-consistency. There was never any change in his ideal of the Catholic church, or in his conception of what, historically considered, it ought to be, but simply a clarifying and rectifying of his perception of what it actually is. His development was therefore a slow and painful process of disillusion.

On the 31st of October, 1817, the Protestants of Germany celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of Luther's bold and decisive step in nailing on the door of the Wittenberg Schlosskirche his ninety-five theses against indulgences. The great enthusiasm excited by this event, and the fear lest the contagion might extend to the fold of the faithful, caused the Catholics to reprint, as a counteractive, Luther's rather coarse polemical treatise Against the Papacy at Rome founded by the Devil, and to disseminate it diligently among the students of their theological seminaries. Döllinger, although for a young man of eighteen already well up in patristic theology, and familiar with the voluminous writings of Baronius and Petavius and other lights of the church, had not yet paid much attention to the literature of the Reformation, and now for the first time read this anti-papistic pasquinade and was exceedingly indignant at it; conceiving thereby a prejudice against its author which it took many years to overcome, and which finds an echo in his Luther, eine Skizze, published in 1851. It was precisely this effect which the promoters of the reprint wished to produce. This feeling was strengthened by the perusal of J. A. Möhler's work, entitled Die Einheit der Kirche oder das Princip des Katholicismus, dargestellt im Geiste der Kirchenväter der drei ersten Jahrhunderte, which appeared at Tübingen in 1825. Here he found a delineation of the church as developed by the apostolic fathers and their immediate successors which corresponded to his own pure ideal of such an institution, and was the very reverse of the diabolical organization described by Luther in the pamphlet that now seemed to him more than ever a wanton caricature and wicked calumny.

He knew well enough that the Roman hierarchy had not always realized this ideal of "a fresh and living Christianity," which lay buried under the ecclesiastical rubbish and rank sacerdotal overgrowth of centuries; but he flattered himself with the notion that Catholicism in its dogmatic and historical evolution had, through all abuses and aberrations, remained essentially true to it, and that it was the mission of theological science to free it from all incrustations and defects, and restore it to its primitive purity. That the Holy See was sound at the core, and that the head of the church and its councils would welcome the aid and accept the results of the best Catholic scholarship in effecting this revival and reformation, he did not doubt. This illusion he labored under, with occasional misgivings, growing constantly more earnest and more frequent, until about the year 1850.

In 1826 Döllinger published a volume entitled Die Lehre von der Eucharistie in den drei ersten Jahrhunderten, which served also as a dissertation for taking the degree of doctor, conferred upon him by the theological faculty of the university of Landshut. It was directed against the views concerning the

eucharist set forth in 1811 by P. K. Marheineke, professor of theology in Heidelberg, and afterwards Schleiermacher's pastoral colleague in Trinity Church, Berlin. Marheineke had maintained that during the first three centuries the reformed doctrine of the merely symbolical presence of Christ in the sacrament prevailed in the church, but that in the five following centuries it had given place to the Lutheran doctrine of the actual and substantial presence of the body of Christ with the bread and wine (consubstantiation), and in the ninth century to the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, or the conversion of the consecrated elements into the real body and blood of Christ. Döllinger held that the Catholic doctrine had been taught from the beginning, and laid down the following general proposition or axiom, on which his whole argument is based: "It is well known to be the primal and most sacred principle of the Catholic church to accept no dogma that is not founded upon the tradition of all centuries." This application of the motto "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," which the Romish church has inscribed upon its banner, and on which it rests its claims to catholicity, received the unequivocal commendation of the highest ecclesiastical authorities. Döllinger, who thus announced this fundamental principle in his first published work, always adhered to it, and made it the standard by which he tested and rejected the new-fangled dogmas of the immaculate conception of the Virgin and the *ex cathedra* infallibility of the Pope.

In Munich Döllinger came into more or less intimate connection with the circle of which Joseph von Görres, publicist and professor, revolutionist and reactionary, romanticist and mystic, was the centre, and which represented the political and religious ideas of Lamennais sicklied over with German sentimentalisms and special enthusiasms. Each member of the coterie had his hobby, which he trotted out on all occasions, and took particular pride in showing off the caprices and eccentricities of his wild and willful garran. But the united purpose, to the promotion of which these individual crotchets were supposed to contribute, was to harmonize mediæval ultramontanism and the arrogant assumptions of the theocracy, as formulated in the xxvii Dictatus of Gregory VII., and enforced by Boniface VIII. in his notorious bull Unam Sanctam, with modern constitutional liberty and the principles of the French Revolution.

Döllinger sympathized with the general aims and aspirations of these enthusiasts, but did not share their extravagances. The severe historical studies in which he was then engaged exerted a sobering influence upon his mind, and showed him the hopelessness of reconciling such antitheses. He saw that Catholicism could be brought into harmony with modern thought and the modern state only by keeping ultramontanism out of it; and to this end all the efforts of his life were directed, but they were destined to prove futile, and he was later forced to realize what an equally acute and less optimistic observer would have clearly foreseen. Indeed, about all that remained to him from his associations with this group of genial visionaries were his close relations of friendship with Lamennais's distinguished disciple Montalembert, who began his career as a stout champion of the church, and, after glorifying monasticism in five volumes (Les Moines d'Occident, Paris, 1860–67), ended by denouncing the Jesuitic intrigues and revolting against the decrees of the Vatican Council; passing away March 13, 1870, with fiery protests on his lips. It is worthy of note that even at that early date Marie Görres used to prophesy of Döllinger that he would "die a heretic," proving how thoroughly she appreciated his character and position, and with what keenness of discernment

she perceived the permanency of the papal reaction which had set in after the return of Pius IX. from Gaeta, with Antonelli and the Jesuits in the ascendant. What Döllinger regarded as an eddy in the current she recognized as its main course. The extraordinary utterances of the Pope concerning his pontifical authority and divine prerogatives might be laughed at as the expressions of egregious personal vanity stimulated by continuous adulation, but it was quite a different matter when shrewd and unscrupulous cardinals turned this foolishness to account and reduced it to a system, seriously proclaiming the doctrine of *vox Papæ vox Dei* as a dogma of the church, and damning all who reject it.

His next work of importance was a Compendium of Church History (Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte, Regensburg, 1836–38), in two volumes, extending to the period of the Reformation. A second edition appeared in 1843; but when the publisher wished to issue a third the author refused, on the ground that, owing to the great change in his historical views, the revision would not leave a line of the former editions without important modifications.

In 1832 Möhler published his Symbolik, in which he contrasted the Catholic and Protestant creeds; extolling and idealizing the former, and sharply criticising and discrediting the latter. This very clever work excited immense sensation, and called forth a whole literature of controversial writings, the most noted and valuable of which, on the Protestant side, was F. C. Baur's The Antithesis of Catholicism and Protestantism. It also influenced Ranke's German History in the Age of the Reformation (6 vols., Berlin, 1839–47), and unquestionably imparted to it a less judicial and more polemical character than it would otherwise have possessed.

Döllinger did not wait for the final volumes of this history to appear before he began to publish his answer to it, entitled The Reformation, its Inner Development and its Workings within the Precincts of the Lutheran Confession (Die Reformation, ihre innere Entwicklung und ihre Wirkungen im Umfange des Lutherischen Bekenntnisses, 3 vols., Regensburg, 1846–48). He had long been convinced that the doctrine of justification by faith, which was the corner-stone of Luther's theology, and the theory of imputed righteousness, which formed an essential part of it, are logically untenable and extremely immoral in their tendencies, and that the Reformation, therefore, dogmatically considered, rests upon a principle psychologically absurd and ethically pernicious. This he tried to show, and brought together a vast amount of material in proof of the injurious moral, religious, educational, and social effects of the movement inaugurated by the Wittenberg reformer.

The theoretical part of this thesis was comparatively easy of demonstration. *Justitia imputativa*, whether applied to the sin of Adam or the atonement of Christ, is opposed to man's natural sense of right and wrong, and can be brought home to his conscience only through the medium of a subtle and perverse metaphysics. The facts adduced were also questionable; but the argument sometimes lapsed, as is apt to be the case in tracing events to special causes, into the fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and attributed to the Reformation evils which, although following it chronologically, had no logical connection with it. This work stirred up bitter animosities and, while establishing the author's fame as a scholar, procured for him the reputation of a narrow and bigoted apologist of Catholicism and an arch-enemy of Protestantism; and it was this notoriety that gave point to Heine's scoffing inquiry: —

> "Lebt er noch am Isarstrande,
> Jener alte gottverdammte
> Erzpfaff Döllingerius?"

But the work so fiercely denounced and decried by Protestants as captious and calumnious was hailed by Döllinger's co-religionists as an unanswerable defense of their faith and an utter discomfiture of their foes, and several important conversions to Catholicism — among others that of Archdeacon, afterwards Cardinal Manning — were directly attributable to it.

In order to form a correct estimate of it, however, one must remember that it is professedly polemical, and was provoked by excessive laudation of the reformatory movement of the sixteenth century and its influence. The writer's express purpose was to call attention to some offensive features and harmful effects which he had detected in it, and which its eulogists had either overlooked or ignored, and he therefore necessarily presented the darker side of the subject. It was his original intention to describe in another series of volumes the corrupt condition of the Roman Catholic church which led to the Reformation; and this project, if it had been carried out, would have relieved him in the eyes of Protestants from the imputation of blind partisanship, and put a damper upon Catholic exultation. But, as he himself stated in explaining why this was not done, "my friends never ceased to entreat me not to make myself impossible by such an undertaking;" and they seem to have convinced him that he would thereby so injure his influence as to prevent him from effecting that purification and spiritual regeneration of the papacy which he might otherwise accomplish and which he had sincerely at heart. Still, he always kept this plan in mind, and many years later, according to Professor Friedrich, when Janssen appeared as the extenuating and embellishing historiographer of the Holy See, Döllinger urged upon a distinguished Protestant ecclesiastical historian the necessity of doing this work, and generously offered to place at his disposal all the valuable material which he himself had collected. He held that there could be no radical cure without a thorough scientific diagnosis, and in an address delivered in Munich on September 28, 1863, he compared German theology to the spear of Achilles, which healed the wound it inflicted.

Döllinger's aversion to the Jesuits originated in his perception of the evil effects of their whole system of education. As a specimen of the kind of instruction imparted to their pupils, he states that on being called upon to examine one of their students, a candidate for holy orders, he began with the question, "What is that branch of knowledge which we call theology?" and received the remarkable reply, "Theology is that branch of knowledge which has St. Catherine for its patroness." "But what is the branch of knowledge," he asked, "of which St. Catherine is the patroness?" "St. Catherine is the patroness of theology," answered the young man, with parrot-like facility and intense self-complacency; and no ingenuity of interrogation could get anything else out of him. This systematic substitution of superstition for science excited Döllinger's indignation, and made him the uncompromising foe of Jesuitism in the province of education long before he had any presentiment of the disastrous influence exerted by the Society of Jesus upon Catholicism, through its ambitious domination of the papal hierarchy. For this reason he was always opposed to the admission of this religious order to Bavaria, and regarded it as a crime for the government to place any institution of learning under the direction of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola, the demoralizing and stupefying effects of whose teaching he had had occasion to observe not only in the incipient priest aforementioned, but in all the pupils of the Collegium Germanicum at Rome during his visit to that city in 1857.

In the second period of Döllinger's

career, extending from 1850 to 1870, he began to perceive more and more clearly that the Jesuits were masters of the ship of St. Peter, and that, as the result of their manœuvring, it was dragging its sheet anchor of general tradition, and drifting away from its safe moorings in the decrees of œcumenical councils, and in danger of going to wreck on the very reefs which he had hitherto regarded as lying so far out of the proper course of the vessel as to be a source of little or no anxiety. If he had occasionally thrown the lead on that side, he seemed satisfied with the soundings, and put perfect confidence in his plummet.

The tendency of events was sufficiently indicated by Pius IX.'s definition and proclamation of the dogma of the immaculate conception in 1854, "on his own authority, without the coöperation of a council;" by the demonstrative anger of the nuncio excited by Döllinger's views on the temporal power of the Pope, embodied in his lecture at the Munich Odeon in 1861; by the condemnation of his address On the Past and Present of Catholic Theology, delivered in the same city in 1863; by the notorious syllabus of 1864; and by the canonization of Peter Arbues and the consequent indorsement of the mediæval inquisition in 1867. Döllinger's silence in the presence of such manifestations of the spirit prevailing in the Vatican is explicable only on the theory that his mind was so fully prepossessed by his own pure and lofty conception of Catholicism that he could not see them in their true light, or regard them as anything more than temporary aberrations and infatuations. He never accepted the doctrine of the immaculate conception, nor did he suffer himself to be seriously disturbed by it. He was convinced that it had no foundation either in Holy Writ or in sacred tradition, and the manner in which it had been decreed and promulgated rendered it formally null and void, and reduced it to the mere utterance of a vain and weak old man, led to say and to do foolish things by adulatory and unscrupulous advisers. In a keen criticism of the syllabus, written in January, 1865, and printed from his posthumous papers in the volume of Kleinere Schriften (Stuttgart, 1890, pp. 196–227), he exposed the hostility of the Romish curia to modern culture in all its forms; and his opinion of the saintliness of Arbues is expressed in a series of articles on the Roman and Spanish inquisition, originally published in the Allgemeine Zeitung and the Vienna Freie Presse in 1867 and 1868, and now collected in the Kleinere Schriften (pp. 286–404). It was under Döllinger's influence, if not at his direct instigation, that Kaulbach produced his powerful sketch of Arbues condemning a Jewish family to the stake, which was exhibited at this time in Munich, and came near creating a riot.

Honest historical research he held to be the foe most feared by ultramontanism and most fatal to its arrogant pretensions, and he determined to attack it on this vulnerable side. In accordance with this idea he planned two great works: a general history of the Christian church, embracing all the influences which contributed to its genesis and growth, and a special history of the papacy. Of the first work he issued two parts: Heathenism and Judaism as the Vestibule of Christianity (Heidenthum und Judenthum als Vorhalle des Christenthums, Regensburg, 1857), and Christianity and the Church in the Time of the Foundation (Christenthum und Kirche in der Zeit der Grundlegung, Regensburg, 1860). For the second work he simply cleared the ground of legendary rubbish in his Papal Fables of the Middle Ages (Papstfabeln des Mittelalters, Munich, 1863). In his volume on Hippolytus and Callistus, published in 1853, and called forth by

the discovery of the so-called Philosophoumena, of which he proved Hippolytus to be the author, he had already furnished a valuable contribution to the history of the Romish church in the first half of the third century, but there he stopped. His Papal Fables was based upon an exhaustive study of German, Italian, and Spanish archives; but the farther he pushed his investigations in this direction, the greater difficulty he had in discovering any historical reality corresponding to his ideal of the Church. On the contrary, he found that the main pillars of the imposing mediæval structure which he would fain disencumber and restore had hardly any other foundation to rest upon than the wretched rubbish he was engaged in removing. Under these circumstances it behooved him to proceed with extreme caution, lest the work of radical redintegration should involve the ruin of the whole edifice. Still he continued to the last to collect materials on this subject, much of which he utilized in public addresses, newspaper articles, and other writings. It was because he had such materials at his command that he was able to produce a book like that on Church and Churches (Kirche und Kirchen, Papstthum und Kirchenstaat, Munich, 1861) in five months, to prepare the remarkable series of papers on Das Concilium und die Civiltà which appeared in the Allgemeine Zeitung from the 10th to the 15th of March, 1869, and to publish in the same year Der Papst und das Concil von Janus, in which one scarcely knows which to admire most, the immense erudition, the earnestness of conviction, or the intellectual vigor it displays.

It was not until 1870 that, as he himself confesses, "the scales fell from his eyes" and he was completely disillusioned. The events of this third and last period of his life are still fresh in the public mind and need not be dwelt upon in detail. His correspondence on this subject with the Munich archbishop Von Scherr, who excommunicated him, and with others, and his views of the question of papal infallibility, have been recently published (Briefe und Erklärungen von I. von Döllinger über die Vaticanischen Decrete 1869–1887, Munich, 1890), and are sufficiently familiar to all who are interested in the matter. His final declaration, made on March 28, 1871, — "As a Christian, as a theologian, as an historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine," — recalls Luther's words uttered at the Diet of Worms on April 17, 1521: "Unless refuted by testimony of Holy Writ, or overcome publicly by clear and distinct reasons, I cannot and will not recant, since it is neither safe nor advisable to do anything against one's conscience. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen."

It may be said that the cases are not parallel, since Döllinger's statement, while calling down upon his head the *fulmen brutum* of the Vatican, exposed him to no personal danger. There was no dungeon of the inquisition awaiting him, and no pyre prepared to burn him alive before the Virgin's Column on the Marienplatz. Still it is certain that the excommunication put him in peril of his life. The archiepiscopal ban declared him subject to all the pains and penalties and liabilities which canon law attaches to ecclesiastical maledictions. One of these consequences, according to a decretal of Urban II., was to put him out of the pale and protection of law. "For," as that Pope expressly states, "we do not deem those persons homicides who, burning with zeal for their Catholic mother against excommunicates, happen to kill any of them." (Non enim eos homicidas arbitramur, quos, adversus excommunicatos zelo Catholicæ matris ardentes, aliquos eorum trucidare contigerit.) This principle arms with a dagger the hand of every religious fanatic, and places a heretic's life at the mercy of any Catho-

lic "crank." That the danger to Döllinger was not purely imaginary is evident from the fact that the chief of police in Munich informed him that plots were being devised for his assassination, and warned him not to go out unattended.

Meanwhile, it became daily more evident that in excommunicating the greatest Catholic theologian of this or perhaps of any century the infallible Pope had made a fearful blunder. It was a boomerang curse which returned to smite the man who hurled it. Repeated efforts were made by the bishops Steichele and Hefele, and by the nuncio Ruffo Scilla and other emissaries of the Holy See, to entice him back into the fold. Ladies of royal rank joined right reverend ecclesiastics in earnest entreaties to him to return. The portals of the sanctuary would have been thrown open to readmit him on the easiest terms, and indeed on almost any conditions that he might choose to stipulate. Leo XIII. urged him to come to Rome. "The times of Pius IX.," he said, "are past. Apply directly to me, and declare merely that you still adhere to the views concerning the papacy which you have formerly expressed, and nothing more will be required." Döllinger might have done so with a good conscience, for his opinion concerning the powers and prerogatives of the papacy had undergone no change whatever. But he knew that such a declaration would be interpreted as a recantation and submission, and would place him in a false position before the world; and he refused to entertain for a moment this Jesuitical compromise with his conscience. As he subsequently remarked, "I would not sully my old age with a lie, nor seem by any sort of implication to accept a dogma which to me was equivalent to asserting that two and two make five instead of four."

The honest independence and firmness with which he met all threats and solicitations excited everywhere admiration and enthusiasm. Learned corporations of Germany and other countries vied with each other in doing him honor. Civic and academic distinctions were showered upon him. In 1866 he had been rector of the Munich University, and in 1872, when this institution celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of its foundation, he was again chosen to this position. On the death of Liebig, in the following year, the king appointed him president of the Academy of Sciences, a triennial office to which he was reappointed five times in succession, and which he held during the rest of his life. The frequent attempts of the Vatican to deprive him of his prebendal and sacerdotal dignities were thwarted by the steadfastness of Ludwig II., who conferred upon him the highest orders of the state, and took every occasion to express the liveliest appreciation of his courage and integrity. Every birthday brought him the warmest congratulations of this monarch, who, in a letter dated February 28, 1870, urged him not to be weary in the warfare which he was waging in the interests of both religion and science, but to carry it on to victory for the welfare of the church and the state; and in another letter, of February 28, 1871, he contrasts Döllinger's manliness with the cowardice of Abbot Haneberg, who through so-called "humility" proved faithless to his convictions. "This is in my opinion," remarks the king, "a very false conception of humility; it is a low hypocrisy." "Despicable and pitiable," he adds, "is the conduct of the archbishop who so soon fell away. His flesh is indeed strong and his spirit weak, as he himself inadvertently stated in one of his pastoral letters. Strange irony of accident!" The comparison of Döllinger to Bossuet and Haneberg to Fénelon which Ludwig II. institutes, thereby representing himself inferentially as Louis XIV., is well meant, but rather wide of the mark, and does justice neither to Döllinger nor to Fénelon.

Döllinger never entered into full fellowship with the Old Catholic communion, and the assembly of anti-infallibilists held at Munich in May, 1871, formed this organization contrary to his judgment and advice. He maintained that the excommunication of a person for not accepting a dogma which is opposed to all the teachings and traditions of the church is of no validity, and that those who refused to submit to the Vatican decree should not take any step that would have the appearance of separatism. His fear lest the government should regard such a society as a sect was well founded, since this is virtually the position in which the decision of the Bavarian Minister of Worship, Baron von Lutz, now leaves the Old Catholics.

It is probable, however, that if Döllinger had identified himself with the movement and placed himself at the head of it the result would have been different, and that he might have realized his idea of a German church which should be national without ceasing to be Catholic, — an idea which he had advocated as early as 1848. But, notwithstanding his unquestionable courage, he had not the high spirit which led Luther to reply to Spalatin that, though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, he would go into that city. He had the shrinking, scholarly temperament of Melanchthon, and deemed it his mission to combat error with the weapons of the spirit drawn from the armory of science. To become personally the centre of any outward agitation was positively painful to him. Thus on September 24, 1871, as he reached the entrance of the Glass Palace in Munich, where the Old Catholic congress was holding its last session, he heard the shout "Döllinger hoch!" (Hurrah for Döllinger!) and turning on his heel fled as for his life. If such a demonstration met him on the threshold, he imagined how much greater it would be within the building, and could not face it. Acclamations that would have been a welcome stimulus to the born reformer, and have strengthened him in his purpose, served only to distress and discomfit the soul of this cloistered scholar. He was importuned to celebrate mass on the Thursday of Holy Week, April 6, 1871, in All Saints' Church (the royal chapel), immediately after his final declaration, but could not be persuaded to do so. Had he complied with this request the king and the court would have been present, and this one act might have changed the whole course of events.

It would be hard to find in the annals of literature a more charming and cheering illustration of the art of growing old with serenity and dignity than that furnished by the nonagenarian Döllinger. He is one of the very few illustrious men, like Goethe, Humboldt, Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, and George Bancroft, whose age showed no sensible inroads of time, and never degenerated into senility. "We do not count a man's years," says Emerson, "until he has nothing else to count." It required an effort of memory and an arithmetical computation to realize that Döllinger was fourscore and ten. His young colleagues never thought of him as belonging to the generation of their great-grandfathers, except as his vastly superior learning and wisdom caused them to remember how long he had sat among his folios, and what far-reaching experiences and rare opportunities of observation he had enjoyed. He did not fossilize under ninety layers of birthdays, but was in close touch with all the great interests and burning questions of the day. It is remarkable how completely he kept himself abreast with current events and the most recent researches in all departments of literature and science, and how the range of his studies and his sympathies constantly "widened with the process of the suns." His academical addresses are distinguished not only for elegance of style,

but also for the thoroughness and originality with which the most varied topics are discussed, such as The Historical Growth and Present Mission of the Munich Academy, Germany's Conflict with the Papacy under the Emperor Lewis the Bavarian, Aventin and his Time, The Study of German History, The Significance of Dynasties in the World's History, The Jews in Europe, The Oriental Question in its Origins, The Relations of the City of Rome to Germany in the Middle Ages, The History of Religious Freedom, the Politics of Louis XIV., The Political and Intellectual Development of Spain, The Most Influential Woman of French History, Dante as Prophet, The Influence of Greek Literature and Culture on the Western World in the Middle Ages, The Part of North America in Literature, and The Vindication of the Templars. The two last-mentioned addresses he was engaged in revising for the press at the time of his fatal illness. It may be interesting to add that, in a letter addressed to the present writer, in which he mentions this fact, he speaks in high terms of "the American scholar Henry C. Lea."

He fully appreciated the disagreeable impressions of spiritual despotism which Montalembert brought back with him from Spain in 1865, and wrote on this occasion: "I too am greatly sobered. Many things in the church have turned out so differently from what I thought and painted to myself in rosy hues twenty or thirty years ago." He frankly acknowledged and deeply regretted the hardness and narrowness with which he had often judged others at an earlier period of his life. In 1866 he confessed that every week he was constrained to renounce some long-cherished error, — plucking it, as it were, out of his breast; and added that such an experience ought to make one extremely tolerant and considerate of others' mistakes. Again, in 1882 he wrote: "My whole life has been a successive stripping off of errors to which I have clung with persistency, violently resisting the better knowledge as it began to dawn upon me; and yet I can say that in acting thus I was not dishonest. Ought I then to condemn others stuck in the same slough, — *in eodem luto mecum hærentes?*" In referring to Baronius and Bellarmin and their contemporaries of the sixteenth century, he says: "When I detect such men in error, I say to myself, If you had lived then and had been in their place, would you not have shared the general illusion? And if they had possessed your means of knowledge, would they not have made better use of it, and recognized and confessed the truth sooner than you have done?" The older he grew, the more forcibly he felt how rare it is to find an intellect capable of doing justice to thinkers of the past; it is a power as rare as the possession of the historical sense, which no learning can supply. "One can know much and have one's head crammed with information without the right scientific understanding or historical sense. This gift, as you are well aware, is not so very common; and where it is wanting methinks there can be no full responsibility for what is known. It is this faculty of seeing events in their true relations that makes them live again to the mind; where it is lacking, facts, however correct and carefully collected, serve only to confirm erroneous inferences, and to entangle the scholar who gropes after them in a net of false generalizations."

It is to Döllinger's credit that, although he was at first ranked with the foes of freedom, he did not hesitate to take a firm stand among its friends when he once perceived what principles were at stake in that eternal conflict between liberty and servitude in the social, political, moral, and intellectual life of the race, of which history is merely the more or less faithful record.

*E. P. Evans.*

## MR. HOWELLS'S LITERARY CREED.

It was somewhat of a shock to Mr. Howells's readers, and therefore to his friends, for all his readers are his friends, when in one of his novels two or three years ago they came upon a light and trifling reference to his own fiction. In spite of its playfulness it jarred on the ear; it was something to be accounted for, to be excused, to be defended. But this new *Apologia pro Arte mea* [1] is so aggressive in tone, so shrill almost in its pitch of voice, that the reader is compelled to listen attentively, and possibly to readjust his notions regarding this writer. May it not be, one asks, that the change of subject noticeable in Mr. Howells's recent work is consentaneous with a new outlook on his part? If there is a wider scope and more generous humanity in A Hazard of New Fortunes than in The Lady of the Aroostook, ought we not to look for a note in his criticism as gathered in this little book different from, or rather fuller and richer than, that which sounded in the book notices to which one turns with pleasure still as one looks over old files of The Atlantic, *consule Planco?*

Far be it from us to set out on a study of Howells in his first and second periods. How do we know that there will not be a third which will offer even a better vantage-ground for observing the intellectual path made by him? Rather, we postpone to the days of our children this interesting task of historical analysis, and leave to them the thesis of establishing his identity by means of his successive developments. We have something better to do with a contemporaneous author. Imaginary perspectives are illusory, and we must accept whatever disadvantage there may be in using our own angle of observation when on the same parallel line with this novelist and critic. The views which he sets forth are working views; they concern his neighbors and friends who are engaged in the same pursuit, and we cannot treat them merely as an interesting contribution to nineteenth-century criticism which we in the twentieth are classifying and reducing to order in our history of the development of literature.

This being so, we cannot fail to be struck with the sincerity of the utterance. Whether or not we agree with the conclusions reached by Mr. Howells, we must admit that the very intemperateness of his zeal, the almost incoherence of his protestations, bears witness to the fact that his literary creed as regards criticism and fiction is not a cool intellectual dogma, but a belief *quicunque vult.* His playfulness does not altogether desert him, — indeed, it betrays him into expressions which his critics, willfully or not, seize upon as fresh illustrations of his supposed arrogance; but for the most part he is too much in earnest to catch up any lighter weapons than sarcasm and irony. Nor does he look to his defenses, and with a carelessness which is born, not of confidence, but of zeal, troubles himself little with consistency, and accentuates his doctrines by personal illustrations which he makes sweeping that he may not weaken the force of his argument by too many modifications. One is not tempted to liken him to Proudhon, who, when he was expostulated with for his extravagant assertion Property is Robbery, replied that he put his price high because he knew he should be beaten down. There is no note of audacious exaggeration in Mr. Howells's vehement assertions; he almost forgets the humorist in him as he strikes his blows and invites his opponents to come on.

[1] *Criticism and Fiction.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

It is easy, therefore, to find weaknesses in his position; to divert attention from the main question by indignantly declaring that he is slandering Scott and Thackeray, and setting up a Russian idol in place of our native gods. A juster view discovers that his contention is for art in its relation to human nature and human history; that the figures whom he uses are not so much directly the subjects of his criticism as they are concrete examples of artistic tendencies. In his eagerness to preach his doctrines he ignores the offenses of those whom he holds to have the true faith at heart, and overlooks the shining virtues of those who are to him worshipers of false gods. The dreariness of Ibsen, the false proportions of Margaret Fleming, may be forgiven; the fine honor, the noble recognition of service, displayed in Scott's characters are forgotten.

Yet is not this narrowness of intention a defect in a critic? Does it not argue the mind of a special pleader rather than of a judge? Unquestionably, and this admission would damage our estimate of Mr. Howells as a critic, if his book in its very fibre did not renounce pretensions to criticism as that word is generally understood. It would indeed be a *reductio ad absurdum* if we could suppose Mr. Howells savagely girding against critics for the purpose of demonstrating that he is himself a critic. It is true that now and then he takes his place in the prisoners' dock along with these literary criminals, but there is a mockery in this supposititious attitude which precludes deceit. No, wherever else he may deliberately discriminate, and divide, and seek with the self-effacement which belongs to the genuine critic to get at the bottom of the well, the patience which such study demands is not to be found in this little book. Here he is an apostle ardently declaring his gospel; a crusader who knows only two classes of men, believers and paynims. It is in this light only that one can view his book.

What, then, is the truth for which Mr. Howells contends, and counts all else as dross? What is the central idea about which all his deliverances gather? What does he want of us, — especially what does he want of his fellow-craftsmen? In looking through his book for some single expression of his belief we find it somewhat difficult to settle upon any one phrase; for if we content ourselves with his final statement, that "neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they . . . tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests, . . . and they cannot do this except from and through the truth;" or take his initial proposition "that moods and tastes and fashions change, . . . but what is unpretentious and what is true is always beautiful and good, and nothing else is so," we find truisms not to be quarreled with; yet we are only at the threshold of our inquiry, for the question forces itself upon us, to be asked in no spirit of mockery, What is Truth? The most fatal error a critic could make would be to assume that the only truth in art is what commends itself to him as truth. Here are words which bring us a little closer to Mr. Howells's mind: —

"I believe that, while inferior writers will and must continue to imitate them" — great writers, that is, who have sinned against the truth — "in their foibles and their errors, no one hereafter will be able to achieve greatness who is false to humanity, either in its facts or its duties. The light of civilization has already broken even upon the novel, and no conscientious man can now set about painting an image of life without perpetual question of the verity of his work, and without feeling bound to distinguish so clearly that no reader of his may be misled between what is right and what is wrong, what is noble and what is base, what is health and what is perdi-

tion, in the actions and characters he portrays. . . . I confess that I do not care to judge any work of the imagination without first of all applying this test to it. We must ask ourselves before we ask anything else, Is it true? — true to the motives, the impulses, the principles, that shape the life of actual men and women? This truth, which necessarily includes the highest morality and the highest artistry, — this truth given, the book cannot be wicked and cannot be weak; and without it all graces of style and feats of invention and cunning of construction are so many superfluities of naughtiness. It is well for the truth to have all these and shine in them, but for falsehood they are merely meretricious, the bedizenment of the wanton; they atone for nothing, they count for nothing. But in fact they come naturally of truth, and grace it without solicitation; they are added unto it. In the whole range of fiction we know of no true picture of life — that is, of human nature — which is not also a masterpiece of literature, full of divine and natural beauty. It may have no touch or tint of this special civilization or that; it would better have this local color well ascertained; but the truth is deeper and finer than aspects, and if the book is true to what men and women know of one another's souls it will be true enough, and it will be great and beautiful."

If we read this passage aright, Mr. Howells believes that a new era has dawned in fiction so radically different as to render all the achievements of the past at once antiquated; that the distinction between the old and the new is as wide as between artificiality and naturalness; that whereas the novel of the past was false to human nature, the only test to be applied to contemporaneous and future fiction is its fidelity to truth. There is no doubt that the range of fictitious writing has broadened and taken in subjects which once were treated only in the drama, in history, or in essays, and we agree with Mr. Howells in a remark elsewhere made that they "form the whole intellectual life of immense numbers of people;" there has been a development likewise in the form of the novel, so that it requires some training or historical imagination to enjoy early examples, and with the greater freedom and flexibility which the novelist has attained there is greater opportunity for the full expression of individual genius; the bounds of fiction have been extended greatly. But what proof can he allege that this development, which has been steady and normal, has suddenly become a cataclysm? It would have been a more tenable position to hold that Walter Scott's romances marked a new era in fiction, and that all behind belonged to the dark ages.

In Mr. Howells's creed there is an assumption that the present generation is possessed of finer perception and is more acutely sensitive to truth in fiction, but it is incredible that men's judgments as to truth in one form of literature should vary with the generations. There are many persons now who are misled by the false notes in Ibsen and Tolstoï, but it does not therefore follow that they would have been quick to respond to the healthy, generous sentiment of Scott. The apprehension of truth, like the expression of truth, is fundamental in human nature, and not the fortune of one favored generation. Fashions change, and it is entirely possible that the form of fiction which once was acceptable should now seem tiresome; but if our ancestors could read some of the microscopic fiction of the present day, we suspect they would cry out for something more in mass, less in detail. "The touch of nature is there," they might say, "but we prefer nature in larger form. Grasshoppers do not interest us, no matter how truthful. We prefer leopards." That truth is the test

of art in fiction as in all forms of literature is undeniable; but then the test has always been applied; it is no new discovery.

There is again in Mr. Howells's creed an assumption that literary art is of necessity false; that art is a foe to the best fiction. It is true that he understands by art something that is derivative and not in itself original, but there is throughout his book a latent distrust of any art of fiction. "Graces of style, feats of invention, cunning of construction," these come near contempt, yet they are notes of art which, whether in fiction or poetry, has served to keep alive one work, when its neighbor, though it may have been true to fact, has perished ignominiously. We are entering, some of us think, upon a period when almost every one will write fiction, and there would be little comfort for the few of us left to read and not write if we did not believe that grace of style, feats of invention, and cunning of construction would separate some of the productions and make them worth reading. Art is the interpreter of nature, not its traducer, and in fiction as in all literature he who sees wholes and not fragments is the master. It is a mere gloss of the scholiast which makes creation to be the production of something out of nothing; in genuine theology as in genuine art the creator shapes and fashions forms out of chaotic material and breathes into them the breath of life.

With the passionate demand for truth in fiction and the denunciation of all artificiality which are prevalent notes in Mr. Howells's book one may be in entire sympathy, without in the least believing that the portrayers of human life who are using fiction as a vehicle for conveying their diseased or hopeless views upon the character of our civilization and the destiny of man are any more close to the truth than men and women who, taking great delight in life, and unvisited by dreadful visions of the future, have built in their imagination from the materials lying about them beautiful palaces of art. A king is no doubt an obsolete sort of a creature, and the Pretender was a dismal failure, but loyalty is not a democratic invention, though it has been improved upon by democracies. Young people may safely be left in the company of paper courtiers if the man behind the courtier has not been obliterated, and something less than an historic imagination will long continue to be touched by the creations of the past.

In short, the difficulty with Mr. Howells's literary creed is the difficulty which attaches to many religious creeds. The fundamental truth may be there, but the creed is dreadfully contemporaneous and hopelessly individual. Because one is vividly impressed by existing conditions, and discovers, it may be, here one and there one whose cry is like his own, he mistakes the accidental for the permanent, and straightway insists that the truth, though admittedly universal, must be stated in certain formulas. We are more disposed to think that what is technically known as realism is a phase of literature which corresponds with much that is contemporary in science and religion, but that, so far from being the final word in literature, it will simply make its contribution to art and give place to purer idealism.

## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Books of Reference.* The fifth and penultimate volume of The Century Dictionary (The Century Co.) covers the language from Q through Stroyl, which last word we leave the reader to look out for himself. He may think he knows Q, but we doubt if he knows its fourth meaning before looking it up here. One good feature of this dictionary is its explanation of abbreviations under the letters themselves. Thus *q. s.* and *q. v.* with a number of others are definitely explained. The range of literary illustration is wide, including the chance remark of a North Carolina backwoodsman to a correspondent of the New York Tribune. We are sorry when looking for *spectre* to be told to go to *specter*, especially as under that word the derivation is an argument for the form *re*. One may thus dip into this book here and there and find on every page something to comment on. The dictionary is a great thesaurus, and the wise man will draw from it words new and old. Next to the study of great literature we commend one to the study of the infinite number of forms of which great literature makes use. — A Popular Handbook and Atlas of Astronomy, designed as a Complete Guide to a Knowledge of the Heavenly Bodies, and as an Aid to those possessing Telescopes, by William Peck. (Putnams.) There is a little about everything astronomical in this book, and hence not very much about any one thing ; but the author goes pretty directly to the point, and the abundant illustrations and charts really constitute the special reason of the book, the text being quite subsidiary. It will prove of special interest to amateur astronomers. — A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, Mythology, Religion, Literature, and Art, from the German of Dr. Oskar Seyffert ; revised and edited, with additions, by Henry Nettleship and J. E. Sandys. With more than 450 illustrations. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London ; Macmillan & Co., New York.) The scheme of this important work commends itself both to scholars and to the general reader. Besides the brief dictionary entries, there are many encyclopædic articles, such as Judicial Procedure, Marriage, Painting, Houses, Freedmen, Vases, Temples, Sculpture, and in the mythological portions especially there is a compactness of statement and a freedom from theorizing much to be praised. Biography is not treated except in its connection with literature, art, or mythology. Thus Alexander the Great does not appear, but three small Alexanders of literature are recorded. The illustrations are profuse and admirable ; the latest discoveries are made use of, such as the new work by Aristotle ; and the book ought to be a handy one for scholars, a sufficient one for general readers. — The seventh volume of the new issue of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) covers words from Malte-Brun to Pearson, and is marked by the qualities which have already made it conspicuous among cyclopædias. That is to say, there is a happy mean preserved between the treatise-like character of the Britannica and the dictionary character of Johnson. The proportion is well maintained, and the user of it is tempted just beyond his needs to read the articles. The freedom from partisanship is well preserved, a single word only in the article on Parnell betraying the animus of its author. The United States articles seem unusually free from petty errors, and in all cases information is brought to a very recent date. The writer of the article Parody has overlooked one of the cleverest of examples in Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.

*Nature and Travel.* Landscape Gardening ; Notes and Suggestions on Lawns and Lawn Planting ; Laying out and Arrangement of Country Places, large and small Parks, Cemetery Plots, and Railway Station Lawns ; Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Shrubs ; the Hardy Border ; Bedding Plants ; Rockwork, etc. By Samuel Parsons, Jr. (Putnams.) Mr. Parsons, who is Superintendent of Parks in New York, has collected his papers and added to them in this handsome volume, which is enriched by illustrations which increase the explicitness of the text. Although Mr. Parsons treats rather the larger than the smaller schemes in landscape gardening, his comments and suggestions are pointed, and not merely vague and general. The work, how-

ever, is not so much a practical handbook as it is one to stimulate the owner of a country place to make the most artistic use of the possibilities contained in it. Less is said than we should look for about the relation of a country seat to the neighboring landscape. The beauty of a place is often greatly enhanced by a careful study of the part which it plays in a larger whole. Mr. Parsons writes not only from experience, but with a genuine love of his subject. — Gray Days and Gold, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) Under this fanciful title Mr. Winter has collected some of the papers which he has written after pious pilgrimages to literary shrines in England and Scotland. His enthusiasm, his sentiment, his ardent love of poetry in all its forms, whether in verse or life or stone, suffuse his sketches with a glow which is rare in these days of suppressed feeling and pococurantist literature. — A popular edition has been issued of W. S. Webb's California and Alaska and Over the Canadian Pacific Railway (Putnams), which includes the varied illustrations, large and small, given in the original edition. It is the work of a traveler who loves traveling for its own sake, and to whom all incidents, great and small, are almost equally interesting. — The Canadian Guide-Book : the Tourist's and Sportsman's Guide to Eastern Canada and Newfoundland, including full Descriptions of Routes, Cities, Points of Interest, Summer Resorts, Fishing Places, etc., in Eastern Ontario, the Muskoka District, the St. Lawrence Region, the Lake St. John Country, the Maritime Provinces, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland ; with an Appendix, giving Fish and Game Laws, and Official Lists of Trout and Salmon Rivers and their Lessees. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Appleton.) Such is the tale of the title-page, and the tourist or sportsman who takes it for a guide will find not only all that is written down there, but much more ; for Mr. Roberts, being himself an enthusiastic sportsman and a facile writer, has interspersed a good many pages which will furnish the owner with entertaining reading for rainy days in camp. The absence of an index is criminal. — The Leaf-Collector's Handbook and Herbarium, an Aid in the Preservation and in the Classification of Specimen Leaves of the Trees of Northeastern America, by Charles S. Newhall. (Putnams.) Mr. Newhall's The Trees of Northeastern America we have already referred to, and this work is even more serviceable, because leaves being more readily identified, the outline figures with which the book is filled will enable one to place his leaves, and therefore his trees, with accuracy. The fruit is in many cases also figured, and information is always given whether the figure is of natural size or reduced. The book does not call for botanical knowledge in the one who uses it. — The Stream of Pleasure, a Narrative of a Journey on the Thames from Oxford to London, by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, together with a Practical Chapter, by J. G. Legge. (Macmillan.) As may be guessed from the conjunction of names, this narrative is by pen and pencil, and the pencil with its skill and its touch of beauty is most happily married to a pen which is growing flexible with use in work of this sort. The voyage is a brief one, but the voyagers were blissfully ignorant of the art of boating, and thus added adventures to the scene ; and between picture and slight incident and personal comment and light-hearted talk, a graceful and winning book results. — I Go A-Fishing, which Mr. William C. Prime put forth a score of years or so ago, is reissued in paper covers to please a new generation of readers. (Harpers.) Many will find almost an antiquarian interest in it, so much more sophisticated have the ways of fishers become since Mr. Prime fished and told his tale by the St. Regis waters. Besides his journal and narrative, the fisherman, like others of his craft before him, makes his fishing but an excuse for much pleasant moralizing, and for the talk which the brookside and the camp seem bound to keep alive, if the business and hurry of workaday life have stifled it in other places. — Jinrikisha Days in Japan, by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. (Harpers.) The experience of this writer has been a safeguard against hasty deductions. She lived in Japan long enough to discriminate, not long enough to lose the vividness of early impressions, and behind this experience there are a shrewd observation and a clear, sympathetic mind. No one can read a few chapters without feeling that he may safely entrust himself to his guide, who has produced one of the most readable, most

satisfactory books on this country which is so apt to take the stranger's judgment captive and hold it long after he has escaped the magic land. — Under the Trees and Elsewhere, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) When Beethoven heard the comments of people on his Pastoral Symphony, that they were delighted with what they supposed to be the reproductions of sounds of nature, he waxed indignant, and for the benefit of fools wrote above the score Reflections of One going into the Country. Thus those who go to Mr. Mabie's book for such pictures of outdoor life as they may find in the writings of more than one good observer of nature will discover that the author went into the fields and woods to enjoy his own speculations as these were quickened by nature, and thus the book is a record of the spirit. There is about the writing much of that leisure and quiet movement which belong to the long summer day, and Mr. Mabie brings to his pleasant task recollections and impressions which have resulted from wide reading and generous sympathy. — The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, by H. R. Fox Bourne. (Chatto & Windus, London.) A review of the expedition based upon the published literature which has grown up about it, especially Stanley's own contribution. Mr. Fox Bourne analyzes the plans of the expedition with skill, and points out how largely the disasters which fell were due to the choice of routes, and how Stanley's devotion to the Congo Free State impaired his judgment as to the directest course to be pursued in the relief of Emin. But the criticism extends further, to the character of Stanley himself and to the nature of Emin's relations to Egypt and England. One would have rather more confidence in Mr. Fox Bourne's criticisms if they did not partake somewhat of the spirit of a special pleader.

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Songs we used to Sing.

If a sudden whiff from a spray of sweet-brier may instantly recall to decrepit age some passage of youth which made sunshine of a shady place, how much more will an old song unexpectedly heard cancel intervening years, and take one back to some palæozoic musical period! I am old enough to have my musical childhood date from old-fashioned times, more especially since it was spent on that island of Nantucket where fashions of any sort come slowly and linger long, but I fancy my reminiscence of that period will set the bells jangling in some other Contributor's ear.

Of course Moore's melodies were sung in those days, though the stricter sort looked askance at Moore. If I remember aright, my Lord Byron was distinctly under the ban. But his brother sinner, Burns, was not; and in spite of the difficulties of Scotch pronunciation, I am under the impression that he was fairly rendered. People read a good deal of Scotch in those days, — Sir Walter, and Galt, and the Ettrick Shepherd, and Miss Ferrier, and the Noctes Ambrosianæ, — and contrived to pick up, one hardly knows how, a fair understanding of the Caledonian dialect. I cannot remember the time when I did not read it almost as readily as English. Ask me the test question, "What is a 'Gowpen o' glaur'?" and I should unhesitatingly reply, "Just twa nieves fu o' clarts."

But the bright particular star of parlor song was Felicia Hemans. Almost as surely as the festal eve of a Nantucket tea-party came round were we requested to "Bring flowers, bring flowers for the bride to wear!" or we were told how "The knight looked down from the Paynim tower," and were unfailingly entranced by the long-drawn refrain, "Sound again, clarion, clarion, wild and shrill." The songs of Greek independence were especially popular in those days when the memories of Navarino and the Sciote massacre were still fresh; and we gave to Greece our shining blades as regularly at the piano after the banquet as we did at the tea-table with the buttered

rolls (how light they were !) and the corn puddings.

If Mrs. Hemans was the popular woman, Haynes Bailey was the favored man. He was not the Bailey who wrote Festus, nor yet, for that matter, was he Martin Farquhar Tupper under an alias. He was the author of Fanny Gray and A Charming Woman, and "I 'd be a butterfly," "We met, 't was in a crowd," "She wore a wreath of roses," and, unless I much mistake, of that prime favorite,

> "Oh, no, we never mention her,
> Her name is never heard,"

with its touching refrain,

> "But if she loved as I have loved,
> She never can forget."

One would like to look upon the sight of a Wagnerian devotee strapped into an armchair and compelled to listen to the last-named ballad and its accompaniment. I see that Andrew Lang has been making fun of him.

Of course, as Nantucket was an island, and an island nautically familiar with all other islands, from the Aleutian Group to the Crozets, and from Nova Zembla to Neukahiva, as probably no other island on the face of the deep ever was or will be, some of its songs were nautical. There was one expressive of the feelings of the happy pirate in a gale of wind, beginning "I 'm afloat," and another called The Pirate's Serenade, which for melodious nonsense and utter contempt of marine propriety it would be hard to equal.

The popularity of certain songs in their season was a great marvel. I remember walking one evening down the long (not) unlovely street in my own town. There was a song then current of which the first stanza ran thus : —

> "Some love to roam
> O'er the dark sea foam
> Where the shrill winds whistle free,
> But a chosen band
> Of the mountain land,
> And a life in the woods for me."

It was set to a jingling, jerking tune, which even the ear of him who divided all music into Yankee Doodle and that which was not Yankee Doodle could hardly miss. From the lighted window of the parlor of the first house came the familiar strain. From the second was heard the same, and so on down the entire length of the way till the shops were reached. From either side voice or piano, or both, were with the unanimity of a ward primary bent on declaring the vote in favor of "a life in the woods." I wonder if it would be possible to find on the shelves of any music-dealer a copy of this forgotten melody ?

There was a great run for a time upon fairy songs. They were sufficiently incongruous in their imagery, the fairy stature being to the last degree accommodating. The fay of the forest was pictured as drinking out of an acorn cup and mounted on a firefly, which image could be paralleled only by that of a German Bursch using the great tun of Heidelberg for a beer-flagon and riding on a bicycle. The most that could be said in behalf of these songs was that they were superlatively innocent, and as little likely to corrupt the morals of youth as the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid.

In the midst of this inanity there would arise now and then splendid exceptions. I knew a clever young person, with a fine voice and a good deal of musical culture, who would hunt up Jacobite ballads, and paste into her scrap-book bits of lovely and fugitive verse, and then either get hold of a fit musical setting or compose one, or adapt a suitable air by slightly changing the *tempo*. Then with these she would sit down at the piano and fill her hearers with delight, and her schoolmates with envy unspeakable. She simply refused to be guided by the fashion, and rose above it. But these were *her* songs, and did not get into general vogue. Like Theodore Hook's famed improvisations, they were to be had only of the author.

I have forgotten one thing, of which the forgetting makes manifest that I am a small boy no longer. That thing is the comic song. Not that it was often sung. It was fit only for the male voice ; it was deemed decorous only for the male singer, and the male voice was not often at hand in the circle of the Nantucket tea-party.

The pirate in his serenade remarks that

> "My voice has been tuned
> To the notes of the gun
> That startles the deep
> When the combat 's begun ; "

and in like manner the Nantucket male larynx had been tuned to the cry of "There she blo-o-o-ws," uttered from the "fo't'-gall'n' crosstrees," or to the breathless shout

of "Lay me on, Capt'n Bunker!" when steering for a seventy-barrel sperm bull. Thus the male guest at the Nantucket tea-table was rare. The male guest who could sing was rarer still, and the one who could and would sing the comic song was rarest of all.

Some music-books contained the protoplasms of the "negro melody," — Jim Crow, Zip Coon, and Long-Tailed Blue. These were adorned with comic vignettes, which presented the African race in a new and wonderful light. There were few of the children of Ham to be found in Nantucket; but those few were sad-faced, grave, eminently respectable in dress and demeanor, and by reason of peculiar culinary and other gifts looked up to with awe and admiration by the small boy. Whether there was a strain of Indian blood in them or not I do not know; but I well remember them as being as unlike the ragged, rollicking figures in the music-book as Abraham Zuary, the basket-maker of Pol-pis, the last of the Nantucket tribe of Indians, was to Bryant's "forest hero, trained to wars," and scalping the midnight victims of Schenectady.

Last of all in my youthful reminiscences comes the brief interlude of the political-song era, when the grandfather of the present chief magistrate was sung into the White House to the inspiring strains of Tippecanoe and Tyler too. It has been attempted since, but only then was the political song an appreciable factor in a presidential campaign. It was a reality in those days. Grave merchants, solid men, lawyers, statesmen, even parsons, joined in the log-cabin and hard-cider minstrelsy, and votes were won by scores in every town and hamlet. Once done successfully, the spell was lost. The graver issues which culminated in the war for the Union began to come to the front. There was no longer place for that sympathetic touch which made kin all parts of this great country. It was literally true that the men north of Mason and Dixon's and the men south of it could not sing the same songs nor keep step to the same marching music. The magic of the Harrison campaign methods lay in their universality. Things done from Bangor to New Orleans lost their absurdity. These songs were founded withal upon a personal issue, not again to be raised in a presidential election. Moreover, there are more efficacious ways of capturing the votes of the nation, and the notes which carry an election are not of the musical kind.

Set to Music. — This whole matter of the relation of words to music in the songs we not only used to sing, but sing now, is full of interest to any one who speculates on the part which song may play in the art of the future. The libretto of an opera in the original tongue of the composer is apt to be greatly subordinated to the music, and viewed as verse is usually but a weak and meaningless affair. Even the conscious effort of Wagner to equalize the two is literature to Wagnerians only. But when the Italian or German is still further diluted into an English version, it becomes as the *vin ordinaire* of the cheap French cabaret which has been watered to the standard of street railway stock; nothing is left but the color and the twang.

It was the opposite rule which obtained in the case of Moore's melodies. In these there was just enough of musical expression to carry the really poetical verse. In many cases it was cadenced recitation which was attempted, requiring no very great quality or cultivation of voice, only proper feeling and sympathetic utterance. Some of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads were most effective when thus rendered. Any one who ever heard Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler sing some of these will not soon forget the dramatic fire with which she gave Ye Mariners of Spain, or The Bridal of Andalla.

In the union of words and music, as in wedlock, there may be many happy marriages, but few strictly equal and reciprocal ones. As the French proverb has it, in a kiss, one takes, the other holds up, the cheek. The words are only the vehicle of the music, or the music is for the sake of the words. Usually the former rule prevails.

There is a story told — if I remember rightly, of Malibran, certainly of some prima donna — that in a discussion of English and Italian music she took the air of "Polly, put the kettle on," and changing only the *tempo*, and using meaningless though melodious Italian words, held her auditors spell-bound. This, if not true, is strictly available to illustrate what I say. The best

vocal music is not meant for this. Instrumental music is pure musical expression; but, on the other hand, vocal music ought to carry the thought and the words and lift them on its wings. N. P. Willis in one of his letters from London describes the sensation caused by a composition which was the setting of the reply of Ruth to Naomi to most impressive music, but music thoroughly subordinate to the passion and sublimity of the words.

I am perfectly aware that the whole drift of the day is toward technique. I venture, nevertheless, to put in a word in behalf of the old song-singing, where good words were made more precious by musical rendering. There need be no quarrel between the two, nor is music degraded by having to minister to the expression of thought any more than sculpture is degraded by ministering to the beauty of architecture. This is a day when the mere art of metrical composition has all but reached perfection. One daily sees verses in which is realized the famous dictum from Alice in Wonderland, "Take care of the sound, and the sense will take care of itself." To adapt music to such verse cannot be difficult. On the other hand, the requirement of true musical setting is that the musical emphasis shall correspond to the stress of the idea. Let any one try to put to music Lovelace's "Tell me not, sweet," or Tennyson's Bugle Song, and it would be impossible to miss the right expression. The words would shape the notes. What is wanted is that poets should write songs to be sung, songs musical with the unwritten melody in the author's brain. Their expression should be a power constraining the composer, bidding him refrain from tricks to display his dexterity, and making him study to give a worthy poem a fit setting. These are days of frame-making and photography. In true art the frame may be the work of Grinling Gibbons, but it must not draw the eye from the picture; if it does, the truth of art is violated. Let us put the frame into a cabinet, or else take away the picture and substitute a curtain.

I should like to believe that there would be a genuine revival of interest, not among the cultivated few, but in the community at large, in the old English ditties which were flung out from the one genuinely native period of English musical art. But I am bound to say that I see no immediate likelihood of this. Song-singing finds it hard to stand its ground against the musical culture which insists upon the highest artistic excellence or nothing at all. Even such admirable societies as the Apollo Club of Boston seem for the most part chiefly interested in the difficulties which modern German song music presents. The Wagnerian fervor which looks down upon all Italian and French opera as poor and trivial, the wealthy leisure which delights only in that which costs vast sums, will scorn or be indifferent to that which comes not up to their exclusive tastes or exclusive purses. They set the fashion, and much I fear that the coming generation will lose one of the delights and comforts of the last, — the song which in the home circle moved to tears or smiles, and which thrilled with simple pathos or noble sentiment the hearts of those who were "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."

Two Points of View. — Recently, in a circle where I am often a much-edified listener and looker-on, the free lances were glancing keenly in their wonted fashion. Just at the particular moment of which I write The Coquette was the provoking theme of the word-tilt. Some one had the inspiration to propose that an "expression" be obtained, severally, from the man's and the woman's point of view. To this end two of the most dexterous contestants were chosen. A scrap of paper and lead pencil being provided, our free lances took aim with the following results, distinguished by what the French might call *un accent badin de conviction sincère*. It is hardly necessary to indicate which was the masculine and which the feminine treatment of the subject.

MARCHE FUNÈBRE.

Men called her Eve, and well they might, —
The fall of man she wrought.
"One only woman in the world,"
Was all these victims thought.

"One only memory worth a thought,"
Was all these victims said,
When life was lived and dreams were dreamed,
And love and faith lay dead.

THE SOCIAL TIGRESS.

Beside her lair and winding paths are seen
Full many slain, and many more a-mort.
And is our jungle beauty's zest so keen?
Ah yes! yet not from hunger, but from sport.

THE honors which attach to the name of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL do not obscure for the conductors of The Atlantic Monthly the memory of his close connection with this magazine. As its first editor he struck a note in literature which it has been the tradition of the Monthly to preserve, and both his signed and unsigned papers and poems, ending with a recent communication to The Contributors' Club, attest his generous support. His published volumes contain the greater part of these contributions, for the inspiration and delight of other generations, but both the conductors and the readers of The Atlantic remember with special pride and pleasure the works of art in prose and verse, and the noble appeals to the higher political spirit, as they came fresh from the mind of this master and statesman. His death, falling as this number of the magazine goes to press, brings quick praise from more than English-speaking peoples, and his own countrymen will continue long to mourn his silence, but his service to American letters and American life remains full of speech in his books. It is the hope of The Atlantic to honor him by maintaining the scholarly and generous aims which marked his conduct of the magazine when he directed its early numbers.

THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

### XVI.

#### THE CAMP.

D'Aulnay's sentinels about the walls, understanding that all this confusion was made by a stampede of ponies, kept the silence which had been enjoined on them. But some stir of inquiry seemed to occur in the bastions. Father Vincent, lying helpless in the trench, and feeling the chill of lately opened earth through his shaven head and partly nude body, wondered if he also had met D'Aulnay's gratitude for his recent inquiry into D'Aulnay's fitness to receive the sacraments.

"But I will tell my lord of Charnisay the truth about his sins," thought Father Vincent, unable to form any words with a pinioned mouth, "though he should go the length of procuring my death."

The soldier with his buckskin covered by Father Vincent's capote stepped out into the starlight and turned his cowled face toward the fort. He intended to tell the sentinels that D'Aulnay had sent him with a message to the commandant of St. John. The guards, discerning his capote, would perhaps obey a beckoning finger, and believe that he had been charged with silence; for not having heard the churchman's voice he dared not try to imitate it, and must whisper. But that unforeseen element which the wisest cannot rule out of their fate halted him before he had taken a dozen steps up the hill.

"Where is Father Vincent de Paris?" called some impatient person below the trench. Five figures coming from the tree gained distinctness as they advanced, but it was a new-comer who demanded again: —

"Where is Father Vincent de Paris? Did he not leave the camp with you?"

The soldier went down directly where his gray capote might speak for itself to the eye, and the man who carried the stool pointed with it toward the evident friar. "There stands the friar behind thee. He hath been tumbled into the trench, I think."

"Is your affair done?"

"And well done, except that some cattle ran mad among us but now, and we thought a sally had been made, so we put out our torches."

"With your stupid din," said the messenger from camp, "you will wake up the guns of the fort at the very moment when Sieur D'Aulnay would send his trucebearer in."

"I thank the saints I am not like to be used for his agent," said the man who had been upset with the torches, "if the walls are to be stormed as they were this morning."

"He wants Father Vincent de Paris," said the under-officer from camp. "Good father, you took more license in coming hither than my lord intended."

The soldier made some murmured noise under his cowl. He walked beside the officer, and heard one man say to another behind him: —

"These holy folks have more courage than men-at-arms. My lord was minded to throw this one out of the ship when he sailed from Port Royal."

"The Sieur D'Aulnay hath too much respect to his religion to do that," answered the other.

"You would best move in silence," said the officer, turning his head toward them, and no further words broke the march into camp.

D'Aulnay's camp was well above the reach of high tide, yet so near the river that soft and regular splashings seemed encroaching on the tents. The soldier noticed the batteries on their height, and counted as well as he could for the cowl and night dimness the number of tents holding this little army. Far beyond them the palpitating waters showed changeful surfaces on Fundy Bay.

The capote was long for him. He kept his hands within the sleeves. Before the guard-line was passed he saw in the middle of the camp an open tent. A long torch stood in front of it with the point stuck in the ground. The floating yellow blaze showed the tent's interior, its simple fittings for rest, the magnificent arms and garments of its occupant, and first of all D'Aulnay de Charnisay himself, sitting with a rude camp table in front of him. He was half muffled in a furred cloak from the balm of that Easter night. Papers and an inkhorn were on the table, and two officers stood by receiving orders.

This governor of Acadia had a triangular face with square temples and pointed beard, its crisp fleece also concealing his mouth except the thin edges of his lips. It was a handsome, nervous face of black tones; one that kept counsel, and was not without humor. He noticed his subordinate approaching with the friar. The men sent to execute Klussman were dispersed to their tents.

"The Swiss hath suffered his punishment?" he inquired.

"Yes, my lord D'Aulnay. I met the soldiers returning."

"Did he say anything further concerning the state of the fort?"

"I know not, my lord. But I will call the men to be questioned."

"Let it be; he hath probably not lied in what he told me to-day of its weak garrison. But help is expected soon with La Tour. Perhaps he said more to the friar in their last conference."

"Heretics do not confess, my lord."

"True enough, but these churchmen have inquisitive minds which go into men's affairs without confession," said the governor of Acadia, with a smile which lengthened slightly the thread-lines of his lips. D'Aulnay de Charnisay had an eye with a keen blue iris, sorting not at all with the pigments of his face. As he cast it on the returned friar his mere review deepened to a scrutiny used to detecting concealments.

"Hath this Capuchin shrunk?" he cried. "He is not so tall as he was."

All present looked with quickened attention at the soldier, who expected them to pull off his cowl and expose a head of thrifty clusters which had never known the tonsure. His beaver cap lay in the trench with the real Father Vincent.

He folded his arms on his breast with a gesture of patience which had its effect. D'Aulnay's followers knew the warfare between their seignior and Father Vincent de Paris, the only churchman in Acadia who insisted on bringing him to account, and who had found means to supplant a favorite priest on this expedition for the purpose of watching him. D'Aulnay bore it with assumed good humor. He had his religious scruples as well as his revenges and ambitions. But there were ways in which an intruding churchman could be martyred by irony and covert abuse, and by discomfort chargeable to the circumstances of war. Father Vincent de Paris, on his part, bore such martyrdom

silently, but stinted no word of needed rebuke. A woman's mourning in the dusky tent next to D'Aulnay's now rose to such wildness of piteous cries as to divert even him from the shrinkage of Father Vincent's height. No other voice could be heard comforting her. She was alone with sorrow in the midst of an army of fray-hardened men. A look of embarrassment passed over De Charnisay's face, and he said to the officer nearest him, —

"Remove that woman to another part of the camp."

"The Swiss's wife, my lord?"

"The Swiss's widow, to speak exactly." He turned again with a frowning smile to the silent Capuchin. "By the proofs she gives, my kindness hath not been so great to that woman that the church need upbraid me."

Marguerite came out of the tent at a peremptory word given by the officer at its opening. She did not look toward D'Aulnay de Charnisay, the power who had made her his foolish agent to the destruction of the man who loved her. Muffling her heart-broken cries, she followed the subaltern away into darkness, — she who had meant at all costs to be mistress of Penobscot. When distance somewhat relieved their ears, D'Aulnay took up a paper lying before him on the table and spoke in some haste to the friar.

"You will go with an escort to the walls of the fort, Father Vincent, and demand to speak with Madame La Tour. She hath, it appears, little aversion to being seen on the walls. Give into her hand this paper."

The soldier under the cowl, dreading that his unbroken silence might be noted against him, made some muttering remonstrance, at which D'Aulnay laughed while tying the packet.

"When churchmen go to war, Father Vincent, they must expect to share its risks, at least in offices of mediation. Look you: they tell me the Jesuits and missionaries of Quebec and Montreal are ever before the soldier in the march upon this New World. But Capuchins are a lazy, selfish order. They would lie at their ease in a monastery, exerting themselves only to spy upon their neighbors."

He held out the packet. The soldier in the capote had to step forward to receive it, and D'Aulnay's eye fell upon the sandal advanced near the torch.

"Come, this is not our Capuchin!" he exclaimed grimly. "This man hath a foot whiter than my own!"

The feeling that he was detected gave the soldier desperate boldness and scorn of all further caution. He stood erect and lifted his face. Though the folds of the cowl fell around it, the governor caught his contemptuous eye.

"Wash thy heart as I have washed my feet, and it also will be white, D'Aulnay de Charnisay!"

"There spoke the Capuchin," said D'Aulnay with a nod. His dark face allowed itself some pleasure in baiting a friar, and if he had suspected Father Vincent of changed identity his own men were not sure of his suspicion the next instant.

"Our friar hath washed his feet," he observed insolently, pointing out the evident fact. "Such penance and ablution he hath never before put upon himself since he came to Acadia! I will set it down in my dispatches to the king, for his majesty will take pleasure in such news: 'Father Vincent de Paris, on this blessed Pâques day of the year 1645, hath washed his feet.'"

The men laughed in a half-ashamed way which apologized to the holy man while it deferred to the master, and D'Aulnay dismissed his envoy with seriousness. The two officers who had taken his orders lighted another torch at the blaze in front of the tent and led away the willing friar. D'Aulnay watched them down the avenue of lodges, and when their figures entered blurred

space watched the moving star which indicated their progress. The officer who had brought Father Vincent to this conference also stood gazing after them with unlaid suspicion.

"Close my tent," said D'Aulnay, rising, "and set the table within."

"My lord," spoke out the subordinate, "I did not tell you the men were thrown into confusion around the Swiss."

"Well, monsieur?" responded D'Aulnay curtly, with an attentive eye.

"There was a stampede of the cattle loosened from the stable. Father Vincent fell into the empty trench. They doubtless lost sight of him until he came out again."

"Therefore, monsieur?"

"It seemed to me as your lordship said, that this man scarce had the bearing of a friar, until indeed he spoke out in denunciation, and then his voice sounded a deeper tone than I ever heard in it before."

"Why did you not tell me this directly?"

"My lord, I had not thought it until he showed such readiness to move toward yon fort."

"Did you examine the trench?"

"No, my lord. I hurried the friar hither at your command."

"It was the part of a prudent soldier," sneered his master, "to leave a dark trench possibly full of La Tour's recruits, and trot a friar into camp."

"But the sentinels are there, monsieur, and they gave no alarm."

"The sentinels are like you. They will think of giving an alarm to-morrow sunrise, when the fort is strengthened by a new garrison. Take a company of men, surround that trench, double the guards, send me back that friar, and do all with such haste as I have never seen you show in my service yet."

"Yes, my lord."

While the officer ran among the tents, D'Aulnay walked back and forth outside, nervously impatient to have his men gone. He whispered with a laugh in his beard: "Charles de Menou, D'Aulnay de Charnisay, are you to be twice beaten by a woman? If La Tour hath come back with help and entered the fort, the siege may as well be raised to-morrow."

The cowled soldier taxed his escort in the speed he made across that dark country separating camp and fortress.

"Go softly, good father," remonstrated one of the officers, stumbling among stones. "The Sieur D'Aulnay meant not that we should break our necks at this business."

But he led them with no abatement and a stern and offended mien; wondering secretly if the real Father Vincent would by this time be able to make some noise in the trench. Unaccountable night sounds startled the ear. He turned to the fortress ascent while the trench yet lay distant.

"There is an easier way, father," urged one of the men, obliged, however, to follow him and bend to the task of climbing. The discomfort of treading stony soil in sandals, and the sensibility of his uncovered shins to even that soft night air, made him smile under the cowl. A sentinel challenged them and was answered by his companions. Passing on, they reached the wall near the gate. Here the hill sloped less abruptly than at the towered corner. The rocky foundation of Fort St. John made a moat impossible. Guards on the wall now challenged them, and the muzzles of three guns looked down, distinct eyes in the lifted torchlight, but at the sign of truce these were withdrawn.

"The Sieur D'Aulnay de Charnisay sends this friar with dispatches to the lady of the fort," said one of the officers. "Call your lady to receive them into her own hand. These are our orders."

"And put down a ladder," said the other officer, "that he may ascend with them."

"We put down no ladders," answered

the man leaning over the wall. "We will call our lady, but you must yourselves find an arm long enough to lift your dispatches to her."

During this parley the rush of men coming from the camp began to be heard. The guards on the wall listened, and two of them promptly trained the cannon in that direction.

"You have come to surprise us again," taunted the third guard, leaning over the wall; "but the Swiss is not here now!"

The soldier saw his escape was cut off, and desperately casting back his monk's hood he shouted upwards: —

"La Tour! La Tour! Put down the ladder — it is Edelwald!"

## XVII.

### AN ACADIAN PASSOVER.

At that name, down came a ladder as if shot from a catapult. Edelwald ran up the rounds, and both of D'Aulnay's officers seized him. He had drawn one of his long pistols, and he clubbed it on their heads so that they staggered back. The sentinels and advancing men fired on him, but by some muscular flash he was flat upon the top of the wall, and the cannon sprung with a roar at his enemies. They were directly in its track, and they took to the trench. Edelwald, dragging the ladder up after him, laughed at the state in which they must find Father Vincent. The entire garrison rushed to the walls, and D'Aulnay's camp stirred with the rolling of drums. Then there was a pause, and each party waited further aggression from the other. The fort's gun had spoken but once. Perhaps some intelligence passed from trench to camp. Presently the unsuccessful company ventured from their breastwork and moved away, and both sides again had rest for the night.

Madame La Tour stood in the fort watching the action of her garrison outlined against the sky. She could no longer ascend the wall by her private stairs. Cannon shot had torn down her chimney and piled its rock in a barricade against the door. Sentinels were changed, and the relieved soldiers descended from the wall and returned to that great room of the tower which had been turned into a common camp. It seemed under strange enchantment. There was a hole beside the portrait of Claude La Tour, and through its tunnel starlight could be seen and the night air breathed in. The carved buffet was shattered. The usual log, however, burned in cheer, and families had reunited in distinct nests. A pavilion of tapestry was set up for Lady Dorinda and all her treasures, near the stairs: the southern window of her chamber had been made a target.

Le Rossignol sat on a table, with the four expectant children still dancing in front of her. Was it not Pâques evening? The alarm being over she again began her merriest tunes. Irregular life in a besieged fortress had its fascination for the children. No bedtime laws could be enforced where the entire household stirred. But to Shubenacadie such turmoil was scandalous. He also lived in the hall during the day, and as late at night as his mistress chose; but he lived a retired life, squatted in a corner, hissing at all who passed near him. Perhaps he pined for water whereon to spread his wings and sail. Sometimes he quavered a plaintive remark on society as he found it, and sometimes he stretched up his neck to its longest length — a sinuous white serpent — and gazed wrathfully at the paneled ceiling. The firelight revealed him at this moment a bundle of glistening satin, wrapped in sleep and his wings from the alarms of war.

Marie stood at the hearth to receive Edelwald. He came striding from among her soldiers, his head showing like a

Roman's above the cowl. It was dark-eyed, shapely of feature, and with a mouth and inward curve above the chin so beautiful that their chiseled strength was always a surprise. As he faced the lady of the fortress he stood no taller than she did, but his contour was muscular.

After dropping on his knee to kiss her hand, he stood up to bear the search of her eyes. They swept down his friar's dress, and found it not so strange that it should supplant her immediate inquiry:

"Your news! My lord is well?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Is he without?"

"My lady, he is at the outpost at the head of Fundy Bay."

Her face whitened terribly. She knew what this meant. La Tour could get no help. Nicholas Denys denied him men. There was no hope of rescue for Fort St. John. He was waiting in the outpost for his ship to bring him home, — the home besieged by D'Aulnay. The blood returned to her face with a rush, her mouth quivered, and she sobbed two or three times without tears. La Tour could have taken her to his heart; but Edelwald folded his empty arms across his breast.

"My lady, I would rather be shot than bring you this message."

"Klussman betrayed us, Edelwald; and I know I hurt men, hurt them with my own hands, striking and shooting on the wall!"

She threw herself against the settle and shook with weeping. It was the revolt of womanhood. The soldier hung his head. It relieved him to declare savagely: —

"Klussman hath his pay. D'Aulnay's followers have just hanged him below the fort."

"Hanged him? Hanged poor Klussman? Edelwald, I cannot have Klussman — hanged!"

Le Rossignol had stopped her mandolin, and the children clustered near Edelwald waiting for his notice. One of them now ran with the news to her.

"Klussman is hanged," she repeated, changing her position on the table and laying the mandolin down. "Faith, we are never satisfied with our good. I am in a rage now because they hanged not the woman in his stead."

Marie wiped away her tears. The black rings of sleeplessness around her eyes emphasized her loss of color, but she was beautiful.

"How foolish doth weariness make a woman! I expected no help from Denys, — yet rested my last hope on it. You must eat, Edelwald. By your dress and the alarm raised you have come into the fort through danger and effort."

"My lady, if you will permit me first to go to my room, I will find something which sorts better with a soldier than this churchman's gown. My buckskin I was obliged to mutilate to make me a proper friar."

"Go, assuredly. But I know not what rubbish the cannon of D'Aulnay have battered down in your room. The monk's frock will scarce feel lonesome in that part of our tower now: we have had two Jesuits to lodge there since you left."

"Did they carry away Madame Bronck? I do not see her among your women."

"She is fortunate, Edelwald. A man loved her, and traveled hither from the Orange settlement. They were wed five days ago, and set out with the Jesuits for Montreal."

Marie did not lift her heavy eyelids while she spoke, and anguish passed unseen across Edelwald's face. Whoever was loved and fortunate, he stood outside of such experience. He was young, but there was to be no wooing for him in the world, however long war might spare him. The women of the fort waited with their children for his notice. His stirring to turn toward them rustled a paper under his capote.

"My lady," he said, pausing, "D'Aulnay had me in his camp and gave me dispatches to you."

"You were there in this friar's dress?" Marie looked sincerely the pride she took in his simple courage.

"Yes, though much against my will. I was obliged to knock down a reverend shaveling and strip him. But the gown hath served fairly for the trouble."

"Hath D'Aulnay many men?"

"He is well equipped."

Edelwald took the packet from his belt and gave it to her. Marie broke the thread and sat down on the settle, spreading D'Aulnay's paper to the firelight. She read it in silence, and handed it to Edelwald. He leaned toward the fire and read it also.

D'Aulnay de Charnisay demanded the surrender of Fort St. John, with all its stores, ammunition, moneys, and plate, and its present small garrison. When Edelwald looked up, Marie extended her hand for the dispatch and threw it into the fire.

"Let that be his answer," said Edelwald.

"If we surrender," spoke the lady of the fort, "we will make our own terms."

"My lady, you will not surrender."

As she looked at Edelwald, the comfort of having him there softened the resolute lines of her face into childlike curves. Being about the same age, she felt always a youthful comradeship with him. Her eyes filled again.

"Edelwald, we have lost ten men."

"D'Aulnay has doubtless lost ten or twenty times as many."

"What are men to him? Cattle, which he can buy. But to us they are priceless. To say nothing of your rank, Edelwald, you alone are worth more than all the armies D'Aulnay can muster."

He sheltered his face with one hand as if the fire scorched him.

"My lady, Sieur Charles would have us hold this place. Consider: it is his last fortress except that stockade."

"You mistake him, Edelwald. He would save the garrison and let the fort go. If he or you had not come to-night, I must have died of my troubles." She conquered her sobbing, and asked, "How does he bear this despair, Edelwald? — for he knew it must come to this without help."

"He was heart-sick with anxiety to return, my lady."

She leaned against the back of the settle.

"Do not say things to induce me to sacrifice his men for his fort."

"Do you think, my lady, that D'Aulnay will spare the garrison if he get possession of this fort?"

"On no other condition will he get the fort. He shall let all my brave men go out with the honors of war."

"But if he accept such terms, will he keep them?"

"Is not any man obliged to keep a written treaty?"

"Kings are scarce obliged to do that."

"I see what you would do," said Marie, "and I tell you it is useless. You would frighten me with D'Aulnay into allowing you, our only officer, and these men, our only soldiers, to ransom this fort with your lives. It comes to that. We might hold out a few more days, and end by being at his mercy."

"Let the men themselves be spoken to," entreated Edelwald.

"They will all, like you, beg to give themselves to the holding of Charles La Tour's property. I have balanced these matters night and day. We must surrender, Edelwald. We must surrender to-morrow."

"My lady, I am one more man, and I will now take charge of the defense."

"And what could I say to my lord if you were killed? — you, the friend of his house, the soldier who lately came with such hopes to Acadia. Our fortunes do you harm enough, Edelwald. I could never face my lord again without you and his men."

"Sieur Charles loves me well enough to trust me with his most dangerous affairs, my lady. The keeping of this fortress shall be one of them."

"Oh, Edelwald, go away from me now!" she cried out piteously.

He dropped his head and turned on the instant. The women met him and the children hung to him; and that little being who was neither woman nor child so resented the noise which they made about him as he approached her table that she took her mandolin and swept them out of her way.

"How fares Shubenacadie?" he inquired over the claw she presented to him.

"Shubenacadie's feathers are curdled. He hath greatly soured. Confess me and give me thy benediction, Father Edelwald, for I have sinned."

"Not since I took these orders, I hope," replied Edelwald. "As a Capuchin I am only an hour old."

"Within the hour, then, I have beaten my swan, bred a quarrel amongst these spawn of the common soldier, and wished a woman hanged."

"A naughty list," said Edelwald.

"Yes, but lying is worse than any of these. Lying doth make the soul sick."

"How do you know that?"

"I have tried it," Le Rossignol answered. "Many a time have I tried it. Scarce half an hour ago I told her forlorn old highness that the fort was surely taken this time, and I think she hath buried herself in her chest."

"Edelwald!" a voice called from the tapestried pavilion. Lady Dorinda's head and hand appeared with the curtains drawn behind them.

As the soldier bent to his service on the hand of the old maid of honor, she exclaimed whimsically: —

"What, Edelwald! are our fortunes at such ebb that you are taking to a Romish cloister?"

"No cloister for me. Your ladyship sees only a cover which I think of rendering to its owner again. He may not have a second capote in the world, being friar extraordinary to D'Aulnay de Charnisay, who is notable for seizing other men's goods."

"Edelwald, you bring ill news?"

"There was none other to bring."

"Is Charles La Tour then in such straits that we are to have no relief in this fortress?"

"We can look for nothing, Lady Dorinda."

"Thou seest now, Edelwald, how France requites his service. If he had listened to his father, he might to-day be second to none in Acadia, with men and wealth in abundance."

"Yet, your ladyship, we love our France!"

"Oh, you do put me out of patience! But the discomforts and perils of this siege have scarce left me any. We are walled together here like sheep."

"It is trying, your ladyship, but if we succeed in keeping the butcher out we may do better presently."

Marie sent her woman for writing materials, and was busy with them when Edelwald returned in his ordinary rich dark dress. She made him a place beside her on the settle, and submitted the paper to his eye. The women and children listened. They knew their situation was desperate. Whispering together, they decided with their lady that she would do best to save her soldiers and sacrifice the fort.

Edelwald read the terms she intended to demand, and then looked aside at the beautiful and tender woman who had borne the hardships of war. She should do anything she wished. It was worth while to surrender if surrendering decreased her care. All Acadia was nothing when weighed against her peace of mind. He felt his rage mounting against Charles La Tour for leaving her exposed in this frontier post, the instrument of her lord's ambition and political feud. In Edelwald's silent and unguessed warfare with his secret, he had

this one small half hour's truce. Marie sat under his eyes in the firelight, depending on the comfort of his presence. Rapture opened its sensitive flower and life culminated for him. Unconscious of it she wrote down his suggestions, bending her head seriously to the task.

Edelwald himself finally made a draft of the paper for D'Aulnay. The weary men had thrown themselves down to sleep and heard no colloquy. But presently the cook was aroused from among them and bid to set out such a feast as he had never before made in Fort St. John.

"Use of our best supplies," directed Marie. "To-morrow we may give up all we have remaining to the enemy. We will eat a great supper together this Pâques night."

The cook summoned an assistant and labored well. Kettles and pans multiplied on coals raked out for their service. Marie had the men bring such doors as remained from the barracks and lay them from table to table, making one long board for her household; and this the women dressed in the best linen of the house. They set on plate which had been in La Tour's family for generations. Every accumulation of prosperity was brought out for this final use. The tunnel in the wall was stopped with blankets, and wax candles were lighted everywhere. Odors of festivity filled the children with eagerness. It was like the new year when there was always merry-making in the hall, yet it was also like a religious ceremony. The men rose from their pallets and set aside screens, and the news was spread when sentinels were changed.

Marie called Zélie up to her ruined apartment, and, standing amidst stone and plaster, was dressed in her most magnificent gown and jewels. She appeared on the stairs in the royal blackness of velvet whitened by laces and sparkling with points of tinted fire. Edelwald led her to the head of the long board, and she directed her people to range themselves down its length in the order of their families.

"My men," said Madame La Tour to each party in turn as they were relieved on the walls to sit down at the table below her, "we are holding a passover supper this Pâques night because it may be our last night in Fort St. John. You all understand how Sieur de la Tour hath fared. We are reduced to the last straits. Yet not to the last straits, my men, if we can keep you. With such followers your lord can make some stand elsewhere. D'Aulnay has proposed a surrender. I have refused his terms, and have set down others, which will sacrifice the fort but save the garrison. Edelwald, our only officer, is against surrender, because he, like yourselves, would give the greater for the less, which I cannot allow."

"My lady," began Glaud Burge, a sturdy, grizzled man, rising to speak for the first squad, "we have been talking of this matter together, and we think Edelwald is right. The fort is hard beset, and it is true there are fewer of us than at first, but we may hold out somehow and keep the walls around us. We have no stomach to strike flag to D'Aulnay de Charnisay."

"My lady," said Jean le Prince, the youngest man in the fortress, who was appointed to speak for the second squad when their turn came to sit down at the table, "we also think Edelwald is right in counseling you not to give up Fort St. John. We say nothing of D'Aulnay's hanging Klussman, for Klussman deserved it. But we would rather be shot down man by man than go out by the grace of D'Aulnay."

Marie answered both squads: —

"Do not argue against surrender, my men. We can look for no help. The fort must go in a few more days anyhow, and by capitulating we can make terms. My lord can build other forts, but where will he find other followers

like you? You will march out not by the grace of D'Aulnay, but with the honors of war. Now speak of it no more, and let us make this a festival."

So they made it a festival. With guards coming and going constantly, every man took the pleasure of the hall while the walls were kept.

Such a night was never before celebrated in Fort St. John. A heavier race would have been overborne by the sadness underlying such gayety, and appalled by the terrible burden of the elm-tree down the slope; but this French garrison lent itself heartily to the hour, enjoying without past or future. Stories were told of the New World and of France, tales of persecuted Huguenots, legends which their fathers had handed down to them, and traditions picked up among the Indians. Edelwald took the dwarf's mandolin and stood up among them singing the songs they loved, — the high and courageous songs, loving songs, and songs of faith. Lady Dorinda, having shut her curtain for the night, declined to take any part in this household festivity, though she contributed some unheard sighs and groans of annoyance during its progress. A phlegmatic woman, fond of her ease, she could hardly keep her tranquillity, besieged by cannon in the daytime, and by chattering and laughter, the cracking of nuts and the thump of soldiers' feet, half the night.

But Shubenacadie came out of his corner and lifted his wings for battle. Le Rossignol first soothed him, and then betrayed him into shoes of birch bark which she carried in her pocket for the purpose of making him dance. He began in a wild trot most laughable to see. He varied his paddling on the flags by sallies with bill and wings against the dear mistress who made him a spectacle; and finally, at Marie's word, he was relieved, and waddled back to his corner to eat and doze and mutter swan talk against such orgies in Fort St. John. The children had long fallen asleep with rapturous fatigue, when Marie stood up and asked her people to follow her in a prayer. The waxlights were then put out, screens divided the camp, and quiet reigned.

Of all nights in Le Rossignol's life this one seemed least likely to be chosen as her occasion for a flight. The walls were strictly guarded, and at midnight the moon spread its ghostly day over all visible earth. Besides, if the fortress were to be surrendered, there was immediate prospect of a voyage for all the household.

The dwarf's world was near the ground, to which the thinking of the tall men and women around her scarcely stooped. But she seized and weighed and tried their thoughts, arriving at shrewd issues. Nobody had asked her counsel about the capitulation. Without asking anybody's advice she decided that the Hollandais Van Corlaer and the Jesuit priest Father Jogues would be wholesome checks upon D'Aulnay de Charnisay when her lady should open the fort to him. The weather must have prevented Van Corlaer from getting beyond the sound of cannon, and neither he nor the priest could indifferently leave the lady of St. John to her fate, while Madame Antonia would refuse to do it. Le Rossignol believed the party that had set out early in the week must be encamped not far away.

Edelwald mounted a bastion with the sentinels. That weird light of the moon which seems the faded and forgotten ghost of day rested everywhere. The shadow of the tower fell inward, and also partly covered the front wall. This enchanted land of night cooled Edelwald. He threw his arms upward with a passionate gesture to which the soldiers had become accustomed in their experience with the young chevalier.

"What is that?" exclaimed the man nearest him, for there was disturbance in the opposite bastion.

Edelwald moved at once across the

interval of wall, and found the sentinels in that bastion divided between laughter and superstitious awe.

"She 's out again," said one.

"Who is out?" demanded Edelwald.

"The little swan-riding witch."

"You have not let the dwarf scale this wall? If she could do that unobserved, my men, we are lax."

"She is one who will neither be let nor hindered. We are scarce sure we even saw her. There was but the sweep of wings."

"Why, Renot, my lad," insisted Edelwald, "we could see her white swan now in this noon of moonlight, if she were abroad. Besides, D'Aulnay has sentinels stationed around this height. They will check her."

"They will check the wind across Fundy Bay first," replied the other man.

"You cannot think Le Rossignol has risen in the air on her swan's back? That is too absurd," said Edelwald. "No one ever saw her play such pranks. You could have winged the heavy bird as he rose."

"I know she is out of Fort St. John at this minute," insisted Renot Babinet. "But how are you to wing a bird which gets out of sight before you know what has happened?"

"I say it is no wonder we have trouble in this seigniory," growled the other man. "Our lady never could see a mongrel baby or a witch dwarf or a stray black gown anywhere but she must have it into the fort and make it free of the best here."

"And God forever bless her," said Edelwald, baring his head.

"Amen," they both responded with force.

The silent cry was mighty behind Edelwald's lips, — the cry which he entrusted not even to his human breath:

"My love — my love! My royal lady! God, thou who alone knowest my secret, make me a giant to hold it down!"

## XVIII.

### THE SONG OF EDELWALD.

At daybreak a signal on the wall where it could be seen from D'Aulnay's camp brought an officer and his men to receive Madame La Tour's dispatches. Glaud Burge handed them down at the end of a ramrod.

"But see yonder," he said to François Bastarack, his companion, as they stood and watched the messengers tramp away. He pointed to Klussman below the fort, — poor Klussman whom the pearly vapors of morning could not conceal. "I could have done that myself in first heat, but I like not treating with a man who did it coolly."

Parleying and demurring over the terms of surrender continued until noon. All that time, axe, saw, and hammer worked in D'Aulnay's camp as if he had suddenly taken to ship-building. But the pastimes of a victorious force are regarded with dull attention by the vanquished. Finally the papers were handed up bearing D'Aulnay's signature. They guaranteed to Madame La Tour the safety of her garrison, who were to march out with their arms and personal belongings, and the household goods of her people; they also gave La Tour's ship with provisions enough to stock it for a voyage. The money, merchandise, stores, jewels, and ordnance fell to D'Aulnay with the fort.

D'Aulnay marched directly on his conquest. His drums approached, and the garrison ran to throw into a heap such things as they and their families were to take away. Spotless weather and a dimpled bay adorned this lost seigniory. It was better than any dukedom in France to these first exiled Acadians. Pierre Doucett's widow knelt to cry once more over the trench by the powder-house. Her baby, hid in a case like a bolster, hung over her shoulder.

Lady Dorinda's belongings, numbered among the goods of the household, were also placed near the gate. She sat within the hall, wrapped for her journey, composed and silent; for when the evil day actually overtook Lady Dorinda, she was too thorough a Briton to cringe. She met her second repulse from Acadia as she had met her first, when Claude La Tour found her his only consolation. In this violent uprooting of family life so long grown to one place, Le Rossignol was scarcely missed. Each one thought of the person dearest to himself and of that person's comfort. Marie noted her absence, but the dwarf never came to harm. She was certain to rejoin the household somewhere, and who could blame her for avoiding the capitulation if she found it possible? The little Nightingale could not endure pain. Edelwald drew the garrison up in line and the gates were opened.

D'Aulnay entered the fort with his small army. He was splendidly dressed, and such pieces of armor as he wore dazzled the eye. As he returned the salute of Edelwald and of the garrison, he paused and whitened with chagrin. Klussman had told him something of the weakness of the place, but he had not expected to find such a pitiful remnant of men. Twenty-three soldiers and an officer! These were the precious creatures who had cost him so much, and whom their lady was so anxious to save!

He smiled at the disproportionate preparations made by his hammers and saws, and glanced back to see if the timbers were being carried in. They were, at the rear of his force, but behind them intruded Father Vincent de Paris wrapped in a blanket which one of the soldiers had provided for him. The scantiness of this good friar's apparel should have restrained him in camp. But he was such an apostle as stalks naked to duty if need be, and he felt it his present duty to keep the check of religion upon the implacable nature of D'Aulnay de Charnisay.

D'Aulnay ordered the gates shut. He would have shut out Father Vincent, but it could not be managed without great discourtesy, and there are limits to that with a churchman. The household and garrison ready to depart saw this strange action with dismay, and Marie stepped directly down from her hall to confront her enemy. D'Aulnay had seen her at Port Royal when he first came to Acadia. He remembered her motion in the dance, and approved of it. She was a beautiful woman, though her Huguenot gown and close cap now gave her a widowed look becoming to a woman of exploits. But she was also the woman to whom he owed one defeat and much humiliation.

He swept his plume at her feet.

"Permit me, Madame La Tour, to make my compliments to an amazon. My own taste is for women who stay in the house at their prayers, but the Sieur de la Tour and I differ in many things."

"Doubtless, my lord De Charnisay," responded Marie with the dignity which cannot taunt, though she still believed the outcast child to be his. "But why have you closed on us the gates which we opened to you?"

"Madame, I have been deceived in the terms of capitulation."

"My lord, the terms of capitulation were set down plainly, and I hold them signed by your hand."

"But a signature is nothing when gross advantage hath been taken of one of the parties to a treaty."

The mistake she had made in trusting to the military honor of D'Aulnay de Charnisay swept through Marie. But she controlled her voice to inquire: —

"What gross advantage can there be, my lord D'Aulnay, unless you are about to take a gross advantage of us? We leave you here ten thousand pounds of the money of England, our plate and jewels and furs, and our stores except a

little food for a journey. We go out poor; yet if our treaty is kept we shall complain of no gross advantage."

"Look at those men," said D'Aulnay, shaking his glove at her soldiers.

"Those weary and faithful men," said Marie: "I see them."

"You will see them hanged as traitors, madame. I have no time to parley!" exclaimed D'Aulnay. "The terms of capitulation are not satisfactory to me. I do not feel bound by them. You may take your women and withdraw when you please, but these men I shall hang."

While he spoke he lifted and shook his hand as if giving a signal, and the garrison was that instant seized by his soldiers. The women screamed. There was such a struggle in the fort as there had been upon the wall, except that Marie herself stood blank in mind and pulseless. The actual and the unreal shimmered together. But there were her soldiers, from Edelwald to Jean le Prince, bound like criminals, regarding their captors with that baffled and half-ashamed look of the surprised and overpowered. Above the mass of D'Aulnay's busy soldiery timber uprights were reared, and hammers and spikes set to work on the likeness of a scaffold. The preparations of the morning made the completion of this task swift and easy. D'Aulnay de Charnisay intended to hang her garrison when he set his name to the paper securing their lives. The ringing of hammers sounded far off to Marie.

"I don't understand these things," she articulated. "I don't understand anything in the world!"

D'Aulnay gave himself up to watching the process, in spite of Father Vincent de Paris, whose steady remonstrances he answered only by shrugs. In that age of religious slaughter the Capuchin could scarcely object to decreasing heretics, but he did object as a man and a priest to such barbarous treachery toward men with whom a compact had been made. The refined nurture of France was not recent in D'Aulnay's experience, but he came of a great and honorable house, and the friar's appeal was made to inherited instincts.

"Good churchman," spoke out Jean le Prince, the lad, shaking his hair back from his face, "your capote and sandals lie there by the door of the tower, where Edelwald took thought to place them for you. But you who have the soldier's heart should wear the soldier's dress, and hide D'Aulnay de Charnisay under the cowl."

"You men-at-arms," Glaud Burge exhorted the guards drawn up on each side of him and his fellow-prisoners, "will you hang us like dogs? If we must die, we claim the death of soldiers. You have your pieces in your hands; shoot us. Do us such grace as we would do you in like extremity."

The guards looked aside at one another and then at their master, shamed through their peasant blood by the outrage they were obliged to put upon a courageous garrison. But Edelwald said nothing. His eyes were upon Marie. He would not increase her anguish of self-reproach by the change of a muscle in his face. The soldiers were trapped and at the mercy of a merciless enemy. His most passionate desire was to have her taken away, that she might not witness the execution. Why was Sieur Charles La Tour sitting in the stockade at the head of Fundy Bay while she must endure the sight of this scaffold?

Marie's women knelt around her, crying. Her slow, distracted gaze traveled from Glaud Burge to Jean le Prince, from Renot Babinet to François Bastarack, from Ambroise Tibedeaux along the line of stanch faces to Edelwald. His calm uplifted countenance — with the horrible platform of death growing behind it — looked as it did when he happily met the sea wind or went singing through a trackless wilderness. She broke from her trance and the ring of

women, and ran before D'Aulnay de Charnisay.

"My lord," said Marie, — and she was so beautiful in her ivory pallor, so wonderful with fire moving from the deep places of her dilated black eyes, that he felt a satisfaction in attending to her, — "it is useless to talk to a man like you."

"Quite, madame," replied D'Aulnay. "I never discuss affairs with a woman."

"But you may discuss them with the king, when he learns that you have hanged with other soldiers of a ransomed garrison a young officer of the house of De Born."

D'Aulnay ran his eye along the line. The unrest of Edelwald at Marie's slightest parley with D'Aulnay reminded the keen governor of the face he had last night seen under the cowl.

"The king will be obliged to me," he observed, "when one less heretical De Born cumbers his realm."

"The only plea I make to you, my lord D'Aulnay, is that you hang me also; for I deserve it. My men had no faith in your military honor, and I had."

"Madame, you remind me of a fact I desired to overlook. You are indeed a traitor, deserving death. But of my clemency, and not because you are a woman, — for you yourself have forgotten that in meddling with war, — I will only parade you upon the scaffold as a reprieved criminal. Bring hither a cord," called D'Aulnay, "and noose it over this lady's head."

Edelwald raged in a hopeless tearing at his bonds. The guards seized him, but he struggled with unconquered strength to reach and protect his lady. Father Vincent de Paris had taken his capote and sandals at Jean le Prince's hint, and entered the tower. He clothed himself behind one of the screens of the hall, and thought his absence short, but during that time Marie was put upon the finished scaffold. A skulking reluctant soldier of D'Aulnay's led her by a cord. She walked the long rough planks erect. Her soldiers to a man looked down, as they did at funerals, and Edelwald sobbed in his fight against the guards, the tears starting from under his eyelids as he heard her footfall pass near him. Back and forth she trod, and D'Aulnay watched the spectacle. Her garrison felt her degradation as she must feel their death. The grizzled lip of Glaud Burge moved first to comfort her.

"My lady, though our hands be tied, we make our military salute to you," he said.

"Fret not, my lady," cried Renot Babinet.

"Edelwald can turn all these mishaps into a song, my lady," declared Jean le Prince.

Marie had that sensation of lost identity which has confused us all. In her walk she passed the loops dangling ready for her men. A bird poised for one instant on the turret uttered a sweet, long trill. She could hear the river. It was incredible that all those unknown faces should be swarming below her; that the soldiers were obliged to stand tied; that Lady Dorinda had braved the rabble of soldiery and come out to wait weeping at the scaffold end. Marie looked at the row of downcast faces. The bond between these faithful soldiers and herself was that instant sublime.

"I crave pardon of you all," said Marie as she came back and the rustle of her gown again passed them, "for not knowing how to deal with the crafty of this world. My foolishness has brought you to this scaffold."

"No, my lady!" shouted the men in full chorus.

"We desire nothing better, my lady," said Edelwald, "since your walking there has blessed it."

Father Vincent's voice from the tower door arrested the spectacle. His cowl was pushed back to his shoulders, baring the astonishment of his lean face.

"This is the unworthiest action of your life, my son De Charnisay," he de-

nounced, shaking his finger and striding down toward the governor, who owned the check by a slight grimace.

"It is enough," said D'Aulnay. "Let the scaffold now be cleared for the men."

He submitted with impatience to a continued parley with the Capuchin. Father Vincent de Paris was angry; and constantly as D'Aulnay walked from him he zealously followed.

The afternoon sunlight fell upon the walls, leaving a bank of shadow behind the timbered framework, which extended an etching of itself toward the esplanade. The lengthened figures of soldiers passed also in cloudy images along the broken ground, for a subaltern's first duty had been to set guards upon the walls. The new master of Fort St. John was now master of all southern and western Acadia; but he had heard nothing which secured him against La Tour's return with fresh troops.

"My friends," said D'Aulnay, speaking to the garrison, "this good friar persuades in me more softness than becomes a faithful servant of the king. One of your number I will reprieve."

"Then let it be Jean le Prince," answered Edelwald, speaking for the first time to D'Aulnay de Charnisay. "The down has not yet grown on the lad's lip."

"But I pardon him," continued the governor, "on condition that he hang the rest of you."

"Hang thyself!" exclaimed the boy. "Thou art the only man on earth I would choke with a rope."

"Will no one be reprieved?" D'Aulnay's eye traveled from scorn to scorn along the row.

"It is but the pushing aside of a slab. They are all stubborn heretics, Father Vincent. We waste time. I should be inspecting the contents of this fort."

The women and children were flattening themselves like terrified swallows against the gate; for through the hum of stirring soldiery penetrated to them from outside a hint of voices not unknown. The sentinels had watched a party approaching; but it was so small, and hampered, moreover, by a woman and some object like a tiny gilded sedan chair, that they did not notify the governor. One of the party was a Jesuit priest by his cassock, and another his donné. These never came from La Tour. Another was a tall Hollandais; and two servants lightly carried the sedan up the slope. A few more people seemed to wait behind for the purpose of making a camp, and there were scarce a dozen in the entire company.

Marie had borne without visible exhaustion the labors of this siege, the anguish of treachery and disappointment, her enemy's breach of faith and cruel parade of her. The garrison was ranged ready upon the plank; but she held herself in tense control, and waited beside Lady Dorinda, with her back toward the gate, while her friends outside parleyed with her enemy. D'Aulnay refused to admit any one until he had dealt with the garrison. The Jesuit was reported to him as Father Isaac Jogues, and the name had its effect, as it then had everywhere among people of the Roman faith. No soldier could be surprised at meeting a Jesuit priest anywhere in the New World. But D'Aulnay begged Father Jogues to excuse him while he finished a moment's duty, and he would then come out and escort his guest into the fortress.

The urgent demand, however, of a missionary to whom even the king had shown favor was not to be denied. D'Aulnay had the gates set ajar; and pushing through their aperture entered Father Jogues with his donné and two companions.

The governor advanced in displeasure. He would have put out all but the priest, but the gates were slammed to prevent others from coming in, and slammed against the chair in which the sentinels could see a red-headed dwarf. The weird melody of her screaming

threats kept them dubious while they grinned. The gates being shut, Marie fled through ranks of men-at-arms to Antonia, clung to her, and gave Father Jogues and Van Corlaer no time to stand aghast at the spectacle they witnessed. Crying and trembling, she put back the sternness of D'Aulnay de Charnisay and the pity of Father Vincent de Paris, and pleaded with Father Jogues and the Hollandais for the lives of her garrison as if they had come with heavenly authority.

"You see them with ropes around their necks, Monsieur Corlaer and Monsieur Jogues, when here is the paper the governor signed guaranteeing to me their safety. Edelwald is scarce half a year from France. Speak to the governor of Acadia; for you, Monsieur Corlaer, are a man of affairs, and this good missionary is a saint, — you can move D'Aulnay de Charnisay to see it is not the custom, even in warfare with women, to trap and hang a garrison which has made honorable surrender."

A man may resolve that he will not meddle with his neighbor's feuds, or involve a community dependent on him with any one's formidable enemy. Yet he will turn back from his course the moment an appeal is made for his help, and face that enemy as Van Corlaer faced the governor of Acadia, full of the fury roused by outrage. But what could he and Father Jogues and the persevering Capuchin say to the parchment which the governor now deigned to pass from hand to hand among them in reply? — the permission of Louis XIII. to his beloved D'Aulnay de Charnisay (whom God hold in his keeping) to take the Fort of St. John and deal with its rebellious garrison as seemed to him fit, for which destruction of rebels his sovereign would have him in loving remembrance.

During all this delay Edelwald stood with his beautiful head erect above the noose, and his self-repressed gaze still following Marie. The wives of other soldiers were wailing for their husbands; but he must die without wife, without love. He saw Antonia holding Marie and weeping with her. His blameless passion filled him like a great prayer. That changing phantasm which we call the world might pass from before his men and him at the next breath; yet the brief last song of the last troubadour burst from his lips to comfort the lady of Fort St. John.

There was in this jubilant cry a gush and a grandeur of power outmastering force of numbers and brute cunning. It reached and compelled every spirit in the fortress. The men in line with him stood erect and lifted their firm jaws, and gazed forward with shining eyes. Those who had faded in the slightest degree from their natural flush of blood felt the strong throbs which paint a man's best on his face. They could not sing the glory of death in duty, the goodness of God who gave love and valor to man; but they could die with Edelwald.

The new master of Fort St. John was jealous of such dying, and as the song ceased he lifted his hand to signal his executioners. Father Jogues turned away praying with tremulous lips. The Capuchin strode toward the hall. But Van Corlaer and Lady Dorinda and Antonia held with the strength of all three that broken-hearted woman who struggled like a giantess with her arms stretched toward the scaffold.

"I *will* save them — I *will* save them! My brave Edelwald — all my brave soldiers shall not die! Where are my soldiers, Antonia? It is dark. I cannot see them any more!"

### POSTLUDE: A TIDE-CREEK.

When ordinary days had settled flake on flake over this tragedy in Acadia, until memory looked back at it as at

the soft outlines of a snow-obliterated grave, Madame Van Corlaer stood one evening beside the Hudson River, and for half an hour breathed again the salt breath of Fundy Bay. Usually she was in bed at that hour; but mynheer had been expected all day on a sailing-vessel from New Amsterdam, and she could not resist coming down once more through her garden to the wharf.

Van Corlaer's house, the best stone mansion in Rensselaerswyck (that overflow of settlement around the stockade of Fort Orange), stood up the slope, and had its farm appended. That delight of Dutchmen, an ample garden, extended its central path almost like an avenue to the river. Antonia need scarcely step off her own domain to meet her husband at the wharf. She had lingered down the garden descent; for sweet herbs were giving their souls to the summer night there, and not a cloud of a sail yet appeared on the river. Some fishing-boats lay at the wharf, but no men were idling around under the full moon. It was pleasanter to visit and smoke from door to door in the streets above.

Antonia was not afraid of any savage ambush. Her husband kept the Iroquois on friendly terms with the settlement. The years through which she had borne her dignity of being Madame Van Corlaer constantly increased her respect for that colonial statesman. The savages in the Mohawk Valley used the name Corlaer when they meant governor. Antonia felt sure that the Jesuit missionary, Father Isaac Jogues, need not have died a martyr's death if Van Corlaer had heard in time of his return to the Mohawks.

At the bottom of her garden she rested her hands upon a gate in the low stone wall. The mansion behind her was well ordered and prosperous. No drop of milk was spilled in Antonia's domain without her knowledge. She had noted, as she came down the path, how the cabbages were rounding their delicately green spheres. Antonia was a housewife for whom maids labored with zeal, she could manipulate so deftly the comfort-making things of life. Neither sunset nor moonrise quite banished the dreamy blue light on these rolling lands around the head waters of the Hudson. Across her tranquil commonplace happiness blew suddenly that ocean breath from Fundy Bay; for the dwarf of Fort St. John, leading a white waddling bird, whose feathers even in that uncertain light showed soil, appeared from the screening masonry of the wall.

She stood still and looked at Antonia, and Antonia inside the gate looked at her. That instant was a bubble full of revolving dyes. It brought a thousand pictures to Antonia's sight. Thus silently had that same dwarf with her swan appeared to a camp in the Acadian woods, announcing trouble at Fort St. John.

Again Antonia lived through confusion which was like pillage of the fort. Again she sat in her husband's tent holding Marie's dying head on her arm while grief worked its swift miracle in a woman formed to such fullness of beauty and strength. Again she saw two graves and a long trench made in the frontier graveyard for Marie and her officer Edelwald and her twenty-three soldiers, all in line with her child. Once more Antonia saw the household turn from that spot weeping aloud, and De Charnisay's ships already sailing away with the spoil of the fort to Penobscot, and his sentinels looking down from the walls of St. John. She saw her husband dividing his own party, and sending all the men he could spare to navigate La Tour's ship and carry the helpless women and children to the head of Fundy Bay. All these things revolved before her in that bubble of an instant before her own voice broke it, saying, —

"Is this you, Le Rossignol?"

"Shubenacadie and I," responded the dwarf, lilting up sweetly.

"Where do you come from?" inquired Antonia, feeling the weirdness of her visitor as she had never felt it in the hall at Fort St. John.

"Port Royal. I have come from Port Royal on purpose to speak with you."

"With me?"

"With you, Madame Antonia."

"You must then go directly to the house and eat some supper," said Antonia, speaking her first thought, but reserving her second: "Our people will take to the fields when they see the poor little creature by daylight; and as for the swan, it is worse than a drove of mynheer's Indians."

"I am not eating to-night, — I am riding," answered Le Rossignol, bold in mystery, while the moon made half uncertain the draggled state of Shubenacadie's feathers. She placed her hands on his back and pressed him downward, as if his plumage foamed up from an overfull packing-case. Shubenacadie waddled a step or two reluctantly, and squatted, spreading his wings and curving his head around to look at her. The dwarf sat upon him as upon a throne, stroking his neck with her right hand while she talked. She seemed a part of the river's whisper, or of that world of summer-night insects which shrilled around.

"I have come to tell you about the death of D'Aulnay de Charnisay," said this pigmy.

"We have long had that news," responded Antonia, "and worse which followed it."

Madame Van Corlaer despised Charles La Tour for repossessing himself of all he had lost and becoming the first power in Acadia by marrying D'Aulnay's widow.

"No ear," declared the dwarf, "hath ever heard how D'Aulnay de Charnisay died."

"He was stuck in a bog," said Antonia.

"He was stuck in no bog," retorted Le Rossignol, "for I alone was beside him at the time. And I ride from Port Royal to tell thee the whole of it and free my mind, lest I be obliged to fling it in my new lady's face the next time she speaks of his happy memory. Widows who take second husbands have no sense about the first one."

Antonia coughed slightly. It is not pleasant to have your class disapproved of even by a dwarf; and she did still secretly respect her first husband's prophecy. Had it not been fulfilled on the friend she best loved, if not on the husband she took?

"Mynheer Van Corlaer will soon be home from New Amsterdam, whither he made a voyage to confer with the governor," said Antonia. "Let me take you to the house, where we can talk at our ease."

"I talk most at my ease on Shubenacadie's back," answered Le Rossignol, holding her swan's head and rubbing her cheek against his bill. "You will not keep me a moment at Fort Orange. I fell out of patience with every place while we lived so long in poverty at that stockade at the head of Fundy Bay."

"Did you live there long?" inquired Antonia.

"Until D'Aulnay de Charnisay died out of my lord's way. What could my lord do for us, indeed, with nothing but a ship and scarce a dozen men? He left some to keep the stockade and took the rest to man his ship when he started for Newfoundland to send her forlorn old highness back to England. Her old highness hath had many a dower fee from us since that day."

"Your lord hath mended his fortunes," remarked Antonia without approval.

"Yes, we are now the greatest people in Acadia; we live in grand state at Port Royal. You would never know

him for the careworn man he was, — except once, indeed, when he came from viewing the ruins of Fort St. John. It is no longer maintained as a fortress. But I like not all these things. I rove more now than when Madame Marie lived."

Silence was kept a moment after Madame La Tour's name between Antonia and her illusive visitor. The dwarf seemed clad in sumptuous garments. A cap of rich velvet could be discerned on her flaring hair instead of the gull-breast covering she once made for herself.

"Yet I roved much out of the peasants' way at the stockade," she continued, sending the night sounds again into background. "Peasants who have no master over them become like swine. We had two goats, and I tended them, and sat ages upon ages on the bank of a tide-creek which runs up among the marshes at the head of Fundy Bay. Madame Antonia, you should see that tide-creek. It shone like wet sleek red carnelian when the water was out of it. I loved its basin, and the goats would go down to lick the salt. They had more sense than D'Aulnay de Charnisay, for they knew where to venture. I thought D'Aulnay de Charnisay was one of our goats by his bleat, until I looked down and saw him partly sunk in a quicksand at the bottom of the channel. The tide was already frothing in like yeast upon him. How gloriously the tide shoots up that tide-creek! It hisses. It comes like thousands of horses galloping one behind the other and tumbling over one another, — fierce and snorting spray, climbing the banks, always trampling down and flying over the ones who have galloped in first."

"What did D'Aulnay de Charnisay do?" inquired Antonia.

"He stuck in the quicksand," responded Le Rossignol.

"But did he not call for help?"

"He did nothing else, indeed, until the tide's horses trampled him under."

"What did you do?"

"I sat down and watched him," said the dwarf.

"How could you?" shuddered Antonia, feeling how little this tiny being's humanity was developed.

"We had some chat," continued Le Rossignol. "He promised me a seigniory if I would run and call some men with ropes. 'I heard a Swiss's wife say that you promised him a seigniory,' quoth I; 'and you had enough ropes then.' He pledged his word and took oath to make me rich if I would get him only a priest. 'You pledged your word to the lady of Fort St. John,' said I. The water kept rising, and he kept stretching his neck above it, and crying and shouting, and I took his humor and cried and shouted with him, naming the glorious waves as they rode in from the sea: —

"'Glaud Burge!'

"'Jean le Prince!'

"'Renot Babinet!'

"'Ambroise Tibedeaux!'

"And so on until François Bastarack, the twenty-third roller, flowed over his head, and Edelwald did not even know he was beneath."

Antonia dropped her face upon her hands.

"So that is the true story," said Le Rossignol. "He died a good salt death, and his men pulled him out before the next tide."

Presently Antonia looked up. Her eye was first caught by a coming sail on the river. It shone in the moonlight, moving slowly, for there was so little wind. Her husband must be there. She turned to say so to Le Rossignol — but she was gone.

Antonia opened the gate and stepped outside, looking in every direction for dwarf and swan. She had not even noticed a rustle, or the pat of Shubenacadie's feet upon the sand. But Le Rossignol and her familiar had disappeared in the wide expanse of moonlight; whether deftly behind tree or rock, or over wall,

or through air above, Antonia had no mind to find out.

Even the approaching sail took weirdness. The ship was too distant for her to hear the hiss of water around its prow. But in that Van Corlaer and the homely good happiness of common life were approaching. With the dwarf had disappeared that misty, sweet, sorrowful Acadian world.

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

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## COUNT TOLSTÓY AT HOME.

During our acquaintance in Moscow, in the winter, with the family of Count Lyeff Nikoláevitch Tolstóy, the famous novelist, the countess had said to us: "You must come and visit us at Yásnaya Polyána next summer. You should see Russian country life, and you will see it with us. Our house is not elegant, but you will find it plain, clean, and comfortable."

Such an invitation was not to be resisted. When summer came, the family wrote to say that they would meet us at the nearest station, where no carriages were to be had by casual travelers, if we would notify them of our arrival. But the weather had been too bad for country visits, and we were afraid to give Fate a hint of our intentions by announcing our movements; moreover, all the trains seemed to reach that station at a very late hour of the night. We decided to make our appearance from another quarter, in our own conveyance, on a fair day, and long before any meal. If it should prove inconvenient for the family to receive us, they would not be occasioned even momentary awkwardness, and our retreat would be secured. We had seen enough of the charmingly easy Russian hospitality to feel sure of our ground otherwise.

Accordingly we set out for Túla on a June day that was dazzling with sunshine and heat, after the autumnal chill of the recent rains. As we progressed southward from Moscow the country was more varied than north of it, with ever-changing vistas of gently sloping hills and verdant valleys, well cultivated, and dotted with thatched cottages which stood flatter on the ground here than where wood is more plentiful.

The train was besieged at every station, during the long halts customary on Russian railways, by hordes of peasant children with bottles of rich cream and dishes of fragrant wild strawberries. The strawberries cost from three to four cents a pound, — not enough to pay for picking, — and the cream from three to five cents a bottle.

Halfway to Túla the train crosses the river Oká, which makes so fine a show when it enters the Volga at Nizhni Nóvgorod, and which even here is imposing in breadth and busy with steamers. It was not far from here that an acquaintance of mine one day overtook a wayfarer. He was weather-beaten and travel-stained, dressed like a peasant, and carried his boots slung over his shoulder. But there was something about him which, to her woman's eye, seemed out of keeping with his garb. She invited him to take advantage of her carriage. He accepted gladly, and conversed agreeably. It appeared that it was Count Tolstóy making the journey between his estate and Moscow. His utterances produced such an effect upon her young son that the lad insisted upon making his next journey on foot also.

We reached Túla late in the evening. The guidebook says, in that amusing German fashion on which a chapter

might be written, that "the town lies fifteen minutes distant from the station." Ordinarily, that would mean twice or thrice fifteen minutes. But we had a touch of our usual luck in an eccentric cabman. Vánka — the generic name for an *izvóstchik* is Vánka, that is, Johnny — set out almost before we had taken our seats; we clutched his belt for support, and away we flew through the inky darkness and fathomless dust, outstripping everything on the road. We came to a bridge; one wheel skimmed along high on the side rail, the loose boards rattled ominously beneath the other. There are no regulations for slow driving on Russian bridges beyond those contained in admonitory proverbs and popular legends. One's eyes usually supply sufficient warning by day. But Vánka was wedded to the true Russian principle, and proceeded in his headlong course *na avós* (on chance). In vain I cried, "This is not an obstacle race!" He replied cheerfully, "It is the horse!"

We were forced to conclude that we had stumbled upon the hero of Count Tolstóy's story Khólstomir in that gaunt old horse, racing thus by inspiration, and looking not unlike the portrait of Khólstomir in his sad old age, from the hand of the finest animal-painter in Russia, which, with its companion piece, Khólstomir in his proud youth, hangs on the wall in the count's Moscow house.

Our mad career ended at what Vánka declared to be the best hotel; the one recommended by the guidebook had been closed for years, he said. I, who had not found the guidebook infallible, believed him, until he landed us at one which looked well enough, but whose chief furnishing was smells of such potency that I fled, handkerchief clapped to nose, while the limp waiter, with his jaw bound up like a figure from a German picture-book, called after me that "perhaps the drains *were* a little out of order." Thrifty Vánka, in hopes of a commission, or bent upon paying off a grudge, still obstinately refused to take us to the hotel recommended; but a hint of application to the police decided him to deposit us at another door. This proved to be really the best house in town, though it does not grace the printed list. It was on the usual plan of inns in Russian country towns. There was the large, airy dining-room, with clean lace curtains, polished floor, and table set with foliage plants in fancy pots; the bedrooms, with single iron beds, reservoir washstands, and no bed linen or towels without extra charge.

The next morning we devoted to the few sights of the town. The Kremlin, on flat ground and not of imposing size, makes very little impression after the Moscow Kremlin; but its churches exhibit some charming new fancies in onion-shaped cupolas which we had not noticed elsewhere, and its cathedral contains frescoes of a novel sort. In subject they are pretty equally divided between the Song of Solomon and the Œcumenical Councils, with a certain number of saints, of course, though these are fewer than usual. The artist was evidently a man who enjoyed rich stuffs of flowered patterns and beautiful women.

The Imperial Firearms Factory we did not see. We had omitted to obtain from the Minister of War that permission without which no foreigner of either sex can enter, though Russians may do so freely, and we did not care enough about it to await the reply to a telegram. We contented ourselves with assuring the officer in charge that we were utter simpletons in the matter of firearms, afraid of guns even when they were not loaded, — I presume he did not understand that allusion, — and that it was pure curiosity of travelers which had led us to invade his office.

However, there was no dearth of shops where we could inspect all the wares in metal for which this Russian Birmingham has been celebrated ever since the industry was founded by men from Hol-

land, in the sixteenth century. In the matter of samovárs, especially, there is a wide range of choice in this cradle of "the portable domestic hearth," although there are only two or three among the myriad manufacturers whose goods are famed for that solidity of brass and tin which insures against dents, fractures, and poisoning.

During the morning we ordered round a *troïka* from the posting-house. It did not arrive. Probably it was asleep, like most other things on that warm day. It was too far off to invite investigation, and sallying forth after breakfast to hire an izvóstchik, I became a blessed windfall to a couple of bored policemen, who waked up a cabman for me and took a kindly interest in the inevitable bargaining which ensued. While this was in progress up came two dusty and tattered "pilgrims," — "religious tramps" will designate their character with perfect accuracy, — who were sufficiently wide awake to beg. I positively had not a kopék in change; but not even a Russian beggar would believe that. I parried the attack.

"I 'm not an Orthodox Christian, my good men. I am sure that you do not want money from a heretic."

"Never mind; I 'm a bachelor," replied one of them, bravely and consolingly.

When we had all somewhat recovered from this, the policemen, catching the spirit of the occasion, explained to the men that I and my money were extremely dangerous to the Orthodox, both families and bachelors, especially to pious pilgrims to the shrines, such as they were, and they gently but firmly compelled the men to move on, despite their vehement protestations that they were willing to run the risk and accept the largest sort of change from the heretic. But I was obdurate. I knew from experience that for five kopéks, or less, I should receive thanks, reverences to the waist or even to the ground; but that the gift of more than five kopéks would result in a thankless suspicious stare, which would make me feel guilty of some enormous undefined crime. This was Count Tolstóy's experience also. We devoted ourselves to cabby once more.

Such a winning fellow as that Vánka was, from the very start! After I had concluded the bargain for an extra horse and an apron which his carriage lacked, he persuaded me that one horse was enough — at the price of two. To save time I yielded, deducting twenty-five cents only from the sum agreed on, lest I should appear too easily cheated. That sense of being ridiculed as an inexperienced simpleton, when I had merely paid my interlocutor the compliment of trusting him, never ceased to be a pain and a terror to me.

The friendly policemen smiled impartially upon Vánka and us, as they helped to pack us in the drozky.

Túla as we saw it on our way out, and as we had seen it during our morning stroll, did not look like a town of sixty-four thousand inhabitants, or an interesting place of residence. It was a good type of the provincial Russian town. There were the broad unpaved, or badly paved, dusty streets. There were the stone official buildings, glaring white in the sun, interspersed with wooden houses, ranging from the pretentious dwelling to the humble shelter of logs.

For fifteen versts (ten miles) after we had left all these behind us we drove through a lovely rolling country, on a fine macadamized highway leading to the south and to Kíeff. The views were wide, fresh, and fair. Hayfields, ploughed fields, fields of green oats, yellowing rye, blue-flowered flax, with birch and leaf trees in small groves near at hand, and forests in the distance, varied the scene. Evergreens were rarer here, and oak-trees more plentiful, than north of Moscow. The grass by the roadside was sown thickly with wild flowers: Canterbury bells, campanulas, yarrow pink

and white, willow-weed (good to adulterate tea), yellow daisies, spiræa, pinks, cornflowers, melilot, honey-sweet galium, yellow everlasting, huge deep crimson crane's-bill, and hosts of others.

Throughout this sweet drive my merry izvóstchik delighted me with his discourse. It began thus. I asked, "Did he know Count Tolstóy?"

"Did he know Count Tolstóy? Everybody knew him. He was the first gentleman in the empire [!] There was not another such man in all the land."

"Could he read? Had he read the count's Tales?"

"Yes. He had read every one of the count's books that he could lay his hands on. Did I mean the little books with the colored covers and the pictures on the outside?" (He alluded to the little peasant Tales in their original cheap form, costing two or three cents apiece.) "Unfortunately they were forbidden, or not to be had at the Túla shops, and though there were libraries which had them, they were not for such as he." [1]

"How had they affected him? Why, he had learned to love all the world better. He knew that if he had a bit of bread he must share it with his neighbor, even if he did find it hard work to support his wife and four small children. Had such a need arisen? Yes; and he had given his children's bread to others." (He pretended not to hear when I inquired why he had not given his own share of the bread.) "Was he a more honest man than before? Oh, yes, yes, indeed! He would not take a kopék from any one unless he were justly entitled to it."

"And Count Tolstóy! A fine man, that! The Emperor had conferred upon him the right to release prisoners from the jail, — had I noticed the big jail, on the left hand, as we drove out of town?" (I took the liberty to doubt this legend, in strict privacy.) "Túla was a very bad place; there were many prisoners. Men went to the bad there from the lack of something to do." (This man was a philosopher, it seemed.)

So he ran on enthusiastically, twisting round in his seat, letting his horse do as it would, and talking in that soft, gentle, charming way to which a dozen adjectives would fail to do justice, and which appears to be the heritage of almost every Russian, high or low. It was an uncomfortable attitude for us, because it left us nowhere to put our smiles, and we would not for the world have had him suspect that he amused us.

But the gem of his discourse dropped from his lips when I asked him what, in his opinion, would be the result if Count Tolstóy could reconstruct the world on his plan.

"Why, naturally," he replied, "if all men were equal, I should not be driving you, for example. I should have my own horse and cow and property, and I should do no work!"

I must say that, on reflection, I was not surprised that he should have reached this rather astonishing conclusion. I have no doubt that all of his kind — and it is not a stupid kind, by any means — think the same. I tried to tell him

[1] At this time, in Moscow, the sidewalk bookstalls, such as this man would have been likely to patronize, could not furnish a full set of the Tales in the cheap form. The venders said that they were "forbidden;" but since they openly displayed and sold such as they had, and since any number of complete sets could be obtained at the publishers' hard by, the prohibition evidently extended only to the issue of a fresh edition. Meanwhile, the Tales complete in one volume were not forbidden. This volume, one of the set of the author's works published by his wife, cost fifty kopéks (about twenty-five cents), not materially more than the other sort. As there was a profit to the family on this edition, and none on the cheap edition, the withdrawal of the latter may have been merely a private business arrangement, to be expected under the circumstances, and the cry of "prohibition" may have been employed as a satisfactory and unanswerable tradesman's excuse for not being supplied with the goods desired.

about America, where we are all equals in theory (I omitted "theory"), and yet where some of us still "drive other people," figuratively speaking. But he only laughed and shook his head, and said he did not believe that all men were equal in such a land any more than they were in Russia. That was the sort of wall against which I was always being brought up, with a more or less painful bump, when I attempted to elucidate the institutions of this land of liberty. He seemed to have it firmly fixed in his brain that, although Count Tolstóy worked in the fields "like one of us poor brethren," he really did no work whatever.

Thus did I obtain a foretaste of the views held by the peasant class upon the subject of Count Tolstóy's scheme of reformation, since this man was a peasant himself from one of the neighboring villages, and an average representative of their modes of thought.

At last we reached the stone gateposts which mark the entrance to the park of Yásnaya Polyána (Clearfield), and drove up the formerly splendid and still beautiful avenue of huge white birch-trees, from whose ranks many had fallen or been felled. The avenue terminated near the house in hedges of lilacs and acacias.

Most of the family were away in the fields, or bathing in the river. But we were cordially received, assured that our visit was well timed and that there were no guests, and were installed in the room of the count's eldest son, who was at his business in St. Petersburg.

Then I paid and dismissed the beaming Vánka, whose name chanced to be Alexéi, adding liberal "tea money" for his charming manners and conversation. My sympathy with the hardship of being unable to procure books had moved me so deeply that I had already asked the man for his address, and had promised to send him a complete set of the count's Tales from Moscow.

We parted with the highest opinion of each other. Alas! A day or two later one of the count's daughters happened to inquire how much I had paid for the carriage, probably in consequence of former experiences, and informed me that I had given just twice as much as any cabman in Túla would have been glad to take. (The boredom of those policemen must have been relieved by another smile — behind our backs.) Then I repeated my conversation with that delicately conscientious izvóstchik, nurtured on the Tales, and mentioned my promise. Even the grave count was forced to laugh, and I declared that I should be afraid to send the set of books, for fear of the consequences.

When we were ready, being unfamiliar with the house, we asked the maid to conduct us to the countess. She took this in its literal sense, and ushered us into the bedroom where the countess was dressing, an introduction to country life which was certainly informal enough.

We dined at a long table under the trees at a little distance from the house. The breeze sifted the tiny papery birch seeds into our soup and water. Clouds rolled up, and at every threat of the sky we grasped our plates, prepared to make a dash for the house.

The count, who had been mowing, appeared at dinner in a grayish blouse and trousers and a soft white linen cap. He looked even more weather-beaten in complexion than he had in Moscow during the winter, if that were possible. His broad shoulders seemed to preserve in their enhanced stoop a memory of recent toil. His manner, a combination of gentle simplicity, awkward half-conquered consciousness, and half-discarded polish, was as cordial as ever. His piercing gray-green-blue eyes had lost none of their almost saturnine and withal melancholy expression. His sons were clad in the pretty blouse suits of coarse gray linen which are so common in Russia in the summer, and white linen caps.

After dinner, on that first evening,

the countess invited us to go to the fields and see her husband at work. He had not observed the good old recipe, "After dinner, rest a while," but had set off again immediately, and we had been eager to follow him. We hunted for him through several meadows, and finally came upon him in a sloping orchard lot, seated under the trees, in a violent perspiration. He had wasted no time, evidently. He was resting and chatting with half a dozen peasants of assorted ages. It appeared that he had made a toilet for dinner, since he now wore a blue blouse faded with frequent washing, and ornamented with new dark blue patches on the shoulders. It was the same blouse with which Répin's portrait of him engaged in ploughing had already made us familiar.

We talked with the peasants. They remained seated, and gave no greeting. I do not think they would have done so on any other estate in Russia. It is not that the count has inspired his humble neighbors with a higher personal sense of independence and the equality of man; all Russian peasants are pretty well advanced along that path already, and they possess a natural dignity which prevents their asserting themselves in an unpleasant manner except in rare cases. When they rise or salute, it is out of politeness, and with no more servility than the same act implies in an officer of the guards in presence of a court dame. The omission on this occasion interested me as significant.

The conversation turned upon the marriage of one of the younger men, which was to come off in a neighboring village two days later, at the conclusion of the fast of SS. Peter and Paul. A middle-aged peasant took up the subject in a rather unpleasant and not very respectful manner, saying that he saw no use for priests, who had everything provided for them (*na gatóvayu rúku*), and charged so high for baptizing and marrying.

"They demand seven rubles for marrying this fellow," said he. "I 'll do it for a ruble, and be glad to."

"If it is so easy, go pass your examinations and become a priest at once," replied the countess.

"I don't know enough for that."

"Then go hire yourself out as a clown. You are always making bad jokes."

The man was subdued. The count took no part in this conversation, and looked somewhat disturbed when the other men joined disagreeably in the laugh against their comrade. He turned the subject.

"Look at the oldest of these men," he said to us in English. "He has lost the first joint of all the fingers on one hand from frost."

He was a weak-looking, withered little man, but when they began to mow again, at the count's suggestion, he grasped his scythe as well as any of them. The scythes were short, thick, straight, looked very heavy, and were set on very long, straight handles, so that it was not necessary to stoop in mowing.

We watched the party for a while. The count made good progress over the uneven ground and thin grass, as though he were used to the work which he has described so inimitably in Anna Karénin. (Another reminder of this book is the old nurse of Levin, who still lives on the place, has charge of the dogs because she is fond of animals, and carries her mania to the extent of feeding and petting the black beetles. The grave of Karl Ivanovitch, the tutor in Childhood, Boyhood, Youth, which lies in the cemetery a mile or two distant, is another memento of his writings.) As we strolled back to the house, we paused to look at the long white stables, the thatched granary with walls of wattled tree boughs, and other farm buildings. In the space between the house and the dining-table we found the children, with their cousins, the French tutor, and the English gov-

erness, engaged in a game of ball called *wápta*, which involves much running and some skill.

To this table the samovár was brought about half past seven, and the early tea, the children's tea, was served at twilight in the open air heavy with the perfume of the linden-trees. Late tea was always served in the house, in the large hall, accompanied by various viands, and by wild strawberries fetched by the peasant children.

That evening the count talked to me chiefly about the pamphlets on the Hopedale community and the peace doctrines advocated by Adin Ballou, which had been sent to him a short time before from America. He had then learned for the first time that his principles in that direction had been anticipated, and he seemed to be genuinely gratified to know that this was the case. He prophesied that this movement in favor of non-resistance would attract much more attention in the future than it has attracted in the past. The fate of Mr. Ballou's community did not seem to shake his faith.

Naturally the house was the first point which engaged our attention. In 1860, Count Tolstóy, being then thirty-two years of age, made up his mind unalterably that he would never marry. All the world knows that when the count has irrevocably determined upon anything he immediately furnishes substantial proof of his convictions. On this occasion his demonstration took the form of selling the manor house, which was taken down and set up again on another estate in the same government by the purchaser. The wings of the former house alone remained, detached buildings, such as were used in the olden days to accommodate the embroiderers, weavers, peasant musicians and actors of the private troupes kept by wealthy grandees, as a theatre, or as extra apartments. The count occupied one of these wings.

Two years later he changed his mind and married. He brought his beautiful bride of half his age to this tiny wing, — it chanced to be tiny in this case, — and there she lived for seventeen years. The horrible loneliness of it, especially in winter, with not a neighbor for miles, unless one reckon the village at the park gate, which could not have furnished anything but human beings, and never a congenial companion for her! Needless to say that she never had on a low-bodied gown, never went to the theatre or a ball, in all her fair young life; and to the loneliness of the country must be added the absolute loneliness during the absences of the count, who had much reading to do in Moscow for the historical portions of his great war drama. When he got tired of his village school, of his experiments upon the infant peasant mind, of things in general, he could and did go away for rest. The countess did not. Decidedly, the Countess Sophia Tolstóy is one of those truly feminine heroines who are cast into shadow by a brilliant light close to them, but a heroine none the less in more ways than need be mentioned. Her self-denial and courage gave to the world War and Peace and Anna Karénin; and she declares that were it to do over again she would not hesitate a moment. The public owes the count's wife a great debt of gratitude, and not of reproaches, for bravely opposing his fatal desire to live in every detail the life of a peasant laborer. Can any one blessed with the faintest particle of imagination fail to perceive how great a task it has been to withstand him thus for his own good; to rear nine healthy, handsome, well-bred children out of the much larger family which they have had; to bear the entire responsibility of the household and the business?

She remarked, one day, that there was no crying need for the Russian nobility to follow her husband's teachings and give away all their goods in order to be on a level with the peasants. Plenty of them would soon attain that

blissful state of poverty in the natural course of things, since they were not only growing poorer every year, but the distribution of inheritances among the numerous children was completing the work, and very many would be reduced to laboring with their hands for a living. This is perfectly true. There is no law of primogeniture in Russia. The one established by Peter the Great having produced divers and grievous evils, besides being out of harmony with the Russian character, it was withdrawn. All the male children share equally in the father's estate as in title. The female children receive by law only an extremely small portion of the inheritance, but their dowry is not limited.

Among the count's most ardent followers is one of his daughters. She does everything for herself, according to his teachings, in a manner which American girls, in even moderately well-to-do families, would never dream of. She works for the peasants in various ways, and carries out her father's ideas in other matters as far as possible. Her Spartan (or Tolstóyan) treatment of herself may be of value in character-building, as mortification of the flesh is supposed to be in general. Practically, I think the relations between peasants and nobles render her sacrifices unavailing. For example: one of the peasant women having been taken ill, — there was a good deal of sickness in the village, — she went to the hayfield to do the woman's work and prevent the forfeit of fifteen or twenty cents, the price of the day's labor. We strolled out to find her. The thermometer must have stood at 100° F., and although the dry inland heat can be better borne than the same amount of damp heat, it was far from being comfortable weather even for indolent persons. We found her under a tree, resting and drinking cold tea, while she awaited the return, from some errand of their devising, of the peasant women who had been at work with her. She looked wretchedly ill, and we tried to prevail on her to go back to the house with us. But the count (who was not well enough to work) happened along, and as he said nothing she decided to stay and to resume labor at once, since the women seemed to have been detained.

As we beat a retreat homeward under that burning sun, we discovered the nature of the peasant women's urgent business. They were engaged in stripping the count's bushes of their fruit and devouring it by the handful. We could not persuade him to interfere. "They want it, or they would not take it," he said. It was none of our business, to be sure, but those strong, muscular women offered such a contrast, in physique and conduct, to the fair, delicate young girl whom we had just left that we felt indignant enough to attack them ourselves, if it would have done any good. The next day his daughter was more seriously ill than the peasant woman whose place she had taken. I should not have felt unhappy to learn that those women had been uncomfortably ill in consequence of their greediness.

The count has no longer a school for the peasant children, by the way. The necessity for that is past. But he must have been an original professor. A friend of mine in St. Petersburg, who was interested, during the sixties, in the secular Sunday-schools for workingmen who could not attend on week days, repeated to me the count's method as imparted to her by himself while visiting the capital. He objected to the rules which compelled the men to be regular in attendance, on the ground that learning must not be acquired thus mechanically, under compulsion, but when the scholar feels an inward impulse. He would not listen to the suggestion that this method would hardly answer when study must be prosecuted on specified days under penalty of eternal ignorance. He said that when he found his peasant pupils indisposed to learn he dis-

missed the school, went home, and occupied himself in his own affairs. After an interval, more or less long, a scuffling of feet and a rapping would become audible at the door, and small voices would plead: "Please, Lyeff Nikolá-'itch, we want to study. Please come and teach us." He went, and they made rapid progress because all was purely voluntary.

One of the whitened stone wings of the old manor house stands unchanged. It is occupied in summer by the countess's sister and her family. She is a handsome and clever woman, who translates, and who has written some strong short stories. The wing used by the count has been enlarged to meet the requirements of the large family, and yet it is not a great or imposing house. At one end a stone addition, like the original building, contains, on the ground floor, the count's two rooms, which open on an uncovered stone terrace facing the hedge-inclosed lawn, with beds of bright flowers bordering it, and the stately lindens of the grand avenues waving their crests beyond in the direction of the ponds. Over these rooms and the vestibule is the hall, indispensable as a dining-room and a play-room for the small children in wet weather and in winter. A wooden addition at the other end furnishes half a dozen rooms for members of the family, the tutor, and the maids. Near by stand several log cottages, — the bakehouse, the servants' dining-room, and other necessary offices.

The count's study is very plain. The walls are in part lined with bookcases; in part they are covered with portraits of relatives and of distinguished persons whom he admires. There are more bookcases in the vestibule, for people are constantly sending him books of every conceivable sort. I imagine that the first copies of every book, pamphlet, and journal on any hobby or "ism," especially from America, find their way to the address of Count Tolstóy. He showed me some very wild products of the human brain. The hall upstairs has a polished wood floor, as is usual with such rooms, and a set of very simple wicker furniture. Portraits of ancestors, some of whom figure in War and Peace, hang upon the walls. A piano, on which the count sometimes plays, and a large table complete the furniture. Everything in the house is severely simple. If I take the liberty of going into these details, it is in the interest of justice. The house has been described in print — from imagination, it would seem — as "a castle luxuriously furnished," and the count has been reproached with it. Cheap as the furniture is, he grumbled at it when it was purchased; he grumbles at it still, and to me spoke of it as "sinful luxury." But then he cannot be regarded a fair judge of what constitutes luxury.

The whole house, outside and in, is modest in the extreme. The park with its avenues of lindens, which were in full bloom during our visit, the ponds and lawns and forest, must have been superb in the time of his grandfather, and even of his mother, from whom he inherited it. A grove and thicket now occupy the site of the former manor, and screen the view of each wing from the other. Vegetable gardens and berry patches lie near at hand, and beds of brilliant but not rare flowers enliven the immediate vicinity of the house.

The estate is large and fertile, though it does not lie in the famous "black-earth zone." This begins a few miles south of it.

Plain wholesome food, simple dress, an open-air life without fixed programme, were what we found. In the morning, after drinking tea or coffee, with bread and butter, in the hall, we usually strolled through the lovely forest, filled with flowers and perfumes, to the little river about a mile distant for a bath. The unpainted board bath house had seats running along the walls, and steps leading down

into the water. A framework supporting thick screens of golden rye straw extended far out over the stream. A door upstream swung open at will for ambitious swimmers. It was a solitary spot. The peasant girls pitching hay in the meadows beyond with three-pronged boughs stripped of their leaves were the only persons we ever saw. Clad in their best scarlet cotton *sarafáni* and head kerchiefs, they added greatly to the beauty of the landscape. Haying is such easy work compared to the rest of the summer labors that the best gowns are donned as for a festival.

If the boys had stolen a march on us those hot mornings, when we had dispensed with every article of clothing not absolutely necessary, we lay in the shadow of the fragrant birches at the top of the hill on the soft, short sward, which seems in Russia to grow as thick in dense forests as in open glades, and waited until they could tear themselves from the cool embrace of the stream. Then we went in, great and small, but with no bathing-dress. The use of such a garment on such an occasion would be regarded as a sign that one was afflicted with some bodily defect which one was anxious to conceal. By the time we had refreshed ourselves and rambled back, searching for early mushrooms through the forest or the great plantation of birches set out by the count's own hands a quarter of a century before, and grown now to stout and serviceable giants, the twelve o'clock breakfast was ready under the trees. At this informal meal every one sat where he pleased and helped himself. At dinner, on the contrary, my place was always at the count's left hand. We sat on whatever offered itself. Sometimes I had a wooden chair, sometimes a bit of the long bench like a plasterer's horse. Once, when some one rose suddenly from the other end of this, I tumbled over on the count and narrowly escaped wrecking his dinner.

At no meal did the count ever eat a mouthful of meat, despite urgent persuasion. Boiled buckwheat groats, salted cucumbers, black bread, eggs with spinach, tea and coffee, sour *kvas* (beer made from black bread), and cabbage soup formed the staple of his diet, even when ill, and when most people would have avoided the cucumbers and kvas, at least.

The family generally met as a whole for the first time at breakfast. The count had been busy at work in the fields, in writing or reading in his study; the boys with their tutor; the countess copying her husband's manuscript and ordering the household. After breakfast every one did what he pleased until dinner. There was riding, driving, — anything that the heat permitted. A second bath, late in the afternoon, was indulged in when it was very hot. The afternoon bathing party generally drove down in a *linéika*, a sort of long jaunting-car with a central bench, not Tho wide, on which the passengers sit back to back, their feet resting on a narrow footboard which curves over the wheels as a shield. This linéika had also cross-seats at each end, and with judicious packing could be made to hold sixteen persons. As it was upholstered in leather and had no springs, there was some art in keeping one's seat when the three horses were going at full speed over the uneven forest road.

After breakfast I sometimes sat under the trees with the countess, and helped her sew on baby Iván's clothes, for the pleasure of her conversation. Nothing could be more fascinating. This beautiful woman has not rusted during her long residence in the country. There are few better informed women than she, few better women of business, few women who are so clever and practical.

One day, as I was sitting, armed with thimble and needle, waiting for her, the count discovered a hole in his pocket, and asked his niece to mend it for him.

She had not her implements. I volunteered, — to do the mending, not to lend the wherewithal. The pocket was of black silk, my thread of white cotton, but that was of no consequence. I seated myself comfortably on the sand, and speedily discovered not one hole, but a row of holes such as wear along the seams of pockets. The count was greatly annoyed at the trouble he was giving me, protested as I began on each new hole, and was very restless. I was finally obliged to speak.

"Lyeff Nikolá'itch," I said, "do me the favor to sit still. Your reputation as well as mine is involved in this work. It must be done thoroughly and neatly quite as much for your sake as for mine."

"How so?" he asked in surprise.

"My woman's reputation for neat mending trembles in the balance; and do not you advocate the theory that we should help our fellow-men? You have ed others; it is your turn now to experimented on. And besides, if the fellow-man obstinately refuses to be helped by others, how are we to do our duty by him? How could you work for others, if they persisted in following out the other half of your doctrine and doing everything for themselves? 'T is plain that you understand how to render services far better than to receive them. Reform. Submit."

The count laughed, with a sort of grim bewilderment in his eye, and behaved in an exemplary manner for the few remaining moments. I mentally thanked Fate for providing me with an opportunity for suggesting an object lesson on a point which had puzzled me not a little, and which I had been pining to attack in some form. He did not explain away my difficulties, it is true, but I was satisfied with having presented the other side of the shield to his attention.

On another occasion, as we sat under the trees, a peasant came, scythe on shoulder, to complain to the countess of his wrongs. No one ever went to the count, knowing that his wife had full management. Peasants who came in a deputation to parley about hiring or buying extra land, and so on, applied directly to her. The comrades of this Vasíly Alexéi'itch had got two buckets of *vódka*, and had forced him, who detested liquor, to drink of it. Then they had become quarrelsome (he was peaceable), and they had torn his shirt — so! Hereupon he flung back his coat, worn in Russian fashion with the sleeves hanging, and let his faded red cotton shirt fall from his muscular shoulders, leaving him nude to the waist, save for the cheap little baptismal cross suspended round his neck by a cord. The small boys set up a shout of laughter at his story and his action. The countess rebuked him sharply for such conduct before the children, and refused to interfere in the quarrel. The man pulled his torn shirt over his body and slouched off. That evening, after tea, the count happened to hit upon a couple of Mr. Rider Haggard's books for discussion, and, for the benefit of those in the company who had not read it, gave the chief points of She in particularly lively style, which kept us all in laughter. In describing the heroine, he said that "she was clothed in an airy garment, like Vasíly Alexéi'itch;" and again that "she dropped her garment, and stood like Vasíly Alexéi'itch." He pronounced She and other works of Haggard "the lowest type of literature," and said that "it was astonishing how so many English people could go wild over them." He seemed to read everything, good and bad, and to possess not only an omnivorous literary appetite, but a wonderful memory for books, even in small details.

Among the innumerable things which he read were Mormon publications, sent him regularly from headquarters. I cannot explain the object of the Mormons

in making him the point of attack. He thought very highly of the doctrines of the Mormons as set forth by themselves, and could not understand why they were "persecuted" in America. No one had ever sent him documents on the other side of the question, and he seemed as ignorant of it as I was of the Mormon arguments. In answer to his queries, I told him that the problems involved were too numerous, serious, and complicated for me to enter upon; that the best way, under such circumstances, was for him to read statements set down in black and white by recognized authorities on the subject; and that I would cause books on the matter to be forwarded to him, which I did. But he persisted that our government is in the wrong.

"It is a shame," said he, "that in a great and free country like America a community of people should be so oppressed, and not allowed that liberty of which you boast."

"You know your Dickens well," I answered. "Have you any recollection of Martin Chuzzlewit? You will remember that when Martin was in America with Mark Tapley he saw a slave being sold. Mark Tapley observed that 'the Americans were so fond of Liberty that they took liberties with her.' That is, in brief, what ails the Mormons. The only argument in favor of them which can possibly be made is that their practice, not their preaching, offers the only solution of your own theory that all women should be married. But that theory has never been advanced in extenuation of their behavior. I offer it to you brand new, as a slight illustration of a very unpleasant subject."

One day, during a chat in his study, he had praised Dickens.

"There are three requisites which go to make a perfect writer," he remarked. "First, he must have something worth saying. Second, he must have a proper way of saying it. Third, he must have sincerity. Dickens had all three of these qualities. Thackeray had not much to say; he had a great deal of art in saying it; but he had not enough sincerity. Dostóevsky possessed all three requisites. Nekrásoff knew well how to express himself, but he did not possess the first quality; he forced himself to say something, whatever would catch the public at the moment, of which he was a very keen judge. As he wrote to suit the popular taste, believing not at all in what he said, he had none of the third requisite." He declared that America had not as yet produced any first-class woman writer, like George Eliot and George Sand.

Count Tolstóy's latest book at that time was What to Do? It was much discussed, though not very new. It will be remembered that in the final chapter of that work he argues that woman's whole duty consists in marrying and having as large a family as possible. But in speaking of Mr. Howells's The Undiscovered Country, which he had just discovered, — it was odd to think he had never heard of Mr. Howells before, — he remarked, in connection with the Shakers, that "it was a good thing that they did not marry."

He said this more than once and at some length. I did not like to enter on the subject lest he should go too far, in his earnestness, before the assembled company. Therefore I seized an opportunity to ask his wife how he reconciled that remark with his creed that all women should marry.

She answered that it certainly was not consistent, but that her husband changed his opinion every two years; and, to my consternation, she instantly appealed to him. He did not go into details, however. He pulled out a letter which he had received from a Russian woman, a stranger to him. The writer said: "While acknowledging the justice of your views, I must remark that marriage is a fate which is not possible to every woman.

What, then, in your opinion, should a woman who has missed that fate do?"

I was interested in his reply, because six months earlier he had advised me to marry. I inquired what answer he intended to send, — that is, if he meant to reply at all. He said that he considered the letter of sufficient importance to merit an answer, and that he should tell her that "every woman who had not married, whatever the reason, ought to impose upon herself the hardest cross which she could devise, and bear it."

"And so punish herself for the fault of others, perhaps?" I asked. "No. If your correspondent is a woman of sufficient spirit to impose that cross, she will also have sufficient spirit to retort that very few of us choose our own crosses; and that women's crosses imposed by Fate, Providence, or whatever one pleases to call it, are generally heavier, more cruel, than any which they could imagine for themselves in the maddest ecstasy of pain-worship. Are the Shaker women, of whom you approve, also to invent crosses? And how about the Shaker men? What is their duty in the matter of invoking suffering?"

He made no reply, except that "non-marriage was the ideal state," and then relapsed into silence, as was his habit when he did not intend to relinquish his idea. Nevertheless I am convinced that he is always open to the influence — quite unconsciously, of course — of argument from any quarter. His changes of belief prove it.

These remarks anent the Shakers seemed to indicate that another change was imminent; and as the history of his progress through the links of his chain of reasoning was a subject of the greatest interest to me, I asked his wife for it. It cannot be called anything but a linked progress, since the germs — nay, the nearly full-fledged idea — of his present moral and religious attitude can be found in almost all of his writings from the very beginning.

When the count married, he had attained to that familiar stage in the spiritual life where men have forgotten, or outgrown, or thoroughly neglected for a long time the religious instruction inculcated upon them in their childhood. There is no doubt that the count had been well grounded in religious tenets and ceremonies; the Russian church is particular on this point, and examinations in "the law of God" form part of the conditions for entrance to the state schools. But, having reached the point where religion has no longer any solid grasp upon a man, he did not like to see other people observe even the forms.

Later on he began a novel, to be called The Decembrists. The Decembrists is the name given to the participants in the disorders of 1825, on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas I. to the throne. Among the preparations which he made for this work were excursions taken with the object of acquainting himself with the divers dialects and peculiarities of expression current in the different parts of the empire. These he collected from pilgrims on the highways and byways.

"A pilgrim," said the witty countess, "is a man who has grown tired of the jars and the cares and responsibilities of the household; out of patience with the family in general. He feels the necessity, inborn in every Russian, for roaming, for getting far away from people, into the country and the forests. So he makes a pilgrimage to some distant shrine. I should like to be a pilgrim myself, but the family ties me down. I feel the need of freshening up my ideas."

In these excursions the count came to see how great a part religion plays in the life of the lower classes; and he argued that, in order to get into sympathy with them, one must share their ideas as to religion. Accordingly he plunged into it with his customary ardor, — "he has a passionate nature," — and for several years he attended every church service, observed every rite, kept every fast,

and so on. He thought it horrible if those about him did not do the same, — if they neglected a single form. I think it quite probable that he initiated the trouble with his stomach by these fasts. They are nothing to a person who has always been used to them; but when we consider that the longer fasts cover about four solid months, — not to mention the usual abstinence on Wednesdays and Fridays and the special abstinences, — and that milk, eggs, cheese, and butter are prohibited, as well as other customary articles of food, it is not difficult to imagine the effect of sudden and strict observance upon a man accustomed during the greater part of his life to a meat diet. The vegetable diet in which he now persists only aggravates the evil in one who is afflicted with liver trouble, and who is too old to train his vital economy in fresh paths.

His religious ardor lasted until he went to church one day, during the last Russo-Turkish war, when prayers were offered for the success of the Russian army. It suddenly struck him that it was inconsistent with "Love your enemies," "Love one another," "Do not kill," that prayers should be offered for the death of enemies. From that day forth he ceased to go to church, as he had also perceived that the practice of religious forms did not, in reality, bring him much nearer to the peasants, and that one must live among them, work among them, to appreciate their point of view.

The only surprising thing about this is that he should never have noticed that the army is prayed for, essentially in the same sense, at every church service. After the petitions for the Emperor and the imperial family, the liturgy proceeds, "And we pray for the army, that Thou wilt assist Them" (that is, the imperial family and its army), "and subdue all foes and enemies under Their feet." Perhaps these familiar words came home to him with special force on that particular day, as familiar words sometimes do. Possibly it was a special prayer. In any case, the prayer was strictly logical. If you have an army, pray for it; and the only prayer that can be offered is, obviously, not for its defeat. That would be tantamount to praying for the enemy; which might be Scriptural, in one way, but would be neither natural, popular, nor further removed from objections of murder than the other.

But Count Tolstóy was logical, also, in another way. Once started on this train of thought, most worldly institutions of the present day, beginning with the army, appeared to him opposed to the teaching of Christ, on which point no rational man will differ from him. As to the possibility of living the life of Christ, or even the advisability of trying it, at this period of the world, that is quite another matter.

It is not necessary for me to recapitulate here that which all the world knows already, — the minute details of his belief in personal poverty, labor, the renunciation of art and science, and so forth. We discussed them. But I neglected my opportunities to worry him with demands for his catechism, which his visitors delight in grinding out of him as though from a machine, when the reading public must be sufficiently informed on that score already. I have endeavored to set down only the special illustrations of his doctrines, out of the rich mass of his conversation.

Those who have perused attentively his earlier works will have perceived that there is really very little that is absolutely new in these doctrines. They are so strictly the development of ideas which are an integral part of him, through heredity, environment, and personal bias, that the only surprise would be that he should not have ended in this way. Community of goods, mutual help, and kindred doctrines are the national birth-

right of every Russian, often bartered, it is true. But long residence in the country among the peasants who do not preach these doctrines, but simply practice them, naturally affected the thoughtful student of humanity though he was of a different rank. He began to announce his theories to the world, and found followers, as teachers of these views generally do, — a proof that they satisfy an instinct in the human breast. Solitary country life anywhere is productive of such views.

Disciples, or "adepts," began to make pilgrimages to the prophet. There is a characteristic, a highly characteristic history of one such who came and established himself in the village at the count's park gate.

"This F. was a Jew, who did not finish his studies, got led astray by socialists, and joined a community where, like the other members, he lived out of marriage with a young girl student. At last he came across a treatise of Lyeff Nikoláevitch, and decided that he was wrong and Lyeff Nikoláevitch right. He removed to Yásnaya Polyána, married his former mistress, and began to live and work among the peasants." (He first joined the Russian church, and one of the count's daughters stood godmother for him.) "His wife worked also; but, with delicate health and two small children to care for, she could do little, through weakness and lack of skill. The peasants laughed at him and at Lyeff Nikolá'itch."

Mrs. F. came to the countess with her griefs, and the latter helped her with food, clothing, and in other ways. "One day nothing remained in the house to eat but a single crust. F. was ill. His wife, who was also ill and feeble, went off to work. On her return she found no bread. Some one had come along begging '*Khristi rádi*' [for Christ's sake], and F. had given him the crust, — with absolute consistency, it must be confessed. This was the end. There was a scene. The wife went back to her friends. F. also gave up, went off to Ekaterinoslaff, learned the tailor's trade, and married again!" How he managed this second marriage without committing bigamy, in view of the laws of Russia on that point, I am at a loss to understand.

"All my husband's disciples," said the countess, "are small, blond, sickly, and homely; all as like one to another as a pair of old boots. You have seen them. X. Z. — you know him — had a very pretty talent for verses; but he has ruined it and his mind, and made himself quite an idiot by following my husband's teachings."

The count provided a complement to these remarks in a conversation on Russian writers. He said of a certain author: "That man has never been duly appreciated, has never received the recognition which his genius deserves. Yet you know how superbly he writes, — or rather, did write. He has spoiled himself now by imitating me. It is a pity."

This ingenuous comment is rescued from any tinge of conceit or egotism by its absolute simplicity and truth. The imitation referred to is of the moral Tales for popular reading of the lower classes, which my cabman had studied. The pity of it is, when so many of the contemporary writers of Russia owe their inspiration, their very existence, to Turgeneff and Tolstóy having preceded them, that a man who possesses personal talent and a delightful individual style should sacrifice them. In his case it is unnecessary. Count Tolstóy's recognition of this fact is characteristic.

The countess's description of the "adepts" was as clever as the rest of her remarks, and absolutely accurate. One of them was at the house for a day or two. (I had seen them elsewhere as well.) He had evidently got himself a new blouse for the visit. It was of coarse blue and white cloth, checked, and so stiff with newness that, having

a long slit and only one button, at the neck, I could see the whole of his hairy breast every time I looked at him from the left side. I sympathized with Prince K., who being next him at table turned his back on him and ignored him conversationally; which embarrassed the young man extremely. Apropos of his shirt, I never saw any one but the count himself wear a shirt that a real peasant would have worn; and I do not believe that even he had one of the characteristic red cotton garments which are the peasant's pride.

I found this adept interesting when he sat opposite me, and he incited the count to vivacity. He contributed a very good anecdote illustrative of the count's followers.

A man in one of the southern governments — which one is immaterial here — sent a quantity of lithographed copies of five or ten forbidden books (Tolstóy's and others) to a disciple of Tolstóy in one of the northern governments. In the village of this disciple, some young women students in the higher or university courses for women, and followers of Tolstóy, were living for the summer in peasant fashion, and working in the fields, "*to the scornful pity of the peasants.*" (I italicize this phrase as remarkable on the lips of an adept.) These young women, having heard of the dispatch by post of the books, and being in the town, thought to do the count's disciple a favor by asking if they had arrived. Had they refrained, nothing would have happened and the books would have been delivered without a question. As it was, attention was attracted to the parcel by the inquiry of these girls of eccentric behavior. The fifty or sixty copies were confiscated; the girls' passports were taken from them. The disciple appealed to a relative in high official position in their behalf. The girls were informed, in consequence, that they might hire themselves out to work for this disciple of gentle birth as much as they liked; but they were forbidden to work for or among the peasants. The adventure was not ended when this story was told. Whether the students were satisfied with the permission to work I do not know. Probably not; their fellow-disciple would not have scorned them as the peasants did, and contradiction, that spice of life to enthusiastic worshipers of impracticable ideas, would have been lacking. In my opinion, the authorities committed an error in judgment. They should have shown more faith in the peasants, the toil, and the girls' unhardened frames. All three elements combined could have been trusted to effect a permanent cure of those disciples by the end of the harvest, had they been gently encouraged not only to work with the peasants, but to prove that they were capable of toiling and enduring in precisely the same manner and measure.

Still the authorities very naturally looked upon the action of the girls as a case of *idtí v naród* (going to the people), in the sense understood by the revolutionary propagandists. Their prohibition was based on this ground.

In some way we got upon the subject of English things and ways. The count's eyes flashed.

"The English are the most brutal nation on earth!" he exclaimed. "Along with the Zulus, that is to say. Both go naked: the Zulus all day long, the Englishwomen as soon as dinner is served. The English worship their muscle; they think of it, talk of it. If I had time, I should like to write a book on their ways. And then their executions, which they go to see as a pleasure!"

I asked which nation was a model, in his opinion.

"The French," he answered, which seemed to me inconsistent, when he told of the execution which he had witnessed in Paris, where a father had lifted up his little child that it might have a good view of the horrors of the guillotine.

"Defective as is Russian civilization in many respects," he said, "you will never find the Russian peasant like that. He abhors deliberate murder, like an execution."

"Yet he will himself commit murder," I objected. "There has been a perfect flood of murders reported in the newspapers this very spring. Those perpetrated in town were all by men of the peasant class; and most of them were by lads under twenty years of age."

He insisted that I must have misread the papers. So I proceeded to inquire, "What will a peasant do in case of an execution?"

"He will murder, but without premeditation. What he will do in case of an execution I can illustrate for you by something which occurred in this very neighborhood some years ago.

"The regimental secretary of a regiment stationed at Z. was persecuted by one of his officers, who found fault with him continually, and even placed him under arrest for days at a time, when the man had only obeyed his own orders. At last the secretary's patience failed him, and one day he struck the officer. A court-martial followed. I was chosen to defend him. He was sentenced to death. I appealed to the Emperor through Madame A., — you know her. For some reason she spoke to one of the ministers. 'You have not stated the number of his regiment; that is indispensable,' was the reply. Evidently this was a subterfuge, that time might be consumed in correspondence, and the pardon might arrive too late. The reason for this was, in all probability, that just at this time a soldier had struck an officer in Moscow and had been condemned. If one were pardoned, in justice the other must be also. Otherwise discipline would suffer. This coincidence was awkward for the secretary, strong as his case was, and he was shot.

"The adjutant's hands trembled so with emotion that he could not apply the bandage to the prisoner's eyes. Others tried and gave it up. Well, as soon as that man was buried his grave was covered with flowers, crosses, and all sorts of things by the peasants, who came many versts from all directions, as to the grave of a martyr. Masses for the dead were ordered there, in uninterrupted succession, by these poor peasants. The feeling was so great and appeared to be spreading to such an extent that the authorities were forced not only to prohibit access to the grave, but even to level it off so that it could not be found. But an Englishman! If he were told to cut the throat of his own father and eat him, he would do it."

"Still, in spite of your very striking illustration, and your doubts as to my having read the papers correctly," I remarked, "I am sure that the Russian peasant does, occasionally, murder with premeditation. He is a fine-tempered, much-enduring, admirable fellow, I admit, but he is human. He cannot be so different in this respect from all other races of men. Moreover, I have the testimony of a celebrated Russian author on my side."

"What author? What testimony?"

"Have you ever read The Power of Darkness? The amount of deliberation, of premeditation, in any murder is often a matter of opinion; but the murder of the child in the last act of that comedy is surely deliberate enough to admit of no difference of judgment. Don't you think that the author supports me?"

He gasped at my audacity in quoting his own writings against him, and retreated into the silence which was his resource when he could not or would not answer. Put him in a corner and he would refuse to come out.

Beggars used to come while we were eating out-of-doors; some called themselves "pilgrims." The count would give them a little money, and they would tramp off again. One day when the birthday of an absent member of the

family was being celebrated, and we were drinking healths in *vodítchka* (a sort of effervescent water flavored with fruit juices), we had a distinguished visitor, "Prince Románoff." This was the crazy Balákhin mentioned in What to Do? as having had his brain turned by the sight of the luxury in the lives of others. His rags and patches, or rather his conglomeration of patches, surpassed anything we had seen in that line. One of the lads jumped up and gave him a glass of raspberry vodítchka, telling him that it was rare old wine. The man sipped it, looked through it, and pretended (I am sure that it was mere pretense) to believe that it was wine. He promised us all large estates when the Emperor should give him back his own, now wrongfully withheld from him.

Balákhin stayed about the place, making himself at home with the servants, for twenty-four hours or more. I believe that he strays about among the landed proprietors of the district as a profession. In spite of his willingness to call himself "Prince Románoff" as often as any one chose to incite him thereto, this did not impress me as a proof that he was too deranged to earn his own living, with his healthy frame, if he saw fit. I had observed the mania for titles in other persons (not all Russians, by any means) who would vigorously resent the imputation that they should be in a lunatic asylum. Moreover, this imperial "Prince Románoff" never forgot his "manners." He invariably rose when his superiors (or his inferiors, perhaps I should say) approached, like any other peasant, and he looked far more crafty than crazy.

As the peasants were all busy haying, we postponed our visit to the village until the afternoon of SS. Peter and Paul's day, in the hope that we should then find some of them at home. The butler's family were drinking tea on the porch of their neat new log house with a tinned roof, at the end of the village near the park gate. They rose and invited us to honor them with our company and share their meal. We declined, for lack of time.

One of the count's daughters had told me of a curious difference existing between the cut of the aprons of maidens and of those of married women. I had been incredulous, and she suggested that I put the matter to the test by asking the first married woman whom we should see. We found a pretty woman, with beautiful brown eyes and exquisite teeth (whose whiteness and soundness are said to be the result of the sour black bread which the peasants eat exclusively), standing at the door of her cottage.

"Here 's your chance!"

"Show me your window, please," I said.

She laughed, and turned her back to me. There was the "window," sure enough. The peasant apron, which is fastened under the armpits, is pretty evenly distributed as to fullness all the way round, and in the case of a maiden falls in straight lines in the back. But the married woman makes hers with a semicircular opening a few inches below the band. The points of the opening are connected by a loop of fringe, a couple of cords not always tied, or anything that comes handy, apparently for ornament. Now when the husband feels moved to demonstrate his affection for his spouse by administering a beating, he is not obliged to fumble and grope among those straight folds for the awkward triangular little opening, quite unsuited to accommodate his fist. He can grasp her promptly by the neck of her chemise and this comfortable semicircle, and not force her to doubt his love by delay and hesitation in expression. I asked the pretty woman if her husband found it very useful. "Sometimes," she answered nonchalantly. The Russian peasant theory is: "No beating, no jealousy; no jealousy, no love."

She offered to sell us a new petticoat similar to the one which she wore. It was of homespun, hard-twisted wool *étamine*, very durable, of a sort which is made, with slight variations, in several governments. Ordinarily, in this district, it is of a bright scarlet plaided off with lines of white and yellow. A breadth of dark blue cotton cloth is always inserted in the left side. When a woman is in mourning, the same plaid on a dark blue foundation is used. Married women wear coarse chemises and aprons of homespun linen; and their braided hair coiled on top of the head imparts a coronet shape to the gay cotton kerchief which is folded across the brow and knotted at the nape of the neck.

Young girls wear cotton chemises and aprons and print dresses, all purchased, not home made. It is considered that if a girl performs her due share of the house and field work she will not have time to weave more than enough linen for her wedding outfit, and the purchase of what is needed before that unhappy event is regarded as a certificate of industry. I call it an unhappy event because from the moment of her betrothal the prospective bride wears mourning garments. Black beads for the neck are the height of fashion here.

The girl's gown, called a *sarafán*, is plaited straight and full into a narrow band, and suspended just below the armpits by cross-bands over the shoulders. She prefers for it plain scarlet cotton (*kumátch*), or scarlet printed in designs of yellow, white, and green. Her head kerchief matches in style. Her betrothal gown and kerchief have a dark blue or black ground with colored figures.

The bargain for the petticoat was closed at two rubles, its real worth, subject to "sister's approbation," — an afterthought on the part of the pretty woman. When she brought it to us at the house, a couple of hours later, modestly concealed under her apron, and with sister's blessing, she demanded half a ruble more, because we had not beaten her down, and perhaps also as an equivalent for sister's consent.

She showed us her cottage, which was luxurious, since it had a brick half for winter use, exactly corresponding to the summer half of logs. Behind, in a wattled inclosure, were the animals and farming implements. It was not a cheerful dwelling, with its tiny windows, wall benches to serve as seats and beds, pine table, images in the corner, great whitewashed oven, in which the cooking was done, and on which, near the ceiling, they could sleep, and sheepskin coats as well as other garments lying about.

Practically, a small Russian village consists of one street, since those peasants who live on the occasional parallel or side lanes are "no account folks," and not in fashion. It seemed inconsistent that ranks and degrees should exist in peasant villages; but human nature is much the same in the country as in capitals, even in the village of the man who advocates absolute equality of poverty, and despite the views of my merry izvóstchik Alexéi.

The aged mother of the woman to whom the count's daughter was carrying a gift of a new kerchief was at home, and bestowed some smacking kisses in thanks. The old woman even ran after us to discharge another volley of gratitude on the young countess's pretty cheeks.

In the evening we set out once more for the village, to see the choral dances and hear the songs with which the peasants celebrate their holidays. A dozen or so of small peasant girls, pupils of the count's daughter, who had invited themselves to swing on the Giant Steps on the lawn opposite the count's study windows, abandoned their amusement and accompanied us down the avenue, fairly howling an endless song in shrill voices that went through one's nerves.

The Giant Steps I may describe here,

since it is a favorite gymnastic apparatus. A tall, stout mast is planted securely in the earth. On its iron-bound top rests a heavy iron ring, which moves freely and to which are attached six or eight heavy cables touching the ground. Each cable is grasped by a person as high up as the arms will reach. All run round, holding the ropes, until sufficient impetus is acquired; then they sail through the air supported only by the arms. For small children the cables are looped and padded into seats close to the ground; but these can also be used in the ordinary way.

As we emerged from the shadows of the avenue and proceeded up the broad grassy village street to the place of assembly, the children dispersed. A crowd was collected at a fairly level spot ready for the dancing. All wore their gayest clothes. The full moon, with brilliant Jupiter close beside her, furnished an ideally picturesque light, and displayed the scene to the greatest advantage. Low gray cottages framed the whole.

It was a grand occasion. One of the count's sons had brought his violin, his cousin had a *balaláika*, a triangular peasant guitar, and one of the lackeys had his harmonica, to play for the dancing. The young men sat on a rough improvised bench; the servant stood beside them. The peasants seemed shy. They hesitated and argued a good deal over beginning each song. Finally they joined hands and circled slowly to the tones of the generally monotonous airs. Some of the melodies were lively and pleasing, but the Great Russian peasant woman's voice is undeniably shrill. The dancing, when some bold peasant ventured to enter the circle, after much urging and pushing, was far tamer and more unvarying than I had seen elsewhere. We felt very grateful to our maid, Tatiána, for stepping forward with spirit and giving us a touch of the genuine thing.

Alas! the fruits of Tatiána's civilization were but too visible in her gown of yellow print flounced to the waist and with a tight-fitting bodice. The peasant costume suits the dance far better. Her partner was unworthy of her, and did not perform the squat-and-leap step in proper form. She needed Fómitch, the butler, who had been obliged to stay at home and serve tea; to his regret, no doubt, since we were informed that "he danced as though he had ten devils in his body." As we saw no prospect of any devils at all, — and they are very necessary for the proper dash in Russian dancing, — we strolled home, past the pond where the women were wont to wash their clothes, and up the dark avenue. Perhaps the requisite demons arrived after our departure. It was a characteristic scene, and one not readily to be forgotten.

One of the most enjoyable incidents of the evening was the rehearsal of the maid's coquettish steps and graces given by one of our young hostesses for the benefit of those members of the family who had not been present. It reminded us of the scene in War and Peace after the hunt, when charming young Countess Natálya Ilínitchna astonishes her old relative by her artistic performance of the Russian dance, which she must have inherited with the traditions of her native land, since she had never learned it.

Balaláika duets were one of the joys of our evenings under the trees, after dinner. The young men played extremely well, and the popular airs were fascinating. Our favorite was the Báruinya-Sudáruinya, which invariably brings out volleys of laughter and plaudits when it is sung on the stage. Even a person who hears it played for the first time and is ignorant of the words is constrained to laughter by the merry air. In the evenings there were also hare-and-hounds hunts through the meadows and forests, bonfires over which the younger members of the family jumped in peasant fashion, and other amusements.

In consequence of vegetarian indiscretions and of trifling with his health in other ways during the exceptionally hot weather then prevailing, the count fell ill. When he got about a little he delighted to talk of death. He said he felt that he was not going to live long, and was glad of it. He asked what we thought of death and the other world, declaring that the future life must be far better than this, though in what it consisted he could not feel any certainty. Naturally he did not agree with our view, that for the lucky ones this world provides a very fair idea of heaven, because his ideal was not happiness for all, but misery for all. He will be forced to revise this ideal if he ever really comes to believe in heaven.

During this illness I persuaded him to read Looking Backward, which I had received as I was leaving Moscow. When I presented it to him he promised to examine it "some time;" but when I give books I like to hear the opinion of the recipient in detail, and I had had experience when I gave him Robert Elsmere. Especially in this case was I anxious to discuss the work.

At first he was very favorably impressed, and said that he would translate the book into Russian. He believed that this was the true way: that people should have, literally, all things in common, and so on. I replied that matters would never arrive at the state described unless this planet were visited by another deluge, and neither Noah nor any other animal endowed with the present human attributes saved to continue this selfish species. I declared that nothing short of a new planet, Utopia, and a newly created, selected, and combined race of Utopian angels, would ever get as far as the personages in that book, not to speak of remaining in equilibrium on that dizzy point when it should have been once attained. He disagreed with me, and an argument royal ensued. In the course of it he said that his only objection lay in the degree of luxury in which the characters of the new perfection lived.

"What harm is there in comfort and luxury to any extent," I asked, "provided that all enjoy it?"

"Luxury is all wrong," he answered severely. "You perceive the sinful luxury in which I live," waving his hand towards the excessively plain furniture, and animadverting with special bitterness on the silver forks and spoons. "It is all a fallacy that we can raise those below us by remaining above them. We must descend to their level in habits, intelligence, and life; then all will rise together."

"Even bread must have yeast; and if we all make ourselves exactly alike, who is to act as yeast? Are we to adopt all vices of the lower classes? That would be the speediest way of putting ourselves on a complete equality with them. But if some of us do not remain yeast, we shall all turn out the flattest sort of dough."

"We certainly cannot change the position of a thing unless we go close enough to grasp it, unless we are on the same plane with it."

"Perhaps not; but being on the same plane does not always answer. Did you ever see an acrobat try that trick? He puts one leg on the table, then tries to lift his whole body by grasping the other leg and putting it on a level to begin with. Logically, it ought to succeed and carry the body with it, if your theory is correct. However, it remains merely a curious and amusing experiment, likely to result in a broken neck to any one not skilled in gymnastics, and certain to end in a tumble even for the one who is thus skilled."

He reiterated his arguments. I retorted that human beings were not moral kangaroos, who could proceed by leaps, and that even the kangaroo is obliged to allow the tip of his tail to follow his paws. I said that in the moral as well

as in the physical world it is simply a choice between standing still and putting one foot before the other; that one cannot get upstairs by remaining on the bottom step; one member of the body must rise first.

We were obliged to agree to disagree, as usual, but I fancy that he may have changed to my opinion of the book and the subject by this time. I have already noted that he is open to influence.

One evening, as we sat on the steps of the uncovered terrace outside his study, the conversation fell on the book which he was then engaged upon, and which the countess had shown us that she was copying for the fourth time. He had been busy on it for two years. Neither of them went into details nor mentioned the plot, but I had heard on my arrival in Russia, twenty months previously, that it related to the murder of a woman by her husband, and had a railway scene in it. I did not interrogate them, and when the count said that he hoped I would translate the book when it should be finished I accepted the proposal with alacrity. I inquired whether I was to read it then.

"You may if you wish," was the reply, "but I shall probably make some changes, and I should prefer that you would wait; but that shall be as you please."

His wife said that he might suddenly take a fancy to view the subject from an entirely different point, and write the book all over.

I declined to anticipate my future pleasure by even glancing at it, and I asked no questions. Neither did I ask to see The Fruits of Civilization, which was already written and named. I was not there to exploit their hospitality.

The count and his wife differed as to what ought to be the fate of the coming volume. He wished to give it to the world (that is, to some publisher) for nothing. She argued that some one, the publisher at least, would make money out of it; then why not let his own family have the profit, as was just? He insisted that it was wrong, inconsistent, in the same strain as he discusses the subject of his writings in What to Do? But she urged him, in case he would not consent to justice, to leave the manuscript with her, unpublished, so that the family could use it after his death. (When the book was ready it was named The Kreutzer Sonata.)

I think that every one must side with the countess in her view of this matter and in her management of the family. It is owing solely to her that the younger members of the family are receiving that education to fit them for their struggle with life which her husband bestowed upon the elder members voluntarily. It is due to her alone, also, that her husband is still alive. It is not an easy task to protect the count against himself. One adds to one's admiration for the count's literary genius an admiration for the countess's talent and good sense by an extended acquaintance with this family.

More than one community has been organized for the express purpose of carrying out the life of toil which Count Tolstóy has advocated at times. One of these communities, of which I had direct information, purchased an estate of a landed proprietor, including the manor house, and began to work. This acquisition of an estate by them, while the count would like to give away his as sinful to retain, does not strike one as a good beginning. However, they did not use the manor house, but lived in one small peasant hut. "They all slept on the floor and benches, men and women," said a Russian to me. A wealthy man had sold his property to join this community against the wishes of his wife, who accompanied him nevertheless. When her baby came, they allowed her to occupy a room in the mansion and required no work from her, since she had the care of the child.

"They never swept or scrubbed anything, and they propagated every insect known to man, and probably a few new ones." But the count has never preached this doctrine, or that an indefinite number of persons should occupy a single cottage. Thus do his too enthusiastic disciples discredit him by running into excesses.

So far as he is concerned, there is not the slightest doubt that he would gladly attempt the life which he advocates. But if he were to take up his residence in a peasant's cottage, and try to support himself on what his labors brought in exclusively, he would be dead in less than a month. He suffers from liver disease; he has not been used to hard labor from early youth; he cannot, at his age, accustom himself to it any more than he can compel his stomach to accept a purely vegetable diet in place of the meat diet on which he has been brought up. He strives conscientiously to do it. Even the fits of illness caused by his severe treatment of himself do not break his spirit. He exercises not the slightest calculation or forethought in the care of his health, either before it breaks down or afterwards. For example: about five years ago he bruised his leg seriously against the wheel of a peasant cart. Instead of resting it he persisted in working. Erysipelas developed. The Túla doctor paid him numerous visits, at fifteen rubles a visit. Then gangrene threatened, and a doctor was sent for from Moscow. He was a celebrity; price, three hundred and fifty rubles. This was penny wise and pound foolish, of course. But in all probability the count feels the responsibility of exerting his will in this matter of labor all the more because it does not come easy to him, and he attributes to weakness of will power what a peasant would recognize as simple physical exhaustion. The peasant would not hesitate to climb to the top of his oven and stay there until his illness was over, with not a thought whether the work were done or not; and yet the peasant would work far beyond the bounds of what one would suppose that a man could endure. But Count Tolstóy overrates his powers of endurance, and, having exhausted his forces in one desperate spurt, he is naturally obliged to spend more than a corresponding amount of time in recuperating, even if no serious complication intervenes; and this gives rise to the accusation of laziness and insincerity from those who chance to see him in one of these intervals of rest.

Another point which is too often lost sight of by people who disapprove of his labor theories is that, while he advocates living in all respects like a peasant, descending to that level in mind as well as in body, which doctrine seems to include the incessant toil of the masses, he has also announced his theory that men should divide their time each day between (1) hard labor unto perspiration and callosities; (2) the exercise of some useful handicraft; (3) exercise of the brain in writing and reading; (4) social intercourse, sixteen hours in all. This is not a programme which a peasant could follow out. In summer, during the "suffering" season, the peasant toils in the fields for nearly the whole of the twenty-four hours instead of the four thus allotted. In winter, when no field labor is possible, he is likely to spend much more than four hours at whatever remunerative handicraft he may be acquainted with, or in intercourse with his fellowmen (detrimental as likely as not), and a good deal less in reading at any season of the year, for lack of instruction, interest, or books. On the other hand, this reasonable *régime* is not practicable for many men of other than peasant rank. It happens to be perfectly practicable for Count Tolstóy when his health permits. But as he has also said much about doing everything for one's self, earning in some form of common labor all that one spends, those who

remember this only, and who know how little can be earned by a whole day's toil in Russia, not to mention toil divided between two branches, which agriculture does not permit, are not altogether to blame for jumping to the conclusion that the count makes no effort to practice what he preaches. He does what he can. He is reproached with having made over his property to his wife and with living as before. It is really difficult to see what other course is open to him. An unmarried man, under obligations to no one but himself, may reasonably be blamed for not carrying out the doctrine which he volunteers to teach the world. A married man can only be blamed for volunteering the doctrine. No blame can possibly attach to the wife who defends the interests of the family to the extent of working havoc with his doctrines.

Even if Count Tolstóy were able to support himself, he certainly could not support a wife and the nine living children out of sixteen which he has had. There is no justice in expecting the adult members of the family to accept and practice his doctrines. They do not compel him to accept theirs, though they are in the majority. The little ones could not feed themselves, even were they ideal peasant children. It would be nearer the truth to say that the countess has taken possession of the property; she administers it wisely and economically, for the good of the family and her husband. She issued, about five years ago, a cheaper edition of her husband's works, the only edition available hitherto having been very expensive. The wisdom of her step was proved by the large profits derived from it in the course of three years, — fifty thousand dollars, — all of which was applied to the needs of the family.

The count is not the only one at Yásnaya Polyána to deny himself. For the past two winters the whole family have remained on the estate, and have not gone to Moscow, with the exception of one who is in business at the capital, one member who is at his studies, and one who is married and resides on another estate. This is because the income did not amount to a certain sum, a very moderate sum in American eyes, without which a stay in town would have been imprudent.

The question naturally follows: If the countess holds the property, and the count continues to get the good of it, in a modest way; if the count does not do everything for himself, and earn his daily bread by manual toil, is not he mentally unbalanced to proclaim his theories to the world, and to change his mind so often on other points?

The answer is: No. Undoubtedly the count, when he attained to his convictions on the subject of poverty and labor, hoped to carry his family with him. The countess, like a brave woman, like a devoted wife and mother, refused to adopt his views. She is willing to shoulder the responsibility of her refusal, and her conduct is an honor to her. As for his changes of doctrine, we are all very much like him in the matter of inconsistency. Only, as very few of us enjoy the renown or the authority of Count Tolstóy, it rarely occurs to us to proclaim our progressive opinions to the world; at most, one or two experiences cure us of that weakness, even if any one thinks it worth while to notice them in the slightest degree. Very few of us are so deeply rooted in our convictions, or so impressed with their importance to the world as principles, that we will raise a finger to defend them. We alternately know that we shall never change them again, and suspect that we may see something better at any moment; and we refrain from committing ourselves unnecessarily in any form which can be brought up against us hereafter.

The case is precisely the reverse with Count Tolstóy. He is so full of the

missionary spirit, so persuaded of the truth and value of his beliefs, that he rushes into print with them instantly. There they are, all ready for those who do not sympathize with him to use as missiles when he gets a new inspiration. Change of opinion is generally progress. Continuity, an absolute lack of change, means stagnation and death in the mental as well as in the physical world. As the count is impressible and reads much, his reading and meditation are fruitful of novelties, which he bravely submits to the judgment of the world without pausing to consider whether they coincide with his other utterances or not. That he does not always express his abstract ideas clearly is the inevitable result of the lack of philosophical training.

But enthusiastic souls who grieve over the imperfections in the present organization of society are always waiting for some one of warmer zeal to lead them. Such persons perceive the ideal side of every argument, interpret doctrines with their hearts, not with their heads, and are fired by the newest conception of social relations. As one of the most marked characteristics of Count Tolstóy lies in infusing his own personality into every word he writes, it is only natural that these people should adopt him as their guide. It is not the fault of any one in particular that he has abandoned a doctrine by the time others have mastered it. The only refuge is in the cry of Hamlet: —

> "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right."

Thus much I think I may say of the home life of the famous Russian writer without sinning against the duties imposed by the frank and cordial hospitality for which we are indebted to the family. It has seemed time to enter a protest against various misrepresentations and misconceptions in regard to them which are current. In conclusion, I beg leave to explain that my spelling of the name is that used by themselves when writing in English, and in print upon their French cards.

*Isabel F. Hapgood.*

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## A NOVEMBER PRAIRIE.

The sun rose up in drear and sullen state
And gazed remote upon a withered world;
One slow, cold, distant glance, one pale unfeeling gaze,
Then drew the gray clouds close, and veiled his face from view.
From east to west the tall bleached grass stretched out
A wide and level monotone of gray.
No sign of life was there, nor tree, nor living thing;
A frozen earth spread 'neath an ashen sky,
And all between was silence and the cold.

The day draws on, the cold still fiercer grows,
Upon the gray a darker gray appears;
A writhing, seething mass of angry clouds
Sweeps on with fearful force and snowy breath;
The ghostly grass bows down with one great moan of pain,
And all the shuddering air is filled with strife.

*Katharine T. Prescott.*

# THE CHIEF CITY OF THE PROVINCE OF THE GODS.

## I.

THE first of the noises of a Matsue day comes to the sleeper like the throbbing of a slow, enormous pulse exactly under his ear. It is a great, soft, dull buffet of sound, like a heartbeat in its regularity, in its muffled depth, in the way it quakes up through one's pillow so as to be felt rather than heard. It is simply the pounding of the ponderous pestle of the *kometsuke*, the cleaner of rice, — a sort of colossal wooden mallet with a handle about fifteen feet long horizontally balanced on a pivot. By treading with all his force on the end of the handle, the naked kometsuke elevates the pestle, which is then allowed to fall back by its own weight into the rice-tub. The measured muffled echoing of its fall seems to me the most pathetic of all sounds of Japanese life; it is the beating, indeed, of the Pulse of the Land.

Then the boom of the great bell of Tokoji, the Zen-shu temple, shakes over the town; then come melancholy echoes of drumming from the tiny little temple of Jizo in the street Zaimokucho, near my house, signaling the Buddhist hour of morning prayer. And finally the cries of the earliest itinerant venders begin, — "*Daikoyai! kabuya-kabu!*" — the sellers of *daikon* and other strange vegetables. "*Moya-moya!*" — the plaintive call of the women who sell little thin slips of kindling-wood for the lighting of charcoal fires.

## II.

Roused thus by these earliest sounds of the city's wakening life, I slide open my little Japanese paper window to look out upon the morning over a soft green cloud of spring foliage rising from the river-bounded garden below. Before me, tremulously mirroring everything upon its further side, glimmers the broad glassy mouth of the Ōhashigawa, opening into the grand Shinji Lake, which spreads out broadly to the right in a dim gray frame of peaks. Just opposite to me, across the stream, the blue-pointed Japanese dwellings have their *to*[1] all closed; they are still shut up like boxes, for it is not yet sunrise, although it is day.

But oh the charm of the vision, — those first ghostly love-colors of a morning steeped in mist soft as sleep itself, resolved into a visible exhalation! Long reaches of faintly tinted vapor cloud the far lake verge, — long nebulous bands such as you may have seen in old Japanese picture-books, and must have deemed only artistic whimsicalities unless you had previously looked upon the real phenomena. All the bases of the mountains are veiled by them, and they stretch athwart the loftier peaks at different heights like immeasurable lengths of gauze (this singular appearance the Japanese term "shelving"), so that the lake appears incomparably larger than it really is, and not an actual lake, but a beautiful spectral sea of the same tint as the dawn-sky and mixing with it, while peak-tips rise like islands from the brume, and visionary strips of hill-ranges figure as league-long causeways stretching out of sight, — an exquisite chaos, ever changing aspect as the delicate fogs rise, slowly, very slowly. As the sun's yellow rim comes into sight, fine thin lines of warmer tone — spectral violets and opalines — shoot across the flood, treetops take tender fire, and the unpainted façades of high edifices across the water change their wood-color

[1] Thick solid sliding shutters of unpainted wood, which in Japanese houses serve both as shutters and doors.

to vapory gold through the delicious haze.

Looking sunward, up the long Ōhashigawa, beyond the many-pillared wooden bridge, one high-pooped junk, just hoisting sail, seems to me the most fantastically beautiful craft I ever saw, — a dream of Orient seas, so idealized by the vapor is it; the ghost of a junk, but a ghost that catches the light as clouds do; a shape of gold mist, seemingly semi-diaphanous, and suspended in pale blue light.

III.

And now from the river-front touching my garden there rises to me a sound of clapping of hands, — one, two, three, four claps, — but the owner of the hands is screened from view by the shrubbery. At the same time, however, I see men and women descending the stone steps of the wharves on the opposite side of the Ōhashigawa, all with little blue towels tucked into their girdles. They wash their faces and hands and rinse their mouths, — the customary ablution preliminary to Shintō prayer. Then they turn their faces to the sunrise and clap their hands four times and pray. From the long high white bridge come other clappings, like echoes, and others again from far, light, graceful craft, curved like new moons, — extraordinary boats, in which I see bare-limbed fishermen standing with foreheads bowed to the golden East. Now the clappings multiply, — multiply at last into an almost continuous volleying of sharp sounds. For all the population are saluting the rising sun, — O-Hi-San, the Lady of Fire, — Ama-terasu-oho-mi-Kami, the Lady of the Great Light.[1] "*Konnichi Sama!* Hail this day to thee, divinest Day-Maker! Thanks unutterable unto thee for this thy sweet light, making beautiful the world!" So, doubtless, the thought, if not the utterance, of countless hearts. Some turn to the sun only, clapping their hands; yet many turn also to the West, to holy Kitzuki, the immemorial shrine; and not a few turn their faces successively to all the points of heaven, murmuring the names of a hundred gods; and others, again, after having saluted the Lady of Fire, look toward high Ichibata, toward the place of the great temple of Yakushi-Nyorai, who giveth sight to the blind, — not clapping their hands as in Shintō worship, but only rubbing the palms softly together after the Buddhist manner. But all — for in this most antique province of Japan all Buddhists are Shintōists likewise — utter the archaic words of Shintō prayer: "*Harai tamai Kiyome tamai to Kami imi tami.*"

Prayer to the most ancient gods who reigned before the coming of the Buddha, and who still reign here in their own Izumo-land, — in the Land of Reed Plains, in the Place of the Issuing of Clouds; prayer to the deities of primal chaos and primeval sea and of the beginnings of the world, — strange gods with long weird names, kindred of U-hiji-ni-no-Kami, the First Mud-Lord, kindred of Su-hiji-ni-no-Kami, the First Sand-Lady; prayer to those who came after them, — the gods of strength and beauty, the world-fashioners, makers of the mountains and the isles, ancestors of those sovereigns whose lineage still is named "The Sun's Succession;" prayer to the Three Thousands Gods "residing within the provinces," and to the Eight Hundred Myriads who dwell in the azure *Takama-no-hara*, — in the blue Plain of High Heaven. "*Nippon-koku-chū-yaoyorozu-no-Kami-gami-sama!*"

IV.

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

My *uguisu* is awake at last, and utters his morning prayer. You do not know what an uguisu is? An uguisu is a holy little bird that professes Bud-

[1] *Ama-terasu-oho-mi-Kami* literally signifies "the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Divinity." (See Professor Chamberlain's translation of the Kojiki.)

dhism. All uguisu have professed Buddhism from time immemorial; all uguisu preach alike to men the excellence of the divine Sutra.

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

In the Japanese tongue, *Ho-ke-kyō;* in Sanscrit, *Saddharma-Pundarika:* "The Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law," the divine book of the Nichiren sect. Very brief indeed is my little feathered Buddhist's confession of faith, — only the sacred name reiterated over and over again like a litany, with liquid bursts of twittering between.

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

Only this one phrase, but how deliciously he utters it! With what slow amorous ecstasy he dwells upon its golden syllables!

It hath been written: "He who shall keep, read, teach, or write this Sutra shall obtain eight hundred good qualities of the Eye. He shall see the whole Triple Universe down to the great hell Aviki, and up to the extremity of existence. He shall obtain twelve hundred good qualities of the Ear. He shall hear all sounds in the Triple Universe, — sounds of gods, goblins, demons, and beings not human."

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

A single word only. But it is also written: "He who shall joyfully accept but a single word from this Sutra, incalculably greater shall be his merit than the merit of one who should supply all beings in the four hundred thousand Asankhyeyas of worlds with all the necessaries for happiness."

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

Always he makes a reverent little pause after uttering it and before shrilling out his ecstatic warble, — his bird-hymn of praise. First the warble; then a pause of about five seconds; then a slow, sweet, solemn utterance of the holy name in a tone as of meditative wonder; then another pause; then another wild, rich, passionate warble. Could you see him, you would marvel how so powerful and penetrating a soprano could ripple from so minute a throat; for he is one of the very tiniest of all feathered singers, yet his chant can be heard far across the broad river, and children going to school pause daily on the bridge, a whole *cho* away, to listen to his song. And uncomely withal: a neutral-tinted mite, almost lost in his immense box-cage of *hinoki* wood, darkened with paper screens over its little wire-grated windows, for he loves the gloom.

Delicate he is and exacting even to tyranny. All his diet must be laboriously triturated and weighed in scales, and measured out to him at precisely the same hour each day. It demands all possible care and attention merely to keep him alive. He is precious nevertheless. "Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of him," so rare he is. Indeed, I could not have afforded to buy him. He was sent to me by one of the sweetest ladies in Japan, daughter of the governor of Izumo, who, thinking the foreign teacher might feel lonesome during a brief illness, made him the exquisite gift of this dainty creature.

V.

The clapping of hands has ceased; the toil of the day begins; continually louder and louder the pattering of *getas* over the bridge. It is a sound never to be forgotten, this pattering of getas over the Ōhashi, — rapid, merry, musical, like the sound of an enormous dance; and a dance it veritably is. The whole population is moving on tiptoe, and the multitudinous twinkling of feet over the verge of the sunlit roadway is an astonishment. All those feet are small, symmetrical, — light as the feet of figures painted on Greek vases, — and the step is always taken toes first; indeed, with getas it could be taken no other way, for the heel touches neither the geta nor the ground, and the foot is tilted forward by the wedge-shaped wooden

sole. Merely to stand upon a pair of getas is difficult for one unaccustomed to their use, yet you see Japanese children running at full speed in getas with soles at least two inches high, held to the foot only by a forestrap fastened between the great toe and the other toes, and they never trip and the geta never falls off. Still more curious is the spectacle of men walking in *bokkuri* or *takageta*, a wooden sole with wooden supports at least five inches high fitted underneath it so as to make the whole structure seem the lacquered model of a wooden bench. But the wearers stride as freely as if they had nothing upon their feet.

Now children begin to appear, hurrying to school. The undulation of the wide sleeves of their pretty speckled robes, as they run, looks precisely like a fluttering of extraordinary butterflies. The junks spread their great white or yellow wings, and the funnels of the little steamers which have been slumbering all night by the wharves begin to smoke.

One of the tiny lake steamers lying at the opposite wharf has just opened its steam-throat to utter the most unimaginable, piercing, desperate, furious howl. When that cry is heard everybody laughs. The other little steamboats utter only plaintive mooings, but unto this particular vessel — newly built and launched by a rival company — there has been given a voice expressive to the most amazing degree of reckless hostility and savage defiance. The good people of Matsue, upon hearing its voice for the first time, gave it forthwith a new and just name, — *Ōkami-Marn*. "*Marn*" signifies a steamship. "*Ōkami*" signifies a wolf.

VI.

A very curious little object now comes slowly floating down the river, and I do not think that you could possibly guess what it is.

The Hotoke, or Buddhas, and the beneficent Kami are not the only divinities worshiped by the Japanese of the poorer classes. The deities of evil, or at least some of them, are duly propitiated upon certain occasions, and requited by offerings whenever they graciously vouchsafe to inflict a temporary ill instead of an irremediable misfortune. (After all, this is no more irrational than the thanksgiving prayer at the close of the hurricane season in the West Indies, after the destruction by storm of twenty-two thousand lives.) So men sometimes pray to Ekibiogami, the God of Pestilence, and to Kaze-no-Kami, the God of Wind and of Bad Colds, and to Hoso-no-Kami, the God of Smallpox, and to divers evil genii.

Now when a person is certainly going to get well of smallpox a feast is given to the Hoso-no-Kami, much as a feast is given to the Fox-God when a possessing fox has promised to allow himself to be cast out. Upon a *sandowara*, or small straw mat, such as is used to close the end of a rice-bale, one or more *kawaraki*, or small earthenware vessels, are placed. These are filled with a preparation of rice and red beans called *adzukimeshi*, whereof both Inari-Sama and Hoso-no-Kami are supposed to be very fond. Little bamboo wands with *gohei* (paper cuttings) fastened to them are then planted either in the mat or in the adzukimeshi, and the color of these gohei must be red. (Be it observed that the gohei of other Kami are always white.) This offering is then either suspended to a tree, or set afloat in some running stream at a considerable distance from the home of the convalescent. This is called "seeing the God off."

VII.

The long white bridge with its pillars of iron is recognizably modern. It was, in fact, opened to the public only last spring with great ceremony. According to some most ancient custom, when

a new bridge has been built the first persons to pass over it must be the happiest of the community. So the authorities of Matsue sought for the happiest folk, and selected two aged men who had both been married for more than half a century, and who had had not less than twelve children, and had never lost any of them. These good patriarchs first crossed the bridge, accompanied by their venerable wives, and followed by their grown-up children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, amidst a great clamor of rejoicing, the showering of fireworks, and the firing of cannon.

But the ancient bridge so recently replaced by this structure was much more picturesque, curving across the flood and supported upon multitudinous feet, like a long-legged centipede of the innocuous kind. For three hundred years it had stood over the stream firmly and well, and it had its particular tradition.

When Horiō Yoshiharu, the great general who became daimio of Izumo in the Keichō era, first undertook to put a bridge over the mouth of this river the builders labored in vain; for there appeared to be no solid bottom for the pillars of the bridge to rest upon. Millions of great stones were cast into the river in vain, for the work constructed by day was swept away or swallowed up by night. Nevertheless at last the bridge was built, but the pillars began to sink soon after it was finished; then a flood carried half of it away, and as often as it was repaired so often it was wrecked. Then a human sacrifice was made to appease the vexed spirits of the flood. A man was buried alive in the river-bed below the place of the middle pillar, where the current is most treacherous, and thereafter the bridge remained immovable for three hundred years.

This victim was one Gensuke, who had lived in the street Saikamachi; for it had been determined that the first man who should cross the bridge wearing *hakamas* without a *machi* should be put under the bridge; and Gensuke sought to pass over not having a machi in his hakamas, so they sacrificed him. Wherefore the midmost pillar of the bridge was for three hundred years called by his name, — Gensuke-bashira. It is averred that upon moonless nights a ghostly fire flitted about that pillar, — always in the dead watch-hour between two and three; and the color of the light was red, though I am assured that in Japan, as in other lands, the fires of the dead are most often blue.

VIII.

Now some say that Gensuke was not the name of a man, but the name of an era, corrupted by local dialect into the semblance of a personal appellation. Yet so profoundly is the legend believed that when the new bridge was being built thousands of country folk were afraid to come to town; for a rumor arose that a new victim was needed, who was to be chosen from among them, and that it had been determined to make the choice from those who still wore their hair in cues after the ancient manner. Wherefore hundreds of aged men cut off their cues. Then another rumor was circulated to the effect that the police had been secretly instructed to seize the one thousandth person of those who crossed the new bridge the first day, and to treat him after the manner of Gensuke. And at the time of the great festival of the Rice-God, when the city is usually thronged by farmers coming to worship at the many shrines of Inari, this year there came but few; and the loss to local commerce was estimated at several thousand *yen*.

IX.

The vapors have vanished, sharply revealing a beautiful little islet in the lake, lying scarcely half a mile away, — a low, narrow strip of land with a Shintō

shrine upon it, shadowed by giant pines; not pines like ours, but huge, gnarled, shaggy, tortuous shapes, vast-reaching like ancient oaks. Through a glass one can easily discern a *torii*, and before it two symbolic lions of stone (*Karashishi*), one with its head broken off, doubtless by its having been overturned and dashed about by heavy waves during some great storm. This islet is sacred to Benten, the Goddess of Eloquence and Beauty, wherefore it is called Bentennoshima. But it is more commonly called Yomegashima, or "The Island of the Young Wife," by reason of a legend. It is said that it arose in one night, noiselessly as a dream, bearing up from the depths of the lake the body of a drowned woman who had been very lovely, very pious, and very unhappy. The people, deeming this a sign from heaven, consecrated the islet to Benten, and thereon built a shrine unto her, planted trees about it, set a torii before it, and made a rampart about it with great curiously shaped stones; and there they buried the drowned woman.

Now the sky is blue down to the horizon, the air is a caress of spring. I go forth to wander through the queer old city.

X.

I perceive that upon the sliding doors, or immediately above the principal entrance of nearly every house, are pasted oblong white papers bearing ideographic inscriptions; and overhanging every threshold I see the sacred emblem of Shintō, the little rice-straw rope with its long fringe of pendent stalks. The white papers at once interest me; for they are *mamori*, or holy texts and charms, of which I am a devout collector. Nearly all are from temples in Matsue or its vicinity; and the Buddhist ones indicate by the sacred words upon them to what particular *shu*, or sect, the family belongs, — for well-nigh every soul in this community professes some form of Buddhism as well as the all-dominant and more ancient faith of Shintō. And even one quite ignorant of Japanese ideographs can nearly always distinguish at a glance the formula of the great Nichiren sect from the peculiar appearance of the column of characters composing it, all bristling with long sharp points and banneret zigzags, like an army with banners; the famous text *Namu-myō-hō-ren-ge-kyō*, inscribed of old upon the banner of the great captain Kato Kiomasa, the extirpator of Spanish Christianity, the glorious "*vir ter execrandus*" of the Jesuits. Any pilgrim belonging to this sect has the right to call at whatever door bears the above formula and ask for alms or food.

But by far the greater number of the mamori are Shintō. Upon almost every door there is one mamori especially likely to attract the attention of a stranger, because at the foot of the column of ideographs composing its text there are two small figures of foxes, a black and a white fox, facing each other in a sitting posture, each with a little bunch of rice-straw in its mouth, instead of the more usual emblematic key. These mamori are from the great Inari temple of Oshiroyama,[1] within the castle grounds, and are charms against fire. They represent, indeed, the only form of assurance against fire yet known in Matsue, — so far, at least, as wooden dwellings are concerned. And although a single spark and a high wind are sufficient in combination to obliterate a larger city in one day, great fires are unknown in Matsue, and small ones are of rare occurrence.

The charm is peculiar to the city; and of the Inari in question this tradition exists: —

When Naomasu, the grandson of Iyeyasu, first came to Matsue to rule the province, there entered into his presence a beautiful boy, who said: "I came hither from the home of your august

[1] Kushi-no-ki-Matsuhira-Inari-Daimyojin.

father in Echizen, to protect you from all harm. But I have no dwelling-place, and am staying therefore at the Buddhist temple of Fu-mon-in. Now if you will make for me a dwelling within the castle grounds, I will protect from fire the buildings there and the houses of the city, and your other residence likewise which is in the capital. For I am Inari Shinyemon." With these words he vanished from sight. Therefore Naomasu dedicated to him the great temple which still stands in the castle grounds, surrounded by one thousand foxes of stone.

XI.

I now turn into a narrow little street, which, although so ancient that its dwarfed two-story houses have the look of things grown up from the ground, is called the Street of the New Timber. New the timber may have been one hundred and fifty years ago; but the tints of the structures would ravish an artist, — the sombre ashen tones of the woodwork, the furry browns of old thatch, ribbed and patched and edged with the warm soft green of those velvety herbs and mosses which flourish upon Japanese roofs.

However, the perspective of the street frames in a vision more surprising than any details of its mouldering homes. Between very lofty bamboo poles, higher than any of the dwellings, and planted on both sides of the street in lines, extraordinary black nets are stretched, like prodigious cobwebs against the sky, evoking sudden memories of those monster spiders which figure in Japanese mythology and in the picture-books of the old artists. But these are only fishing-nets of silken thread; and this is the street of the fishermen. I take my way to the great bridge.

XII.

A stupendous ghost!

Looking eastward from the great bridge over those sharply beautiful mountains, green and blue, which tooth the horizon, I see a glorious spectre towering to the sky. Its base is effaced by far mists: out of the air the thing would seem to have shaped itself, — a phantom cone, diaphanously gray below, vaporously white above, with a dream of perpetual snow, — the mighty mountain of Daisen.

At the first approach of winter it will in one night become all blanched from foot to crest; and then its snowy pyramid so much resembles that Sacred Mountain, often compared by poets to a white inverted fan, half opened, hanging in the sky, that it is called Izumo-Fuji, "the Fuji of Izumo." But it is really in Hoki, not in Izumo, though it cannot be seen from any part of Hoki to such glorious advantage as from here. It is the one sublime spectacle of this charming land; but it is visible only when the air is very pure. Many are the marvelous legends related concerning it, and somewhere upon its mysterious summit the Tengu are believed to dwell.

XIII.

At the further end of the bridge, close to the wharf where the little steamboats are, is a very small Jizo temple (*Jizo-dō*). Here are kept many bronze drags; and whenever any one has been drowned and the body not recovered, these are borrowed from the little temple and the river is dragged. If the body be thus found, a new drag must be presented to the temple.

From here, half a mile southward to the great Shintō temple of Tenjin, deity of scholarship and calligraphy, broadly stretches Tenjinmachi, the Street of the Rich Merchants, all draped on either side with dark blue hangings, over which undulate with every windy palpitation from the lake white wondrous ideographs, which are names and signs, while down the wide way, in white perspective, diminishes a long line of telegraph poles.

Beyond the temple of Tenjin the city is again divided by a river, the Shindo-tegawa, over which arches the bridge Tenjin-bashi. Again beyond this other large quarters extend to the hills and curve along the lake shore. But in the space between the two rivers is the richest and busiest life of the city, and also the vast and curious quarter of the temples. In this islanded district are also the theatres, and the place where wrestling-matches are held, and most of the resorts of pleasure.

Parallel with Tenjinmachi runs the great street of the Buddhist temples, or Teramachi, of which the eastern side is one unbroken succession of temples, — a solid front of court walls tile-capped, with imposing gateways at regular intervals. Above this long stretch of tile-capped wall rise the beautiful tilted massive lines of gray-blue temple roofs against the sky. Here all the sects dwell side by side in harmony, — Nichiren-shu, Shingon-shu, Zen-shu, Tendai-shu, even that Shin-shu, unpopular in Izumo because those who follow its teaching strictly must not worship the Kami. Behind each temple court there is a cemetery, or *hakaba ;* and eastward beyond these are other temples, and beyond them yet others, — masses of Buddhist architecture mixed with shreds of gardens and miniature homesteads, a huge labyrinth of mouldering courts and fragments of streets.

To-day, as usual, I find I can pass a few hours very profitably in visiting the temples ; in looking at the ancient images seated within the cups of golden lotus flowers under their aureoles of gold ; in buying curious mamori ; in examining the sculptures of the cemeteries, where I can nearly always find some dreaming Kwannon or smiling Jizo well worth the visit.

The great courts of Buddhist temples are places of rarest interest for one who loves to watch the life of the people ; for these have been for unremembered centuries the playing-places of the children. Generations of happy infants have been amused in them. All the nurses, and little girls who carry tiny brothers or sisters upon their backs, go thither every morning that the sun shines ; hundreds of others join them ; and they play at strange, funny games, — *Oni-gokko*, or the game of Devil, *Kage-Oni*, which signifies the Shadow and the Demon, and *Mekusangokko*, which is a sort of " blindman's buff."

Also, during the long summer evenings, these temples are wrestling-grounds, free to all who love wrestling ; and in many of them there is a *dohyō-ba*, or wrestling-ring. Robust young laborers and sinewy artisans come to these courts to test their strength after the day's tasks are done, and here the fame of more than one now noted wrestler was first made. When a youth has shown himself able to overmatch at wrestling all others in his own district, he is challenged by champions of other districts ; and if he can overcome these also, he may hope eventually to become a skilled and popular professional wrestler.

It is also in the temple courts that the sacred dances are performed and that public speeches are made. It is in the temple courts, too, that the most curious toys are sold, on the occasion of the great holidays, — toys most of which have a beautiful religious signification. There are grand old trees, and ponds full of tame fish, which put up their heads to beg for food when your shadow falls upon the water. The holy lotus is cultivated therein.

" Though growing in the foulest slime, the flower remains pure and undefiled.

" And the soul of him who remains ever pure in the midst of temptation is likened unto the lotus.

" Therefore is the lotus carven or painted upon the furniture of temples ; therefore also does it appear in all the representations of our Lord Buddha.

" In Paradise the blessed shall sit at

ease enthroned upon the cups of golden lotus flowers." [1]

A bugle-call rings through the quaint street; and round the corner of the last temple come marching a troop of handsome young riflemen, uniformed somewhat like French light infantry, marching by fours so perfectly that all the gaitered legs move as if belonging to a single body, and every sword-bayonet catches the sun at exactly the same angle, as the column wheels into view. These are the students of the Shihan-Gakkō, the College of Teachers, performing their daily military exercises. Their professors give them lectures upon the microscopic study of cellular tissues, upon the segregation of developing nerve structure, upon spectrum analysis, upon the evolution of the color sense, and upon the cultivation of bacteria in glycerine infusions. And they are none the less modest and knightly in manner for all their modern knowledge, nor the less reverentially devoted to their dear old fathers and mothers whose ideas were shaped in the era of feudalism.

XIV.

Here come a band of pilgrims, with yellow straw overcoats, "rain-coats" (*mino*), and enormous yellow straw hats, mushroom-shaped, of which the down-curving rim partly hides the face. All carry staffs, and wear their robes well girded up so as to leave free the lower limbs, which are inclosed in white cotton leggings of a peculiar and indescribable kind. Precisely the same sort of costume was worn by the same class of travelers many centuries ago; and just as you now see them trooping by, — whole families wandering together, the pilgrim child clinging to the father's hand, — so may you see them pass in quaint procession across the faded pages of Japanese picture-books many hundred years old.

[1] From an English composition by one of my Japanese pupils.

At intervals they halt before some shop-front to look at the many curious things which they greatly enjoy seeing, but which they have no money to buy.

I myself have become so accustomed to surprises, to interesting or extraordinary sights, that when a day happens to pass during which nothing remarkable has been heard or seen I feel vaguely discontented. But such blank days are rare: they occur in my own case only when the weather is too detestable to permit of going out-of-doors. For with ever so little money one can always obtain the pleasure of looking at curious things. And this has been one of the chief pleasures of the people in Japan for centuries and centuries, for the nation has passed its generations of lives in making or seeking such things. To divert one's self seems, indeed, the main purpose of Japanese existence, beginning with the opening of the baby's pretty oblique eyes. The faces of the people have an indescribable look of patient expectancy, — the air of waiting for something interesting to make its appearance. If it fail to appear, they will travel to find it: they are astonishing pedestrians and tireless pilgrims, and I think they make pilgrimages not more for the sake of pleasing the gods than of pleasing themselves by the sight of rare and pretty things. For every temple is a museum, and every hill and valley throughout the land has its temple and its wonders.

Even the poorest farmer, one so poor that he cannot afford to eat a grain of his own rice, can afford to make a pilgrimage of a month's duration; and during that season when the growing rice needs least attention hundreds of thousands of the poorest go on pilgrimages. This is possible, because from ancient times it has been the custom for everybody to help pilgrims a little; and they can always find rest and shelter at particular inns (*kichinyado*) which receive pilgrims only, and where they are charged

merely the cost of the wood used to cook their food.

But multitudes of the poor undertake pilgrimages requiring much more than a month to perform, such as the pilgrimage to the thirty-three great temples of Kwannon, or that to the eighty-eight temples of Kōbōdaishi; and these, though years be needed to accomplish them, are as nothing compared to the enormous *Sengaji*, the pilgrimage to the thousand temples of the Nichiren sect. The time of a generation may pass ere this can be made. One may begin it in early youth, and complete it only when youth is long past. Yet there are several in Matsue, men and women, who have made this tremendous pilgrimage, seeing all Japan, and supporting themselves not merely by begging, but by some kinds of itinerant peddling.

The pilgrim who desires to perform this pilgrimage carries on his shoulders a small box, shaped like a Buddhist shrine, in which he keeps his spare clothes and food. He also carries a little brazen gong, which he constantly sounds while passing through a city or village, at the same time chanting the Namu-myō-hō-ren-ge-kyō; and he always bears with him a little blank book, in which the priest of every temple visited stamps the temple seal in red ink. The pilgrimage over, this book with its one thousand seal-impressions becomes an heirloom in the family of the pilgrim.

XV.

I too must make divers pilgrimages, for all about the city, beyond the waters or beyond the hills, lie holy places immemorially old.

Kitzuki, founded by the ancient gods, who "made broad the foundations upon the nethermost rock bottom, and made high the cross-beams to the Plain of High Heaven," — Kitzuki, the Holy of Holies, whose high priest claims descent from the Goddess of the Sun; and Ichibata, famed shrine of Yakushi-Nyorai, who giveth sight to the blind, — Ichibata-no-Yakushi, — whose lofty temple is approached by six hundred and forty steps of stone; and Kiomidzu, shrine of Kwannon of the Eleven Faces, before whose altar the sacred fire has burned without ceasing for a thousand years; and Sada, where the Sacred Snake lies coiled forever on the *sambo* of the gods; and Oba, with its temples of Izanami and Izanagi, parents of gods and men, the makers of the world; and Yaegaki, whither lovers go to pray for unions with the beloved; and Kaka, Kaka-ura, Kaka-no-Kukezo San, — all these I hope to see.

But of all places, Kaka-ura! Assuredly I must go to Kaka.

Few pilgrims go thither by sea, and boatmen are forbidden to go there if there be even wind enough "to move three hairs." So that whosoever wishes to visit Kaka must either wait for a period of dead calm — very rare upon the coast of the Japanese Sea — or journey thereunto by land; and by land the way is difficult and wearisome. But I must see Kaka; for at Kaka, in a great cavern by the sea, there is a famous Jizo of stone; and each night, it is said the ghosts of little children climb to the high cavern and pile up before the statue small heaps of pebbles; and every morning, in the soft sand, there may be seen the fresh prints of tiny naked feet, the feet of the infant ghosts. It is also said that in the cavern there is a rock out of which comes a stream of milk, as from a woman's breast; and the white stream flows forever, and the phantom children drink of it. Pilgrims bring with them gifts of small straw sandals, — the *zori* that children wear, — and leave them before the cavern, that the feet of the little ghosts may not be wounded by the sharp rocks. And the pilgrim treads with caution, lest his foot should overturn any of the many heaps of stones; for if this be done the children cry.

XVI.

The city proper is as level as a table, but is bounded on two sides by low demilunes of charming hills shadowed with evergreen foliage and crowned with temples or shrines. There are thirty-five thousand souls dwelling in ten thousand houses forming thirty-three principal and many smaller streets; and from each end of almost every street, beyond the hills, the lake, or the eastern rice-fields, a mountain summit is always visible, — green, blue, or gray according to distance. One may ride, walk, or go by boat to any quarter of the town; for it is not only divided by two rivers, but is also intersected by numbers of canals crossed by queer little bridges curved like a well-bent bow. Architecturally (despite such constructions in European style as the College of Teachers, the great public school, the *Ken-chō*, the new post-office), it is much like other quaint Japanese towns; the structure of its temples, taverns, shops, and private dwellings is the same as in other cities of the western coast. But doubtless owing to the fact that Matsue remained a feudal stronghold until a time within the memory of thousands still living, those feudal distinctions of caste so sharply drawn in ancient times are yet indicated with singular exactness by the varying architecture of different districts. The city can be definitely divided into three architectural quarters: the district of the merchants and shopkeepers, forming the heart of the settlement, where all the houses are two stories high; the district of the temples, including nearly the whole southeastern part of the town; and the district or districts of the *shizoku* (formerly called *samurai*), comprising a vast number of large, roomy, garden-girt, one-story dwellings. From these elegant homes, in feudal days, could be summoned at a moment's notice five thousand "two-sworded men" with their armed retainers, making a fighting total for the city alone of probably not less than thirteen thousand swordsmen. More than one third of all the city buildings were then samurai homes; for Matsue was the military centre of the most ancient province of Japan. At both ends of the town, which curves in a crescent along the lake shore, were the two main settlements of samurai; but just as some of the most important temples are situated outside of the temple district, so were many of the finest homesteads of this knightly warrior caste situated in other quarters. They mustered most thickly, however, about the castle, which stands to-day on the summit of its citadel hill — the Oshiroyama — solid as when first built four hundred years ago, a vast and sinister shape, all iron-gray, rising against the sky from a cyclopean foundation of stone. Fantastically grim the thing is, and grotesquely complex in detail; looking somewhat like a huge pagoda, of which the second, third, and fourth stories have been squeezed down and telescoped into one another by their own weight. Crested at its summit, like a feudal helmet, with two colossal fishes of bronze lifting their curved bodies skyward from either angle of the roof, and bristling with horned gables and gargoyled eaves and tilted puzzles of tiled roofing at every story, the creation is a veritable architectural dragon, made up of magnificent monstrosities, — a dragon, moreover, full of eyes set at all conceivable angles, above, below, and on every side. From under the black scowl of the loftiest eaves, looking east and south, the whole city can be seen at a single glance, as in the vision of a soaring hawk; and from the northern angle the view plunges down three hundred feet to the castle road, where walking figures of men appear no larger than flies.

XVII.

The grim castle has its legend.

It is related that, in accordance with

some primitive and barbarous custom, precisely like that of which so terrible a souvenir has been preserved for us in the most pathetic of Servian ballads, The Foundation of Skadra, a maiden of Matsue was interred alive under the walls of the castle at the time of its erection, as a sacrifice to some forgotten gods. Her name has never been recorded; nothing concerning her is remembered except that she was beautiful and very fond of dancing.

Now after the castle had been built, it is said that a law had to be passed forbidding that any girl should dance in the streets of Matsue. For whenever any maiden danced the hill Oshiroyama would shudder, and the great castle quiver from basement to summit.

XVIII.

One may still sometimes hear in the streets a very humorous song, which every one in town formerly knew by heart, celebrating the Seven Wonders of Matsue. For Matsue was formerly divided into seven quarters, in each of which some extraordinary object or person was to be seen. It is now divided into five religious districts, each containing a temple of the state religion. People living within those districts are called *ujiko*, and the temple the *ujigami*, or dwelling-place of the tutelary god. The ujiko must support the ujigami. (Every village and town has at least one ujigami.)

There is probably not one of the multitudinous temples of Matsue which has not some marvelous tradition attached to it; each of the districts has many legends; and I think that each of the thirty-three streets has its own special ghost story. Of these ghost stories I cite two specimens: they are quite representative of one variety of Japanese folk-lore.

Near to the Fu-mon-in temple, which is in the northeastern quarter, there is a bridge called Adzuki-togi-bashi, or The Bridge of the Washing of Peas. For it was said in other years that nightly a phantom woman sat beneath that bridge washing phantom peas. There is an exquisite Japanese iris flower, of rainbow-violet color, which flower is named *Kaki-tsubata;* and there is a song about that flower called Kaki-tsubata-no-uta. Now this song must never be sung near the Adzuki-togi-bashi, because, for some strange reason which seems to have been forgotten, the ghosts haunting that place become so angry upon hearing it that to sing it there is to expose one's self to the most frightful calamities. There was once a samurai who feared nothing, who one night went to that bridge and loudly sang the song. No ghost appearing, he laughed and went home. At the gate of his house he met a beautiful tall woman whom he had never seen before, and who, bowing, presented him with a little lacquered box (*fumi-bako*) such as women keep their letters in. He bowed to her in his knightly way; but she said, "*I am only the servant, — this is my mistress's gift,*" and vanished out of his sight. Opening the box, he saw the bleeding head of a young child. Entering his house, he found upon the floor of the guest-room the dead body of his own infant son with the head torn off.

Of the cemetery Dai-Oji, which is in the street called Nakabaramachi, this story is told: —

In Nakabaramachi there is an *ameya*, or little shop in which *midzu-ame* is sold, — the amber-tinted syrup, made of malt, which is given to children when milk cannot be obtained for them. Every night at a late hour there came to that shop a very pale woman, all in white, to buy one *rin*[1] worth of midzu-ame. The ame-seller wondered that she was so thin and pale, and often questioned her kindly; but she answered nothing. At last one night he followed

[1] *Rin*, one tenth of one cent. A small round copper coin with a square hole in the middle.

her, out of curiosity. She went to the cemetery; and he became afraid and returned.

The next night the woman came again, but bought no midzu-ame, and only beckoned to the man to go with her. He followed her, with friends, into the cemetery. She walked to a certain tomb, and there disappeared; and they heard, under the ground, the crying of a child. Opening the tomb, they saw within it the corpse of the woman who nightly visited the ameya, with a living infant, laughing to see the lantern light, and beside the infant a little cup of midzu-ame. For the mother had been prematurely buried; the child was born in the tomb, and the ghost of the mother had thus provided for it, — love being stronger than death.

XIX.

Over the Tenjin-bashi, or Bridge of Tenjin, and through small streets and narrow of densely populated districts, and past many a tenantless and mouldering feudal homestead, I make my way to the extreme southwestern end of the city, to watch the sunset from a little *sobaya* [1] facing the lake. For to see the sun sink from this sobaya is one of the delights of Matsue.

There are no such sunsets in Japan as in the tropics: the light is gentle as a light of dreams; there are no furies of color; there are no chromatic violences in nature in the Orient. All in sea or sky is tint rather than color, and tint vapor-toned. I think that the exquisite taste of the race in the matter of colors and of tints, as exemplified in the dyes of their marvelous textures, is largely attributable to the sober and delicate beauty of nature's tones in this all-temperate world where nothing is garish.

Before me the fair vast lake sleeps, softly luminous, far-ringed with chains of blue volcanic hills shaped like a sierra. On my right, at its eastern end, the most ancient quarter of the city spreads its roofs of blue-gray tile; the houses crowd thickly down to the shore, to dip their wooden feet into the flood. With a glass I can see my own windows and the far-spreading of the roofs beyond, and above all else the green citadel with its grim castle, grotesquely peaked. The sun begins to set, and exquisite astonishments of tinting appear in water and sky.

Dead rich purples cloud broadly behind and above the indigo blackness of the serrated hills — mist purples, fading upward smokily into faint vermilions and dim gold, which again melt up through ghostliest greens into the blue. The deeper waters of the lake, far away, take a tender violet indescribable, and the silhouette of the pine-shadowed island seems to float in that sea of soft sweet color. But the shallower and nearer is cut from the deeper water by the current as sharply as by a line drawn, and all the surface on this side of that line is a shimmering bronze, — old rich ruddy gold-bronze.

All the fainter colors change every five minutes, — wondrously change and shift like tones and shades of fine shot-silks.

XX.

Often in the streets at night, especially on the nights of sacred festivals (*matsuri*), one's attention will be attracted to some small booth by the spectacle of an admiring and perfectly silent crowd pressing before it. As soon as one can get a chance to look one finds there is nothing to look at but a few vases containing sprays of flowers, or perhaps some light gracious branches freshly cut from a blossoming tree. It is simply a little flower-show, or, more correctly, a free exhibition of master skill in the arrangement of flowers. For the Japanese do not brutally chop off flower-heads to work them up into meaningless masses of color, as we bar-

[1] An inn where *soba* is sold.

barians do: they love nature too well for that; they know how much the natural charm of the flower depends upon its setting and mounting, its relation to leaf and stem, and they select a single graceful branch or spray just as nature made it. At first you will not, as a Western stranger, comprehend such an exhibition at all: you are yet a savage in such matters compared with the commonest coolies about you. But even while you are still wondering at popular interest in this simple little show the charm of it will begin to grow upon you, will become a revelation to you; and despite your Occidental idea of self-superiority you will feel humbled by the discovery that all flower displays you have ever seen abroad were only monstrosities in comparison with the exquisite natural beauty of those few simple sprays. You will also observe how much the white or pale blue screen behind the flowers enhances the effect by lamp or lantern light. For the screen has been arranged with the special purpose of showing the exquisiteness of plant shadows; and the sharp silhouettes of sprays and blossoms cast thereon are beautiful beyond the imagining of any Western decorative artist.

XXI.

It is still the season of mists in this land whose most ancient name signifies the Place of the Issuing of Clouds. With the passing of twilight a faint ghostly brume rises over lake and landscape, spectrally veiling surfaces, slowly obliterating distances. As I lean over the parapet of the Tenjin-bashi, on my homeward way, to take one last look eastward, I find that the mountains have already been effaced. Before me there is only a shadowy flood far vanishing into vagueness without a horizon, the phantom of a sea. And I become suddenly aware that little white things are fluttering slowly down into it from the fingers of a woman standing upon the bridge beside me, and murmuring something in a low, sweet voice. She is praying for her dead child. Each of those little papers she is dropping into the current bears a tiny picture of Jizo, and perhaps a little inscription. For when a child dies the mother buys a small woodcut (*hanko*) of Jizo, and with it prints the image of the divinity upon one hundred little papers. And she sometimes also writes upon the papers words signifying "*For the sake of . . .*," — inscribing never the living, but the *kaimyo* or soul-name only, which the Buddhist priest has given to the dead, and which is written also upon the little commemorative tablet kept within the Buddhist household shrine, or *butsuma*. Then, upon a fixed day (most commonly the forty-ninth day after the burial), she goes to some place of running water and drops the little papers therein one by one; repeating, as each slips through her fingers, the holy invocation, "*Namu Jizo, Dai Bosatsu!*"

Doubtless this dear little woman, sobbing beside me in the dusk, is very poor. Were she not, she would hire a boat and scatter her tiny papers far away upon the bosom of the lake. (It is now only after dark that this may be done; for the police — I know not why — have been instructed to prevent the pretty rite, just as in the open ports they have been instructed to prohibit the launching of the little straw boats of the dead, the *shōryō-bune*.)

But why should the papers be cast into running water? A good old Tendai priest tells me that originally the rite was only for the souls of the drowned. But now these gentle hearts believe that all waters flow downward to the Shadow-world and through the *Saīno-Kawara*, where Jizo is.

XXII.

At home again, I slide open once more my little paper window, and look out upon the night. I see the paper lanterns flitting over the bridge, like a

long shimmering of fireflies. I see the spectres of a hundred lights trembling upon the black flood. I see the broad *shoji* of dwellings beyond the river suffused with the soft yellow radiance of invisible lamps; and upon those lighted spaces I can discern exquisite moving shadows, silhouettes of graceful women. Devoutly do I pray that glass may never become universally adopted in Japan, — there would be no more delicious shadows.

I listen to the voices of the city awhile. I hear the great bell of Tokoji rolling its soft Buddhist thunder across the dark, and the songs of the night-walkers whose hearts have been made merry with wine, and the long sonorous chanting of the night-peddlers.

"*U-mu-don-yai-soba-yai!*" It is the seller of hot soba, Japanese buckwheat, making his last round.

"*Umai handan, machibito endan, usemono ninsō kasō kichikyō no urainai!*" The cry of the itinerant fortune-teller.

"*Ame-yu!*" The musical cry of the seller of midzu-ame, the sweet amber syrup which children love.

"*Amai!*" The shrilling call of the seller of *amazake*, sweet rice wine.

"*Kawachi-no-kuni-hiotan-yama-koi-no-tsuji-ura!*" The peddler of love-papers, of divining-papers, pretty tinted things with little shadowy pictures upon them. When held near a fire or a lamp, words written upon them with invisible ink begin to appear. These are always about sweethearts, and sometimes tell one what he does not wish to know. The fortunate ones who read them believe themselves still more fortunate; the unlucky abandon all hope; the jealous become even more jealous than they were before.

From all over the city there rises into the night a sound like the bubbling and booming of great frogs in a marsh, — the echoing of the tiny drums of the dancing-girls, of the charming *geishas*. Like the rolling of a waterfall continually reverberates the multitudinous pattering of getas upon the bridge. A new light rises in the east; the moon is wheeling up from behind the peaks, very large and weird and wan through the white vapors. Again I hear the sounds of the clapping of many hands. For the wayfarers are paying obeisance to O-Tsuki-San: from the long bridge they are saluting the coming of the White Moon-Lady.[1]

I sleep, to dream of little children in some mouldering mossy temple court playing at the game of Shadows and Demons.

*Lafcadio Hearn.*

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## A TRUMPET CALL.

When the signora went to the house of *comare* Sarina, on the mountain road above Cosenza, to speak about a web of cloth that was to be woven in arabesques, she saw in the opposite dooryard a very stout and florid woman, who sat on the steps of her house with half a dozen children playing around her.

"I see that *vossignoria* is looking at that great piece of a woman like a purple cabbage, — speaking with respect!" observed comare Sarina. "When I see

[1] According to the mythology of the Kojīki the Moon-Deity is a male divinity. But the common people know nothing of the Kojīki, written in an archaic Japanese which only the learned can read; and they address the moon as O-Tsuki-San, or the Moon-Lady, just as the old Greek idyllists did.

that Rosa there, content as an Easter Day, there comes to me the wish to close the shutters of my window. Many years ago, when we were all girls together, I and the others had to work in order to eat. But Donna Rosina, — no, sirs! Anything but work. For her father was Don Ciccu, the apothecary, and they kept her in cotton wool, so that at most she helped him make barley sugar, or would roll two pills in case of illness at the house of the baron.

"And we others had to toil at home and in the fields, and to bring down the ice and the snow, in the summer, from the ravines up there toward the forest of La Sila. We would plait mats of willow withes, and lay sheepskins over, and heap the ice on these, and cover it with another skin and many green boughs, all bound down with other withes. This we carried on our heads, one getting help from another to place it there, on a folded cloth, — your excellency from the city cannot know these things; and we went down the mountain path for miles, with the icy drops that trickled on one's nose or down the back of the neck making one shiver, however heated.

"When we came to the bit of table-land, we would set down our loads to rest, and one would sing the tarantella while others danced. Girls have quicksilver about them.

"Just here was where Donna Rosina came in, — she had herself called *donna* because of the leeches and the pills and the four words of Latin of her father, Don Ciccu. She could not work, — no, she was too delicate; but she could dance like a grasshopper! And *compare* Tonio, that kept the sheep of Don Zeno, the parish priest, as soon as he heard us sing would come around the great boulder that was there, and play on his pipe enough to call the birds from the bushes. And Donna Rosina all jumping for joy, and certain glances!

"Also her mother, Donna Santuzza, made Tonio so many compliments of tobacco and woolen stockings. A-ah! they knew how to bind him round with their coaxings, — they knew! And the others of us girls were not so much uglier than Rosa. Even I, that they call Zi' Melacotta, — I had not always the face of a baked apple, but was in my time red and white like another. But the fact was, they would absolutely have Tonio; and the girls might burst with spite, — they would have him. It was comare Barbara who was thought to have put an envy upon them, so that their chickens died and the young ducks could not swim upstream. Zia Petronilla, the white witch, said as much, and she spoke the verses and signed them with water and salt to take away the evil eye.

"We should have eaten the wedding sugarplums that June, but there was made the draft for the army, and Tonio drew a bad number; and we all went to the piazzetta to see the brave boys go away with fife and drum, and the mammas and the sweethearts that wept with their faces in their aprons. *Pom-pom!* — one felt upon the stomach the thumps of the bass drum, so that it made one melancholy, as the recruits went away down the road.

"Soldiers must go here and there, according as the king wills; they toil hard, with little leisure, and Tonio sent few letters. In our town they did not know how to write; then there were not the public schools, and it was enough for one to make his cross on stamped paper in order to take land on *mezzadria*. Now and then came a letter from Tonio to say that he was well, and wished as much to Rosa, to his family, and all friendly persons; that he had begun to learn to read, attending the corporal's lessons; and that, because he had so good lungs and a just ear, the band-master had taught him to be one of the trumpeters of his regiment.

"Of these letters Rosa read certain

parts — her father had instructed her a little — to the girls at the fountain in the piazzetta; other passages, not; and at these she became red as burning embers, for the *scrivano* had known so well how to say all the fine things that Tonio had in his heart.

"But it did not last so. Perhaps Tonio was not content with her letters, for she had them written by her father; and he, good soul, was not a poet, little or at all. And out of sight, out of mind, — men are that way. Rosina had no more letters for many weeks. And I, at the fountain, would say to her: —

"'Patience, Rosina, he may be ill or even dead. And then, young men play tricks of all colors; he may easily find himself tired of you; and in the great cities there are so many beautiful girls with silk gowns, finer than the Madonna del Carmine on a feast day. I counsel you, comare Rosa,' — for I would not give her the 'donna,' the little toad, — 'to give yourself peace about it, and look out for another lover.'

"And one day she let fall her copper jar upon the stones, so that it took a great bruise, and she wept like the fountain itself. 'Sarina,' she said, 'what have I done to you that you tell me these things? My Tonio is an honest lad.'

"Eh, these girls that are kept in cotton wool! I or another, to have been left so by the lover, would have made a wry face, shed perhaps two big tears in secret, and then — good-evening to the music, and found a new lover. For we had to work, vossignoria, and the rattling of the loom is good company; and in the fields, the warm earth and the green stalks of the young grain, and the tomtits that wag their little tails between the furrows, and the locusts that sing keep us cheerful; and to go to bed at evening with bones broken from weariness, one sleeps soundly.

"But she sat in the doorway of the drug shop, looking down the street as if to see far away. And only to speak a word to her she would cry or laugh like one possessed. The doctor did what he could, but, according to me, it was rather a case for the priest to drive out the demon; or else an envy, a witchcraft. And certainly I believe that La Barbara, and I may say also Luciola and Sabedda and Sidora, would willingly have married compare Tonio if he had asked them. Bold and spiteful, those girls! For me, I would not have looked at compare Tonio, not even if he had been made of gold!

"Little by little Donna Rosina wasted like a lighted candle. She took off from her neck the heart of filigree silver that Tonio had brought her from the fair at Cosenza, when he went there to sell some sheep; and she hung it, red ribbon and all, on the altar, beside the little silver leg of *mastro* Cola, the cripple, for whom there had been made the grace of a rheumatism that tormented him for thirty years, and the corals of comare Veronica, whose son came back from sea after four years that he was believed to be drowned, and so many other fine things to the praise of the blessed Madonna del Carmine, that, as every one knows, can make any ten other Madonnas run away with lifted legs.

"But in vain Rosa made the act of faith of that silver heart. Tonio did not write nor come. Heaven preserve me from speaking ill of the saints, but sometimes, to trust all to them, one loses by it. As for me, if I had been in the clothes of Rosa and cared for Tonio, instead of consuming myself in that manner, I should have gone straight to the king himself and said, 'Do me the favor, majesty; send home my lad, for I don't see the wedding-day, so that it appears to me like a thousand years.'

"However, each one according to his own character. Rosa turned everything upside down: one day she would break dishes, and another stay in bed; and again it would be a great outburst of

tears that reduced her like a washed rag; and the next thing she would curse Tonio that an apoplexy might take him, and then tear her hair because she was losing her baptism by committing in her heart the mortal sin of murder. For Donna Rosina was one who gave herself the airs of a little saint fit to be put under a glass bell, with one hand in the other, that did neither good nor harm. Then a little fever; or she would grow stiff as a stake and seem ready to suffocate, so that various times Don Zeno was called in all haste, in the heart of the night, and came accompanied by the sacristan with the aspersorium in one hand and the great lantern in the other, so that he was obliged to tinkle the little bell with only two fingers. And so, many times Rosa had the blessed oil under false pretenses. For die to-day and die to-morrow, she still lived and lamented, and would at all costs have her Tonio come back and marry her.

"And she grew whiter and thinner day by day, so that indeed she resembled a wax taper.

"The thing ended in this way: One morning, at the fountain, it was known that at last poor Rosa was really dead. All through the night she had screamed for Tonio, with curses and with blessings, according as the caprice came to her. By fortune, she had died with holy words in her mouth, so that it might be hoped that her soul was not lost. And we all were ready to give a hand to take her, if possible, the sooner out of purgatory; for indeed it would be less trouble to say the rosary now and then for her than to hear her always talking like a windmill about Tonio that had forsaken her.

"Sometimes she had called him a traitor, a pig; this last was an injustice to the education he had from comare Nunzia, his mother, a Christian who kept her house clean; so particular she was that the hens might eat from her dish only after she herself had eaten. At other times Rosina called Tonio her handsome soldier, her golden little orange, who knew how to blow the trumpet so that she seemed to hear it far away in Turin, like the voice of his heart. Her talk was too honeyed; and a little of such is a surfeit.

"At the house of Don Ciccu, then, there was great mourning. All the girls went there together; we tore our hair, and beat on our breasts with our hands, and screamed until we lost breath. In a corner stood the table, with certain mercies of heaven upon it, — dried figs, and cakes made with honey and fine flour, and wine, and toasted beans, and some of the barley sugar from the drug shop. And Rosina was dressed as if for a holiday, with a dark green skirt of wool, and an apron of Cosenza stamped leather tied with red ribbons, and a red waist with ever so many gilt buttons, and a black jacket with gold embroidery and fringes, and on her head a yellow silk kerchief. She had heavy gold hoops in her ears, with little hanging balls that did not tinkle any longer, for she lay there white and motionless as a plaster image of a saint before they put a wash of color on it.

"The father, Don Ciccu, stayed in the shop and pounded drugs, from force of habit and because he was confused by grief. It is true that Rosa was but a poor thing, with the heart of a hare, but she was his only daughter, and he loved her from his soul. The mother crouched in the corner near the hearth, and would eat nothing, not even a raisin; but spoke now and then of her daughter that was like a carnation flower at her window, and a turtle-dove, and many other fine things. And then the other women and the girls would begin to shriek again, as was suitable. And Donna Rosina there in the middle of the room, on a bier held up by carpenter's trestles, and candles lighted at her head and feet, — it did not seem real that the others should lament and she

be silent. For while she lived she had been of the first force at screaming, for cause or not.

"Then in the street the little bell was heard to ring, and there came in Don Zeno with the sacristan and the sacristan's boy that carried the yellow silk umbrella over the head of the priest. Don Zeno raised his hands and began to mutter Latin that put us all in awe.

"In the fine midst of this, *tra-tiri-tra! tra-tiri-tra!* at the door, which was flung open without compliments, and Tonio enters, with the trumpet at his mouth; for he was come home on leave of absence, without the shadow of an idea that he was incommoding a funeral.

"But the one who spoiled that funeral was Rosina herself. *Puffete!* She straightened up suddenly, made a leap from the bier, and stood on her feet, astounded.

"'It is the angel Gabriel!' she exclaimed. 'The last trump! I am in paradise!'

"For she was firmly persuaded that she was dead. First, she had heard Tonio blow the trumpet, — a fine holy Gabriel, indeed, he was! Then she had caught sight of him, and began to comprehend that, according to her way of looking at the thing, it was better than an angel of paradise, for it was her Tonio in flesh and bones. They ran into each other's arms.

"Don Ciccu came in from the shop, all powdered with the rhubarb he was pounding, and embraced Tonio like a son. And the mamma, Donna Santuzza, arose and came out of her hole behind the oven, whimpering this time for joy, while the other women cried, 'Miracle, miracle!'

"It appeared that Rosina was not at all dead, if one is to believe what the doctors say, who like to discredit sacred things. Don Ciccu explained it to be a crisis that took a good turn from the fear of that trumpet call. At all events, the girl was cured from that moment; there 's no denying it.

"They made a great wedding; people were invited to it even from neighboring towns. The young men serenaded the pair, and Rosa scattered sugar-plums from the balcony, and we danced until midnight to the organette, in the piazzetta hung with paper lanterns, and rockets went up as if to give a slap to the face of the moon, and squibs were fired so that it appeared like a battle, all in honor of those two. Never has been seen in our town a festival like that. And all because of that turnip-head of a compare Tonio, who would marry a girl that another would not have looked at twice, a puny thing that could do no more than make barley sugar and roll a couple of pills. So it is; in this world one sees certain injustices.

"And look at Donna Rosa now, vossignoria! From a reed of the river that she was she is become a great cabbage of the vegetable garden. And so many troubles of children under her feet! It is a confusion unspeakable in her house; she has no judgment, so that it appears like a pigsty. And her hens always in the middle of the road; and the few rags that she washes hung from the balcony to flap in the face of people. And who knows how compare Tonio's soup is made or his trousers patched? He, poor fellow, carries her, so to say, in the palms of his hands; it is really a pity to see how fond he is of that woman. Never scolds him, says he. Better if she did. Rubbish they are and will be, that family. And that is why I say that, to see her sit there idle, looking at the sky like a hen before the rain, I would like to clap together the shutters of my window and take her away from before my eyes. My man, on the contrary, can boast that he always finds a dish of hot broth before the embers when he comes home from work, and his clothes are mended to appear new. You

can ask him if it is not true, vossignoria, and he will willingly tell you that he has a wife that lets him lack nothing. If not, I 'll make him hear reason with the broomstick ! "

The signora took advantage of a moment of silence on the part of comare Sarina to explain her wishes in regard to the web of cloth characteristic of that part of the country, and then departed. " Alas ! " she thought, while returning in the carriage that had brought her from Cosenza, " even in these remote villages of Calabria, among these honest and simple peasants, are sometimes to be found envy and evil tongues."

*E. Cavazza.*

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## E–LIM–IN–AH–DO.

'T WAS in the bazars of the Smyrniotes
That we heard the lingering call,
With its mellow, musical, bell-like notes,
And its rhythmic rise and fall.
It soared o'er the camel-driver's shout,
And the bale-bent porter's angry flout, —
" *O—O*
*E-lim-in-ah-do !* "

There were the figs of Omoorloo,
Large and luscious and bursting ripe;
And from a café near there blew
The tempting scent of the water-pipe;
But Tireh's grapes would have hung in vain
Upon the vines had we heard that strain, —
" *O—O*
*E-lim-in-ah-do !* "

Amber, clear as a prisoned ray
Of the morning sunlight, was forgot;
Rugs, rich with the hues of dying day,
From the looms of Persia, lured us not.
While the motley Smyrna world swept by,
We hung on the sound of the witching cry, —
" *O—O*
*E-lim-in-ah-do !* "

Then out of the jostling crowd he came
With his crook-necked flask and his clink of glass;
As keen of eye and supple of frame
As a Lydian pard we saw him pass, —
Saw him pass, and above the roar
Caught the lilt of his call once more, —
" *O—O*
*E-lim-in-ah-do !* "

Who can measure melody's power?
It sways the soul with the same strange spell
On lovely lips in a lady's bower,
Or those of a vagrant Ishmael.
And still floats back, with its thrilling bars,
The strain from the Smyrniote bazars, —
"*O—O*
*E-lim-in-ah-do!*"

*Clinton Scollard.*

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## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

On the principle that "it has become almost an honor not to be crowned," the name of James Clarence Mangan may be announced at once, as very worthy, very distinguished. He is unknown outside his own non-academic fatherland, though he is a proverb and a fireside commonplace, much as the Polish poets are at home, within it. Belonging to an age which is nothing if not specific and departmental, he has somehow escaped the classifiers; his wings have never been run through with a pin and spread under glass in the museums. Duyckinck, Dana, Palgrave, and the score of lesser books which are kind to forgotten or infrequent lyres know him not; in Allibone's Dictionary he has but hasty mention; Ward's English Poets has no inch of classic text to devote to him. Nor is Mangan's absence altogether or even chiefly due to editorial shortcomings. The search after him has always been difficult. During his lifetime he published only a collection of translations, and by his own willful, exasperating hand his original numbers are tangled up almost inextricably with other translations. A large mass of his work, good, bad, and indifferent, hides in old newspaper files, and is likely there to remain; and the only collection representing his genius, an edition eminently imperfect, bearing a New York imprint, and prefaced by John Mitchell's beautiful memoir, has never been reissued elsewhere, nor bettered in any form. So it is; and so, perhaps, it must be. All critics indulge in foolish cynicisms, one day or another, and cry out against a stupid world in behalf of the unrecognized. The great spirits, we know, carry applause by siege. But, as Charles Lamb could not fail to perceive, it is not the greatest whom one cares most about. Some fame, and often the choicer and sweeter, is born, as by a paradox, to be a privacy. Our time adjusts merit with supreme propriety in setting up Herrick in the market-place, and in still reserving Daniel for a domestic adoration. Apollo has a class of might-have-beens whom he loves: poets bred in melancholy places, under disabilities, whose thwarted growth and thinned voices "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;" poets compounded of everything magical and fair, like an elixir which is the outcome of ecstasy and patience, and which wants in the end, even as common water would, the essence of immortality. The making of a name is too often like the making of a fortune. The more scrupulous contestants turn out to be

> "Delicate spirits, pushed away
> In the hot press of the noonday."

Mangan's is such a memory, captive and overborne. It may be unjust to lend him the epitaph of defeat, for he never

strove at all. One can think of no other, in the long disastrous annals of English literature, cursed with so monotonous a misery, so much hopelessness and stagnant grief. He had no public; he was poor, infirm, homeless, loveless; travel and adventure were cut off from him, and he had no minor risks to run; the cruel necessities of labor sapped his dreams from a boy; morbid fancies mastered him as the rider masters his horse; the demons of opium and alcohol pulled him under, body and soul, despite a persistent and heart-breaking struggle, and he perished ignobly in his prime.

James Clarence Mangan was born at number 3 Fishamble Strèet, the ancient Vicus Piscariorum of Dublin, on the first day of May, 1803. He was the eldest of four children, an early-dying family; his brother, the only one who survived him, was destined to follow him the same month. The father belonged in Shanagolden, Limerick, and was a grocer in fair circumstances when his son was born. The house and shop were the property of the mother, Catharine Smith, of whom we know little but her name. The shop seems to have been soon resigned by the elder Mangan to a brother-in-law, whom he beguiled over from London. This Mangan was a willful, tyrannous, thick-headed man, of whom his little ones were afraid. He retired from his business on a competency, but ran through his small estate from excess of hospitality, and died prematurely of the superior disease of disillusion and vexation. The poet, in a posthumous autobiographical fragment, thus describes him, and exalts or debases him into a Celtic type: "His nature was truly noble; to quote a phrase of my friend O'Donovan, he 'never knew what it was to refuse the countenance of living man;' but in neglecting his own interests (and not the most selfish misanthropes could accuse him of attending too closely to those) he unfortunately forgot the injuries which he inflicted upon the interests of others. He was of an ardent and forward-bounding disposition; and though deeply religious by nature, he hated the restraints of social life, and seemed to think that all feelings with regard to family connections and the obligations imposed by them were beneath his notice. Me, my two brothers, and my sister he treated habitually as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds. It was his boast, uttered in pure glee of heart, that we would run into a mouse-hole to shun him! While my mother lived he made her miserable; he led my only sister such a life that she was obliged to leave our house; he kept up a continual succession of hostilities with my brothers; and if he spared me more than others, it was perhaps because I displayed a greater contempt of life and everything connected with it. . . . May God assoil his great and mistaken soul, and grant him eternal peace and forgiveness! But I have an inward feeling that to him I owe all my misfortunes."

Mangan's judgments were invariably too gentle; Mitchell says that he was never heard to criticise or blame any one but himself. The experiences of his tragic infancy must have affected the fountain-springs of human feeling. Perhaps he remembered his own nameless antipathy, by contrast, when he came to render the wistful thought of a dead father in August Kuhn's verses on a lonely little wildwood boy: —

> "I would rather
> Be with him than pulling roses."

An odd, nervous, gloomy child, he was sent to school, in Swift's forlorn and formal natal neighborhood, in Derby Square, off Werburgh Street. There was a tutor there who had baptized him, and who loved him; and from him he learned, among other things, the rudiments of French and Latin. But at thirteen or at fifteen (it is impossible to know which) he had to enter the bitter workaday lists of the world, and to toil like "sabbathless Satan" for the

support of a family of steadily sinking fortunes, who had no mercy for him, and who preyed upon him like a nest of harpies. As early as 1817 the gift within him was visibly astir, only to vent itself in the charades and whimsical rhymes proper to an almanac. For seven weary years he toiled at copying, from five in the morning, winter and summer, until eleven at night, through a boyhood which knew no vacations. For three years succeeding he was an attorney's clerk, in close air and among vulgar associates, so tortured in every sentient fibre of his being that he affirmed nothing but a special Providence preserved him from suicide. The circumstances of this drudgery at 6 York Street gnawed into his memory. Isolation of mind was his habit then as afterwards, and long walks by night were his sole relaxation. As he looked back upon the spectacle of his innocent and stricken youth, he was able to record the anguish at which the outer willingness was priced. "I would frequently inquire, though I scarcely acknowledged the inquiry to myself, how or why it was that I should be called upon to sacrifice the immortal for the mortal; to give away irredeemably the Promethean fire within me for the cooking of a beefsteak; to destroy and damn my own soul that I might preserve for a few miserable months or years the bodies of others. Often would I wander out into the fields, and groan to God for help. *De profundis clamavi!* was my continual cry."

These were the years when first he took comfort, five minutes at a time, in delightful study; when from pure single-hearted passion he made himself an Oxford out of nothing, and won what is rightly called his "profound and curiously exquisite culture;" when toward the unlovely home or the yet unlovelier office he would pace the streets softly reciting some sad verses of Ovid's which had a charm for him at school, and keeping his mind alive with reverie and song, — a solitary young golden-haired figure, rapt and kind, upon whom no gladness ever broke, and who was alone in any crowd. But he had already fallen on solaces less sure than these. In the parlors of 2 Church Lane, College Green, he found his earliest encouragers: intellectual tipplers, most of them, like Tighe and Lawrence Bligh, ready to be Mangan's colleagues in dangerous and downward paths. It is written that, about this time, a friend betrayed his confidence in some way, and helped him to a sickening foretaste of what his lot was to be. We have no reason to infer, however, that the blow was dealt to so trustful a heart by any member of the radiant and erratic Comet Club. A crowning calamity came upon him between 1820 and 1825. His first love was given to a fair girl much "above him," according to our strange surveys. She encouraged his shy approaches; and he was tremblingly, perilously happy. For the pleasantest period of his life he was in frequent social contact with interesting people of station and breeding, with those who made for him his fitting environment. But at the moment when he feared nothing he was taken like a bird in the fowler's net, and cast scornfully away. Stunned and broken, he crept back as best he could to solitude. He had no confidant; he waived the effeminacy of a diary; none of all who have written here and there of him can do more than allude to the heroine of his tragedy. Name, habitation, date, she has none. With perfect dignity, and with a reticence which does him infinite honor, he laid aside hope, and went into the black valley before him. Once only, in 1839, in the midst of the clumsy machinery of the dialogue Polyglot Anthology, he utters some rather imprecatory stanzas To Laura, or, as afterwards amended, To Frances, beginning, —

"The life of life is gone and over;"

and mentions, with his usual mendacity and presence of mind, that they are from the Italian! They close in a fine Byronic burst: —

"Adieu! for thee the heavens are bright,
Bright flowers along thy pathway lie:
The bolts that strike, the winds that blight,
Will pass thy bower of beauty by.

"But when shall rest be mine? Alas,
When first the winter wind shall wave
The pale wild flowers, the long dark grass,
Above my unremembered grave."

He was safe here in speaking out, as he was safe later in The Nameless One, because he had always been so close-lipped and uncomplaining. None of his contemporaries, at least, could measure how entirely, in both instances, he relieved his heart. The face of no woman ever appealed to Mangan again. Other and yet more mocking faces walked by his side; for his ruin had begun, and the fatal friend of sin clung to him when the white visions he adored had, one by one, withdrawn.

Henceforth it is not so easy to track him; he seems to have vanished into smoke. His bright hair blanched of a sudden, during his first withdrawal from the upper world after his rebuff. Whatever is known of him has been gathered only with extreme painstaking: his personal history is quite as vague as if he had lived in a hermit's cell eight hundred years ago, when as yet the fine arts of spying and reporting were in the germ. Even to the men who saw him yesterday, close at hand, he was a stranger. He passed through their company like the ghost of a *séance*, with soundless speech and gait: whence and whither none could discover. Mangan was a loving student of the mediæval alchemists, and he took for his own the black art of shooting out of darkness into a partial light, and vanishing as soon. He would disappear for weeks and months at a time, and baffle search. It was evident that he mingled, meanwhile, with those who had snapped all links with human society. Nor is he the only poet in English letters over whose head the tides of despair rose and rolled, that he might so sink, and float, and sink again. We have not forgotten Dr. Johnson's heartfelt lament over Richard Savage, who, after an inner battle, retired occasionally into chaos, with his pension-money in his pocket. "On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house among thieves and beggars," says that illustrious friend, "was to be found the author of The Wanderer, — the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observation; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts." Into such deeps of partial insanity did Mangan also fall; and out of them, ever and again, he would rise, humble, active, clean of heart, by some reparative miracle, — his eyes fixed (they, at least, never wavered) on eternal beauty and eternal good.

Giving what he could and asking nothing, genial and gentle to all that lived, he did not lack affection. In his poverty, his eccentric habits, his irresponsibilities, he found a distinguished and devoted few to replace his mistaken circle of Church Lane wits: Mr. George Petrie, Dr. Todd, Dr. Anster, and, especially, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The Nation paid Mangan in advance for the copy he too often forgot to supply; Trinity College library employed "the admirable scribe" on its vast new catalogues, until, alas, he forfeited its regard; the Ordnance Survey Office, where he was at peace awhile among topographers and antiquaries, generally the happiest-tempered of men, proved to be but a haven whence the fearful undercurrents were persistently dragging him out to sea. He might have lived with those who would have appreciated and protected him, but he was too proud. It pleased him better to sit in a garret by

his invalid brother, with a bottle for a candlestick, sipping tar-water, and, with his delicate smile, watching the other's consumption of the single egg which was all Apollo's vassal could afford to buy him for a certain Christmas dinner; or to move from lodging to lodging, with his hand-bag and his "large malformed umbrella," devising how he could redeem his manuscripts, and his cherished tar-water too, left in pawn for the ante-penultimate rent. Nothing very definite ever happened to him. Always suffering in health, always absent-minded and a prey to accidents, he was no stranger to hospitals, and cheerfully asserted that his intellect cleared the moment he entered the ward. Lonely, sick, harassed, and clinging with foolhardy calm to his Bride Street dwelling during the great cholera epidemic, suddenly and quietly as the shutting of a glow-worm's little lamp, on June 20, 1849, his life went out, at the Meath Hospital, whither he had been removed. The nurse who had cared for him thoughtlessly burned the papers he had covered with his exquisite handwriting. The Reverend Charles P. Meehan (who survived until the spring of 1890), to whom the poet had long been dear, Dr. Stokes, and Burton, the artist, helped him, as watchers and faithful friends. Burton came in again when all was over, and drew the pallid face as it lay back upon the pillow, old and weary with its forty-six insupportable years. The unique portrait of Clarence Mangan hangs now in the National Gallery on Leinster Lawn, Dublin, a more striking and significant thing than Severn's tender sketch of the dying Keats. He was buried a mile or two away, in Glasnevin. Those who laid him in his grave did so with hearts not unthankful. Upon the headstone, tardily raised, there might have been graven Dante's touching symbol of the worm,

"Born to become the angelic butterfly."

To think of Mangan dead was to think of him as freed, abroad on fortunate wings for the first time, and for eternity.

His locked-in soul reveals itself, however, to the eye of sympathy. He even speaks a second time, with an unreserve which has a certain horror, in The Nameless One, the fiercest, fullest, most memorable of all his poems.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like a rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour;
How shone for him, thro' his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth could give,
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song:

With song that alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam;
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid,
A mountain stream!

Tell how this nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him,

(If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim,

And he fell far thro' the pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck, and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes, old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble!
Deep in your bosoms, there let him dwell:
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in hell.

While everybody recognizes the pathos and manliness of what Burns pleads in behalf of his projected self, this far more wonderful elegy, based on the same remorse, is forgotten.

When Mangan cries, only too autobiographically,

"And he fell far thro' the pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,"

he lends us an incidental glimpse of two forerunners to whom he was attached. The mention of Maginn has unique historic interest; for he exercised on Mangan's genius a pronounced though superficial influence. It seems ironical to recall to the present generation of readers the Sir Morgan Odoherty of Blackwood's, the star of Fraser's and the Noctes, now *cinis et manes et fabula*, — the joyous, the learned, the amazing William Maginn, LL. D., who, because he reaped a temporal reward as an unsurpassed writer for magazines, has all but perished from the heaven of remembered literature. The coupling of his truly illustrious name with that of Burns was, at the given date, obvious. It is not likely that Mangan would have spoken of the ultimate blight of Maginn's great powers while he lived; and the allusion in the poem itself to the age of the author (thirty-nine) would tend to fix its composition in the year of Maginn's death, 1842. Profound feeling, as of a personal loss, premonition, as if called forth by the fate of one familiarly known, hang over these rushing strophes, written as they are in the third person, and free from extraneous events. It is clear that Mangan had an enthusiasm for Maginn, hitherto unnoted. His commentary in the Anthologia Germanica, in the Litteræ Orientales, and in all the rather imitative raillery of his Dublin University Magazine work, with its officious instructive footnotes, testifies how genuine it was. And the midsummer news from Walton-on-Thames, which struck home to many who loved "learning lightly worn," and who grieved for might put to no immortal use, hurt also the quiet clerkly figure on the library ladders of Trinity, and added a pang to his opinion of himself. Maginn's is the only influence discernible in Mangan's prose; his poetry, even prior to the time when his style was formed, is aloof, to a remarkable degree, from known fashions. Once, indeed, he seems to have assimilated and forgotten a note of the "pausing harp" of 1797. We are told of the knight who won "the bright and beauteous Genevieve" that so soon as the story faltered on his lips he

"Disturbed her soul with pity."

"The song of the tree that the saw sawed thro'," says Mangan, after Coleridge,

"Disturbed my spirit with pity,
Began to subdue
My spirit with tenderest pity!"

But Mangan's echoes are so rare that they amount to phenomena.

It was always said of him, even as a boy, that he could not tolerate direction in his reading. Of whatever other comfort he was bereft, he seems to have

owned books, and his taste was solely for the best of them. Browsing habitually among the stalls of the Four Courts, he grew to an intimacy with the fathers of English literature; nor was his choice of contemporaries less interesting. He fell down before Godwin's St. Leon, when, if we may judge by a phrase in the mouth of one of Mangan's fictitious characters, he went to sleep over Sir Walter's bugle-cries. And he admired (may he be forgiven for these vagaries) Mr. Rogers. But we find him quoting Balzac, Charles Lamb, and the young Tennyson, and affectionately addressing a friend who sought to uplift him as

"Thou endowed with all of Shelley's soul,"

at a time when "Shelley's soul" was still rated below par by the sagacious world which had not known him. Mangan thought, however, that there was "a cloud on Shelley's character." It is pleasant to think of the small blond sprite of 1811 tripping in and out of the Derby Square school, who may have looked more than once on Shelley's boyish self, as he went crusading with Harriet through the streets. For whatever Mangan saw or heard, it was from his own contracted orbit at home. He was acquainted with his Dublin

"As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar,"

and he was never out of it.

Mangan had some theoretical knowledge of painting and of music; he took deeper interest in Paracelsus and Lavater than in the professors of more practical sciences than theirs. Deep as was his hope for the welfare of all humanity, he could not be accredited with anything so local and gross as a political opinion, even in the seething times of O'Connell. But he proved, when the crisis came, that his heart was with the Young Ireland party, with the purest and maddest ideal that ever dawned upon his troubled motherland. He very generously stole out of his privacy to support it with a pledge, sending in one resplendent recruit, the Irish National Hymn, to represent him in the ranks, and, later, supplementing it with a popular song perfect in its kind, A Highway for Freedom. This unsuspected enthusiasm in one apart from the common concerns of men had a distinctive moral beauty. So Thoreau, wedded to growing leaves and the golden hues of a squirrel's eye, stood forth from his happy woods, and spoke promptly and aloud in the ear of scandalized New England for John Brown. Mangan, like Cowley, like Southey and Coleridge, had a sort of yearning for what he is pleased to call

"The dædal Amazon,
And the glorious O'-hi-o',"

and, like Byron, he pays a lofty compliment to "the single soul of Washington;" but the notion of his actually taking passage to Washington's open-doored republic must have been absurd even to himself. In fact, he never struck at anything, nor "put it to the touch," for the major reason suggested by the cavalier poet, that he feared "his fate too much." His inertia was due mainly, of course, to the Circean drugs, and partially to his constitutional fragility and a dull submissiveness which he took, perhaps, to be his duty. He was always, at heart, religious. He had extreme charity for everybody but Clarence Mangan. It seems superfluous to say that he made no rebellious clutches at life, had no greed. Thinking once of domestic peace, debts discharged, and acknowledged personal value to a community, Goldsmith sighed in a letter to his brother, "Since I knew what it was to be a man, I have not known these things." Worldly wisdom is not a gift left in Irish cradles. It was Goldsmith's instinct, as it was Mangan's, to hitch his wagon to a star; and presently to discover, without any change of countenance, that his star had no power of motion, and so to stand, a spectacle for the laughter of men and gods. It is

Mangan's chief negative merit that he was duped and driven to the wall because he had so much faith or altruism. Such weakness, rather than the strength which receives superstitious reverence, is advanced civilization; and yet it must not be recommended in hornbooks. Civilized Mangan was, — nay, more; unlike "Goldy," he might be called "genteel." About the tight coat and the torn cravat was an aroma as of wilted elegance, a deceptive aroma of what had never been. His manner had great charm; his voice and smile were winning. It was with a gliding grace, the converse of awkwardness, that he wandered around the journalist offices of Trinity Street, where, after prolonged eclipse, the outcast apparition alighted in the doorway, and heads of curious clerks bobbed up from the desks. If Mangan talked at all, he indulged in a soft, desultory, uncanny soliloquy, when he could do so in the ear of an old friend. "It was easy to perceive that his being was all drowned in the blackest despair. . . . He saw spirits, too, and received unwelcome visits from his dead father, whom he did not love." In spite of destiny he would be gay. There was nothing in him of the roisterer, but his speech was full of sudden witticisms, sly fooling that drew no blood. The grimmest poem he wrote has its play upon words, at which melancholy game he takes rank with Heine and Thomas Hood, invincibles like himself. "Poor Clarence Mangan, with his queer puns and jokes, and odd little cloak and wonderful hat!" — so a contemporary paints him, not without a handsome reference to the huge inevitable umbrella, "carried like a cotton oriflamme in the most settled weather, and which, when partly covered by his cloak, might easily be mistaken for a Scotch bagpipe." Never were clothes so married to a personality; they were as much a part of Mangan as his shining blue eyes, or his quiet, rapid, monk-like step. He had a little brown, caped cloak in which he seemed to have been born; and the strange, antique, dismaying hat aforesaid, fixed over his silken white hair, is set down to our great satisfaction (in the preface to O'Daly's Poets of Munster) as broad-leafed, steeple-shaped, and presumably built on the Hudibras model. Stooped but not short, wan, thin, and bright, powdery with dust from the upper shelf, eager to "feel the bumps" on friendly heads, equipped with the scant toga precariously buttoned, the great goggles, and the king-umbrella of Great Britain and Ireland, — such was Mangan; so ludicrous and so endearing a figure that one wishes him but a thought in Fielding's brain, lovingly handled in two volumes octavo, and abstracted from the hard vicissitudes of mortality.

His priceless gift expressed itself in fugitive verses given to the Dublin Penny Journal, from 1832 to 1837; to the Irish Penny Journal, started in 1840, for which he wrote much; to the Nation and the United Irishman; and to the Dublin University Magazine, to which he was faithful, in his intermittent fashion, from its inception in 1833 up to his death, sixteen years later. "Throughout his whole literary life of twenty years," says his patriot friend Mitchell, "he never published a line in any English periodical or through any English bookseller. He never appeared to be aware that there was a British public to please." Mangan, modest by nature, had schooled himself to indifference; no selfish zeal was able to fire him, and he would not have crossed the street to advance his interests. He says roguishly of one of his home-made "German" poets, "Selber's toploftical disdain of human applause is the only great thing about him except his cloak." It is just to reflect also that he kept from the agreeable ways of publicity in London, because his feelings and associations were hostile and on the side of his country in her storms of fifty years ago. At any

rate, he never burned even the permissible candle to Mammon. London, and through her posterity, are the losers; there would have been no doubt of his welcome.

Miserable as Mangan was, he had "content surpassing wealth" in his art. On this subject, as on all that touch him nearly, he is dumb. We know very little of his literary habits, save that he wrote fitfully, and often failed, in his earlier years, to get a farthing's pay. He apologizes for gaps in his various Anthologiæ, — once by pleading that he had mislaid the last leaves of his manuscript, again by saying that he had not of late found a peaceful hour in which to resume his task. His work, at its worst, has the faults inseparable from the conditions under which it was wrought: it is stumbling, pert, diffuse, distraught. He had in full that racial luxuriance and fluency which, wonderful to see in its happier action, tend always to carry a poet off his feet, and wash him into the deep seas of slovenliness. Mangan's scholarship, painfully, intermittently acquired, never distilled itself into him, to react imperiously on all he wrote. Again, his mental strength, crowded back from the highways of literature, wreaked itself in feats not the worthiest: in the taming of unheard-of metres, in illegal decoration of other men's fabrics, in orthoepic and homonymic freaks of all kinds, not to be matched since the Middle Ages. It cannot be said of him, in the full sense, as Hannay says of Poe, that "he never profaned his genius, whatsoever else he profaned." Mangan's work, if the moral test be applied to it, is exceedingly immaculate; but much of it is mockingly insincere. The alloy of poverty and humiliation gets into it, and gives it an underbred air. "Hippocrene may be inexhaustible," he says quaintly, and on another topic, "but it flows up to us through a pump." Did ever the Virgilian perfection spring from a poet hurried and ill fed? The marvel, burning the dross away, is the spirit of victory in Mangan which often and utterly surmounts the most appalling obstacles known to the mind of man. At his best he is astonishingly original and modern; and he is cosmopolitan, after the manner of the Irish, who have the wit to be, at call,

> "like almost anything,
> Or a yellow albatross!"

His mind is liberal and impassioned, full of the willful strength which repels discipline. His wild excellence looks best confronted with the sweet and adroit lays of his townsman and contemporary, Thomas Moore: these two stand asunder at the poles of the lyric world. Surprisingly slight as is the body of Mangan's poetry hitherto printed as his own, he shows in it considerable inequality. It is hard to believe that the Hellenic strophes of Enthusiasm, whose opening invocation Clough might have penned, —

> "Not yet trodden under wholly,
> Not yet darkened,
> O my spirit's flickering lamp, art thou!"

belong to the same source as the guffaw-like postlude to the Broken-Hearted Song. But Mangan must have his range: awful when he draws himself up to the Karamanian attitude, —

> "I was mild as milk till then,
> I was soft as silk till then;
> Now my breast is like a den,
> Karaman!
> Foul with blood and bones of men,
> Karaman!
> With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
> Karaman, O Karaman!"

and when he touches Ireland and the peasants' famine-year, in

> "Understand your position,
> Remember your mission,
> And vacillate not
> Whatsoever ensue,"

either so altered, so shrunken, that his own dog would not know him, or else belied altogether by the attributing of his name to political drivel entirely for-

eign both to his intellect and his character. Mitchell, who had unerring literary acumen, detected in Mangan the conflict of "deepest pathos and a sort of fictitious jollity." At times, he says, the poet breaks into would-be humor, "not merry and hearty fun, but rather grotesque, bitter, Fescennine buffoonery, which leaves an unpleasant impression, as if he were grimly sneering at himself and all the world, purposely spoiling and marring the effect of fine poetry by turning it into burlesque, and showing how meanly he regarded everything, even his art, wherein he lived and had his being, when he compared his own exalted ideas of art and life with the littleness of all his experiences and performances." The painful mummery of some pages (of which, it is but fair to recall, their author had never the revision, and which should not have been, nor should be, reprinted) is not representative of anything but the *mauvaise honte* that comes at intervals over Mangan, and stands between him and his angel,

"When the angel says, 'Write.'"

He was not uncritical. He likened his genius to "a mountain stream," and no analysis could be better, on the whole. His home is on untrodden highlands, in rough, precipitous places, where only the Munster shepherd-boys pass with their flocks, and drink of the strangely gushing water, and dream not but that all water tastes the same the wide world over.

Mangan had not been given his title to the Erin of song for nothing. He atoned to the ancestral tongue he could neither speak nor understand by making it articulate in the hearing of the invader. It is folly to speak of him as a strictly successful translator; in power of interpretation he must yield to Sir Samuel Ferguson. But he ran into twilight fields of his own, as was his wont, and dedicated exquisite work, albeit a trifle schismatical, to the ancient literature of his country. Several Gaelic scholars furnished him, toward the end of his life, with literal drafts of the many ballads he was to render; and within these outlines he built up structures altogether glorious, and not unfaithful to their first design. There is a breathless grandeur in his chanting of the Hymn of St. Patrick, At Tarah To-Day, the manuscript of which, still preserved at Trinity College, is proved by Dr. Petrie to be thirteen hundred years old. It was with such magnificent deep-mouthed apostrophes that Mangan was best fitted to cope. He was able to try them again in a translation sacred to war as the other to Christian peace, O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire: rude heroic strophes bursting from the heart of the last hereditary bard of the great sept of Fermanagh as late as the reign of Charles I., while the courtly lyres of England were tinkling a cannon shot away. Precisely as good as these, in its province, is the inimitable sarcastic rattle of The Woman of Three Cows. But Mangan's happiest witchwork is in My Dark Rosaleen. This was written by a worthy contemporary of Shakespeare's, an unknown minstrel of the Tyrconnel chief Hugh the Red O'Donnell, who put on the lips of his lord, as addressed to Ireland, the love-name of Roisin Dubh, the Black-Haired Little Rose. More exact versions of this symbolical masterpiece have since been made, but the stormy beauty of Mangan's lines does away with considerations of law and order. From an extract such as "Over hills and hollows I traveled for you, Roisin Dubh! and crossed Loch Erne in a strong wind, . . . but the mountains shall be valleys and the rivers flowing backward before I shall let harm befall my Roisin Dubh," the poet draws the second, fifth, and last stanzas of seven, one of these quoted being all but a pure gratuity, like a foam-ball on the stream: —

"Over hill and thro' dales
Have I roamed for your sake!

All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
. . . . . .

"Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You 'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You 'll think of me thro' daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
. . . . . .

"O the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!"

What passionate, inebriating thought and sound even these fragments hold! The manner is all Mangan's; its noteworthiest feature being the rich recurrence of words and lines for which Roisin Dubh gives no warrant, and to whose examination we shall return when we come to speak of Poe.

The only book published by Mangan during his life was the Anthologia Germanica, which, having run its course in a magazine, was printed, without its prose passages, in 1845 (it is said at Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's expense). Whatever reputation Mangan has rests upon it, and it is sometimes praised far beyond its deserts. His diction, here as elsewhere, is simple, emotional, choice; it is easy to number instances of extremely skillful rendition. But these German poems, being what the Irish ones are not, the children of conventional art, suffer more from Mangan's swervings and strayings. He treats his great victims pretty much as Burns, with every justification, treats the floating Scotch ballads: he adjusts, he reverses, he interfuses, his old material with a fresh quality. If he fails to confess, with the Sir E—— B—— L—— of Bon Gaultier,

"I 've hawked at Schiller on his lyric throne,
And given the astonished bard a meaning all my own,"

at least he can well be pardoned for his all too generous doings; for Mangan seldom detracts from the Muse he professes to follow; his unfaithfulness is in quite another category. The single fact of his having transformed the hard-hearted Kunegund of The Ride around the Parapet into the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne, trumpeting her to and fro with splendid repetitions, is indicative enough of his prodigal habit. Mangan takes under protest, though his endeavor is always to make you think him a great assimilator and economist; but he is a prodigious giver. He hates the niggardly hand, like Horace, and he cares not a straw how much of himself he throws away at his game of setting up a poet in whom he has no special interest, and who often is his inferior. The best known and certainly the loveliest of his shorter German translations is Rückert's ghazel, Und Dann Nicht Mehr.

AND THEN NO MORE.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'T was Eden's light on earth awhile, and then no more.
Amid the throng she passed along the meadow-floor;
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no more.
But whence she came, which way she went, what garb she wore,
I noted not: I gazed awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'T was Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more.
Ah, what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on beauty's shore;
Near hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
Earth looked like heaven a little while, and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
The earth was peri-land awhile, and then no more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once before,
Thro' chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no more,
Death soon would heal my grief; this heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then no more.

Even here, where he keeps physically rather close to his pensive model, he adds metaphor after metaphor, many a lyrical wail, and a heart-stopping pathos all unwarranted and new; he seems to blight and then revivify almost everything he touches. Scores of times, as in Wetzel's Sehnsucht, itself very like Mignon's immortal song of the far-off land and of the spiritual longing to turn thither, Mangan deliberately improvises on his theme, as if he would say, "See how I would have done it, *more Mangano!*" He matches Wetzel's graceful eight lines with twenty-five of his own, melodiously overlapping, and of extraordinary sweetness, in which

> "Morn and eve a star invites me,
> One imploring silver star,
> Wooes me, calls me, lures me, lights me,"

with a divine persistence far as the "imploring star" itself from good Wetzel's imagination.

The truth is, Clarence Mangan is no translator at all. He is dominated by his own genuine and splendid force, which throve under evil conditions, and had no clear outlet; and he cannot contain the ebullition of his natural speech even in the majestic presence of Goethe. His mind is not pliable, not uniformly "at your service, sir;" he can give an able and courteous coöperation only when the demigod chances to agree with his native fire. The most striking internal evidence that he had not in him the first instinct of the translator is that he seems aware of the existence of Heine, whose abrupt beauty he was curiously well fitted to convey into English, only to appraise him as "darkly diabolical," and to touch severely on his "melancholy misdirection of glorious faculties." As it was, he wasted on the dreams of anybody else the time he was forbidden to devote to the inspirations of his own brain. It was Mangan's misfortune, his punishment also, that with the early loss of enthusiasm, and "that true tranquil perception of the beautiful," which, as he himself feelingly says of an elder writer, "a life led according to the rules of the divine law alone can confer on man," there came an autumnal decadence; a sinking from the exercise of the creative faculty to that of the critical; a relinquishment of the highest intellectual mood, which was his birthright, for that of the spectator, the sceptic, the jaded philosopher. He recanted his belief in his own powers, and having done that he held a false but consistent way. The things he did in literature have the look of accidents and commentaries, as he wished; the pride of his whole shadowed career was to figure in a mask beneath him. In such a spirit of evasion he took to his inexplicable trade of translating; accepting a suggestion and scornfully elaborating it, or ironically

referring to the gardens of Ispahan his own roses, whose color seemed too startling for the banks of the Liffey.

The question of his Oriental "translations" is of absorbing interest. He is not known to lovers of literature, because he played tricks masterly as any of Chatterton's, and because, unfortunately for the vindication of his genius, his tricks have never been discovered and explained, — they have been merely suspected; and the lazy few who have written of him since he died have left it to be inferred that he was more of a *savant* and less of an organic force than he was. His obliging labor of transposing the Welsh, Danish, Frisian, Swedish, Russian, and Bohemian (for he solemnly pretends to deal in all these) is pure trickery. If Mangan had had the linguistic acquirements of his adored Maginn and of Father Prout, he would have rivaled their gigantic jokes on the gentle reader. Latin and three of the current European tongues he knew, and he quoted Greek, possibly at first hand; he goes out of his way to bear witness that English is nobler than them all; but it seems clear that he was no better versed in the Oriental languages and their dialects than in Gaelic. The Schlegels, Herder, Rückert, and others whom he read were full of Arabic and Persian influences, obvious or occult. During the earlier half of the century the eyes of scholars were turned often to the East; by 1830 there was enough of it in German and English letters, enough even in the spurious bulbuls of Lalla Rookh, to supply a man of nimble apprehension like Mangan, "sagacious of his quarry from afar," with visions of his own. He expressly states somewhere that he dislikes the Orientals for their mysticism! Meanwhile, on a fine musical principle, he approximates them, he has sympathies with them. He has all the sense of awe and horror, the joy in action and the memory of action, the bright fatalism, of a Mussulman. Whenever he puts on a turban, natural to him as the *himation* to Keats, mischief is afoot. He does not only invent his Ottoman; he invents a Teuton, in one instance, to be his Ottoman's sponsor. In 1845, in the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, "J. C. M." bursts into the wild and moving measures of The Last Words of Al Hassan. He remarks that he found it in Wolff's Hausschatz, "the repertory of an incredible quantity of middling poetry;" and he adds that it was composed by "one Heyden, a name unfamiliar to our ears." Now there is no Heyden indexed or otherwise represented in Wolff's Hausschatz. Mark the artful depreciation of the German volume, meant, perhaps, to fright a possible speculator in Manganese. "Translation 's so feasible!" he exclaims in a passage of unusual jollity, wherein he blames other bards who do not dedicate themselves, for the hungry public's sake, to that excellent diversion. Lamb himself had no more fun out of Ritson and John Scott the Quaker than Mangan has out of his poem by Selber, with notes by Dr. Berri Abel Hummer! The nomenclature of some of his puppets is quite too daring; Berri Abel is bad enough, but Baugtrauter is notorious. Even Where 's my Money? (his only humorous poem which is really a success, really not to be spared) he gives away with a flourish to one Franz Freihem Gaudy. He declared continually that his "translations" were not rigidly faithful, or he refused altogether to gratify the curiosity of his audience. "It is the course that liberal feeling dictates," he says, with a strict humor worthy of Newman, "to let them suppose what they like." And all the time he is enriching them and cheating himself; adorning the annals of reversed forgery, and cutting off from the circulation of his mother-tongue some of the most original accents of the century. He took tremendous delight in throwing dust in the eyes of devoted Dublin.

It is obviously within reason that in Mangan's soaring stanzas dedicated to the Ingleeze Khafir, Djaun Bool Djenkinzun, the dear and dunder-headed gentleman addressed might miss the point altogether. It would not be so conceivable that he hoodwinked also the Trinity Fellows at his elbow were it not for two considerations. In the first place, nobody was especially well acquainted with him; he was essentially intangible; none could affirm with authority that he had but one coat in his wardrobe, or where and how he kept his distressing relatives, so none could track his elusive mental habits, and say, "This knowledge, and not that, has he acquired." Again, specialists do not grow on every bush, even at Trinity. The names of authors whom he cited, Baba Khodjee, Selim-il-Anagh, Mustafa Reezah (may their tribe decrease!), were not illuminating. He attributes one strain to a sixteenth-century Zirbayeh, another to Lameejah, a third to a phonetic nightingale called Waheedi; he abstracts from a manuscript in possession of the queen of Transoxiana one of the loveliest of his songs, and fathers it upon Al Makeenah, a fighting bard of his fancy. Once he was brought to task for concealing himself under the cloak of Hafiz; whereupon he replied that a critic with half an eye could discern that the verses were only Hafiz! His custom was to let Hafiz alone, with Saadi and Omar, these being persons somewhat familiar to the general. The poets he courts are more preciously private to himself than ever Cyril Tourneur was, some years ago, to the elect. The attention of a competent Orientalist may never have been drawn to specifications which would at once throw the unwary off the trail; but it is likely that they passed with modest minor scholars who would have suspected anybody of this roguery sooner than spectral little spectacled Mangan.

It is as a son of the Prophet that he claims full applause. Al Hassan is more than equaled by The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers, once

> "full of health and heart
> Upon the foamy Bosphorus,"

by The Time of the Barmecides, The Howling Song of Al Mohara, and others, drawn, like these, from the impossible "Persian," which escaped the vigilance of Mitchell, a man of many affairs, and which are yet to be found scattered up and down the capital-lettered yellow pages of extinct provincial journals. This Howling Song has a consummate vehemence.

THE HOWLING SONG OF AL MOHARA.

My heart is as a house of groans
From dusky eve to dawning gray,
(Allah, Allah hu![1])
The glazed flesh on my staring bones
Grows black and blacker with decay.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Yet am I none whom death may slay:
I am spared to suffer and to warn;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
My lashless eyes are parched to horn
With weeping for my sin alway;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
For blood, hot blood that no man sees,
The blood of one I slew,
Burns on my hands: I cry therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

Because I slew him over wine,
Because I struck him down at night,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Because he died, and made no sign,
His blood is always in my sight;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Because I raised my arm to smite
While the foul cup was at his lips,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Because I wrought his soul's eclipse,
He comes between me and the light:
(Allah, Allah hu!)
His is the form my terror sees,
The sinner that I slew;
My rending cry is still therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

[1] O God, O God most high!

Under the all-just heaven's expanse
There is for me no resting-spot;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
I dread man's vengeful countenance,
The smiles of woman win me not.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
I wander among graves where rot
The carcasses of leprous men,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
I house me in the dragon's den
Till evening darkens grove and grot.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
But bootless all: who penance drees
Must dree it his life thro';
My heart-wrung cry is still therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

The silks that swathe my hall-deewan[1]
Are damascened with moons of gold;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Musk-roses from my gulistan[2]
Fill vases of Egyptian mould;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
The Koran's treasures lie unrolled
Near where my radiant night-lamp burns;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Around me rows of silver urns
Perfume the air with odors old.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
But what avail these luxuries?
The blood of him I slew
Burns red on all: I cry therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

Can sultans, can the guilty rich,
Purchase with mines and thrones a draught
(Allah, Allah hu!)
From that Nutulian[3] fount from which
The conscience-tortured whilom quaffed?
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Vain dream! Power, glory, riches, craft,
Prove magnets for the sword of wrath,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Thorn-plant man's last and lampless path,
And barb the slaying angel's shaft;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
O the blood-guilty ever sees
But sights that make him rue,
As I do now, and cry therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

Mangan's other Eastern fictions, like some of his Western ones, deal usually with a mood of reminiscence and regret, and they have the arch and poignant pathos in which English song is not rich. The mournful music of days gone by, the light tinging a present cloud from the absent sun, are everywhere in Mangan's world. He looks back forever, not with moping, but with a certain shrewd sense of triumph and heartiness. He embraces the tragical to-day, like Pascal's crushed and thinking reed of mankind, *parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt, et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui: l'univers n'en sait rien.* He delivers a lament as if it were a cheer; in his strange temperament they blend in one. It is clear to posterity that this looking back on rosy hours is a sham, a poet's license. What idyllic yesterday cradled and reared so ill adventured a soul? Out of his imagination his "rich Bagdad" never existed; though it be cherished there as only the solitary and disregarded intelligence can cherish its ideal, he is lord of it yet, and can bid it vanish, porch, turret, gallery, and dome, at one imperious gesture of relinquishment. Down tumbles Bagdad! — the sound thereof is in the public ears; and who will refuse to believe that there was a Clarence Mangan who knew something of the blessed Orient, — something, too, of felicity, even though it passed?

With his provoking banter, in April of 1840, he calls attention in a magazine to The Time of the Barmecides, which he had given to the same pages precisely a year before, and which he had bettered infinitely, meanwhile, by a few discreet touches. Starting off with a motto (obviously of his own manufacture), that

> "There runs thro' all the dells of time
> No stream like Youth again,"

he proceeds to explain the second appearance of his favored lyric. "It was published some months back, but in such suspicious company that it probably remained unread, except by the few, very few persons who have always believed us

[1] Sofa or seat along the side of a room.
[2] Rose-garden. [3] Lethean.

too honorable to attempt imposing on or mystifying the public. We now, therefore, take the liberty of reintroducing the poem to general notice, embellished with improvements, merely premising that if any lady or gentleman wishes to have a copy of the original (or indeed of any original of our oversettings), we are quite ready to come forward and treat: terms cash, except to young ladies." With talk of transparent nonsense, Mangan attempts to parry his rightful praise. He would have us think that to his laborious searching and transcribing, "with the help," as he says, of "punch and patience," we are indebted for the existence of his finest work. But the punch is direct from Castaly's well, and the patience covers the rapturous drudgery known to all true art. What held him back from acknowledging his own homespun glories was a trait both of shyness and of perversity. He must have been conscious that his rhythms were nothing short of innovations. Nearly everything which bears his name has a voluptuous dance-measure which no one had written before, — a beauty so novel and compelling that full recognition of it from outsiders would have subjected Mangan, ultimately, to a process very like lionizing. With characteristic shirking, and with an awkward inability to "face," literally, his own music, he sealed his charter of merit to his supposititious ancients and aliens. We, the perspicacious readers of another generation, are to consider it less likely that in one poet was a voice of such individuality that it breaks forth through a hundred disguises than that bards resident through the ages in the four zones, Jew and Gentile,

"Bold Plutarch, Neptune, and Nicodemus,"

are the co-heirs of the selfsame astonishing style! Wits were at work on him, even as on a rebus, long before he died. Some anonymous person, aware of a new sound when he heard it, addressed to him an apostrophe not utterly flat, since it shows that the sagacious race of mousers abides always and everywhere, and that, according to a metaphysical truism, no one can deceive all: —

"Various and curious are thy strains, O Clarence Mangan,
Rhyming and chiming in a very odd way;
Rhyming and chiming! and the like of them no man can
Easily find in a long summer's day."

The refrain is characteristic, in some shape or other, of all old poetry. It belongs to Judea and Greece, to infant England, to northern France, to the Persianized Germany of Mangan's study. After a long lapse, it had its first faint perceptible modern use in the peculiar cadence of Coleridge's stops and keys. The fact that, at divers periods, fashions of thought and speech infect the air is a vindication of many laureled heads; for it is a theory which pinches nobody. Almost on the same morning, within twenty years of Coleridge's retirement to Highgate, Mrs. Browning, Mangan, and Edgar Allan Poe were involuntarily conspiring to fix and perpetuate a poetic accident destined to its subtlest and not wholly unforeseen collateral development in Rossetti. Of these, if we would speak technically, where the competition is so close, Mrs. Browning invented and foreshadowed much, but with a light hand. Poe's ringing of the word-changes is, on the other hand, so bold that any successor who approximates his manner is sure now of instant detection and smiling discouragement. Whatever recalls

"Come, let the burial rite be read,
The funeral song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young;
A dirge for her, the doubly dead,
In that she died so young,"

is all very fine, we say, but it will not do; the thing was done to perfection once; we must let Poe reign in his own

kingdom. Let us have a care lest we are letting Poe reign in Mangan's kingdom. The unmistakable shibboleth of Poe's maturer poetry, the employment of sonorous successive lines which cunningly fall short of exact duplication, belongs also to Mangan, in the same degree. There is this passage, for instance, in the reverie of the wayfarer beside the river Mourne, who longs for everlasting rest delayed, and who hears, in answer, a prophetic voice from the martyred tree in the sawmill : —

"'For this grieve not; thou knowest what thanks
The weary-souled and the meek owe
To Death!' I awoke, and I heard four planks
Fall down with a saddening echo, —
*I heard four planks*
*Fall down with a hollow echo!*"

Were it not for the imperfect rhyme, any critic would attribute the lines to Poe, both for manner and for perfect mastery of ghastly detail.

It happens that the Muse over in Dublin has the advantage of priority. Poe's maiden work has not the lovely lyrical tautology which has since been associated with his name. Judging by the pains which he took to dissect the rainbow of his genius in his Philosophy of Composition, he would have us assured that The Raven was his earliest experiment in the values of that repetition which, like a looped ribbon, flutters about the close of so many of his posthumous verses. The Raven was first published in January of 1845 ; it spread like wildfire in America, and reached London the next year. The English parodies of it, which would certify that it was popular and familiar, began in 1853. Ulalume appeared in Colton's Review, in 1847 ; and it may be considered as the perfect blossom of Poe's *da capo* tendencies. Mangan, back in 1839 and 1840, bestowed on heedless air the same emphatic melancholy notes in Night is Nearing, in The Time of the Barmecides, and something not far from them in The Howling Song; indeed, as this article proves, it is difficult to quote from him at all and not detect the accent associated forever and mistakenly with Ulalume, Lenore, For Annie, and the rest. In the Dublin University Magazine, during the years when Poe was attaining his zenith of success, figure other exemplars of Mangan's unchanged art: The Time ere the Roses were Blowing, The Wail and Warning, Twenty Golden Years Ago, the rousing Winniger Winehouse, My Dark Rosaleen, and

"The wasted moon has a marvellous look
Amiddle of the starry hordes :
The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book
All bright with burning words ;
The mists of the dawn begin to dislimn
Zahara's castles of sand :
Farewell, farewell! Mine eyes feel dim,
They turn to the lampless land,
'Llah Hu!
My heart is weary, mine eyes are dim,
I would rest in the dark, dark land."

Mrs. Browning and Coleridge are influences aside, when one comes to scrutinize the neck-and-neck achievements of Mangan and Poe. Mr. Joseph Skipsey openly infers that Poe fell across Mangan's experimental measures during his own editorial and journalistic career. The proposition might have more weight coming from a more cautious pen, yet it is as practicable as a guess need be. The American's thrift and hardihood, his known accomplishment of buccaneering, beneficent as it came to be in the application, helped him to adopt and bring into notice any reform perishing in obscure hands. So he supplemented the octosyllabic cadences of Lady Geraldine's Courtship in

"The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain"

with a patrician aggressiveness never to be confounded with common theft. No arraignment of this sort can be brought against poor chivalrous Mangan which would not be a chronological absurdity. He got his phrase once, if not his pace,

from Coleridge. That beatific philosopher might have pushed his practice farther; but he lacked that sensationalism which is a noble ingredient if used sparingly and in season, and of which Mangan and Poe, beyond all doubt, were possessed. But it is not to be forgotten that one of these two lived and died, as it were, in a hole; that at no time was he in the current of things, or so placed that he could and would scan even the near English horizon. It was the business of the other to sit in a watch-tower

> "Where Helicon breaks down
> In cliff to the sea."

Poe, if it may be said respectfully, was what the gypsies call a *jinney-mengro:* one-who-knows-what-is-up-and-cannot-be-gulled. Under circumstances comparatively kind, from an official chair, and with the bravery which is half the battle, he soberly bequeathed to the soil of English literature a hitherto exotic beauty. But Clarence Mangan, shrinking like the Thane before the supernatural "All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!" is the true founder, nevertheless, of the most picturesque feature in modern verse.

Poe was ever the finer artist; he had a more steadfast and sumptuous imagination. While he links himself with his immediate English predecessors in The Haunted Palace, The City of the Sea, and the opening of Al Aaraaf, and so falls gracefully into his dynastic place, Mangan has a leaning, far more wayward and unaccountable, sometimes to the whimsical, affectionate temper of Béranger, sometimes to the bare strength of the Elizabethans themselves, as in his line where Fate

> "Tolls the disastrous bell of all our years,"

a line as unlike as possible to

> "Helen, thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicean barks of yore."

He is somewhat addicted to compound words; and in the rash use of such words as "youthhood," "gloomsomely," and "aptliest" he makes straight for the pitfalls dug for the radiant intelligence of Mrs. Browning. Poe is too "dainty, airy, amber-bright," for sophomoric blunders, for wretched puns, for breathless haste, for dactyls maimed and scarred in the wars. He never makes Mangan's lunges; his every cæsural pause is fixed by conclave of the Muses. And there is over all his entrancing work an air of incomparable self-attentiveness, a touch of satisfied nicety.

The two Celts had much, very much, in common; Poe's Attic taste and training are responsible for most of the difference. To affirm of him, as has often been done, that he worshiped beauty with his whole soul; that he loved the occult sciences, the phrenologists and the old mystics; that his existence was but an affecting struggle with the adversaries of darkness; even that he was of frail physique, his forehead high and pale, the lower part of his face sensitive and dejected, — in writing thus of Poe one describes Mangan equally well. They had kindred dreams; they had the same ascetic sense of humor; they were haunted by the same "dishonor of the grave;" they died, under almost identical circumstances of pain and mystery, in the same year. In the moral contrast it is the Irish poet who gains. Poe, with his manifold gifts (if we may pervert the terms of a theological thesis *not* "defended or oppugned, or both, at Leipsic or Göttingen"), was "of the highest order of the seraphim illuminati who sneer." He nursed grudges and hungered for homage; he was seldom so happy as in a thriving quarrel. Mangan, as proud at heart, was a pattern of gratitude and deference, and left the force and virginal sweetness of his art to prosper or perish, as Heaven should please.

In 1803, the year of Mangan's birth, Mrs. Hemans printed her first verses, and Moore, already a popular young minstrel, was commissioned to be Ad-

miralty Register at Bermuda. The Lyrical Ballads had sunk, softly as a snowflake, into the earth one twelvemonth before. Mangan's early youth was the flowering-time of Keats, Shelley, and Byron; and he was writing for penny journals while the new minor notes, Hood's, Praed's, Moore's, were filling the air. He died, not companionless, with Emily Brontë, Hartley Coleridge, and Thomas Lovell Beddoes, in 1849: three souls of lavish promise, defrauded and unfulfilled like his own, yet happier than he, inasmuch as they have had since many liegemen and remembrers. He stands withdrawn in the violet shadow of the Wicklow hills all through the gathering thunder of revolutions abroad and the near and mighty wind of Tractarianism. If he should ever come forward, it will be with his own whimsical, misgiving manner, and with questions pathetically irrelevant, as of one whom the fairies had led astray.

> "O sayest thou the soul shall climb
> The magic mount she trod of old,
> Ere childhood's time?"

It may be the solemn privilege of a daring editor, some auspicious day, to illustrate this not irrecoverable name in an anthology; or, better yet, to gather a full volume from the scattered files of Dublin journalism, which shall supplant Mitchell's necessarily hurried and haphazard labor. May that not impossible editor have the gallantry to repeat, in introducing Clarence Mangan, the words with which Schumann prefaced a review of the young Chopin: "Hats off, gentlemen: a Genius!"

*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

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## THE CHAPERON.

### IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

An old lady, in a high drawing-room, had had her chair moved close to the fire, and she sat there knitting and warming her knees. She was dressed in deep mourning; her face had a faded nobleness, tempered, however, by the somewhat illiberal compression assumed by her lips in obedience to something that was passing in her mind. She was far from the lamp, but though her eyes were fixed upon her active needles she was not looking at them. What she really saw was quite another train of affairs. The room was spacious and dim; the thick London fog had oozed into it even through its superior defenses. It was full of dusky, massive, valuable things. The old lady sat motionless save for the regularity of her clicking needles, which seemed as personal to her and as expressive as extended fingers. If she were thinking something out, she was thinking it thoroughly.

When she looked up, on the entrance of a girl of twenty, it might have been guessed that the appearance of this young lady was not an interruption of her meditation, but rather a contribution to it. The young lady, who was charming to behold, was also in deep mourning, which had a freshness, if mourning can be fresh, an air of having been lately put on. She went straight to the bell beside the chimney-piece and pulled it, while in her other hand she held a sealed and directed letter. Her companion glanced in silence at the letter; then she went on with her knitting. The girl hovered near the fireplace, without speaking, and after a due, a dignified interval the butler appeared in re-

sponse to the bell. The time had been sufficient to make the silence between the ladies seem long. The younger one asked the butler to see that her letter was posted; and after he had gone out she moved vaguely about the room, as if to give her grandmother — for such was the elder personage — a chance to begin a colloquy of which she herself preferred not to strike the first note. As equally with herself her companion was on the face of it capable of holding out, the tension, though it was already late in the evening, might have lasted long. But the old lady after a little appeared to recognize, a trifle ungraciously, the girl's superior resources.

"Have you written to your mother?"

"Yes, but only a few lines, to tell her I shall come and see her in the morning."

"Is that all you 've got to say?" asked the grandmother.

"I don't quite know what you want me to say."

"I want you to say that you 've made up your mind."

"Yes, I 've done that, granny."

"You intend to respect your father's wishes?"

"It depends upon what you mean by respecting them. I do justice to the feelings by which they were dictated."

"What do you mean by justice?" the old lady retorted.

The girl was silent a moment; then she said, "You 'll see my idea of it."

"I see it already! You 'll go and live with her."

"I shall talk the situation over with her to-morrow and tell her that I think that will be best."

"Best for her, no doubt!"

"What is best for her is best for me."

"And for your brother and sister?" As the girl made no reply to this, her grandmother went on: "What 's best for them is that you should acknowledge some responsibility in regard to them, and, considering how young they are, try and do something for them."

"They must do as I 've done — they must act for themselves. They have their means now, and they 're free."

"Free? They 're mere children."

"Let me remind you that Eric is older than I."

"He does n't like his mother," said the old lady, as if that were an answer.

"I never said he did. And she adores him."

"Oh, your mother's adorations!"

"Don't abuse her now," the girl rejoined, after a pause.

The old lady forbore to abuse her, but she made up for it the next moment by saying, "It will be dreadful for Edith."

"What will be dreadful?"

"Your desertion of her."

"The desertion 's on her side."

"Her consideration for her father does her honor."

"Of course I 'm a brute, *n'en parlons plus*," said the girl. "We must go our respective ways," she added, in a tone of extreme wisdom and philosophy.

Her grandmother straightened out her knitting and began to roll it up. "Be so good as to ring for my maid," she said, after a minute. The young lady rang, and there was another wait and another conscious hush. Before the maid came her mistress remarked, "Of course, then, you 'll not come to me, you know."

"What do you mean by coming to you?"

"I can't receive you on that footing."

"She 'll not come with me, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that," said the old lady, getting up as her maid came in. This attendant took her work from her, gave her an arm and helped her out of the room, while Rose Tramore, standing before the fire and looking into it, faced the idea that her grandmother's door would now, under all circumstances, be closed to her. She lost no time, how-

ever, in brooding over this anomaly; it only added energy to her determination to act. All she could do to-night was to go to bed, for she felt utterly weary. She had been living, in imagination, in a prospective struggle, and it had left her as exhausted as an actual one. Moreover, this was the culmination of a crisis, of weeks of suspense, of a long, hard strain. Her father had been laid in his grave five days before, and that morning his will had been read. In the afternoon she had got Edith off to St. Leonard's with their aunt Julia, and then she had had a wretched talk with Eric. Lastly, she had made up her mind to act in opposition to the elaborate will — to a clause which embodied if not exactly a provision, a singularly emphatic recommendation. She went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

"Oh, my dear, how charming! I must take another house!" It was in these words that her mother responded to the announcement Rose had just formally made, and with which she had vaguely expected to produce a certain dignity of effect. In the way of emotion there was apparently no effect at all, and the girl was wise enough to know that this was not simply on account of the general line of non-allusion taken by the extremely pretty woman before her, who looked like her elder sister. Mrs. Tramore had never manifested, to her daughter, the slightest consciousness that her position was peculiar; but the recollection of something more than that fine policy was required to explain such a failure to appreciate Rose's sacrifice. It was simply a fresh reminder that she had never appreciated anything, that she was nothing but a tinted and stippled surface. Her situation was peculiar indeed. She had been the heroine of a scandal which had grown dim only because, in the eyes of the London world, it paled in the comparative glow of actuality. That attention had been fixed on it for several days, fifteen years before; there had been a high relish of the vivid evidence as to his wife's misconduct with which, in the divorce court, Charles Tramore had judged well to regale a cynical public. The case was pronounced awfully bad; he obtained his decree. The folly of the wife had been inconceivable, in spite of other examples: she had quitted her children, she had followed the "other fellow" abroad. The other fellow had n't married her, not having had time: he had lost his life in the Mediterranean by the capsizing of a boat, before the prohibitory term had expired.

Mrs. Tramore had striven to extract from this accident something of the dignity of widowhood, but her mourning only made her deviation more public; she was a widow whose husband was, awkwardly, still alive. She had not prowled about the Continent on the classic lines; she had come back to London to take her chance. But London would give her no chance, would have nothing to say to her; as many persons had remarked, you could never tell how London would behave. It would not receive Mrs. Tramore again on any terms, and when she was spoken of, which now was not often, it was said of her that she went literally nowhere. Apparently she had not the qualities for which London compounds; though in the cases in which it does compound you may often wonder what they are. She had not, at any rate, been successful: her lover was dead; her husband was liked and her children were pitied, for London will parenthetically pity, in payment for a topic. It was thought interesting and magnanimous that Charles Tramore had not married again. The disadvantage to his children of the miserable story was thus left uncorrected, and this, rather oddly, was counted as his sacrifice. His mother, whose arrangements were elaborate, looked after them a great deal, and they enjoyed a

mixture of laxity and discipline under the roof of their aunt, Miss Tramore, who was independent, having, for reasons that the two ladies had exhaustively discussed, determined to lead her own life. She had set up a home at St. Leonard's, and that narrow edge had played a considerable part in the upbringing of the little Tramores. They knew about their mother, as the phrase was, but they did n't know her; which was naturally deemed more pathetic for them than for her. She had a house in Chester Square, and an income, and a victoria — it served all purposes, as she never went out in the evening — and flowers on her window sills, and a remarkable appearance of youth. The income was supposed to be in part the result of a bequest from the man for whose sake she had committed the error of her life, and in the appearance of youth there was a slightly impertinent implication that it was a sort of afterglow of the same connection.

Her children, as they grew older, fortunately showed signs of some individuality of disposition. Edith, the second girl, clung to her aunt Julia; Eric, the son, clung frantically to polo; while Rose, the elder daughter, appeared to cling mainly to herself. Collectively, of course, they clung to their father, whose attitude in the family group, however, was casual and intermittent. He was charming and vague; he was like a clever actor who often did n't come to rehearsal. Fortune, which but for that one stroke had been generous to him, had provided him with deputies and trouble-takers, and whimsical opinions, and a reputation for excellent taste, and whist at his club, and perpetual cigars on morocco sofas, and nothing to do or to think about. Nature had thrown in a remarkably fine hand, which he sometimes passed over his children's heads when they were glossy from the nursery brush. On Rose's eighteenth birthday he said to her that she might go to see her mother, on condition that her visits should be limited to an hour each time and to four in the year. She was to go alone; the other children were not included in the arrangement. This was the result of a visit that he himself had paid his disjoined wife at her urgent request, their only encounter during the fifteen years. The girl knew as much as this from her aunt Julia, who was indiscreet. She availed herself eagerly of the license, and in course of the period that elapsed before her father's death she spent with Mrs. Tramore exactly eight hours by the watch. Her father, who was as inconsistent and disappointing as he was amiable, spoke to her of her mother only once afterward. This once had been after her first visit, and it was not to ask what she thought of the personality in Chester Square or how she liked it. It was to say, "Did she take you out?" and when Rose answered, "Yes, she put me straight into a carriage and drove me up and down Bond Street," to rejoin sharply, "See that that never occurs again." It never did, but once was enough, every one they knew having happened to be in Bond Street at that particular hour.

After this the periodical interview took place in private, in Mrs. Tramore's beautiful little wasted drawing-room. Rose knew that, rare as these occasions were, her mother would not have kept her "all to herself" had there been anybody she could have shown her to. But in the poor lady's social void there was no one; she had, after all, her own correctness, and she consistently preferred isolation to inferior contacts. So her daughter was subjected only to the maternal; it was not necessary to be definite in qualifying that. The girl had, by this time, a collection of ideas, gathered by secret young processes; she had tasted, in the ostracism of her ambiguous parent, of the acrid fruit of the tree of knowledge. She not only had an approximate vision of what every one had done, but she had

a private judgment for each case. She had a particular vision of her father, which did not interfere with his being dear to her, but which was directly concerned in her resolution, after his death, to do the special thing he had expressed the wish she should not do. In the general estimate her grandmother and her grandmother's money had their place, and the strong probability that any enjoyment of the latter commodity would now be withheld from her. It included Edith's marked inclination to receive the law, and doubtless eventually a more substantial memento, from Miss Tramore, and opened the question whether her own course might not contribute to make her sister's appear heartless. The answer to this question, however, would depend on the success that might attend her own, which would very possibly be small. Eric's attitude was eminently simple; he did n't care to know people who did n't know other people. If his mother should ever get back into society perhaps he would take her up. Rose Tramore had decided to do what she could to bring this consummation about; and strangely enough — so mixed were her superstitions and her heresies — a large part of her motive lay in the value she attached to such a consecration.

Of her mother intrinsically she thought very little now, and if her eyes were fixed on a certain achievement it was much more for the sake of that achievement and to satisfy a latent energy that was in her than because her heart was wrung by this sufferer. Her heart had not been wrung at all, though she had quite held it out for the experience. Her purpose was a pious game, but it was still essentially a game. Among the ideas I have mentioned she had her idea of triumph. She had caught the inevitable note, the pitch, on her very first visit to Chester Square. She had arrived there in intense excitement, and her excitement found a reception which reminded her of a difficult air she had once heard sung at the opera when no one applauded the performer. That flatness had made her sick, and so did this, in another way. A part of her agitation proceeded from the fact that her aunt Julia had told her, on various occasions (it was another of the indiscretions), that she was, in appearance, the very image of the lady in Chester Square. The motive that prompted this declaration was between aunt Julia and her conscience; but it was a great emotion to the girl to find her entertainer so beautiful. She was tall and exquisitely slim; she had hair more exactly to Rose Tramore's taste than any other she had ever seen, even to every detail in the way it was dressed, and a complexion and a figure of the kind that are always spoken of as "lovely." Her eyes were irresistible, and so were her clothes, though the clothes were perhaps a little more precisely the right thing than the eyes. Her appearance was marked, to her daughter's sense, by the highest distinction; though it may be mentioned that this had never been the opinion of all the world. It was a revelation to Rose that she herself might look a little like that. She knew, however, that aunt Julia had not seen her deposed sister-in-law for a long time, and she had a general impression that Mrs. Tramore was to-day a more complete production — for instance as regarded her air of youth — than she had ever been. There was no excitement on her side — that was all her visitor's; there was no emotion — that was excluded by the plan, to say nothing of conditions more primal. Rose had from the first a glimpse of her mother's plan. It was to mention and to imply nothing, neither to acknowledge, to explain, nor to extenuate. She would leave everything to her child; with her child she was safe. She only wanted to get back into society; she would leave even that to her child, whom she treated not as a high-strung and heroic daughter, a creature of exaltation, of devotion,

but as a new, charming, clever, useful friend, a little younger than herself. Already, on that first day, she had talked about dressmakers. Of course, poor thing, it was to be remembered that in her circumstances she could not have many subjects. "She wants to go out again; that 's the only thing in the wide world she wants," Rose had promptly and exhaustively said to herself. There had been a sequel to this observation, uttered, in intense meditation, in her own room half an hour before she had, on the important evening, made known her decision to her grandmother: "Then *I* 'll take her out!"

"She 'll drag you down, she 'll drag you down!" Julia Tramore permitted herself to remark to her niece, the next day, in a tone of tremendous prophecy.

As the girl's own theory was that all the dragging there might be would be upward, and moreover administered by herself, she could look at her aunt with a cold and inscrutable eye.

"Very well, then, I shall be out of your sight, from the pinnacle you occupy, and I sha'n't trouble you."

"Do you reproach me for my disinterested exertions, for the way I 've toiled over you, the way I 've lived for you?" Miss Tramore demanded.

"Don't reproach me for being kind to my mother and I won't reproach you for anything."

"She 'll keep you out of everything — she 'll make you miss everything," Miss Tramore continued.

"Then she 'll make me miss a great deal that 's tiresome," said the girl.

"You 're too young for such extravagances," her aunt declared.

"And yet Edith, who is younger than I, seems to be too old for them: how do you arrange that? My mother's society will make me older," Rose replied.

"Don't speak to me of your mother; you have no mother."

"Then if I 'm an orphan I must settle things for myself."

"Do you justify her, do you approve of her?" cried Miss Tramore, who was inferior to her niece in capacity for retort, and whose limitations made the girl appear pert.

Rose looked at her a moment in silence; then she said, turning away, "I think she 's charming."

"And do you propose to be charming in the same manner?"

"Her manner is perfect; it would be an excellent model. But I can't discuss my mother with you."

"You 'll have to discuss her with some other people," Miss Tramore proclaimed, going out of the room.

Rose wondered whether this were a general or a particular vaticination. There was something her aunt might have meant by it, but her aunt rarely meant the best thing she might have meant. Miss Tramore had come up from St. Leonard's in response to a telegram from her own parent, for an occasion like the present brought with it, for a few hours, a certain relaxation of their dissent. "Do what you can to stop her," the old lady had said; but her daughter found that the most she could do was not much. They both had a baffled sense that Rose had thought the question out slightly further than they; and this was particularly irritating to Mrs. Tramore, as consciously the cleverer of the two. A question thought out as far as she could think it had always appeared to her to have performed its human uses; she had never encountered a ghost emerging from that extinction. Their great contention was that Rose would cut herself off; and certainly, if she was n't afraid of that, she was n't afraid of anything. Julia Tramore could only tell her mother how little the girl was afraid. She was already prepared to leave the house, taking with her the possessions, or her share of them, that had accumulated there during her father's illness. There had been a going and coming of her maid, a thumping

about of boxes, an ordering of four-wheelers; it appeared to old Mrs. Tramore that something of the objectionableness, the indecency, of her granddaughter's prospective connection had already gathered about the place. It was a violation of the decorum of bereavement which was still fresh there, and from the indignant gloom of the mistress of the house you might have inferred not so much that the daughter was about to depart as that the mother was about to arrive. There had been no conversation on the dreadful subject at luncheon; for at luncheon at Mrs. Tramore's (her son never came to it) there were always, even after funerals and other miseries, stray guests of both sexes whose policy it was to be cheerful and superficial. Rose had sat down as if nothing had happened — nothing worse, that is, than her father's death; but no one had spoken of anything that any one was thinking of.

Before she left the house a servant brought her a message from her grandmother — the old lady desired to see her in the drawing-room. She had on her bonnet, and she went down as if she were about to step into her cab. Mrs. Tramore sat there with her eternal knitting, from which she forbore even to raise her eyes as, after a silence that seemed to express the very fullness of her reprobation, while Rose stood motionless, she began: "I wonder if you really understand what you 're doing."

"I think so. I 'm not so stupid."

"I never thought you were; but I don't know what to make of you now. You 're giving up everything."

The girl was tempted to inquire whether her grandmother called herself "everything;" but she checked this question, and answered, instead, that she knew she was giving up much.

"You 're taking a step of which you will feel the effect to the end of your days," Mrs. Tramore went on.

"In a good conscience, I heartily hope," said Rose.

"Your father's conscience was good enough for his mother; it ought to be good enough for his daughter."

Rose sat down — she could afford to — as if she wished to be very attentive and were still accessible to argument. But this demonstration only ushered in, after a moment, the surprising words, "I don't think papa had any conscience."

"What in the name of all that 's unnatural do you mean?" Mrs. Tramore cried, over her glasses. "The dearest and best creature that ever lived!"

"He was kind, he had charming impulses, he was delightful. But he never reflected."

Mrs. Tramore stared, as if at a language she had never heard, a farrago, a galimatias. Her life was made up of items, but she had never had to deal, intellectually, with a fine shade. Then, while her needles, which had paused an instant, began to fly again, she rejoined: "Do you know what you are, my dear? You 're a dreadful little prig. Where do you pick up such talk?"

"Of course I don't mean to judge between them," Rose pursued. "I can only judge between my mother and myself. Papa could n't judge for me." And with this she got up.

"One would think you were horrid. I never thought so before."

"Thank you for that."

"You 're embarking on a struggle with society," continued Mrs. Tramore, indulging in an unusual flight of oratory. "Society will put you in your place."

"Has n't it too many other things to do?" asked the girl.

This question had an ingenuity which led her grandmother to meet it with a merely provisional and somewhat sketchy answer. "Your ignorance would be melancholy if your behavior were not so insane."

"Oh, no; I know perfectly what she 'll do!" Rose replied, almost gayly. "She 'll drag me down."

"She won't even do that," the old lady declared contradictively. "She 'll keep you forever in the same dull hole."

"I shall come and see you, granny, when I want something more lively."

"You may come if you like, but you will come no further than the door. If you leave this house now, you don't enter it again."

Rose hesitated a moment. "Do you really mean that?"

"You may judge whether I choose such a time to joke."

"Good-by, then," said the girl.

"Good-by."

Rose quitted the room successfully enough; but on the other side of the door, on the landing, she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. She had burst into tears, and she sobbed there for a moment, trying hard to recover herself, so as to go downstairs without showing any traces of emotion, passing before the servants, and again perhaps before aunt Julia. Mrs. Tramore was too old to cry; she could only drop her knitting and, for a long time, sit with her head bowed and her eyes closed.

Rose had reckoned justly with her aunt Julia; there were no servants, but this reinforcement was posted at the foot of the stairs. It offered no challenge, however; it only said, "There 's some one in the parlor who wants to see you." The girl asked for a name, but Miss Tramore was only mysterious and insinuating. Such a manner on aunt Julia's part in itself constituted a revelation, bringing promptly enough to Rose's lips the words, "Captain Jay?" Miss Tramore's eyes confessed her participation in this circumstance; they were, for a moment, the only embarrassed eyes Rose had looked into that day. They contributed to make aunt Julia's further response evasive, after her niece had asked if she had communicated in advance with this visitor. Miss Tramore merely said that he had been upstairs with her mother — had n't she mentioned it? — and had been waiting for her. She thought herself acute in not putting the question of the girl's seeing him before her as a favor to him or to herself; she presented it as a duty, and wound up with the proposition, "It 's not fair to him, it 's not kind, not to let him speak to you before you go."

"What does he want to say?" Rose demanded.

"Go in and find out."

She really knew, for she had found out before; but after standing uncertain an instant she went in. "The parlor" was the name that had always been borne by a spacious sitting-room downstairs, an apartment occupied by her father during his frequent phases of residence in Hill Street — episodes increasingly frequent after his house in the country had, in consequence, as Rose perfectly knew, of his spending too much money, been disposed of at a sacrifice which he always characterized as horrid. He had been left with the place in Hertfordshire and his mother with the London house, on the general understanding that they would change about; but during the last years the community had grown more rigid, mainly at his mother's expense. The parlor was full of his memory and his habits and his things — his books and pictures and *bibelots*, objects that belonged now to Eric. Rose had sat in it for hours since his death; it was the place in which she could still be nearest to him. But she felt far from him as Captain Jay rose erect on her opening the door. This was a very different presence. He had not liked Captain Jay. She herself had, but not enough to make it a great complication that her father did not. This afternoon, however, she foresaw complications. At the very outset, for instance, she was not pleased with his having arranged such a surprise for her with her grandmother and her aunt. It was probably aunt Julia who had sent for him; her

grandmother would n't have done it. It placed him immediately on their side, and Rose was almost as disappointed at this as if she had not known it was quite where he would naturally be. He had never paid her a special visit, but if that was what he wished to do, why should n't he have waited till she should be under her mother's roof? She knew the reason, but she had an angry prospect of enjoyment in making him express it. She liked him enough, after all, if it were measured by the idea of what she could make him do.

In Bertram Jay the elements were surprisingly mingled; you would have gone astray, in reading him, if you had counted on finding the complements of some of his qualities. He would not, however, have struck you in the least as incomplete, for in every case in which you did n't find the complement you would have found the contradiction. He was in the Royal Engineers, and was tall, lean, and high-shouldered. He looked every inch a soldier, yet there were people who considered that he had missed his vocation in not becoming a parson. He took a public interest in the spiritual life of the army. Other persons still, on closer observation, would have felt that his most appropriate field was neither the army nor the church, but simply the world — the decorous, social, successful world. If he had a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, he had a Court Guide concealed somewhere about his person. His profile was hard and handsome, his eyes were both cold and kind, his dark straight hair was imperturbably smooth and prematurely streaked with gray. There was nothing in existence that he did n't take seriously. He had a first-rate power of work, and an ambition as minutely organized as a German plan of invasion. His only real recreation was to go to church; but he went to parties when he had time. If he was in love with Rose Tramore, this was distracting to him only in the same sense as his religion, and it was included in that department of his extremely subdivided life. His religion, indeed, was of a very expanding and annexing temper. Seen from in front he looked diffident and blank, but he was capable of exposing himself in a way (to speak only of the paths of peace) wholly inconsistent with shyness. He had a passion, for instance, for open-air speaking, but was not thought, on the whole, to excel in it, unless he could help himself out with a hymn. In conversation he kept his eyes on you with a kind of distant candor, as if he had not understood what you were saying, and waited before answering, in a fashion that made many people turn red. This was only because he was considering their remarks in more relations than they had intended. He had in his face no expression whatever except the one just mentioned, and was, in his profession, already very distinguished.

He had seen Rose Tramore for the first time on a Sunday of the previous March, at a house in the country at which she was staying with her father, and five weeks later he had made her, by letter, an offer of marriage. She showed her father the letter, of course, and he told her that it would give him great pleasure that she should send Captain Jay about his business. "My dear child," he said, "we must really have some one who will be better fun than that." Rose had declined the honor, very considerately and kindly, but not simply because her father wished it. She did n't herself wish to do the opposite; though when the young man wrote again, to express the hope that he might hope — so long was he willing to wait — and ask if he might not still sometimes see her, she answered even more indulgently than at first. She had shown her father her former letter, but she did n't show him this one; she only told him what it contained, submitting

to him also that of her correspondent. Captain Jay, moreover, wrote to Mr. Tramore, who replied sociably, but so vaguely that he almost neglected the subject under discussion — a communication that made poor Bertram ponder long. He could never get to the bottom of the superficial, and all the proprieties and conventions of life were profound to him. Fortunately for him old Mrs. Tramore liked him, he was satisfactory to her long-sightedness; so that a relation was established under cover of which he still occasionally presented himself in Hill Street — presented himself nominally to the mistress of the house. He had had scruples about the veracity of his visits, but he had disposed of them; he had scruples about so many things that he had had to invent a general way, to dig a central drain. Julia Tramore happened to meet him when she came up to town, and she took a view of him more benevolent than her usual estimate of people encouraged by her mother. The fear of agreeing with that lady was a motive, but there was a stronger one, in this particular case, in the fear of agreeing with her niece, who had rejected him. His situation might be held to have improved when Mr. Tramore was taken so gravely ill that with regard to his recovery those about him left their eyes to speak for their lips; and in the light of the poor gentleman's recent death it was doubtless better than it had ever been.

He was only a quarter of an hour with the girl, but this gave him time to take the measure of it. After he had spoken to her about her bereavement, very much as an especially mild missionary might have spoken to a beautiful young Polynesian, he let her know that he had learned from her companions the very strong step she was about to take. This led to their spending together ten minutes which, to her mind, threw more light on his character than anything that had ever passed between them. She had always felt, with him, as if she were standing on an edge, looking down into something decidedly deep. To-day the impression of the perpendicular shaft was there, but it was rather an abyss of confusion and disorder than the large bright space in which she had figured everything as ranged and pigeonholed, presenting the appearance of the labeled shelves and drawers at a chemist's. He discussed without an invitation to discuss, he appealed without a right to appeal. He was nothing but a suitor tolerated after dismissal, but he took strangely for granted a participation in her affairs. He assumed all sorts of things that made her draw back. He implied that there was everything now to assist them to coming to an understanding, since she had never told him that he was positively disagreeable to her; but that this symmetry would be spoiled if she should not be willing to take a little longer to think of certain consequences. She was greatly disconcerted when she saw what consequences he meant and at his reminding her of them. What on earth was the use of a lover if he was to speak only like one's grandmother and one's aunt? He struck her as being very much in love with her, and very careful at the same time as to what he might say. He never mentioned her mother; he only alluded, indirectly but earnestly, to the "step." He disapproved of it deeply; he took an unexpectedly prudent, politic view of it. He evidently also believed that she would be dragged down; in other words, that she would not be asked out. It was his idea that her mother would contaminate her, so that he should find himself interested in a young person discredited and virtually unmarriageable. All this was more obvious to him than the consideration that a daughter should be merciful. Where was his religion if he understood mercy so little, and where were his talent and his courage if he were so mis-

erably afraid of trumpery social penalties? Rose's heart sank when she reflected that he, a man supposed to be so clever, had n't guessed that rather than not do what she could for her mother she would give up all the husbands in the world. She became aware that she probably would have been moved to place her hand in his on the spot if he had come to her saying, "Your idea is the right one; put it through at every cost." She could n't discuss this with him, though he struck her as having too much at stake for her to treat him with mere contumely. She sickened at the revelation that such a man should see so much in mere vulgarities of opinion, and though she dropped as few words as possible, conversing only in sad smiles and headshakes and in intercepted movements toward the door, she happened, in some momentary relaxation of her reticence, to use the expression that she was disappointed in him. He caught at it, looking suddenly, through all his gray circumspections, like an ardent lover.

"Can I be so happy as to believe, then, that you had thought of me with some confidence, with some faith?"

"If you did n't suppose so, what is the sense of this visit?" Rose asked.

"One can be faithful without reciprocity," said the young man. "I regard you in a light which makes me want to protect you, even if I have nothing to gain by it."

"Yet you speak as if you thought you might keep me for yourself."

"For *yourself*. I don't want you to suffer."

"Nor to suffer yourself by my doing so," said Rose, looking down.

"Ah, if you would only marry me next month!" he broke out inconsequently.

"And give up going to mamma?" Rose waited, to see if he would say: "What need that matter? Can't your mother come to us?" But he said nothing of the sort; he only answered —

"She surely would be sorry to interfere with the exercise of any other affection which I might have the bliss of believing that you are now free to, in however small a degree, entertain."

Rose knew that her mother would n't be sorry at all; but she contented herself with rejoining, with her hand on the door: "Good-by. I sha'n't suffer. I 'm not afraid."

"You don't know how terrible, how cruel, the world can be."

"Yes, I do know. I know everything!"

The words sprang from the girl's lips in a tone which made him look at her as he had never looked before, as if he saw something new in her face, as if he had never yet known her. He had n't displeased her so much but that she would like to give him that impression, and while she felt that she was doing so she lingered an instant for the purpose. It enabled her to see, further, that he turned red; then to become aware that a carriage had stopped at the door. Captain Jay's eyes, from where he stood, fell upon this arrival, and the nature of their glance made Rose step forward to look. Her mother sat there, brilliant, conspicuous, in the eternal victoria, and the footman was already sounding the knocker. It had been no part of the arrangement that she should come to fetch her; it had been out of the question — a stroke in such bad taste as would have put Rose in the wrong. The girl had never dreamed of it, but somehow, suddenly, perversely, she was glad of it now; she even hoped that her grandmother and her aunt were looking out upstairs.

"My mother has come for me. Good-by," she repeated; but this time her visitor had got between her and the door.

"Listen to me before you go. I will give you a life's devotion," the young man pleaded. He really barred the way.

She wondered whether her grandmother had told him that if her flight were not prevented she would forfeit money. Then, vividly, it came over her that this would be what he was occupied with. "I shall never think of you — let me go!" she cried, with passion.

Captain Jay opened the door, but Rose did n't see his face, and in a moment she was out of the house. Aunt Julia, who was sure to have been hovering, had taken flight before the profanity of the knock.

"Heavens, dear, where did you get your mourning?" the lady in the victoria asked of her daughter as they drove away.

*Henry James.*

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## THE SCHOOLS AT OXFORD.

In our description of rowing as its characteristic sport, the training of Oxford was presented on its physical side; we now turn to the intellectual curriculum, and particularly that part of it embraced by the classical school. It must not be supposed, because they are not dealt with here, that mathematics and all kinds of science, modern history, law, and theology are not included in our studies. The classical school is justly that of which Oxford is most proud, and at the same time serves admirably as a type of all the others.

A university career is generally understood to last four years, and the degree is obtained after two examinations. It is possible to obtain it by taking a pass in both, honors in either with a pass in the other, or honors in both. In by far the greater number of cases one honor school at least is attempted, and scholars and exhibitioners as a matter of course take honors in both examinations. Let us begin with the boy fresh from school, — the "Fresher," — and follow him through his career. To gain admittance to the university, an examination of some sort, either the Oxford and Cambridge local, or the "Smalls" held at Oxford, must be passed. But the colleges and the university are distinct. Our schoolboy has still to justify his entrance to his particular college by satisfying its authorities in an examination held by them, or by showing some equivalent. Once past the gate of matriculation, he necessarily assumes the status of either scholar or commoner. The scholar and exhibitioner is assisted by his college generally to the amount of about sixty or eighty pounds a year. He has usually won his scholarship or exhibition in open or more or less limited competition, and he has several privileges not enjoyed by the commoner, from whom he is distinguished outwardly by a different cut of gown. The fellows and scholars form the real nucleus of a college, and, supported by its endowments, they feel themselves bound to maintain by serious study its character for learning. Commoners, though ordinarily more numerous, are practically a sort of appendage. They receive no monetary assistance, and as a rule they are inferior to the scholars in ability and attainments. The lives of the average commoner and scholar differ considerably. The wealthier commoner has for his first object the social and athletic advantages of the university, while the scholar makes these subservient to his endeavor to win intellectual distinction for himself and his college. How the careers diverge may best be seen by taking a typical day in both cases. The scholar rises at 7.30, and perhaps he commits something to

memory before his breakfast at 8.30; after which he glances over his newspaper, and is ready for lectures at ten o'clock. His less strenuous friend rises later, and thinks he has done well if he gets to work at eleven, and attends one or sometimes two lectures, to the scholar's three. Both may be found lunching at one, and spending the afternoon till five in athletic and other pursuits; but here again the roads divide. After a cup of tea the scholar keeps his room from five till seven, and buries himself in "his books and his devotion;" while society claims the commoner, and long talk and much smoke and many calls to be paid bring him to seven o'clock and dinner in college hall. It is one of the reading man's sorest trials, amidst all the social attractions of university life, to regard the mean, as Aristotle advises, in the matter of friends. In his words, "perhaps then it is well not to endeavor to have very many friends:" the student must be μήτε πολύξεινος μήτ' ἄξεινος, and must cultivate the Emersonian ideal of using his friends, like his books, only when he wants them. Again, after dinner, the conviviality of the commoner is apt to be more protracted, and his hour for retiring somewhat later, than suits the scholar, who wraps himself in studious silence from nine till eleven.

Thus the two lives are contrasted, each perhaps attaining a legitimate end. It might be supposed that the commoner element would do by far the most for their colleges and university in athletics; but this is not the case. The scholar's day is more methodically divided: it has its regular times for reading, physical exercise, and social intercourse, and so he is to the fore in exercises like rowing which admit of regularity. Only here again he must carefully observe the mean, if his evening's reading is not to degenerate into a dull and lethargic performance. If it is the mind that makes a man, it is the scholar who makes his university, and consequently our remarks henceforth will have reference more particularly to the career of the scholar.

On arriving at the university in October the Fresher sets his thoughts five terms ahead on his first public examination, called "Moderations," in short "Mods." He is in residence for three terms of eight weeks each in the year, and the remaining twenty-eight he is his own master. To a stranger the time actually spent in college appears far too small, but in practice this division of time is found to answer very well. In term-time as much guidance as possible is obtained from tutors and lecturers, while the lectures taken down are expanded and digested in the leisurely quiet of the vacations. The short term is such a busy time that it is nearly impossible to keep pace with lecturers and tutors: large masses of text can best be read at home, where athletics and male society make fewer demands upon one's energies. Mods. is a continuation of school work, and provides an excellent foundation in the study of language and literature for "Greats." It is calculated at once to impart a wide and accurate knowledge of classical literature, and to stimulate "pure scholarship" by criticism of style and text. Free reading for the sake of both style and matter and a real grasp of the spirit are encouraged by the setting of the whole of Homer, Virgil, Demosthenes, and Cicero as compulsory subjects. Besides these a candidate will offer three plays of Sophocles, Euripides, or Æschylus, three books of Thucydides or some historian, and perhaps Lucretius or Propertius and Catullus, and of these he will have a detailed and accurate knowledge both as to text and literary matter. Composition papers in Latin and Greek, both in prose and verse, and passages for translation at sight, together with a general paper (largely grammatical), help further to test the real scholar, while the principles of literary criticism are instilled by a study of the Poetics

of Aristotle or some portion of Quintilian. As a preparation for the final school the elements of deductive and inductive logic are also required.

It will thus be seen that, however well a boy may have been trained at school, his time may be amply occupied in preparing for Mods. during his first year and a half of residence at Oxford. The help he receives in this preparation is, briefly, as follows: A fellow of his college is assigned to each man personally, to supervise his work, control his reading, and advise him generally. This tutor will perhaps take his pupil in composition and allow him one hour a week, — as a rule not more, for tutors at Oxford are busy men. For his logic and the necessary help with his texts the scholar is probably sent to public lectures on stated subjects, and a list is drawn up at the beginning of each term and posted in public places, with lectures arranged to suit the candidates for the various schools. Each college contributes a number of lecturers. The choice of those to be attended devolves upon the tutor; and this is a matter of no small importance, for when time is short and the amount of work to be done large, a good lecturer can give much help, and a bad one do much harm. It is difficult to guide without actually doing the work, to stimulate without falling into one of the extremes of cramming or overburdening the pupil with irrelevant matter. The merits of the lecturing system seem to be little called in question. In fact, the mornings in term are spent in taking down at a good speed, almost verbatim, all the lecturer says. In a few cases the notes are copied out afresh the same day, so that the general drift can be caught and emphatic points duly noted; but it is found to be hard to get through other work set for the week if this plan is pursued, and in the majority of cases the notes are left in the rough, and perhaps not consulted for two or three or even four terms after they are taken. The feeling at the end of one's career often is that, were the time given him again, he would go to far fewer lectures, keep up to date with those he did take, and try to arrange his matter more for himself.

Besides these lectures there are others of a more public character given by the various university professors. It has been the complaint that, do what they will to popularize their necessarily special subjects, the professors constantly get small audiences and receive little encouragement. But the reason is partly that their lectures are as a rule placed in the afternoons, the recognized time for gymnastic rather than mental work, and partly that the *raison d'être* of professors is not so much lecturing to others as themselves doing original work and representing the university before the world. Moreover, the proportion of undergraduate specialists is infinitesimal.

Wherever intellectual work is going on examinations are not far off, and from time to time the different colleges, with a view to making a respectable display in the class lists, stimulate their men with examinations and even donatives of books. The examination is held in the large public schools, each man at his own little table, with examiners watching closely. This process lasts about eight days, during which time candidates wear white ties, which effectively elicit the sympathies of all non-combatants. The Mods. list as a rule contains some forty names in the first class, about sixty in the second, and the same number in the third. Below this is a division called the "gulf," and still lower, like the frozen lake in Dante's Inferno, is the region of "ploughs:" *dejecti fundo volvuntur in imo.*

The scholar, having obtained his first, and received our congratulations, sets to work with good heart for the second and more serious portion of his course, but with a dash of sour competitive feeling when he considers that out of the forty

firsts in Mods. about twenty will fall into the second in Greats. However, the examination is yet far off, and the first year's reading for Greats is very invigorating, for he finds himself able to give his time to subject matter, exercising his own judgment and intelligence without being arrested at every step by nice points of grammatical or textual criticism: *largior hic æther.* What is more calculated to excite curiosity and imagination than the first reading of Herodotus? Reading, analyzing, and essay-writing are now the scholar's whole employment; the pen is seldom out of his hand. The spirit of research and systematization gradually grows upon him, and he is constantly coming upon vistas of possible specialization. But he must resist their Circean fascinations, and, like Æneas in Hades, toil up the hill to get a broad comparative view of all the great dead who have been pioneers in thought.

> "Unde omnes longo ordine possit
> Adversos legere."

History, Greek and Roman, moral and mental philosophy, logic and the main outlines of its development from ancient to modern times, political philosophy and scholarship, — all these give a splendid comprehensive training. Memory, method, diligence, and enthusiasm must all be brought to the task, or the student would better not start at all on his seven-term undertaking. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plutarch in the original are a centre for the reading of Greek history, and from this radiate studies in Grote, Curtius, Schömann, and others. In Roman history, Plutarch, Sallust, Cicero's letters, Suetonius, and the Annals of Tacitus form the ground; Mommsen, Ihne, Boissier, and Merivale the superstructure. In moral philosophy, a thorough study of Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Ethics is the pivot on which his learning in the systems of Hobbes, Butler, Hume, Kant, Bentham, Mill, and Spencer is to turn. The student follows the stream of logic through Aristotle, Bacon, Kant, and Mill, and of metaphysical speculation through Aristotle, Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant down to James and John Stuart Mill, Huxley, and Spencer. Lastly he sits at the feet of Aristotle for political philosophy, and imbibes the wisdom of Maine and Mill, Bagehot and Bryce, Austin and Walker. It needs no competition here to make a man feel that it would be sin to waste a single hour: the field is vast, the subjects are absorbing, and, in whatever class a man's name finally appears, he recognizes that he has acquired a system and a method of thinking which are the most valuable equipment for life. How much in earnest undergraduates are may be seen from the fact that, apart from their ordinary formal work, they expend immense labor and research upon essays on philosophical, literary, and economic subjects which they read before their own literary societies. These societies consist chiefly of undergraduates, but tutors and fellows freely attend, either as members or guests, at the fortnightly or weekly meetings. A paper is read, a long debate follows, and in some cases it is made compulsory to speak at not less than half the meetings in each term. These institutions tend to make the intercourse between seniors and juniors free; and though there exists no formal school of English and general literature, private and individual effort produces as much good work in that field as would result from any system of examinations. A cry has recently been raised that such a school should be instituted, but it is to be hoped that we shall not hand over to authority what can be more satisfactorily done by private enterprise.

Greats is held at the end of the summer term, early in June, beginning on Monday and ending on Saturday; but though in point of time a shorter examination, owing to the nature of the subjects, it is a severer strain than Mods.,

and the paper work is not the end. Each candidate in turn is subjected to a thorough *viva voce* examination, so that if his written work has left the examiners in doubt as to his class he may turn the scale to his own advantage or disadvantage. Thus perhaps the scholar is kept in suspense till the end of July; then, summoned to Oxford, he undergoes the final ordeal, and in a few days is delighted to find his name placed in the first class of the final school of Literæ Humaniores. At some convenient opportunity he pays his fees, takes his degree of B. A. before the vice-chancellor, and brings his undergraduate days to a close. To what "fresh woods and pastures new" he now betakes himself concerns us not. He may stay at Oxford, as a fellow of his college and lecturer in his university; he may go to teach in a public school, or to rise at the bar, in politics, or in the church. But, in whatever sphere, he carries with him through life the indelible stamp of his undergraduate days at Oxford. So short his four years seemed that he would be little inclined to sympathize with any such attempt to shorten the honors course as was made during the past year, in regard to which a few paragraphs here will not be out of place.

The advisability of granting the degree after three years was based on two main grounds: the demand for a fourth year devoted to special work, and a democratic desire to lessen the cost of university education. Under the first head it was urged that specialization inevitably increases, and that special knowledge and research have real claims upon us, though "the Englishman is not by nature a researcher;" that therefore, in view of the facts of the time, it would be in the interest of Greats itself to make this concession of one year to specialization, and thereby divert attack from the characteristic Oxford school. Besides, there is an increasing desire to use the fourth year in preparing for a man's particular career, as in the fierce struggle of professional life he can ill afford to waste a year. Compared with Cambridge, where the degree is taken in three years, after one examination, Oxford is at a disadvantage in the competition for Indian civil service appointments: it sends in its men fagged and jaded by Greats and with no particular preparation. The second head — the popularization of the education — speaks for itself. But it rested with those who wished to curtail the course to suggest some manner in which it could be done without lowering the present standard. Two methods were possible: one to retain the two examinations as at present, making the first earlier; the other, to return to the old system of one examination, to be held after three years instead of four. It was thought possible to shorten the time of preparation for Mods., because many said that the year and a half was generally spent in idleness or a mere repetition of work done at school; and, by means of the improved teaching of public schools and the increase of appliances, Literæ Humaniores could be read in three years without the sacrifice of its generality or any of its valuable elements. If, it was said, there is to be an intermediate school, let it be more directly introductory to Greats. The Moderations school of scholarship is unnecessary. A university certificate of a working knowledge of Greek and Latin sufficient to teach a form in a school could be given in the first term. Of first classes in Mods., only the brilliant men are fit to be specialists; all others would do well to drop their linguistic studies. The interest of the teacher, which is ultimately also that of the candidate, is adverse to Mods., because in lecturing he is constantly compelled to confine himself to the requirements of a school more elementary than the final one. The tendency is therefore to prevent him from being a genuine student.

The conservative answers to these pro-

posals were that there is no demand on the part of undergraduates for a shortened course; that the vast majority do not want, and are not fit, to specialize; and that specialists are a small proportion among honor men. A shorter time before Mods. would deprive able but ill-trained men of any chance of competing with those who had been fortunate enough to get better school training. Idling might be prevented by reducing the number of set books, and making the amount of sight work larger. If the student were to read in masses, as at Cambridge, he would find the freedom stimulating and delightful, and for such a feasting in classical literature five terms would scarcely be found too long. The one-examination system is conducive to idleness and to the breaking up of the school of Literæ Humaniores. For, with the abolition of Mods., either scholarship must be provided for in the final school, to the detriment of ancient history and philosophy, or three coördinate schools must ultimately be established, and the student take his degree as a specialist in one. There would be few genuine students in the fourth year, as is proved by the fact that at Cambridge the average number of candidates during the last eight years for the second part of the tripos is eighteen, for the first part one hundred.

The conservative opinion seems to have prevailed; at any rate, the curriculum for the present remains unchanged, and the tendency to specialism has not yet seriously begun to encroach upon an educational system which Plato and Comte would be at one in commending for its abstraction and generality.

*S. E. Winbolt.*

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## BEYOND THE DAY.

Beyond the common daylight gleam
High brightnesses, and where they beam
The soul will be. A strange noon star
Allures. We take our way afar.

Voices familiar to the ear
Now speak in vain, — it does not hear;
There 's sweeter calling from afar,
Where blissful burns the mystic star.

Erelong returned, we may not say
What land we found beyond the day;
What voice did call we may not tell;
But land and voice, — we know them well.

And some new flower we back may bring,
Some new pure melody may sing,
Which men seeing and hearing say,
"Truly his soul has been away."

*John Vance Cheney.*

## A PEOPLE WITHOUT LAW.

### II.

THREE important statutes about the Indians remain to be mentioned, one of which was incorporated in the Revised Statutes.

(*a.*) A statute of March 3, 1871, reads: "No Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power with whom the United States may contract by treaty," — saving, however, the obligation of previous treaties. This was enacted twenty years ago. Did it abolish the existence of these separate political powers, nations, or tribes? No, we all know that they have continued and been recognized just as before. Did it abolish the carrying on of war with the Indians? No, we remember the horrible events of last winter, and a recent judicial decision in South Dakota, that the Indian known as "Plenty Horses" was not guilty of homicide in killing a white man during those troubles, because it was an act of war. Do we then carry on war with Indians and not make treaties with them? Yes. A strange and absurd situation, is it not? Yet we do make "agreements" with them as with a separate people; and the chief result of this law is, and was intended to be, that it is no longer the President and Senate (the treaty-making power) that conclude these measures, but the legislative body, Congress. This statute was the result of a struggle on the part of the House of Representatives to share in these proceedings, and was forced upon the Senate on the last day of a session by putting it into an appropriation bill. It was thought at the time by so competent an observer as General Walker, formerly Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to be "a deadly blow at the tribal autonomy;" and so it was, in the logic of it. But the step was not then followed up, for it did not represent any clear determination of Congress to end the old methods; and this strange notion of refusing to make treaties with a people with whom we continue to go to war has remained on our statute book as another of the many anomalies that mark our Indian policy. Is it not plain, however, that if we abandon the policy of treaties with Indians we should give up the practice of war with them? Our arrangements with them are now called agreements; but this gives them no added sanction; they are still to be dealt with on the analogy of treaties.

(*b.*) The second statute to which I refer is that of March 3, 1885. It followed up timidly the logic of the law of 1871, though for only a step or two; but it marked the greatest advance yet reached in the process of assuming the direct government of the Indians. The law provides that thereafter Indians should be punished for committing upon Indians or others any one of seven leading crimes (murder, manslaughter, assault with intent to kill, rape, arson, burglary, or larceny): if in a Territory (whether on or off a reservation), under the territorial laws and in the territorial courts; and if in a State and on a reservation, then under the same laws and in the same courts as if the act were done in a place within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. This is a very important statute. In principle it claims for the United States full jurisdiction over the Indians upon their reservations, whether in a State or Territory. Heretofore, the laws, for example the statute of 1817 and the renewals of it, had excepted the acts of Indians committed upon their fellows within the Indian country. The acts of Indians against white persons or

of whites against Indians had been dealt with, but the internal economy of Indian government was not invaded in its dealing or refusing to deal with the relations of members of the tribe to one another. The constitutionality, even, of such legislation as this of 1885 had been denied. Judges had been careful to avoid asserting this full power in cases where the reservation was in a State. Thus the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1845, in holding good the law of 1817, which punished (in this particular case) the act of a white man against a white man in the Indian country, among the Cherokees, said: "Where the country occupied by them is not within the limits of one of the States, Congress may by law punish any offense committed there, no matter whether the offender be a white man or an Indian." In 1834 Mr. Justice McLean had denied the power of Congress to legislate in this way for an Indian reservation in a State, while admitting it in a Territory; and in December, 1870, the judiciary committee of the Senate of the United States even went so far as to say, "An act of Congress which should assume to treat the members of a tribe as subject to the municipal jurisdiction of the United States would be unconstitutional and void."[1] But the air was at last cleared in 1886, when the Supreme Court of the United States had to deal with the indictment, under this statute, of one Indian for the murder of another Indian on a reservation in the State of California.[2] It was laid down in this case, one of the landmarks of our Indian law, that the government of the United States has full power, under the Constitution, to govern the Indians as its own subjects, if it sees fit to do so, and to such partial or full extent as it sees fit; that nothing in the tribal relation or in any previous recognition of it by the United States cuts down this legislative power; that this is so not merely in the Territories, but on reservations within the States. The case, as I said, arose on a reservation in the State of California. "This proposition itself," said the court, with no dissent, speaking through Mr. Justice Miller (that is, the proposition to punish under the laws of a Territory and by its courts a tribal Indian who commits a crime upon another tribal Indian on a reservation in a Territory), "is new in legislation of Congress. . . . The second, which applies solely to offenses . . . committed within the limits of a State and . . . of a reservation, . . . is a still further advance as asserting this jurisdiction over the Indians within the limits of the States of the Union. . . . After an experience of a hundred years of the treaty-making system of government, Congress has determined upon a new departure, — to govern them by acts of Congress. . . . It seems to us that this is within the competency of Congress."

Not less important than the decision itself is the principle on which it is put. In supporting the statute the government counsel had relied on the clause in the Constitution which gives Congress power "to regulate commerce with . . . the Indian tribes." But the court boldly rejected this as "a very strained construction of this clause," and rested its decision upon no specific provision of the Constitution, but upon the just inferences to be drawn from the nature of the situation, namely, that the Indians are a decayed power, residing upon our soil and under the protection of the general government, — a people who must be governed by somebody, and whom, so long as their separate political existence is recognized by the United States, nobody but the United States has any right to govern. "The Constitution," says the court, "is almost silent in regard to the relations of the government . . . to the numerous tribes of Indians within its borders. . . . While we are not able

[1] Walker, The Indian Question, 125.

[2] United States *v.* Kagama, 118 U. S., 375.

to see in either of these clauses of the Constitution" (namely, the one relating to the basis of representation, "excluding Indians not taxed," or the clause giving Congress power to regulate commerce with the Indian tribes) "any delegation of power to enact a code of criminal law, . . . [yet] these Indians are within the geographical limits of the United States. The soil and the people within those limits are under the political control [either] of the government of the United States or of the States of the Union. There exist . . . but these two. The territorial governments owe all their power to the statutes of the United States. . . . [But] Congress has defined a crime committed within the State and made it punishable in the courts of the United States. . . . Congress has done it. It can do it with regard to all offenses to which the federal authority extends. . . . This is within the competency of Congress. These Indian tribes *are* the wards of the nation. They are . . . *dependent*[1] on the United States, dependent largely for their daily food, dependent for their political rights. They owe no allegiance to the States and receive from them no protection. Because of the local ill feeling, the people of the States where they are found are often their deadliest enemies. From their very weakness and helplessness, so largely due to the course of dealing of the federal government with them and the treaties in which it has been promised them, arises the duty of protection, and with it the power. . . . The power of the general government . . . is necessary to their protection as well as to the safety of those among whom they dwell. It must exist in that government because it never has existed anywhere else, because the theatre of its exercise is within the geographical limits of the United States, because it never has been denied, and because it alone can enforce its laws on all the tribes."

[1] The italics are those of the court. There is a tacit reference to the famous phrases of an earlier opinion.

Here, it will be noticed, is a comprehensive and statesmanlike declaration. It covers the entire ground; the government, if it pleases, can go on to extend its law fully over the Indians while they are still a separate people. Observe, now, one thing. The existence of this right and power, and the clear and authoritative declaration of it by the Supreme Court of the United States for the first time in 1886, have brought home to the Congress of the United States and to us all, now within these recent years, a great weight of responsibility. It may have been thought possible before to deny the legal power fully to govern the Indians. It cannot be denied now. Under such circumstances, the mere neglect or refusal to act is itself action, and action of the worst kind.

(*c.*) The third and last of these statutes — and the last upon which I shall comment — is the General Land in Severalty Law (often known as the Dawes Bill). This was passed in February, 1887, within nine months of the great decision upon which I have just been remarking: the dates are May 10, 1886, and February 8, 1887. But it was pending in Congress at the time of that decision, and had long been pending there under bitter opposition. This great enactment opens the way, within a generation or two, to settle the whole Indian question. Whether it is to be regarded as a good law or a bad one, however, depends on the moderation with which it is administered. The peculiarity of it is not that its methods are new, for similar arrangements had repeatedly been made, for a score of years before, in the case of particular tribes, as the Winnebagoes in 1863, the Stockbridge Munsee Indians in 1871, the Utes in 1880, and the Omahas in 1882. But now, by a general law applicable to all reservations, the President is given power to make almost every Reservation

Indian outside the civilized tribes a landowner in severalty and a citizen of the United States *against his will.* The right of citizenship is made to follow the ownership of land.

The scheme of the act is this: Whenever the President thinks that any Indian reservation, or any part of one, is advantageous for agricultural or grazing purposes, he may cause the whole or any part of the reservation to be surveyed and allotted in severalty, in specified amounts, among all the heads of families, single persons, and orphan children of the tribe or band. The Indian heads of families may select for their children, and the Indian agents for the orphans. If in four years from the ordering of an allotment no selection is made in any given case, it may be made by an agent on the order of the Secretary of the Interior. Patents (that is, deeds) are to be issued by the Secretary of the Interior on his approval of the allotments, setting forth that the United States will hold the land in trust for the allottee for twenty-five years, and then convey in fee to him or his heirs, free of all incumbrances. Meantime the allottee cannot convey or incumber the land, and, as it seems, it is not taxable. When these allotments and patents are all made (and perhaps sooner) the Indians are said by the terms of the statute to pass at once from the jurisdiction of the United States to that of the Territory or State in which the reservation is situated, and to become at once citizens of the United States. The construction of the law is doubtful, but it is the view, I believe, of the Indian Bureau at Washington that these results happen not merely when all is done, but man by man, as each has his allotment and his patent. I venture to question the soundness of that view. This statute also provides for allotments, with like results, to tribal Indians not on reservations who may settle upon the public lands. It makes citizens at once of all Indians who leave their tribe and voluntarily live apart from it, adopting the habits of civilized life. This last class of persons had been declared by the Supreme Court of the United States, in November, 1884, not to be citizens of the United States, in the absence of such legislation. It is important, also, to notice that Indians are stimulated to take their allotments by a clause that this shall be a ground of preference in appointments on the Indian police and other public offices.

But the allotment may leave a surplus of land still belonging to the Indians. The Severalty Act provides that after the lands have been allotted to all the tribe, or sooner if the President thinks it for the interest of the tribe, such portions as they will consent to sell may be purchased by the United States, for the sole purpose of selling it again (in tracts of not over one hundred and sixty acres to any one person) to actual settlers, who are not to have a deed until after five years of occupancy. The money is to be held by the United States for the benefit of the Indians. One observes that this last provision for obtaining the surplus land requires the consent of the tribe; the allotment does not. What happens, then, if this consent is not given? Evidently the tribe and tribal ownership of land may continue for some purposes after all the allotments are made. There are other difficulties in the construction of the act; but these need not detain us.

Now this statute puts it in the power of the President to forward rapidly the absorption of the Indians into our body politic. It does not compel him to do it. How fast he will move we cannot tell; but it is manifestly possible for him to move a great deal faster than is wise. It cannot be well to incorporate into our Western Territories and States the bulk of the Reservation Indians as citizens within any short time. Observe what Senator Dawes said at the Mohonk Conference in October, 1887, soon after the passing of this law: "President

Cleveland said that he did not intend, when he signed this bill, to apply it to more than one reservation at first, and so on, which I thought was very wise. But you see he has been led to apply it to half a dozen. The bill provides for capitalizing the remainder of the land for the benefit of the Indian, but the greed of the land-grabber is such as to press the application of this bill to the utmost. There is no danger but this will come most rapidly, — too rapidly, I think. The greed and hunger and thirst of the white man for the Indian's land are almost equal to his 'hunger and thirst for righteousness.' That is going to be the difficulty in the application of this bill. He is going to press it forward too fast." And the Senator added this advice: "Say that no Indian shall be put upon a homestead, under this act, until he realizes what is meant by it, and until he has such material round about him as will enable him to maintain himself there, and then let him work out his own destiny." That was wisely said.

In order to guard against this danger, there ought to be an amendment to the Severalty Law, requiring for many years to come the sort of evidence of fitness which has heretofore been demanded in several cases of allotments authorized by treaty or special law, as in that of certain Wisconsin Indians in 1865, and certain Kansas Indians in 1873. In the last-named case the provision was this: "If any adult member of said tribe shall desire to become a citizen of the United States, shall prove by at least two competent witnesses, to the satisfaction of the Circuit Court of the United States for the State of Kansas, that he or she is sufficiently intelligent and prudent to manage his or her own affairs, and has for the period of five years been able to maintain himself or herself and family, and has adopted the habits of civilized life, and shall take an oath of allegiance to the United States, as provided by law for the naturalization of aliens, he or she shall be declared by said court to be a citizen of the United States, which shall be entered of record, and a certificate thereof given to said party." This sort of provision, in the case of an adult, is a reasonable and fit one. Without it there is no sufficient assurance that the Indians will not be crowded out into the world much too fast. I notice that our excellent Indian commissioner, General Morgan, who will remain in his present office, I trust, until he is promoted to a higher one, expresses the very sensible opinion, in his last report, that the surplus land ought not to be negotiated for until the allotments are all made. Now consider what the pressure to get hold of these lands is going to be. "The greed of the land-grabber," like a strong mainspring, will be forever operating to secure the surplus land. If, as seems wise, the allotments must first be made, then it will be forever operating to secure allotments; and if, as the law is now interpreted, the Indians cannot have their allotments and patents without being thereby made citizens and subject to state and territorial law, the pressure of this dangerous and constant mainspring will be transferred to that point, and will be felt in a most serious way in hurrying them out from under the protection of the general government long before they should go. Consider what the condition of a vast proportion of them still is. "I wish," said the agent at the Santee Agency in Nebraska, in his report to the commissioner in August last, "to impress upon the department that these Indians are yet as overgrown children. But very few of the adults are able to speak English, and during this generation will need more or less encouragement and training." Remember the Messiah craze, and the state of advancement in civilization that it indicated. An agent on the Sac and Fox Reservation in Iowa reported to the commissioner last August: "I have lived near these people twenty years, and I

can see but very little improvement among them during that time as a whole. . . . [Their] general appearance . . . to-day is one of filth, ignorance, laziness, and poverty."

Again, if it be true, as it is thought to be in some quarters (although I do not believe it), that the Indians, as fast as they get their allotments, are taken by this law wholly out from the possibility of control by such courts as may be constitutionally provided on the reservations for the tribal Indians who have not yet had allotments, then in that respect the law should be changed. They should not be so taken out. They should be held under the protection of the United States, as regulated through courts of its own upon the reservations, for a considerable period.

Still further, since the Indian land cannot be taxed for twenty-five years, the United States government should pay the local taxes ; otherwise these poor people, when enlarged, cannot get any proper help from the authorities of their counties or States. What an undesirable neighbor will he be who pays no taxes, and expects other people to tax themselves to support him in the matter of roads, schools, and courts! This mischief has already been bitterly felt among the Omahas and others. Read, for instance, what the agent at the Sisseton Reservation in South Dakota says, in his report of September 29, 1890, to Commissioner Morgan. He is speaking of Indians who have lately been made citizens. "In this connection I will state that although the law of Congress and the department authorities direct these Indians to the county courts for the settlement of all minor crimes and civil cases, still it is apparent that this course at present is impracticable. The authorities of the counties decline to audit any expenses of prisoners, paupers, or litigants who hold lands under the allotment act. All the information I have upon this subject convinces me that Indians and mixed bloods who hold lands under the allotment act will not have the same privileges as the white man in the county courts. Nor will prisoners', paupers', and litigants' expenses be paid." Under the law as it now stands this result is almost unavoidable. Of course, also, education must be provided for, and we may well second and applaud the far-seeing plans of General Morgan to that end. I only wish that he would insist more upon one point, namely, that no education can be better for these Indians, as a preparation for the condition of citizenship, than practice in political usages and duties, — a chance, for instance, to vote in town meeting and serve on a jury, a chance to spend their own money and earn their own living, with the ordinary security and restraints of legal obligation and legal right, the ordinary stimulus of competition, and the ordinary hope of gain. There is no education, there is no civilizing agency, so important as this for the present generation of Indians who are beyond childhood, and so for all of them as they pass that line.

While, then, this great measure, the Severalty Law, in course of time is going to put an end to the strange anomaly of the Indian situation, in that form of it which now presses upon our attention, — that is, as touching the bulk of the tribal Indians outside the so-called civilized tribes, — the process must inevitably take many years. How many? The Commissioner of Indian Affairs informed me recently that in the four years and a half (nearly) since the Severalty Law was passed about 12,752 allotments have been made under its provisions, and about 1437 patents have been issued, — say at the average of 2800 allotments a year, and 600 patents. Patents, it will be remembered, are issued upon the approval of allotments by the Secretary of the Interior. That leaves about thirteen times as many more allotments to be made, and the time required for winding up the reservations, at that rate, would

be nearly sixty years. Suppose it to be half that time, — this is quite too long to allow us to yield to the arguments of those who say: "Let the matter alone; it is a vanishing state of things; all will have passed away before you can mend matters." During this process of "vanishing," such bloody fruits of our present system are showing themselves, and will continue to show themselves, as the dreadful outbreak and slaughter of last winter. How soon we can mend matters depends on ourselves and our representatives at Washington. Matters can be mended at the next session of Congress if the people sternly demand it.

What then shall we do? (1.) We must not leave things alone for one or two generations, to be worked out by the Severalty Law unaided. We cannot do that. See what General Morgan says of the existing system, in his last report: "The entire system of dealing with them [the Indians] is vicious, involving as it does the installing of agents with semi-despotic power over ignorant, superstitious, and helpless subjects; the keeping of thousands of them on reservations practically as prisoners, isolated from civilized life, and dominated by fear and force; the issue of rations and annuities, which inevitably tends to breed pauperism; the disbursement of millions of dollars' worth of supplies by contract, which invites fraud; the maintenance of a system of licensed trade, which stimulates cupidity and extortion."

If it be thought that a wise and steady administration of the present system will answer well enough, I reply that we cannot have, under such a government as ours, a steady, firm, uniform administration of the merely political sort, in the case of so complicated a matter as our Indian affairs. Good administration is the weak point in our form of government; for the proof of that it is enough to appeal to the record of a hundred years. We may mend and patch, but the result will be bad oftener than good.

(2.) If it be said, "Very well, let us hurry through the allotments; let us do as was done with the slaves after the war, remove all civil disabilities at once and set up the Indians forthwith as citizens," I have already dealt with that sort of suggestion. But let me say a word or two more. This is, indeed, the kind of short cut which suits a democratic people when it is once aroused to the necessity of having a change; then the tendency is to go straight to the mark. One reason for this is the instinctive apprehension, in such a community, of its own weakness in administering any complicated system or adhering long and steadily to a purpose. The slow method (it says to itself), the method of gradual approach, is not safe. Accordingly, we all know that this sort of swift dispatch has been urged. It is the way which preoccupied and impatient minds are apt to recommend; and some others also. It was the one preferred by that excellent soldier and friend of the Indians, General Crook. Undoubtedly it has its advantages. To give the Indians the ballot at once would do for them what was done for the slaves; it would put into their hands a weapon which would powerfully help them in working out their political salvation among their neighbors. Whatever temporary disturbances may take place, the ultimate result is certain, that he who has the ballot is one who will be protected from abuse. Such was General Crook's reasoning about it.

But this course, as I have said, has insuperable objections. The great body of the tribal Indians are totally unfit for the ballot, and it would be inexcusable to force such a body of voters suddenly upon the States where they live. It was bad enough, although politically necessary, to do this sort of thing at the end of the war, in communities which had revolted, staked all upon war, and lost. It would be inexcusable to do it in the midst of a loyal population, who are

entitled to have their wishes consulted by the government. And above all, it would be an abandonment by the government of its highest present duty to the red men, that of governing and sheltering them. In view of what has happened at the South with the negroes, and of the well-known local hostility to the Indians at the West, it cannot be doubted that they would suffer much. Remember that with the giving of full citizenship there would take place a loss of all power in the federal government to legislate specially for them. Nothing is clearer than that they need, and will need for a good while, the very careful and exceptional protection of the nation. The power to give this special and exceptional protection exists now, growing out of the strange political situation which I have expounded; and it is the one best thing there is about the present state of things. We must seize upon this and use it.

(3.) How shall we use it? That is the question that still recurs. We use our power now in dealing with the Indians by this vile process which pretends to leave them to govern themselves, and yet, in its actual application, denies them liberty and shuts them up on reservations; pauperizes them; insults and breaks down all of law, custom, and religion that they have inherited from their fathers and have been taught to venerate; excludes civilization, trade, law; and subjects them to the unsteady tyranny of the politicians. This way of using our power should be at once abandoned. But there is a wise way to use it, and I am glad to say that while Congress has lagged the Indian commissioners have made, since 1882, a slight but useful beginning in the right direction. Upon some agencies the agent is directed to appoint Indians to hear and judge the complaints of their fellows against one another, subject to the revision of the agent himself, and ultimately of the commissioner. The testimony is uniform, I think, as to the salutary and steadying effect of these "courts." Of course they are not courts in our ordinary sense, for they do not administer law, but merely certain rules of the Indian Department. They bear about the same relation to courts, in the proper sense of the term, that courts-martial do; they are really a branch of the executive department. But their effect in educating the Indians and assisting the department in its heavy burden of government has been such as to point clearly to the wisdom of following up this good beginning (the suggestion of Commissioner Hiram Price, I believe) and giving the Indians real courts and real law. This is what we must do, — extend law and courts of justice to the reservations.

A simple thing, indeed, is it not? Does this seem to my reader, I wonder, as it does to me, obviously just, obviously wise, obviously expedient? Yet our legislators at Washington let it linger year after year, and we cannot get it done. We must demand of them that they no longer neglect it, — that they abandon any attitude of obstruction upon this subject, any mistaken fancy that the Severalty Law has actually done all that has been made possible by it. I express the conviction not merely of one person, but of a vast number of the friends of the Indians, in declaring that the one most pressing and vital necessity to-day, in this matter, is that of bringing the Indians and all their affairs under the steady operation of law and courts. This is saying no new thing. Many of us who had the honor of advocating the Severalty Law before it was passed always coupled it with the demand for extending law to the Indians. This necessity has long been obvious; indeed, it sickens one to look back and see how uniform and how pressing has been the cry for this, during many years, as the thing most needful.

Let me repeat some of these utterances. Nearly twenty years ago, in

1873, the Indian commissioner urged this matter in his report, and again, in 1874, pressed it, with careful specific recommendations for establishing a system of law among the Indians. In 1876 the Indian commissioner (J. Q. Smith) said in his annual report: "My predecessors have frequently called attention to the startling fact that we have within our midst 275,000 people, the least intelligent portion of our population, for whom we provide no law, either for their protection or for the punishment of crime committed among themselves. . . . Our Indians are remitted by a great civilized government to the control, if control it can be called, of the rude regulations of petty ignorant tribes. Year after year we expend millions of dollars for these people, in the faint hope that, without law, we can civilize them. That hope has been to a great degree a long disappointment, and year after year we repeat the folly of the past. That the benevolent efforts and purposes of the government have proved so largely fruitless is, in my judgment, due more to its failure to make these people amenable to our laws than to any other cause, or to all other causes combined. I believe it to be the duty of Congress at once to extend over Indian reservations the jurisdiction of United States courts, and to declare that each Indian in the United States shall occupy the same relation to law that a white man does. . . . I regard this suggestion as by far the most important which I have to make in this report."

In 1877 the wise and devoted Bishop Hare said, in a passage which was quoted at length by the Indian commissioner in his report of 1883 with renewed recommendations: "Civilization has loosened, in some places broken, the bonds which regulate and hold together Indian society in its wild state, and has failed to give the people law and officers of justice in their place. This evil still continues unabated. Women are brutally beaten and outraged; men are murdered in cold blood; the Indians who are friendly to schools and churches are intimidated and preyed upon by the evil-disposed; children are molested on their way to school, and schools are dispersed by bands of vagabonds: but there is no redress. This accursed condition of things is an outrage upon the one Lawgiver. It is a disgrace to our land. It should make every man who sits in the national halls of legislation blush. And, wish well to the Indians as we may, and do for them what we will, the efforts of civil agents, teachers, and missionaries are like the struggles of drowning men weighted with lead as long as, by the absence of law, Indian society is left without a base." In that same year (1877) Indian agents declared over and over again that a system of law on the reservations was the great need. "By far the greatest need of this agency," said one of them, "is civil law. Give us civil law and power to execute it." In 1878 the Indian commissioner in his report quoted Joseph, the famous and very able Nez Percé chief, as saying that "the greatest want of the Indians is a system of law by which controversies between Indians and between Indians and white men can be settled without appealing to physical force. . . . Indians . . . understand the operation of laws, and if there were any statutes the Indians would be perfectly content to place themselves in the hands of a proper tribunal, and would not take the righting of their wrongs into their own hands or retaliate, as they now do, without the law."

How many of my readers have ever read that wonderful, most moving story of this same Chief Joseph, sent by Bishop Hare to the North American Review, and published there in April, 1879? In introducing it the bishop expressed his own appreciation of it by saying, "I wish that I had words at command in which to express adequately the interest

with which I have read the extraordinary narrative which follows." The emphasis that Joseph lays upon the need of law is striking. "There need be no trouble," he declares. "Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. . . . I only ask of the government to be treated as all other men are treated. . . . I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white race as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. . . . We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also." Bishop Hare enforces this request. "Indian chiefs," he says, "however able and influential, are really without power, and for this reason, as well as others, the Indians . . . should at the earliest practicable moment be given the support and protection of our government and of our law." In March of the same year, (1879) General Miles printed an article on The Indian Problem in the North American Review, in which he pressed the need of establishing law and courts of justice among the Indians. He quoted Chief Joseph's words that "the greatest want of the Indians is a system of law," etc., and added, "Do we need a savage to inform us of the necessity that has existed for a century?"

In 1881 General Crook, General Miles, and others, as commissioners appointed by the President to investigate certain matters relating to the Ponca tribe, closed their report as follows: "In conclusion we desire to give expression to the conviction forced upon us by our investigation of this case that it is of the utmost importance to white and red men alike that all Indians should have an opportunity of appealing to the courts for the protection and vindication of the rights of person and property. Indians cannot be expected to understand the duties of men living under the forms of civilization until they know, by being subject to it, the authority of stable law as administered by the courts, and are relieved from the uncertainties and oppression frequently attending subjection to arbitrary personal authority."

In 1884 Miss Alice Fletcher said, in a public address wholly devoted to the need of law on the Indian reservations: "Were the Indians as keen for crime as many believe them to be, not a human being could be safe in their midst during the present hiatus between the old tribal law and our failure to give the protection of the courts. Although matters are not at their worst, they are bad indeed, and it is almost futile to try to build up a people when the very stay and supports of industry and morality are lacking." These remarks were accompanied by convincing illustrations of their truth drawn from her experience among the Omahas. In Miss Fletcher's learned and thorough Special Report to the Bureau of Education on Indian Education and Civilization, published as a Senate Document by the United States in 1888 (page 142), she comments again upon "the need for recasting the entire legal position of Indians towards the state and towards each other, and of permitting the laws of the land to be fully extended over all the various reservations and tribes."

For many years that admirable association in Philadelphia of which Mr. Herbert Welsh is secretary has urged this matter, and as early as eight or ten years ago had prepared a bill which embodied it. In a report of Mr. Herbert Welsh to his society, made in 1885, he presses (to quote his own words) "the immediate introduction of law upon the reservations." For years, also, the Boston Indian Citizenship Committee has devoted itself to efforts for accomplishing this purpose. In February last it issued a memorial, in which the following language was used: "The Boston

Indian Citizenship Committee, in view of recent events at the West, renews its solemn appeal to Congress and the country for the immediate extension of the ordinary laws of the land over the Indian reservations. . . . We desire to record our belief that this country has no duty towards the Indians so solemn and so instant as that of bringing these poor people under the protection and the control of the ordinary laws of the land." Year after year the same appeal has come from the Mohonk Conference.[1]

So long, so uniform, so weighty, so urgent, has been this appeal for a government of law for the Indians, and yet the thing is not done. Why? Perhaps the chief reasons are three: (1.) That there has been no one man in Congress who was deeply impressed with the importance of this particular step. Some men there appear to think the Severalty Law a finality, instead of one great step to be followed by others. (2.) That the whole Indian question gets little hold on public men, and is crowded aside by tariffs and silver and President-making and office-jobbing and pension-giving. (3.) That so far as questions of Indian policy get any attention, this is spent on matters of detail, and in administering and patching the present system. But, I may be asked, do you call all this effort for the education of the Indians and their religious teaching, and the improvement of the civil service among them, — all these things matters of detail? Well, it would be an extravagance to say that, and yet sometimes one can best convey his meaning and best intimate the truth by an extravagance. I am almost ready to answer, *Yes, I do.* This, at any rate, I will say: It is as true now as it was fifteen years ago, when Indian Commissioner J. Q. Smith put it on record in his annual report: "That the benevolent efforts and purposes of the government have proved so largely fruitless is . . . due more to its failure to make these people amenable to our laws than to any other cause, or to all other causes combined." It is as true to-day as it was fourteen years ago when Bishop Hare said it first, and as it was eight years ago when the Indian commissioner quoted it with approval in his annual report, and seven years ago when Miss Fletcher quoted and indorsed it, that, "Wish well to the Indians as we may, and do for them what we will, the efforts of civil agents, teachers, and missionaries are like the struggles of drowning men weighted with lead as long as, by the absence of law, Indian society is left without a base." It is as true now as it was thirteen years ago, when the Indian commissioner quoted it from one of the ablest of the Indian chiefs, that "the greatest want of the Indians is a system of law by which controversies between Indians and between Indians and white men can be settled without an appeal to physical force."

Will not my reader agree with me, then, in saying that the time has come when all causes of obstruction and delay must give way; when (1) we must find or place some men at Washington who *are* profoundly impressed with the necessity of a government of law for the Indians; when (2) we must cause it to be understood that this matter is no longer to be shoved aside by any question whatever; and when (3), in dealing with the Indian question, this matter of establishing law among the Indians must take precedence for the time being of all other aspects of the subject? The Indian associations of the country and all individual friends of the Indian

[1] And, finally, since this article was written, the American Bar Association, after listening to a valuable paper on this subject by Mr. William B. Hornblower, of New York, and after a debate in which the leaders of that body participated, on August 26 last unanimously resolved: "It is the opinion of this association that the United States should provide, at the earliest possible moment, courts and a system of law for the Indian reservations."

should now gather themselves together and concentrate their efforts for a time upon this single point. They have very great influence when they unite; they can, if they please, make such an appeal to Congress and the Executive as will speedily be heeded.

Since the spring of 1888 a carefully prepared bill for accomplishing the objects I have named has been pending in the Senate of the United States. It has the support of some of the best lawyers in the country. It was prepared by a committee of the Mohonk Conference, and has been steadily supported by the leading Indian associations. That bill, or something better, should be passed at the next session of Congress.

*James Bradley Thayer.*

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## JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE.

The birds and the beasts having a dispute as to their respective virtues, it was agreed to refer the question to arbitration; but the choice of an arbitrator raised a more thorny problem than the original, for the beasts refused a bird, and the birds would accept no beast, and they cawed and cackled, and howled and roared through a long summer afternoon without getting nearer an agreement than when they began. As the twilight came on, the bat flittered in, and, excusing herself for not answering the summons earlier in the day on the score of her weak eyes, offered her services. "I am, you know," she said, "the connecting link between you; my organization leads me to one side and my habit to the other, and as habit is second nature I may fairly put it in one scale and my constitution in the other. Nature meant me for a mouse, but necessity gave me wings, so that, though I can neither fly with the eagle nor run with the horse, I can better appreciate the speed of the one and the daring of the other than a more skillful performer on wing or foot." The owl thereupon proposed the bat, and the mole seconded the nomination, but I have not a record of the decision. It is likely that it satisfied neither party, and was torn up on report.

The debate between the believers in the virtues of the press (a term which modern journalism has arrogated to itself as if it monopolized the art of printing) and those of literature in the more deliberate, if we may not say the higher form, is like that of my apologue, and the amphibia are not wanting to advocate as well as adjudicate on it. I vote myself to the bench rather than to the bar, and the seconding of the editor is all that in our republic of letters is requisite as credentials; but if more were needed, I may say that I have flitted through pen-land for forty years, am acquainted with both ends of the critical bludgeon and both sides of journalistic responsibility, have a modest nook on the bookshelves, and have held a place on the staff of more than one great daily; and my experience may not be without value to the person who stands before the gate of this garden of delight, as he probably imagines it (though there are those who have found in it only desert sands and a lifelong, unquenchable thirst), desiring to enter in, though on the general question of merits and values it may possibly have no more importance to the public than a last year's editorial of the Times. From this point of view the discussion is and must be purely academical; it is like weighing a file of the London Times against the essays of Matthew Arnold, or Emerson

against Horace Greeley; each man or woman out of the throng holds his or her judgment as infallible as if it were a matter of the *menu* of a dinner. That, in the severest logic of intimate cause and effect, the daily paper is the most deadly enemy of a noble literature is no argument to the business man, who must be informed every day of what took place the day before in Canton, London, Washington, San Francisco, and has no leisure, when he comes back from his counting-room, to read an essay of Bacon or a poem by Lowell; you might as well tell him that beefsteak is a better dish for his breakfast than buckwheat cakes. While you prepare to convince him, he has finished his cakes and is away to his office, reading his paper in the railway carriage as he goes, though he might have Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, or Bacon for the reading, or Emerson, Huxley, Holmes, or Hawthorne.

Men are divided broadly into journalists and eternalists, ephemera and immortals, and we can only match the multitude of the first with the permanence of the second. They have gone the way they chose; constitution or circumstance settled their determinations, and we have not to ponder over what we cannot unravel; was it fate, was it free-will, or the Zeitgeist? It does not matter; the ephemera have the immense majority, and until human nature changes are likely to have. I suppose that the mass of those who seek a literary occupation, as of those who have followed one, care more for what constitutes the success of journalism than for the artistic form of thought or for permanent influence, which indeed does not come for the seeking (though the art will if the roots of it are in the student); but if there be one who holds art dearer than success, let him look askance at the sanctum, and struggle against any temptation to join in a newspaper controversy. I remember that an artist friend of distinguished intellectual ability, whom I begged to contribute to a periodical devoted to art, for the conduct of which I was once responsible, replied that he had taken a vow never again to write for a newspaper, for the success of one letter he had been induced to write by his interest in the subject woke in him such a momentary fever for such triumphs that he saw at once that to give it its course would be the destruction of his content with art, for he could not serve the two ambitions. He felt that the passion for momentary success, the spring of which is notoriety, would stifle the serener aspiration for the perfection of his work, which is the one indispensable condition of happiness in art, — not always the guarantee of attainment, but ever the consolation for failure, as the only reward for struggle which can surely be depended on, for there are victories which are known only to the victor.

But beside the passion for the perfection of his work which is the characteristic of the true artist, there is another ideal which warns the student away from the excitements of journalistic success, namely, that of adding to the permanent intellectual wealth of humanity. No man says even to himself, "I will utter immortalities," but he only has a chance of so doing who turns his back resolutely on ephemeral triumphs, and, living with the immortals, learns to despise quick-caught applause. There is nothing in common, beyond the use of language, between the work that abides and spreads and in its slow conquest permeates all human forms of thought and the ready and superficial glitter or polish the perfection of which is found in French journalism, or the more solid and sober grasp of matters of daily interest which one finds at its best in the great English dailies. In highly cultivated communities there will always be a certain number of readers of the daily paper who thoroughly appreciate the element of culture, and who will therefore make it an important element in the success of the journal which shall attract

it, but as a rule it weighs little with that large public which is necessary in this country for the pecuniary success of the journal. We continually hear complaints of the low character of modern journalism, but it is, and always will be, what the public calls for; and the community may always be known by its leading and most successful daily.

It is necessary to distinguish between journals. They divide themselves specifically into three classes: the daily newspaper, the journal of culture (including periodicals other than daily, and incorrectly called journals), and the paper devoted to moral reforms, like The Liberator of William Lloyd Garrison. The last I leave out of consideration, because those whom the passion of humanity seizes have no choice of paths and can make no question of inducements; culture may sharpen their weapons, but a divine conviction alone makes their support and efficiency, and the journal is to them only the accident of form. We have but to take off our hats and stand silent when they go by; they do not ask our applause and are indifferent to our criticism. In another sense than that in which Dante speaks, —

"Di lor non parliam, ma guarda e passa," —

they are indifferent not only to our opinions of what they do, but to the permanence of their literary work, as a gunner is to the smoke of his gun, thinking only whether he hits his mark or not.

As the journal of culture leads to scholarship and the sounder and broader general education of the public, its work passes under the classification of science and out of journalism proper; it is a branch and continuation of the university. We in the United States of America are proud of our educational system, and it is not an unfrequent boast that we are the best educated people in the world. In fact we are one of the worst. It may be true that in the United States there are more native boys of a given age who can read and write than in any other country, and that we have more colleges and universities than any two other countries combined; but the number of persons who are profoundly versed in any branch of learning, or who may be said to be really educated, is probably less than in most European countries. In such a question it is not the extent of the primary or secondary education that tells, but that of the superior. Nor is there any validity in the excuse that we are a young nation; we have all the advantages that heredity can give, and the concentrated results of all the culture the world has known, and the proof that we fully enjoy the advantages of this epoch and past epochs is that here and there an individual amongst us rises to the highest attainments of the culture of the day. But our education in any given branch out of the practical, the pursuit of the material, is extremely superficial, and we are content that it should be so. It is peculiarly and almost exclusively a newspaper education, and responds to the demands of the day, — calls for information, not for knowledge. And it is almost inevitable that it should remain so, at least for a long time, for the newspaper is the readiest of all appliances for cramming, and cramming is the vice not only of our country, but of our race, though eminently of our nation as compared with other nations of our race. America has in fact transformed journalism from what it once was, the periodical expression of the thought of the time, the opportune record of the questions and answers of contemporary life, into an ageney for collecting, condensing, and assimilating the trivialities of the entire human existence. In this chase of the day's accidents we still keep the lead, as in the consequent neglect and oversight of what is permanent and therefore vital in its importance to intellectual character. The effect is disastrous, and affects the whole

range of our mental activities; we develop hurry into a deliberate system, skimming of surfaces into a science, the pursuit of novelties and sensations into the normal business of our lives; our traveling is a competition to see the most in the least time, our learning the collection of the greatest number of facts concerning the greatest number of things, and our pride the multitude of subjects we know something about rather than the soundness and depth of the knowledge we possess of a few. We desire to be glib; we mistake glitter for luminousness; we force the note in whatever we undertake, for nothing is so repugnant to our standards as the calm of a serene philosophy. The most disastrous consequence of this condition of things is that even those of us who are earnest are driven into materialism in some of its shapes, if we would make an impression on contemporary development, and our lives are little by little deprived of the spiritual leaven that makes their true vitality. We are more proud of this electric-light brilliancy than we are of any of our real virtues, and strain to be sparkling until we but dimly perceive the difference between being funny and witty, more dimly that between being witty and wise. To sum up all that could be said on this score, we are more anxious to seem than to be. Our art, our literature, our politics, and our social organization are infected with the passion of an ostentation often mendacious, always superficial.

To lay all this to the charge of the daily newspaper would doubtless be unjust, for that is only the microbe that establishes itself in the constitution predisposed to disease, but the tone of our journalism is responsible for the rapid spread of the malady. Nor does it avail to point to individuals engaged in journalism here and there who have attained a high distinction in the finest culture; they are not the result of our system, but the instances of escape from it, — cases of survival from the influence of the surroundings in which the individuality was so strong that it resisted the tendency imposed on it. In the German system of education thoroughness is the end aimed at, and its attainment is the result of the system; while with us it is the virtue of the individual, which succeeds in spite of a system without definite aim. This is at least the general statement, and is not to be negatived by the local exceptions which may occur under partial influences. We boast of the practical character of our system of education, which means that we educate to enable men to increase their incomes; and the simplest means of gaining a living by a man who wishes to devote himself to writing is to get a place on a newspaper as soon as he leaves the university.

In time the determined student may find his way out of the wilderness of words into which the profession of journalist leads him, find time to think before writing; and if his scholarly tastes are strong enough, may become a scholar; if original, a thinker. But as long as he is a journalist he almost necessarily learns neither to think dispassionately nor to write nobly; he prints to-day what everybody will burn to-morrow, and the consciousness of this deprives his work of half its zest. He is only an ephemeral. Who reads now a word of the writing of Horace Greeley, the most successful and in many respects the ablest journalist America has yet produced? All the prose his paper ever contained is not worth a paragraph of a lecture of Emerson. To feed party passion and support political expedients, — to be Sisyphus, Ixion, or a Danaide filling the public sieve with water, — this is the lot of the journalist.

Admit that he escapes, finds a vein of thought which leads to better things, as one may on the journals of culture, and wanders away into pure literature: how much harder even then to unlearn what

journalism has taught him than to learn from the beginning in the proper school! Vices of style, fallacies of thought, speciousnesses of reasoning, and probably a fatal facility of composition are all to be fought against for years, because as a journalist he must be quick even if he is empty, plausible even if he is absolutely in error; he must exert his powers to prove a party case, right or wrong, and support with all the appearance of conviction candidates and policies he may know to be utterly reprehensible. If any one dispute this statement as a fair representation of the condition of American journalism, let him go over the list of the political journals of the country and ascertain how many there are that are independent of party in their judgment and advocacy of public men and public measures; how many that, being devoted to practical politics, determine their position in party contests by fixed principles of right and wrong; how many in whose columns calm, deliberate elucidation of public duties and public morality prevails over appeals to party interest or personal or local prejudice. How many are there of our more than a thousand political journals that stand ready to support the best man for office and the soundest measures for legislation, in utter disregard of what the party leaders have decided shall be done? These are the "turn-coats," the mugwumps of our politics, and no bitterer insult can be launched against a journalist than to stigmatize him as a deserter from his party. How shall men whose education in literature has been in the deliberate misstatement of the principles of public morality and sound political economy, or at best in passionate self-delusion, in the earnest study how to make the worse appear the better reason, learn later in life to obey those imperious calls of the higher law written in the conscience, and the habitual violation of which effaces them gradually from the immortal tablet on which they were inscribed by our divine heredity? But the basis of our political organization, the collocation of our parties, and the law of our political morality are, that in politics there is only expediency, and no wrong or right; the only reason for advocating any measure is its probable success.

A noble literature implies the ambition of immortality, and truth alone is immortal; only that book survives which successive generations recognize as having anticipated its thought; only he finds the truth in its deeper streams who never left the guidance of its tiniest rills. The honesty of the writer may not make him immortal, but his insincerity and the willing sacrifice of the truth will certainly land him in the rubbish heap of the centuries; even the novelist who is willing to paint his passions in stage colors and sacrifice verity to sensational effect leaves to posterity only empty canvases. We pardon the mythology of Homer and the paganism of Dante because we find so intertwined with them the eternal elements of human nature that the fable becomes ennobled by the weaving. There is no literary work of permanent value which is not rendered so by the everlasting truth in it. No fancy, no imagination, that is not fed by essential verities can survive the generation that took it into fashion. And no man finds the way to truth by paltering with expediencies or toying with a lie because it serves the purposes of the day. I am aware of apparent exceptions in men who, in the midst of party rancors and the fury of materializing competition, do maintain the dignity of a personal independence free from partisan refraction of their vision, but they are hardly successful editors according to the present standard. Bryant was one of these, but it may be questioned if he would have been remembered as long as Horace Greeley but for gifts which had nothing to do with journalism; he

certainly never wielded a tithe of the contemporary influence that Greeley did. Bryant was a passionate lover of truth as he saw it, but I worked under him long enough to know that even his vision was not free from that partisan refraction which was so conspicuous in Greeley, and which is an important if not essential quality of a party leader.

Nor is it merely in the willingness to look at truth in a distorting mirror that the efficiency of the journalist lies, not only in his readiness to see only so much of it as his partisan needs dictate: in the form he gives his work he must aim low to hit our masses, and the masses make politics. Here we come again to the salient difference between our public and that, for instance, of England or Germany, and find the reaction on our education of the daily papers, the partisan press; and so the vicious circle is closed. Compare the best known or the most widely circulated American journal with the London Times, which, though it does not print so many copies as some other English papers, still retains the primacy of the London press. In the former, anything beyond a certain standard of culture is wasted, and individuality is rooted out as a weed; in the latter, for three generations of its proprietorship the highest culture of England has found employment, because a considerable portion of the public of the Times demands a high standard of culture, comprising as it does a great proportion of highly educated men, who in their turn exercise an enormous influence on the opinions of the nation.

If, therefore, I take the Times as the gauge by which I shall measure the relation of journalism to literature, no one can say that I have not taken the highest standard of journalism at my disposal. But what even here are the conditions of intellectual activity? I beg leave to recall at this point the object with which I set out, — the contrast between the educations which make immortal work possible and ephemeral work successful. It is not to be denied that the ambitions of journalism may be noble, that its uses may be most vital to the political exigencies of the day. Twice since I have been in the habit of following the Times in its daily work has it changed for the better the course of European politics, and possibly on many other occasions which my observation did not reach; and the social power it exercises in England is enough to satisfy the ambitions of most men. But how many of its writers have struggled successfully against the absorption of individuality which its routine imposes? How many men who have fully succeeded on it have been able to extricate themselves from the fascination of the position or the advantages it offered? The primary condition of good journalistic work is that it shall at a moment's notice put into fitting form the dictation of the chief whose brain is the motor of the whole organization, and he in his turn obeys the political exigencies of the day. This suppleness of brain, indispensable to effective work in such a system, the dexterity of mental fence which enables a man to hold any assigned ground and make the position good, is of no use in the education of a thinker; on the contrary, it is the destruction of the power of discriminating quest. The fine clues of philosophic thought, the subtle web of induction, and the discriminations of spiritual insight are dispelled like the reflections on water by these intellectual athletes in their plunge into the pool.

But this is only one form of the devastating influence of the daily paper on the mental development; perhaps a worse is the constant devotion of the mind to the mere details of public life, — the accidents and incidents, elections, steamer explosions, wrecks, murders, disasters, sensations, the gratification of curiosities, trivial or morbid, whatever

most piques or stimulates our attention. A diligent journalist, especially in the earlier stages of his career, is obliged to devote a large part of his time to skimming and sifting the papers of the day; he acquires a morbid habit of hunting items, news, opinions of men who may be in the public view, keeping always on the alert for trivialities; and the more earnest he is in his devotion to his occupation the more absorbing this passion grows, until he becomes what a diplomatic acquaintance used to distinguish as a "*croque-journal*," devourer of newspapers. To this man the effect of journalism is more disastrous than to the reader of journals, as an indigestion from omnivorousness must be worse than one from occasional indiscretion in the selection of one's food. This malady is the worst that can befall the mind.

In whatever way we regard journalism, then, a deadly danger to culture in the noble sense threatens the beginner; and except for those who deliberately choose it as their profession, and are willing to forego the chances of a purely literary success, it is a very Cerberus at the gate of the eternal abode; whatever one's function, one form of it awaits him. If it were possible to force culture into American journalism, and so make it the means of the higher national education, there would be the consolation of at least sacrificing one's self to the general good; but I do not believe this attainable in the present state of our social organization and political condition. The prime element in journalistic success in America is a rapid popularity; its great reward, power to-day. If the journalist, even when he has gained the most difficult of all achievements in journalism, a recognized individuality, succeeds in his ambition, he does but write on sands over which the tide flows every day; only the Garrisons survive through even the weekly paper. In Emerson's essay on Culture are these pertinent sentences: "What forests of laurel we bring and the tears of mankind to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!" "Let me say here that culture cannot begin too early." "The youth must rate at its true mark the inconceivable levity of local opinion." "Be willing to go to Coventry sometimes and let the populace bestow on you their coldest contempts." "He who should inspire and lead his race must be defended from traveling with the souls of other men; from living, breathing, reading, and writing in the daily, time-worn yoke of their opinions."

No man has fathomed and measured the depth and extent of American life with such an angel's rood as Emerson; and in this one sentence, "Whilst all the world is in pursuit of power, and of wealth as a means of power, culture corrects the theory of success," he has summed up its condition, its dangers, and its refuge. The fever of power and wealth is drying up the springs of our national life, and the men into whose hands the destinies of the state are given make war on culture as if they considered it the most relentless enemy of their success; they tax literature and art as if these were to be classified as articles dangerous to the prosperity of the state. The barbarous politician, whose intellectual world lies in his party paper, has no idea that there is a firmament above it. Books, pictures, statues, are the symbols of a life he has no knowledge of or sympathy with; they are odious to him as refinement is odious to a tramp. He has an instinct that there is a danger in them to the *régime* of political ignorance and corruption in which he thrives and attains power, and, like Caliban, he curses that which every day, and in spite of him, gives the lie to his "theory of success." His best friend is a partisan press.

Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, for we can dimly discern

the uses of wrong, the press, in all the shapes it has taken and some which it may yet take, is indispensable to our public life, almost to our private, and the disease, intellectual or moral, which it propagates must run its course; its excess may bring its remedy, and, by practical demonstration showing the insufficiency of the Sodom-apple harvest, awaken a spirit of reaction and reform. To this end the chief agent must be culture: literature in its unutilitarian forms, art in its purest, and every sort of intellectual activity which cannot be put to the base uses of the day. Whatever shows that a greater happiness is to be found in immaterial things tends to stifle the utilitarianism which is the cause of the growing paralysis of American life; and nothing more promotes this than education to the finer qualities of literature and art. Nothing in the range of Emerson's philosophy is better said, though to many of us it seems trite, than this: "A man is a beggar who only lives to the useful, and, however he may serve as a pin or a rivet in the social machine, cannot be said to have arrived at self-possession." In another passage of the essay quoted he says, "I think sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners and abolish hurry."

Our present journalism is the enemy of all these finer things. The telegraph has put out of the field the chief fruit of culture in journalism which remained to our fathers, the cultivated correspondent's letter; the interviewer has vulgarized and turned into offense what once was the charm of personality. The morning paper, read at breakfast or finished on the train to the city, has given the skimmings of the world's affairs, and letters and the arts, served to order by the most convenient member of the staff, are crowded into the space that can be spared for them, as things which must be alluded to *pro forma*, but have an altogether trivial importance, and, having been treated in haste, are regarded with a corresponding indifference; criticism being considered as the 'prentice work of the office, and given to whoever is not better occupied. In the London Times there still appear masterly literary reviews, and now and then in certain American papers, but the files of the daily papers printed in the language of the Anglo-Saxon race will be searched in vain for criticism of the arts that are worth the reading. For these we must go to the Gaul. The pleasure-loving Frenchman still retains the leisurely tastes which enable him to enjoy æsthetic impressions; lingering over them as a gourmand over the flavor of his after-dinner wine; taking his goods as if the gods, and not the devil, sent them. The frantic haste with which we bolt everything we take, seconded by the eager wish of the journalist not to be a day behind his competitor, abolishes deliberation from judgment and sound digestion from our mental constitutions. We have no time to go below surfaces, and as a general thing no disposition. Shall we end this state of things, or will it finally eat out all reality from our national life? Shall culture or journalism enlist our powers, or shall culture finally transform the daily paper, allay the fever of our intellectual and the insanity of our political lives? These are infinitely graver questions than that which most occupies us, — Which party shall govern the state?

It is truly a grave question for the young man who desires to follow literature and must work for his daily bread how he shall pay his way. I might say, with Dr. Johnson, that "I do not see the necessity;" and in fact the greater, far greater part of those who attempt it do not justify the experiment. But I will suppose that the individual in any one case is justified in devoting his life and all its energies to letters; that his calling is irresistible, or at least so strong that he is willing to do all but starve

and freeze to be able to follow it. Even then I say, with all the energy of a life's experience put into my words, and a knowledge of every honorable phase of journalism to give them weight, Do not go on a daily journal unless the literature of a day's permanence satisfies your ambition. Now and then, with the possible frequency of being struck by lightning, you may, as a special correspondent, find a noble cause for which you may nobly give your whole soul, — once it has happened to me; but even this is not literature. Better teach school or take to farming, be a blacksmith or a shoemaker (and no trade has furnished more thinkers than that of the shoemaker), and give your leisure to the study you require. Read and digest, get Emerson by heart, carry Bacon's essays in your pocket and read them when you have to be idle for a moment, earn your daily wages in absolute independence of thought and speech, but never subject yourself to the indignities of reporterism, the waste of life of the special correspondent, or the abdication of freedom of research and individuality of the staff writer, to say nothing of the passions and perversions of partisan politics. That now and then the genius of a man survives all these and escapes above them is not a reason for voluntarily exposing ourselves to the risks of the encounter; and who can tell us how much of the charm of the highest art those successful ones have lost in the experience? For what we get by culture is art, be it on canvas or in letters. Study, fine distinction, the perfection of form, the fittest phrase, the *labor limæ* and the purgation from immaterialities of ornament or fact, and the putting of what we ought to say in the purest, simplest, and permanent form, — these are what our literature must have, and these are not qualities to be cultivated on the daily press. Of no pursuit can it be said more justly than of literature, that "culture corrects the theory of success."

*W. J. Stillman.*

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## TWO FRENCH MEN OF LETTERS.

The third volume of Gustave Flaubert's correspondence [1] opens in 1854, two years before the publication of Madame Bovary, and covers the years devoted to researches for the *milieu* of Salammbô and to the writing of that book. A strong literary and personal interest attaches to this volume, which shows Flaubert at the height of his intellectual activity, and at that period of life when of the tendencies and promises of youth there remains what has become incorporated for better for worse into a man's existence. The elements which formed from within and from without the personality of Flaubert were of too antagonistic and in part of too accidental a nature to mix in a smooth paste. It would appear that there were in him from the first, together with his superb physical endowments, a sensitiveness of organization and a dreamy, morbid tendency rarely found in a frame of such vigor and health. M. Bourget, in his Psychologie Contemporaine, a book which, if it did not stand a little outside the technical boundaries of criticism, might be cited as the most intellectual and artistic achievement of latter-day French critical literature, has drawn an unforgettable portrait of Flaubert, showing him as a man in contradiction with his age, his surroundings, and himself,

[1] *Gustave Flaubert.* Correspondance. Troisième Série. (1854–1869.) Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier. 1891.

as a *romantique* forced into realism; living throughout his youth in a state of continual exaltation; making vast demands upon happiness, and doomed to perpetual bitterness and disappointment. Turgeneff makes the hero of his Faust say, "In my youth I had dreamed much of happiness, the habitual dream of those for whom life has no such destiny in store." It is peculiarly the preoccupation of minds unhappily constituted; and Flaubert, who, as he says in one of his letters, was "born with little belief in happiness," was perhaps a resolute and conscious dreamer rather than an involuntary and disillusioned one. It was a glimpse of the reality which determined his choice of the romantic.

The building of his Palace of Art was a labor not only of love, but also of unswerving resolution. He attached himself fervently to literature, and to that romantic literature which had opened up new possibilities, which offered an ideal to replace the stupidity or the pettiness of every-day existence. He formed passionate friendships, based upon literary sympathies with school and college comrades; he "bawled" (*gueulait*) great mouthfuls of Victor Hugo and other poets; he planned ambitious works and talked with vehemence, indulging in tirades against commonplace and in mimicry and far-fetched jests. This is the Flaubert of Maxime du Camp's Souvenirs Littéraires, and of the first volumes of the Correspondance. Vigorous and sympathetic where his intellectual enthusiasms were concerned, his mind offered a sheer resistance to matters lying outside that range. He studied law in obedience to his father's wishes, not only in constant revolt against the dullness of the course, but, according to his own testimony and that of M. du Camp, with an absolute inability to comprehend the sense of lectures and text-books, — a fact which is significant as pointing not to a deficiency of capacity, but rather to an inherent difficulty of concentration. His enforced studies over, he had found the way open to the career of his choice when the disease declared itself which seemed to put a negative upon all his hopes, not only of personal happiness, but of creative work. His iron will, which was called upon not to oppose but to second this longing, allied with his great physical strength, proved successful in resisting nervous waste, depression, and intellectual hindrance. Ten years later he had written a book destined to take a very high place in literature; and one which, in spite of the romantic traditions of his youth and the romantic sympathies of all his life, was to be hailed, rightly or wrongly, by the world as a masterpiece of realism. He had not escaped from despair, and the hopelessness which filled the background of his life after as before the realization of his literary ambitions, if they could be said to have been realized, had only intensified that rage against stupidity and the *bourgeois* which takes at times in his letters an almost inhuman ring. And yet a certain adjustment has been made, a certain bitter but brave resignation arrived at, which gives to the present volume a different stamp from its predecessors.

There are no longer any letters to Madame X.: that great passion has died a natural or unnatural death. We have the letters to his intimate friends as affectionate and loyal in tone as ever, with all their coarse epithets of endearment, and several very interesting ones to a correspondent whom he had never seen, Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie. Next to the most intimate and congenial of correspondents, an unknown one is perhaps the best recipient of thoughts and confidences, as talk flows more freely in the dark. This lady, who appears to have appealed to Flaubert's sympathy by her unhappiness amid uncongenial surroundings, received from him letters which are none the less sincere for being written in a more formal tone than his

epistles to literary comrades of his own sex, and treating questions in a somewhat different manner, with more authority and seriousness. In fact, Flaubert's nature was essentially grave, and the humor which fell to his share as one of the romantic school could hardly have found a more incongruous lodging even in France, where it was an imported adjunct of the movement. In these letters to a woman of literary tastes, Flaubert enters with almost womanly tenderness into all the sufferings, real or imaginary, confided to him by his correspondent; and in so doing reveals frankly and without egotism much of his own experience.

"You ask me how I cured myself of the nervous hallucinations to which I used to be subject. By two methods: first, by studying them scientifically, — that is, by endeavoring to understand them; and second, by *force of will*. I have often felt madness coming upon me. There was such a whirlpool of ideas and images in my poor brain that it seemed to me that my consciousness, my *ego*, was going down like a ship in a storm. But I held fast to my reason. It kept the command, though beaten and besieged. . . . There is a feeling, or rather a habit of mind, which you seem to me to lack; that is, the *love of contemplation*. Take life, its passions, and your own self as a *subject* of intellectual exercise. You revolt against the injustice of the world, against its meanness, its tyranny, and all the turpitude and fetidness of existence. But do you know all these things? Have you studied everything? Are you God? How do you know that your human judgment is infallible, that your feeling is not deceiving you? How can we, with our limited senses and our finite intelligence, arrive at an absolute knowledge of the true and the good? Do we ever really lay hold of the absolute? One must, if one will live at all, renounce any definite idea of anything whatever. *Such is humanity*, there is no question of changing but of learning to know it. Think *less of yourself*. Give up the hope of a solution. It rests in the bosom of the Father: he alone possesses and has not communicated it. But there are in *ardor of study* ideal joys created for noble souls. . . . Try to give up *living in yourself*. Read extensively. Take a plan of study which is severe and continuous. Read history, especially ancient history. *Bind yourself to a regular and fatiguing work*. Life is so hideous that the only way to endure it is to avoid it. . . .

"No great genius ever came to a conclusion, and no great book, because humanity itself is always on the way, and never reaches a conclusion. Homer does not conclude, nor Shakespeare, nor Goethe, nor the Bible itself. For this reason the phrase now so much in vogue, *the social problem*, is profoundly distasteful to me. The day it is solved will be the last of the planet. Life is an eternal problem, and history also, and everything. There are figures incessantly added to the sum. How can you count the spokes of a wheel as it turns?"

This philosophy of acceptance and endurance life rubs into a good many of its subjects. What is more remarkable here than the philosophical attitude is the strong helpfulness of tone: the italics are so many stakes driven in where they may be of most use, and the ideas appear to be brought forward at the prompting of another's need rather than suggested by the personal experience in which they have their root. The letters to Louis Bouilhet contain also much of this friendliness. Belief in his friend's genius was a necessary element of Flaubert's affection. It is touching to read his appeals to Bouilhet to enter more into the world, and make for himself a social career as a stepping-stone to a literary one. He presses the point without overlooking for a moment his

friend's sensitiveness, yet in a spirit of almost paternal solicitude for his success. This tenderness in Flaubert's personal relations goes a long way to atone for his bitterness of recrimination against the world at large, due partly to suffering, partly to an indignation like Carlyle's, but also in part to an enforced concentration of his emotions and interests. The phenomenon of Flaubert's individuality is that of a vast uncontrolled intellect which is brought by sheer force of will under an arbitrary but narrow and partial control.

As a subject of investigation in what may be called literary physiology, Flaubert, "an invalid of literature" as M. Bourget calls him, is almost unique. His idiosyncrasies, his temperament, and the accidents of his existence all contributed to the organization of a literary method which he not only practiced, but analyzed and expounded at every turn. We can watch the great engine of his brain in intellectual motion: the passage of life into literature and of idea into phrase is in his case more clearly traceable in its most minute processes than in any other writer. It is this fact which gives such high literary value to his correspondence. His judgments upon books are seldom impersonal, and often exaggerated and accidental, but the observations upon art and style from the point of view of his own method of workmanship, which are scattered throughout the letters, are of incalculable interest to those of us who like to see the wheels go round, and to explain all that is explicable in the phenomenon of creative production.

M. Maxime du Camp speaks of Flaubert as having an essentially idyllic talent, and M. Bourget classes him as a romantic writer. We cannot venture to set down as erroneous the judgment of his personal friend and his most sympathetic critic upon his character and gift, yet we note in the present volume a tendency more and more pronounced in the direction of what we may call realism of thought, while the maxims upon writing are calculated to serve as the creed of a widely different school from that which found its watchword in the famous Preface to Cromwell. His convictions remained to the last romantic, or he thought they did; it was a part of his loyalty to cling to the old enthusiasms, a part of his suffering and acuteness of indignation to wage war against the stupidity of commonplace and the hideousness of fact.

"They think me in love with the real, whereas I execrate it; it is out of hatred of realism that I have undertaken this novel. But I have no less detestation for the false idealism by which we are fooled in these days. . . . I beg, however, that you will not judge me by this book. La Bovary has been for me a matter of deliberate choice, a set theme. All that I love is not there. I will give you in a little while something more elevated, in a more appropriate setting." This is to a lady, and may be taken partly as a gracious way of putting things. But to one of his critics he writes in the same tone: "Do you believe that this ignoble reality, the reproduction of which disgusts you, does not turn my stomach as well as yours? If you knew me better, you would know that I execrate every-day life. I have always kept away from it personally as much as I could. But æsthetically I wanted this once, and only this once, to go to the bottom of it. Accordingly I went at the thing in an heroic manner, — I mean in a minute one, — accepting everything, saying everything, painting everything; which is an ambitious way of expressing it." And later, to the same correspondent, in a tone which would contradict his apparent disavowal of Madame Bovary, but confirms the real tenor of his testimony to its reality: "You attack details; you should take exception to the whole. The brutal element is ingrained, and not on

the surface. We cannot whiten negroes, and we cannot alter the blood of a book; all that can be done is to impoverish it."

This is coming very near to the kernel of the matter. The blood of a book is not a deliberate infusion; the author who writes a great work in opposition to his theory is not concealing, but declaring, the true color of his conception of life. It is not necessary, in order to be a realist, to love "ignoble realities;" it is a matter of truth, not of sentiment; and the feeling which penetrates to a sense of something higher behind the ignoble reality is to be valued only as it brings more and truer tones into the picture. The truth of Madame Bovary has stamped its impress deeply into literature, and the word "realism" would have to be widely diverted from its simple and spontaneous meaning to exclude such a work from its category. When Flaubert speaks of art as "thought in form made concrete, a feeling of *violent* nature, and arrived at its highest term of idealism in expression," he touches the point at which the two words "idealism" and "realism" join. His confidences in regard to the difficulty of composition show that his constant care was to write close to his thought; to make form and expression, as he himself says, "like body and soul." It is a suggestive circumstance in this matter of realism that two of its greatest masters should in different ways have denied or deserted its standard. Flaubert, after writing Madame Bovary "out of hatred of reality," sought refuge in history and the past to avoid another picture of the actual life of his day; and Tolstóy, after seeing with such clearness of vision in Anna Karénin the good and the ignoble at once, has hidden his head in the sand of a fatalistic religion. Is the perception of every-day truth as fatal to its prophets as are the visions of poetry to the bard "blasted with excess of light"?

M. Barbey d'Aurevilly appears to have been troubled by no such uncomfortable insight. There is no question as to the literary school which had the honor of forming his talent and of retaining his services. His ideas exhibit no taint of realism, and his life, as recorded in desultory fashion by his fervent admirer M. Buet,[1] seems to have been planned and carried out in accordance with his conception of what the life of a gentleman, a man of letters, and an original genius should be. Born in 1808, at St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, of a noble Norman family, he was a Legitimist in politics, a Catholic in religion, a romanticist in art, and an upholder of the nobility in his own person. He made his studies at Caen, where he formed a friendship with Trébutien, with whom he was afterwards associated in editing the Guérin journals; he went to Paris to embark upon a literary career, and became intimate with Maurice de Guérin, and later with Baudelaire and other men of letters. Though living by his pen, in a small and obscure lodging, he surrounded himself with a certain fantastic elegance, dressed in a costume consisting of an Oriental tunic with a cross on the breast and a papal cap, became the historian of the dandies, and adopted a social code which inscribed him in their ranks; the picture which M. Buet draws of him suggests a sort of Bohemian Pelham. He was an *homme d'esprit* and a great coiner of witticisms. His History of Dandyism brought him early into notice, and was followed later by some novels, Un Prêtre Marié, L'Ensorcelée, and others, written under the influence of Edgar Poe, but exhibiting in their choice of subject and a certain mysticism of tone more affinity with Hawthorne. A romanticist of 1830, though his romances were not published till ten years and more after that epoch, he had its literary extravagances together with the

[1] *J. Barbey d'Aurevilly.* Impressions et Souvenirs. Par CHARLES BUET. Deuxième Édition. Paris: Albert Savine. 1891.

prejudices and convictions of the Soirées de St. Pétersbourg, minus the keenness of intellect and logical faculty of Joseph de Maistre. His novels had their admirers, but took little hold on the general public. In his latter years, Barbey d'Aurevilly, living in his old quarters in the Faubourg St. Germain, wearing his Eastern-ecclesiastical costume and wielding his pen, had become a mere name to the younger world of Paris, which supposed him to have died with his epoch. He lived to the age of eighty. The revival of his name is probably due rather to the active manufacture of literary history, which is so marked a branch of the book industry in France, than to any widening in that small and select circle of readers who M. Buet tells us have been till now the only appreciators of D'Aurevilly's genius. M. Buet, who speaks of his subject with bated breath as "this great man," appears confident that the circle is widening; we can only hope that it is not, "till by broad spreading it disperse to naught," but we can see little in the genius of Barbey d'Aurevilly or in this record of his life to warrant any sanguine belief in the permanency of his late-found fame.

The *mots* collected by M. Buet as testimony to the wit of M. d'Aurevilly show a similar unevenness. There are a few clever ones of rather careful manufacture, as well as a number which a Frenchman of real wit with a reputation to keep or lose would have refrained from uttering. To refrain was not, however, a part of the romantic programme. Barbey d'Aurevilly's *sang-froid* took on the color of impetuosity; it is amusing to find him writing to Trébutien, with many expressions of breathless haste and carelessness, letters which, as he was all the time well aware, his friend copied carefully in his best handwriting on the finest parchment paper, to preserve them for future publication. He seems to have possessed enormous self-esteem together with his other romantic and heroic qualities. The impression we get of him from M. Buet's book, to which sketches have been contributed by many noted writers, is, however, on the whole, vague and lacking in real fibre; he is a costume, a pose, a mood, rather than a man. Nevertheless the book is a readable one, and serves a certain purpose of literary history, giving glimpses of various groups: a little about the Guérins, not particularly new; an account of Pontmartin, with whom Barbey d'Aurevilly was on terms of intimate enmity; and some instantaneous photographs of younger writers, M. Bourget among the number, who appear to have belonged to the little circle of admirers of Barbey d'Aurevilly's talent. An interesting episode is the account of an impecunious scribe, Nicolardot, who lived on his friends and abused them. This man, to whose support Barbey d'Aurevilly contributed for years, was the original of M. Bourget's Monsieur Legrimaudet in Nouveaux Pastels.

M. Buet's book is a collection of literary notes put together without connecting links, and filled out with rambling remarks, fragments of criticism, and chance quotations. The author appears to have been occasionally "graveled for lack of matter," as when he applies to friendship the saying about love that it is "the devotion of the other," and goes on to say that Barbey d'Aurevilly was "the devoted, and also the other." This is a little incoherent, and one cannot help wondering how he interprets the phrase which he quotes. It is impossible to find sense in his comment, though we may see in it an instance of "the devotion of the other" to a friend and hero who was a striking and brilliant figure in his day and in his way, but hardly a great man.

The posthumous publication before us,[1]

[1] *Littérature Étrangère.* Par J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1891.

a reprint of articles many of which date very far back, shows him as a critic of foreign, chiefly English literature. The essays exhibit a real and intimate acquaintance with the books of which they treat, and a complete freedom not only from natural prejudice, but from those errors of statement and detail so often found in French writers on English subjects. Their point of view can hardly be said to be Gallic any more than Anglo-Saxon; it is rather intensely individual. Barbey d'Aurevilly was a great admirer of Shakespeare, on whom he has some glowing pages, written in his brilliant, impetuous, uneven style, with warm feeling for the poet, and slashing denunciation of all his critics and commentators. After the essays on Shakespeare come a worshipful eulogy of Sterne, a fierce invective against Swift, and a review of Guy Livingstone, written just after its appearance in a French translation, and extolling it as the great result in thought and moral force of the century; a critical anti-climax which irresistibly reminds us of Landor's declaration that he hated his brother Bob, but would do him the justice to say that he had written the finest dramas since Shakespeare. Barbey d'Aurevilly's criticism is of the romantic school, and to demand of it consistency or standards would be seeking to gather figs from thistles.

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## THE GODS IN GREECE.

It has become a commonplace that much that is beautiful, enlightening, and progressive in our modern civilization is an inheritance from the ancient world, — a rich inheritance brilliantly transmuted into something new and strange. Perhaps not all of us would admit as strictly true the assertion of Sir Henry Maine that, "except the forces of nature, nothing moves in the world which is not Greek in origin," but we can hardly deny that many of the best influences at work among us are Hellenic, and that it is important we should duly recognize and appreciate them; for it is chiefly as they are intelligently apprehended that they become most potent and helpful.

Many essays in appreciation have been attempted in these days, and the field of Greek religious thought and sentiment has not been overlooked. The extraordinary proposition once maintained, that the Greeks, whose distinctive share in the discipline of humanity has been "the education of the reason and of the taste," were not a religious people in any true sense of the word, and that they made no permanent contributions to the progress of religion in general, no longer finds advocates among men of intelligence. It is now seen to be an absurdity to insist that the marvelous development of literature, art, science, philosophy, achieved by the Greeks — a race upon whom as upon no other nature had imprinted the need of harmonious and symmetrical growth — was attended by an atrophy or disintegration of the religious sense, and that in consequence we have nothing to learn from their religion, although their every utterance, whether in words or in works, upon all other matters is universally felt to be at once authoritative and instructive.

"A man's religion," Mr. Carlyle has said, "is the most important thing about him," and the remark is true of a race as well. The Greek pantheon was peopled with ideals; for this is the meaning of Aristotle's saying that the Greeks

made the gods in their own image. Hence would one at all understand the Greeks and their part in human history he must know their gods. Christianity herself is nowadays admitting that she has much to learn — if only the better to understand herself and many of the forces subtly active within her since the beginning — from the people who shaped her earliest and most momentous history. Indeed, one may truly say with Augustine that in Hellas is to be found no small part of that *vera religio* which, dimly existing without specific designation among ancient races, received the name of Christianity at last when Christ came.

It is, however, no easy matter to obtain the true view and the discriminating estimate of ancient Greek religious thought which alone are valuable. Two things prevent: first, our tendency to indulge in what Mr. Arnold used to call the "pathetic fallacy." We are prone to conceive and to explain the ancient world — which, knit to us by many ties, is yet in many respects an alien world — in terms of modern thought; and thus it is not antiquity itself that we find in our researches, but our "own phantom chanting hymns." Then, too, the blindness of our self-constituted guides, due in part to a lack of genuine knowledge, in part to a prepossession by false conceptions, causes them and us to go astray. No one, unless he were intimately acquainted at first hand with both Norman-French and English, would venture to speak with authority upon the characteristics of the former speech, nor on the relation of the two to each other; and yet many a person rushes in and delivers a cheap and ready judgment upon the religion of the ancients, although his knowledge of it is a matter of the shreds and tatters of other men's learning. In these states of half knowledge which affect completeness, the student, forgetting that the scholar must often practice the virtue *nescire aliquid*, leaps at wild conclusions, and arrives at theories and explanations that are mutually inconsistent and destructive; and the warning voices, raised only too seldom, are unheard or pass unheeded.

The religion of the Greeks was made up of beliefs, hopes, emotions, conduct, — all with reference to the superior power or personalities on which they as moral beings felt themselves dependent. The beliefs were often fanciful and poetic, touching merely or mainly the imagination, — a dream-world of charming fiction, æsthetically pleasing or thrilling. Such in fact was the greater part of the mythology of the Greeks, of which one may safely say with Mr. Dyer[1] that, though all religions are of the nature of poetry, the poetry of the people, this is the very poetry of the poets. In the remotest period these beliefs were of the simplest sort, inheritances from a pre-ethnic time, and they gathered about some few rude tales or ceremonies, which appear to have suggested originally nature's operations and man's relations to nature. Soon these stories lost their primitive simplicity, and, though they retained their essential features, were, by the splendid mythopœic tendency of the Greeks, which was ever controlled by an unerring artistic instinct, often brilliantly transformed and transfigured. Others of these beliefs were of the nature of practical convictions as to man's relation to the divine, moral in their influence; they searched the soul, shaped ideals, guided resolution, — the acknowledged though often unheeded arbiters of life. Between these two great classes of beliefs — that is, between the speculative creed and the dominating religious sentiment — there was at times no slight divergence. The

[1] *Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated.* Being eight Lectures given in 1890 at the Lowell Institute. By Louis Dyer, B. A. Oxon., late Assistant Professor in Harvard University. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

mythology and the theology of the Greeks, and of other people as well, often are or seem to be immoral, as also the creed based upon them, while the religious sentiment is pure, elevating, and ethically stimulating. From the two indistinguishably confounded arises the vast nexus of cult and ritual, in which one may find side by side symbols and ceremonies of the profoundest meaning and those that strike him as foolish and trivial. In the progress of time all these elements act and react upon one another, and in particular, under the influence of an ethical consciousness that grows more and more enlightened, the cult and ritual become the bearers of new and momentous truths. The serious student of Greek religious thought is therefore interested less in the earliest literal meaning of myth and cult than in what these stood for and suggested, at this time and that, to the devout and the undevout Greek. Then, as now, to many the story or ceremony was merely a story or ceremony, a pretty poem or pageant, while to others it was a symbol and intimation of something larger and deeper. These differences in the content and significance of myth and ritual confront us not only at different stages in national development, but also in different persons and classes at the same stage. The *Credo* of the philosopher and of the superstitious peasant, identical in uttered form, how unlike in inner meaning! When we have ascertained the original sense of Greek myth, legend, and cult, we have by no means solved our problem, though we have gained many a useful clue. Quite as little do we understand Christendom of to-day in her noblest forms when we content ourselves with ascertaining the literal meaning that was put into her creeds by their original framers.

The nature of the problem undertaken by the student of Greek religion and the conditions of its successful solution will be made clearer if we suggest a comparison. The Greek language and Greek religion are both, as it were, institutions of society; each is of the nature of an expression, with its outward form and inner meaning. The Greek language, in its original elements, was an inheritance from an earlier period, received from a distant land: it was simple though flexible in structure, rich in substance, capable of splendid development. The people who spoke this tongue, anciently undivided, settled down in different parts of Hellas in detached masses which early entered upon independent careers. In due time, as they grew in knowledge and came into contact with new and manifold phenomena, there sprang up, at various points, marked dialectic differences, sharpest where the several cantons were most separated. In these new conditions the ancient inheritance was modified; old words and idioms took on new meanings, though retaining also the old ones. With the introduction of new conceptions from over the seas, conceptions often of wonderful power, there were adopted new words and turns of thought, wholly un-Hellenic, from foreign neighbors or visitors. This appropriation took place, at first, at some particular locality or localities, whence the new expressions gradually spread into adjacent districts. As time passed, this fresh material was so wrought into the ancient texture of speech as only faintly to suggest its foreign origin. Then, too, as intercommunication set in with greater vigor between the different cantons, it not infrequently happened that some ancient native word in a certain locality came to be used in the new and sometimes divergent senses that it had acquired in other parts of the motherland. When, finally, all the barriers were broken down, and literature had done her work, and the Hellenic people were fused into one, the language took on a Panhellenic character. A common dialect established itself, and was recognized as the proper speech of

the cultivated, though still in many a far-off corner the simpler and racier idiom of the rustic folk continued to be heard with its *naïvetés* of sound and meaning, unaffected in all essentials by the normal or classic speech of the great centres of national life. And yet, from the earliest times to the latest, from one end of Hellas to the other, for the sage and for the peasant, it was ever the same speech; but how momentous the differences, how vast the changes wrought within it!

Our figure indicates many of its own applications. Is not thought impossible without language? some mistakenly ask. Then there would seem to be no such thing as religious feeling unless it were to find utterance in some form of religion. Language is a mighty instrument whereby thought is not only expressed, but also developed from feeble beginnings to magnificent issues. So religious feeling finds in enlightened creed and ceremony a fountain, as it were, for its own deeper spiritual growth. When alien races unite there often results, in the fusion of speech, a new language which far surpasses in power, vividness, and resourcefulness the earlier simpler tongues. Even so may two religions meet and mingle, and in the new form, as never before, sound and satisfy the depths of the human need of the divine. Ennius once said that he had three hearts, because he could speak Greek, Latin, and Oscan; and in Goethe's assertion that he who knows but one language knows none lurks a suggestion of no small meaning. From our comparison we receive also an intimation that the methods of investigation for the study of a language and of a religion must resemble each other. The student of Greek religion is little concerned with mere theories as to the origin and early history of religions in general or of the Greek religion in particular, except as these may aid him in his historical inquiries. He begins with the local and the individual; undertakes as his first duty the collection and wise classification of all the phenomena as they reveal themselves, both originally and under development, at various local centres of influence. He notes all the formative agencies, whether at home or from abroad, at work in these local manifestations and in the larger development of national religion. He heeds the lesson to be learned from similar processes in the religious history of cognate or even of alien races. He is interested more in the inner connotation than in the outward form, and in the latter only as it throws light upon the former, and is above all marked by openness of mind and an unswerving devotion to truth.

In Mr. Dyer's The Gods in Greece the conditions imposed by the problem in hand have been admirably fulfilled. The spirit in which this attractive and suggestive book is written is always that of generous and sympathetic appreciation, and in the presentation of the subject the author has shown a happy and helpful sense of proportion and perspective. The truth that we have attempted to justify, that Greek religious thought is to be studied above all in its local manifestations and historically, has been heeded, and the available material has been explored with diligence and discretion. Greek religion left record of itself, often only implicitly and by intimation, in literature, in art, and in institutions, ancient and modern; indeed, as Curt Wachsmuth has pointed out, — a writer whom Mr. Dyer might have quoted upon this point with startling effect, — it still survives, thinly disguised under Christian forms, in many of the usages and traditions of the Greeks of to-day. Making due use of these various sources of information, and under the inspiration imparted by a vision gained by visiting the ancient holy places, Mr. Dyer has been able to charm back into existence and to render more intelligible to the modern reader not a few of the gracious and impressive figures that haunted the sublimest dreams and kin-

dled the highest hopes of the vanished ancient world.

After an introduction, in which, with delicate insight, the essential features of Greek religion are sketched and hints thrown out as to the place this religion holds in history, the author speaks of Apollo at Delphi, "the highest and really most supreme divinity in that poetry of poetry, Greek religion." He next considers Demeter and Persephone, the two great goddesses of Eleusis. Then Dionysus is studied in his earliest and latest history, in Thrace, in Icaria, in Attica, and in the culmination of his splendid cult at Athens. Before speaking of Æsculapius as worshiped at Epidaurus and Athens, and as revealed in the discoveries made in these places, Mr. Dyer describes with rare beauty and vividness the common worship of Demeter and Dionysus as carried on at Eleusis, in part within the sacred precincts only lately uncovered to view. After an account of Æsculapius and his cult, in which is traced the history of the two ancient streams of medical theory and practice in Greece, there comes a study of Aphrodite at Paphos. In the eighth and last lecture Apollo at Delos is considered.

Scattered throughout the book are ten appendices, besides innumerable footnotes, to which are consigned many matters of curious and of explanatory lore. In an eleventh appendix is given a long and useful list of photographs, many of which were used by Mr. Dyer in illustrating his lectures, and all of which may be obtained. These photographs are mainly of Greek sites, and were taken in part by Mr. Dyer and the late Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, and in part by Mr. Walter Leaf. There are, finally, ample and excellent indexes.

The task undertaken in the lectures was a vast one, encompassed with grave difficulties. It is therefore not altogether surprising that, with Mr. Dyer's subtlety, brilliancy, and exuberance of thought and style, and notwithstanding a strongly developed pictorial sense, his book should be hard reading. He is at his best in the glimpses given of natural scenery, and in his accounts and estimates of literary works. In the analysis and disentanglement — alike from the points of view of religious psychology and of historical development — of the various elements that entered into the myths and legends discussed he has shown great lucidity. Especially successful from this standpoint are the chapters on Dionysus and on the gods at Eleusis. Now and then the reader comes across sentences which either for aptness and charm or for paradoxical truth cling to the memory. Such, among others that we have noted at random in the first few pages, are: "That old-time worship of ideals, by some miscalled idolatry." "Judge Greek religion not by all its moods, but by all its highest and most characteristic ones." "The religion of Greece . . . may be compared to a wayward prayer poetically prayed, according to the whimseys of many daring flights of devotional ecstasy." "Greece, the common and inalienable fatherland of generous souls." "The most profitable state of mind for one who would learn about Greek religion treats each god and goddess in turn as if he or she alone existed, and at the same time always bears in vivid mind the history and attributes of all and several of the other gods." "The Greek religion of polytheism was more monotheistic than theism itself, for the Greeks were not content with one only God Almighty and Supreme; they had and they worshiped many such." This last sentence suggests the remark that it is very difficult for us who are familiar, by tradition and education, with the contrast between monotheism and polytheism to understand how, in the mind of the Greeks, the diversity of persons and the unity of divine power could have coexisted.

Valuable though this beautiful book

is as a contribution to popular knowledge, and helpful as it must prove in securing a delicate appreciation of the interesting part which the divinities considered in it played in the thoughts and lives of the ancient Greeks, it by no means speaks the last word upon the subject. Indeed, there are no last words, and there can be none. Even after all the facts have been gathered in, as we fancy, and all the possible inferences have been wisely drawn, each new generation of men wins, in ways as unaccountable as are nature's changes, new points of vantage and of view with broader outlook, where the earlier vision is seen to be imperfect if not false. As knowledge increases, the scholar finds that his own work and that of his predecessors have become outworn, and that his task is never done. The old problems require new solutions for each new epoch. "If Greek literature is not to pass away, it seems to be necessary that in every age some one who has drunk deeply from the original fountain should renew the love of it in the world, and once more present that old life, with its great ideas and great actions, its creations in politics and in art, like the distant remembrance of youth, before the delighted eyes of mankind." What Professor Jowett here says of literature, which must always be the chief concernment of the classical scholar, holds true with equal force of all the other media whereby we may approach nearer the manifold life of the ancients. It is only as this truth is constantly borne in mind, as we draw again and again from the fountain-heads of knowledge and light, that the study of antiquity in all its most significant manifestations can continue to be at once fruitful and fructifying.

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## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Science and Philosophy.* In the Evolution Series, a fortnightly issue (Appleton), Nos. 3 and 4 are The Scientific Method, by F. E. Abbot, and Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, by Benjamin F. Underwood. No. 5 is The Evolution of Chemistry, by Robert G. Eccles; No. 6, The Evolution of Electric and Magnetic Physics, by Arthur E. Kennelly; No. 7, The Evolution of Botany, by Frederic J. Wulling; and No. 8, Zoölogy as related to Evolution, by John C. Kimball. The publication appears to be under the auspices of the Brooklyn Ethical Association. — The History of Human Marriage, by Edward Westermarck. (Macmillan.) Mr. Westermarck is Lecturer on Sociology at the University of Finland, and is introduced to the English public by Alfred R. Wallace. His work is one of scientific method, and is marked by indefatigable research, not only in the published writings of travelers and students, but through correspondence with observers living among savage or half-civilized people. The independence of the writer is as noticeable as his industry, and is evinced by his criticism of generally accepted authorities. He lays the foundation of his study in an examination of the habits of other animals than man, and reaches the conclusion that there was an annual pairing time in the infancy of mankind; he opposes the view held by many of promiscuous intercourse in early periods; he discusses the bearing of natural selection upon marriage, the question of kinship in its relation to marriage, marriage ceremonies and rites, the forms of human marriage, and finally the duration of human marriage. Everywhere there is indication of great thoroughness of research and patience in discrimination. — The Science of Language, founded on Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863, by F. Max Müller. In two volumes. (Scribners.) This is a new, revised and enlarged edition of the Lectures on the Science of Language which made Max Müller's name familiar to stu-

dents a generation ago. There is the same charm of friendliness about these chapters that captivated readers unaccustomed to so fresh a treatment of great scientific subjects. Müller has had many disciples since, but no one has altogether caught the grace and attractiveness of this accomplished writer, and this new edition, with all the mellowness of the author's ripe scholarship, will doubtless win new readers equally ready with the old to be fascinated by the treatment. — The Soul of Man, an Investigation of the Facts of Physiological and Experimental Psychology, by Dr. Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Dr. Carus has attempted in this book to classify and harmonize the results of physiological psychology so as to account for the more hidden processes of evolution resulting in the consciousness of man, if not for its origin. He approaches and pursues his subject with a reverent spirit, and under the limitations which he sets seems to reach definite results ; but we suspect his philosophy, though it professes to take account of "the communism of soul-life," is based so exclusively upon the phenomena of individualism as to miss the aid which is derivable from historic investigation. It is too much, perhaps, to ask that a student of physiological psychology should also be a student of history, but the conclusions reached by the one would pretty surely be modified by those reached by the other, since the almost inevitable tendency of thought in the student of history is toward that notion of relationship which in its highest consciousness exclaimed, "I and my Father are one." — This same writer has brought out a second and revised edition of his Fundamental Problems, the Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge. (The Open Court Publishing Co.) In an appendix of a hundred pages he replies to criticisms made upon his essays when they first appeared. — Intimations of Eternal Life, by Caroline C. Leighton. (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. Leighton, reading here and there in physical and biological treatises, and not disregarding the folk-lore of unscientific men, has mused over the great question of the continuity of life. From the suggestions of science she has by analogy found fragments of evidence in favor of personal immortality. The book is the thoughtful product of a thoughtful woman, and may stimulate thought in others. — Mind is Matter, or The Substance of the Soul, by William Hemstreet. (Fowler & Wells Co.) "On the materiality of electricity stands or falls the immortality of the soul. Within two years this will be universally accepted." Thus the author in his preface, dated with significant precision April 1, 1891. As we have now reached November, only seventeen months remain for such decadent opinions as the commenter may cherish. — Origin, Purpose, and Destiny of Man, or Philosophy of the Three Ethers, by William Thornton. (The Author, Boston.) The main purpose of the writer appears to be to substitute a Transmission for the Germ theory of disease. He holds that the evolution going on in man is to issue in "the gradational throwing off of this material concrete which we call man's body, until an ultimately developed spiritual state shall become the order of things." If we could only hasten this development, and throw off this material concrete in August and resume it in October ! — Beyond the Bourn, Reports of a Traveller returned from "The Undiscovered Country." Submitted to the world by Amos K. Fiske. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Under the somewhat worn subterfuge of a melancholy stranger depositing a manuscript with him, the author gives forth the supposititious disclosures of a person who, bereft of all that makes life dear, himself passed through the gate of death. Brushing aside all this accumulation of needless rubbish, the reader enters upon a discussion of the divine in its relation to the human. It can hardly be said that this contribution to the revelation which comes from reason is likely to appeal to many minds as adding much to the author's argument that all revelation is but the human reason speaking to the human reason. — Heredity, Health and Personal Beauty, by John V. Shoemaker. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) A somewhat rambling, discursive series of chapters by a writer of philosophic mind, who travels leisurely from a consideration of the law of life and growth through man's spiritual and physical place in nature to the art of walking, the skin as an organ of the body, the bath, care of the face, hands, feet, hair, nails, eye, nose, with inquiry into the evolution of the American girl, ventilation with relation to health, a list of medicated

soaps, and a concluding chapter on household remedies. The book is an odd mixture of practical sense and harmless speculation. We cannot answer for Dr. Shoemaker's recipes, and we think he is a little too much given to pushing nature by means of specifics, but his general observations are reasonable.

*Literature and Criticism.* We have not come to the end of the period which has been so rich in new and scholarly editions of English writers, and we welcome with special pleasure the first volume of a new edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, edited by Charles G. Crump, and published in London by J. M. Dent & Co., in New York by Macmillan & Co. The most convenient edition hitherto has been the neat and handy one of Roberts Brothers, which had, we think, an advantage over this in ease of reading; but Mr. Crump has furnished very serviceable bibliographical and explanatory notes, which treat the reader with respect, and do not class him among schoolboys. The Introduction by the editor is discriminating and reserved. We question the force of his criticism upon Landor's anachronism in making Xenophon and Alcibiades, for example, discuss the expedition of Cyrus. How does this impair Landor's dramatic art, more than any of his collocations of the dead and the living? His characters are taken for their permanent qualities, not necessarily for their contemporaneousness. The style of this volume is exceedingly pretty, and is a fresh illustration of the approach of the English taste to the American as regards size. The last English edition of Landor, if we mistake not, was in octavo form. — A special Landor publication is an American edition of his Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare (Dodd, Mead & Co.), with an Introduction by H. W. Mabie. As Mr. Mabie points out, Landor was peculiarly at home in Warwickshire, and easily in sympathy with the boyish escapade of the great poet. The work is one of the most artistically complete of Landor's, since, besides the grace of style that was his birthright, the form is one which enables him to avoid the defects that creep into some of his Conversations. Added to the Citation is the conference between Spenser and Essex. Landor unites in himself the Elizabethan and the classic. — The Harpers have issued in pretty paper covers Matthew Arnold's Selections from Wordsworth. — Kinglake's Eothen forms the thirty-third number of the attractive Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. (Putnams.) The book is an interesting illustration of the power of art to keep alive what would seem otherwise to have only an ephemeral existence. What multitudes of books of travel have been written, and how very few are those which last beyond the year in which they appear! It is true that in Eothen the author was dealing with a country which has permanent antiquity, but the reason for the permanence of his book is the same that preserves Herodotus, whom we read not so much to find out what the ancients knew by traveling as to enjoy a delightful narrative by a delightful story-teller. — In the pretty Temple Library (J. M. Dent & Co., London) the Essays and Poems of Leigh Hunt are presented in a most careful selection by R. B. Johnson, and accompanied by some dainty etchings. Mr. Johnson has given a very good idea of the range of Hunt's genius by his choice of papers, and is especially to be commended for introducing so many, either in whole or in part, that illustrate his personal history, as the stinging paper which caused his arrest, and the prospectuses to his several journalistic ventures. The choice of poems, also, is good, and the two volumes afford one an excellent notion of Hunt at his best. He was a man of instinctive literary faculty, who found much of his material in other literature, yet had withal a native gift of poetic sensibility which made him warmly sympathetic with all forms of beauty, whether in nature, in art, or in character. His faults of affectation were partly those of his time, when a minor poet was pretty sure to be overcharged with feeling, and partly the result of rich pasturage in other literature. Mr. Johnson's biographic sketch is not very interpretative, but the portrait which prefaces the first volume largely atones for this. — Impressions and Opinions, by George Moore. (David Nutt, London; Scribners, New York.) Mr. Moore as a novelist lets himself loose, and glories in his looseness. In his criticism he is sometimes insolent, but in general his admirations and his detestations are so frankly expressed as to attract the ingenuous reader. His freedom in saying what he thinks, though it may lead him

occasionally into mere audacity, more often enables him to strike a true note with great emphasis, so that his criticisms have at times almost the character of revelations. His irritation at conventions is, after all, a somewhat negative virtue. His real merit is in his incisive and ruthless unveiling of shams. In this volume his attention is divided between the drama, the novel, and the picture, with special studies of particular plays, books, and paintings. The subjects which attract him most, and on which he writes with the greatest positiveness, are those connected with the theatre, and we think his best work is here. — Volume III. Part I. of Murray's A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles runs from *E* to *Every*, and is prepared by Henry Bradley. (Macmillan.) A good illustration of the method of this dictionary is to be seen in its treatment of the word *either*. After indicating the pronunciation and classifying it as *a.* and *adv.*, it gives the several graphic forms which the word takes in old English; then follows a paragraph upon the development of the use of the word, showing that in old English and middle English it had only its original sense of "each of two," "both," but about the beginning of the fourteenth century it assumed the disjunctive sense "one or the other of two," which properly belonged to an old form, "outher." Another paragraph deals with the pronunciation, and then come two columns of discriminated uses with illustrative quotations. It is treated first as an adjective: "I. Each of the two," and under this there are some eight subdivisions; then, "II. One or other of the two," and under this half a dozen more subdivisions. As an adverb there are corresponding uses with the adjective. The illustrative examples range from 893 to 1881. One may learn what authority there is for usage with a plural or a singular verb, and may glow with national pride as he finds Howells cited as authority for its use as an equivalent to "each" when more than two things are spoken of. — Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley, Historical and Biographical Sketches, by W. H. Venable. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Mr. Venable has done a real service to the history of American literature by bringing together in this octavo volume a great deal of information about the persons who from pioneer days till now have had to do with education, art, literature, religion, and politics in the Ohio Valley. He has not labored to fix the place in history of these persons, but has occupied himself with sketches of their careers and anecdotes which serve to give piquancy to his narrative. Much that he has inwoven is the result of private communication, and bibliographical details together with a full index add to the usefulness of the book. — The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Volume XIX. (The Century Co.), shows an unusual range in topics and pictures. Mr. Cole's engraving of Mona Lisa presents in rich tones the great enigma, and Mr. Low's Grecian girl tracing the outline of her lover's shade has a warmth in its light which suggestions from the antique rarely possess. The Californian adventure covers a good deal of space, and out of the various narratives one may pick and choose. Mr. Rockhill's travels in Tibet — where has the *h* gone to? — make a noticeable series, and for stories have we not Colonel Carter and The Faith Doctor? But as one runs through the six numbers he is most struck by the richness and brilliancy of the woodcuts. Such a paper as that on Two French Sculptors gains immensely by its illustrations. — The University of Pennsylvania issues publications, and in the Series in Philology, Literature, and Archæology (N. D. C. Hodges, New York) the third number of the first volume is occupied by two papers, one on πρὸς with the accusative, and the other a Note on the Antigone, by W. A. Lamberton.

*Fiction.* Khaled, a Tale of Arabia, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) One is almost disposed to call this novelist astute, so cleverly does he keep his public in good humor and constant by the diversity of his efforts to entertain them. The East, England, Italy; Italy, England, the East, — so does he ring the changes, and in each place he seems thoroughly at home. If Khaled has not the engrossing character of some of his tales, it has the clean finish of them all; perhaps the fable which lies at its base is responsible for the reader's restraint of absorption. Yet the real and the supersensual are as finely interlocked here as the romantic and supersensual are in Undine. The culmination of the story is an admirable piece of writing. The tem-

per of Mr. Crawford's English is like that of a Damascene sword. — Dally, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) Dally was a North Carolina waif whom a benevolent lady rescued from squalid surroundings and sent for rearing to a conscientious Yankee widow. The contact of this piece of "poor white trash," albeit possessed of a native charm, with the fixed ways of a thrifty New England woman offers a chance not only for most amusing incidents, but for the more subtle disclosure of the reciprocal influence of the two characters. There is introduced also the girl's dreadful brother, Barker, who is a masterly production. The book is indeed one of striking merit in the matter of characterization, and if Miss Pool's own writing were as good as her dialectic parts the book would be one of rare excellence, but the rudeness of the country element calls for greater delicacy in the setting. In spite of obvious defects, however, the book is decidedly one to be read. — Recent numbers of Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series of paper novels are, Which Wins? by Mary H. Ford, who calls it further a Story of Social Conditions, and dedicates it to the Farmers' Alliance; Sweet and Twenty, by Mary Farley Sanborn, a brightly written novel of the conventional sort, — a society man and country lass, with interference, misunderstanding, reconciliation, and bliss. These two novels are new; a third is a reissue of a collection of J. T. Trowbridge's rememberable stories, Coupon Bonds, Madam Waldoborough's Carriage, The Man who stole a Meeting-House, and others; the twelfth number is a reissue of Amanda M. Douglas's tale of Osborne of Arrochar, an American story with figures and scenes more or less consciously copied from English fiction. — Carine, a Story of Sweden, by Louis Enault. Translated by Linda da Kowalewska. With illustrations by Louis K. Harlow. (Little, Brown & Co.) A pretty story, told in a kind of falsetto voice, of a young girl whose mind has been unhinged by a cruel disappointment in love, and who moves through the tale as in a sort of dream, waking at last to reality through the medium of the love of the hero of the tale. The pictures of Swedish life are not native but foreign, and a French accent touches all the speech. — Otto the Knight, and Other Trans-Mississippi stories, by Octave Thanet. (Houghton.) The scene of the stories is chiefly in Arkansas, and though the writer is not a native of the region she has known it by sojourn so intimately as to be able to write with confidence. Something more, however, than intimate acquaintance with a country is requisite before one can speak its language artistically; there must be penetration, sympathy, selective power, apprehension of what is common as well as perception of what is distinctive. These Octave Thanet has; and more than this, she has the pervasive humor which makes her work full of a fine humanity and rich feeling. She tells a story well, and thus her separate pieces are not mere sketches of trans-Mississippi life; they are artistic wholes. — Passion-Flowers and the Cross, by Emma Howard Wight. (Calendar Publishing Co., Baltimore.) Stuff. "A robe of some soft clinging stuff," "perfumed hair," and all the other well-worn phrases of the amatory novelist. — Masters and Men, by Eugene J. Hall. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) The author of this story intended, apparently, to make it a contribution toward the solution of labor problems. It may be said that a political economist should not be judged by his success or failure as a novelist, but one may be permitted to doubt the value of his studies in the science of society when his productions in the art of society are so mechanical and unreal. — Chattanooga, a Romance of the American Civil War, by F. A. Mitchel. (American News Co.) All things are possible in a romance which deals with the adventures of a spy, and so the hero of this tale, besides carrying out his mission to learn the movements of the Confederate army, brings back a wife whom he has captured by some sleight of human nature from her Confederate lover. There is a capital study of a boy who wears stupidity as a mask. — A Prince of Good Fellows. (American News Co.) This story is located among the cotton plantations lying on the Mississippi River. The author affects to be a Virginian gentleman, and appears to be a reader of Thackeray, with the result that, though there are many individual scenes and pictures of interest, the novel as a whole is a somewhat elaborately tedious tale. — Fourteen to One, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) A collection of

stories, some of which have already won their place in popular favor. There is nothing of the idle singer in Mrs. Ward, for she writes stories only when the theme of the story has possessed her, and thus the outcome is always a distinct contribution, some positive expression of faith ; for, however artful she may be in construction, her art holds some bit of human action tried by the highest standards. — Diana Fontaine, by Algernon Ridgeway. (Lippincott.) A novel of Virginian life, in which the old and the new are curiously blended. The story is slight enough, the author's chief end being to sketch a few characters to whom he is attracted. The old "Southern" type of fiction is faintly remembered by the reader, but war and new industry have affected the novelist as well as the life portrayed. There are many interesting passages, such as the description of the dance after the tournament, and frequent keen reflections, as in the comment on the Southern mind during the early reconstruction period. With more of a story to tell, the author might easily have made a book of much significance. — Balaam and his Master, and Other Sketches and Stories, by Joel Chandler Harris. (Houghton.) The staying qualities of Mr. Harris's work are to be referred to the depth of his portraiture. However grotesque the external features of his characters and scenes, there is always to be found, whether the figures are black or white, a fundamental, substantial, and firmly drawn piece of human nature, so that the impression produced is a solid and not a superficial one. The half dozen stories and sketches which make up this volume (the title-story, A Conscript's Christmas, Ananias, Where 's Duncan ? Mom Bi, The Old Bascom Place) have a power to fix themselves in the reader's memory which merely graphic tales do not possess.

*Humor.* Farming, by Richard Kendall Munkittrick. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Harpers.) The army of potato bugs marching across the cover of this showy book notifies the reader before he opens it that he is to have the travesty and not the serious side. The facetious conception of the city-bred man making a somersault and coming up a farmer, only to execute another turn at the end of the year and become once more a sadder and a wiser city man, is worked out with somewhat sparse humor. Even Mr. Frost's pictures seem to have caught something of the indifference which results from using so well worn a theme. — Diary of a Pilgrimage (and Six Essays), by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) The pilgrimage was to Ober-Ammergau to see the Passion Play, and Mr. Jerome stops laughing when he comes to this point, and does not begin again till he has passed it. High spirits confused by vigorous effort at sentiment and subsequent exhaustion characterize this book like others of the writer's production. Was it for this America was discovered, that American humor should revisit England ? There is humor in the book, yet so slouchy is the style that, after reading it, one finds Mark Twain severe and Burnand a classic to be examined in. — The Life-Romance of an Algebraist, by George Winslow Pierce. (J. G. Cupples, Boston.) Mr. Pierce stirs a mixture of algebra, verse, philosophy, nonsense, and sentiment, and leaves the reader to decide whether it is half baked or good for human nature's daily food.

*History and Biography.* Boston, by Henry Cabot Lodge, is a volume in the English series of Historic Towns. (Longmans.) Mr. Lodge has had a clear conception of the task to be undertaken, which was to set forth the Puritan ideas as demonstrated in the most noteworthy concentrated product of those ideas. In tracing the development of Boston, he has found it necessary, therefore, to spend a good deal of his strength in expounding what is in effect the history of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Possibly this course could not be avoided, but we think something has been lost in the vividness of the impression to be made by the town itself. There has been a loss also in this regard, that the proportions of the subject have suffered, and not enough space was reserved for a portrait of Boston in its latest historical phase. That is to say, there was a true culmination in the history of the town to be found in Boston just before the influx of immigrants and the efflux of Bostonians. Then it was that the provincial town showed the finest flower of its two hundred years of cultivation, and indicated what generations of seclusion from Europe had accomplished under Puritan ideas. Mr. Lodge gives a slight hint of this in his closing chapter, but we think he scarcely dis-

closes the marked difference between the Boston of 1840 and that of 1890. The past fifty years have seen great changes which are still in progress, but the perspective permitted by this space of time renders the Boston of 1840 a fit conclusion to the study of the town as an historic one. Mr. Lodge writes with the ease of one to whom the subject in its larger aspects is familiar. — Theodoric the Goth, the Barbarian Champion of Civilization, by Thomas Hodgkin. (Putnams.) A volume in Heroes of the Nations Series, and written with a clear notion of what the readers of such a series desire. Mr. Hodgkin shows excellent selective power in setting forth, freed from the entanglement of historic speculation, the figure of this man born before his time. His chapters illustrative of the civilization of Rome at the period are especially interesting, and he is often quite happy in making his points clear by a comparison with modern conditions and events. Mr. Hodgkin, in attempting to explain the affinity of Theodoric and other barbaric heroes with Arianism in its contest with the Athanasian believers, possibly overlooks the influence of the Arian notion of the Godhead which tends to emphasize the objective, kingly notion, so obvious to these commanders and rulers. — Peel, by J. R. Thursfield (Macmillan), is one of the series of Twelve English Statesmen, and answers well the design of the series to present "in historic order the lives and work of those leading actors who by their direct influence have left an abiding mark on the policy, the institutions, and the position of Great Britain among states." Nothing so well illustrates the distinction between English and American political life as these studies of statesmen, and the career of Peel, devoted by his father to public life as religiously as a New England woman might devote her son to the Christian ministry, is an example of the profound influence in public affairs of the person who made statesmanship a profession at a time when the governing body of England was small, and whoever was at the centre of things had it in his power to mould institutions and laws much as the ruling authority in a great railroad corporation may do to-day. Mr. Thursfield writes with vigor and with discrimination. Indeed, the history of statesmanship in England is so much the biography of statesmen that there has grown up a school of political writers whose main strength lies in their psychological analysis. It is so much more satisfactory to study the working of one man's mind than that of a mob of men. — Colonel F. Maurice has reprinted, with additions, his article War, first issued in the Encyclopædia Britannica. (Macmillan.) The article was written for the general public, not for military critics, and the book appeals in like manner to the student of history by the skill with which it translates into the vernacular principles of the military art which necessarily find more technical expression among soldiers. Colonel Maurice, in fact, seeks constantly for the fundamental principles, not in the formulæ of writers on military movements, but in the course of action followed by great commanders, and by putting himself as far as possible in the place of those who have made war. He recognizes clearly that in the marvelous change of conditions the only permanent elements are those which lie in human thought. — The Story of the Filibusters, by James Jeffrey Roche ; to which is added the Life of Colonel David Crockett. (Macmillan.) A volume in The Adventure Series, of which about half is devoted to William Walker's expedition. Mr. Roche looks upon these adventures from the point of view of the dramatist rather than of the moralist, and his narrative is full of picturesque details. The spectacle of a man indifferent to the odds against him, and especially insolent in his habit as regards national relations, has for our author a peculiar interest, and despite the fundamental difference there is sufficient likeness between the temper of filibuster and Fenian to make the subject one to win his sympathy. He has done his work capitally. The latter part is occupied by a reprint in abridged form of Crockett's racy autobiography. — The Story of Portugal, in The Story of the Nations Series (Putnams), by H. Morse Stephens, is more distinctively an annalistic history than the other volumes of the series, the author being driven to this treatment by the lack of existing histories of the country. The contact of this little nation with the rest of the world in its great period renders its history full of variety and incident. Indeed, the smallness of the unit lends to it a peculiar attraction. What Mr. Stephens

says of the occupation by Portugal of Brazil is of special interest in view of the present autonomy of the greater Portugal in America. The book is one of the freshest and most useful in the series. — Choses d'Amérique, les Crises Économique et Religieuse aux États-Unis, by Max Leclerc. (E. Plon, Paris.) The author was in this country in the summer of 1890, and the two subjects which appear to have especially engaged his attention were the McKinley bill and the relation held to America by the Church of Rome. What, he asks, is the part which this church is to play? With its ancient order and its new environment, how is it to continue Catholic and yet become national? Mr. Leclerc's travels took him into Kentucky, and he gives a lively account of the new South as illustrated by Middleborough. He devotes a chapter to American characteristics, and an enthusiastic one to the portraiture of Cardinal Gibbons. The book is an interesting addition to the literature of its class. — The second number of Harvard Historical Monographs (Ginn) is Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's Introduction to the Study of Federal Government. The work is rather a syllabus of the subject than an extended treatise, and is marked by the author's careful, minute analysis and scrupulous thoroughness. After discussing the theory of federal government, he takes up the subject historically, dealing with Ancient Confederations, Mediæval Leagues, and National Confederations; then he describes the four great existing federations of the United States, Switzerland, Germany, and Canada, and closes with a chapter on Latin-American federations. The Appendix contains a conspectus of the federal constitutions of the four great federations, and a bibliography of federal government. — Struggles of the Nations, or The Principal Wars, Battles, Sieges, and Treaties of the World, by S. M. Burnham. (Lee & Shepard.) Two volumes octavo are required by Mr. Burnham for the explication of his subject. He is not content, like Mr. Creasy, to limit himself to the decisive battles of the world, but goes over the ground by countries. Thus his first chapter is devoted to the ancient peoples of North Africa; his second and third chapters take in the nations of Western Asia; his fourth Central and Eastern Asia; and then by way of Turkey, Russia, and Scandinavian countries he comes to Greece and Rome. A queer chapter in its combination is the tenth, which includes the Gothic Race, the German Empire, the Austrian Empire, Poland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland. The British Empire has fifty pages given it, and the last two chapters of the first volume take in South and Central America. The whole of the second volume is given to the United States and a chapter on Treaties. This is a compilation of facts run mad. Proportion is lost sight of. Cause and effect retire into the corner, but dates, figures, and names are rampant. The space given to the United States permits more detail for single engagements, and one might possibly read this volume, but we defy anybody but a proof-reader to read the first.

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Bucolic Reading.

BEFORE me lies a pile of curiously interesting periodicals, giving a glimpse into a world nearly unknown to cities, although so well "exploited" for dialect stories.

These papers are almost a new product of our fecund civilization. Their like exists nowhere else, and they are wholly American. That they flourish with us proves conclusively that the hard-working women to whose tastes they minister and whose needs they supply are brighter in every way than their kind in any other country.

These periodicals do not belong to the "literary" world. They are about the most obscure of printed things. Not one in a hundred readers of these lines ever saw them. Their cheap paper and type denote their humble sphere, and by their general

appearance indicate the thrift and economy which are their attributes. Having already reached tens of thousands of country kitchens, they are tireless in their efforts to extend their domain; and their premium lists are both interesting and suggestive. A Western paper offers ice-cream freezers, corsets, and cheap jewelry, evidently with an eye to farm girls. An Eastern one bids for the patronage of girls in the "singing-seats" by an offer of small church organs. These periodicals are the most neighborly of visitors. No literary formality reminds that one is reading print, and not chatting over the stove or Monday's line. Their easy sociability comes of the fact that the shrewd editors allow the housewives themselves to fill much of the paper with what they call Kitchen Chats, written on the back doorstep, or, as one of them says, "sitting on the corner of the wood-box." These chats establish communication between remote sections. The farmeress in Maine writes to her paper her way of dyeing carpet rags or whitewashing her pantry. By and by a farmeress in far Oregon writes to the same journal thanking the Maine wife, and describing her own rag-mats or her way of making cheese. Not unfrequently the two are thus brought into a personal and private correspondence, exchanging recipes, patterns, flower seeds, and what not. One such correspondence between a Montana claim and a New Hampshire farm is already three years old. The writers exchange photographs and family histories; name their cows and chickens, as well as their children, for each other. They will probably never meet unless in a world where kitchens are no more, but in this one, at least, they are a "solid comfort" to each other.

The English of this "chatter" is not quietly classic. It is gasping and breathless, as if the suds were boiling over or the scent of scorching cake in the air. Cooking, washing, ironing, mending, making, the care of children, flowers, birds, poultry, etc., furnish subjects more interesting than ever came up in Noctes Ambrosianæ.

These periodicals all give stories. Nothing in the stories tempts to rainbow-following for fairy gold. The lights are all vertical, the forms definite. Nothing is there to breed discontent with the farms, where they are chiefly read, although — and here is greater than expected wisdom — even the farm is not gilded and refined, but merely brightened with the clear daylight of good temper and good sense.

In all these homespun and bucolic stories nobody travels in Europe. Ours might be a world without cathedrals and castles, without traditions, without even a past, for all these guileless stories tell. No heroine is haunted by pale memories shrieking piteously through the night; none trample the grass over graves by day with shuddering feet; and never a man covets his neighbor's wife, however he may admire her fishballs and doughnuts.

Rustic picnics, unexpected company, helpful guests or hindering, tea parties, washday meals, triumphant lunches and disastrous dinners, take the place of music and moonlight, raiment and cooings, in more sentimental fiction. One story is founded upon the religious effect of a change from salt-rising to yeast bread. Another is based upon the moral influence of carpet rags. Occasionally a deft touch in these stories, written chiefly in farmhouses, surprises, and makes one wonder how much real literary talent is born to blush unseen and to wither there.

In the homes so plainly pictured here almost everything is "home-made." The extraordinary prescience which finds treasures in apparently chaotic refuse savors of Robinson Crusoe's romantic realism.

The "poetry," which the editors announce will *not* be paid for, is not, strange to say, in the least sylvan, pastoral, or romantic. Neither is it picturesque, "yearning," or passionate. No Psyche soul beats its radiant wings against adamantine fate. Either hunger for the Vague has not penetrated to our American farms, or its plaints have been "declined with thanks" as insufficiently "moral" and didactic.

We other women, for whom all things are "ready-made," from dish-mops to coiffures, may imagine such lives burdened to the last degree. We need but to read these periodicals, and mark the bright enthusiasm shimmering over every line, to realize that the necessity of work is one of humanity's blessings, and that in intelligent labor is the happiness of these active women, with their beelike and birdlike instincts to gather and build and hum.

The farm larder is seen to be, except for

groceries, almost exclusively of home culture. Receipts for cooking pork, corned beef, salt codfish, poultry, eggs, and "canned stuff" abound. Corn meal, rye, buckwheat, and rice are largely *en évidence*. But the cakes and puddings are of the plainest, and the aim of every offered receipt is for a result as good as has ever been offered before, and cheaper.

It is not uninteresting to know that farm tables, no less than oblique-eyed heathen, illustrate ways that are dark, even if not tricks that are vain. They offer "suet puddings" in which is no suet, but chopped salt pork. In various cakes this salt pork economizes the butter saved for market. "Chicken salad" is evolved from fresh pork and cabbage; and salt pork wrapped in sage dressing masquerades as "poor man's goose." Dried apples, most unlovely of farm products, are compounded into cakes as well as into pies and puddings. There are mock mince pies without meat; oyster "patties" straight from the garden; mock custards from the pump, when the cows are dry, or the milk goes to fatten the summer boarder.

The Exchange Department, prominent in all these papers, is also interesting. Women raise rare hens' eggs to exchange for "crazy scraps" and carpet rags. From West Virginia comes an offer of Indian arrow points for shells from the Atlantic coast. Pampas grasses from California can be exchanged for the back breadths of old gowns suitable for making over for children. Texas proposes cinnamon bulblets for two yards of calico; and Montana will send petrified wood and moss agates for soiled ribbons that can be dyed. Vermont offers a sure cure for rheumatism in exchange for a book on etiquette. Patterns for garments, especially children's, are an active circulating medium, as also are flower seeds and bulbs and "reading matter." "Seasides" fly about like birds. It is certain that even our insufficient copyright law would never have been enacted had farm kitchens had a voice in the matter.

The exchange of books is a begetter of great cheer. In a secluded life anything is that lends excitement to the arrival of the mail. A "Shut-in" — that is, one confined to the house by a chronic malady — writes to the Shut-in Department, where are represented dozens like herself. She tells what she most needs to brighten her darkness, whether materials for work or reading matter. Usually she receives what she asks, for the kindly spirit and desire to do good, among back doorsteps, are as vital as they are beautiful. Books are not always given outright. Sometimes they are "put in circulation." Thus every reader of traveling Middlemarch, Jane Eyre, or John Halifax writes her name in it and the date of her holding as she passes it on. In time it returns to its owner enriched with many autographs, and doubtless also much spent in its gracious service.

There is almost no demand among either "Shut-ins" or the untrammeled Exchange for the literary sensations of the hour. Robert Elsmere and John Ward are not sought for, Craddock seems unknown. There is not even a whisper of Henry James, Julian Hawthorne, or Fawcett, scarcely one of Howells. It is a little singular that Ouida has almost no askers. Nobody calls for Browning, but Whittier and Longfellow are in demand. Black, Hardy, George Meredith, are out of court. Tolstóy, Ibsen, De Maupassant, are unborn to this world. The Atlantic, Harper's, Century, Scribner's, are very much less in demand than Peterson's, Godey's, Modern Priscilla, Dorcas, Lady's Companion, Park's Magazine, Floral Cabinet, and the New York Ledger. Nobody wants the Arena, Forum, North American Review, but the various "Homes," "Hearths," "Firesides," and "Households" are clamored for. The Duchess, Florence Warden, Laura Jean Libby, are in request; also Ben-Hur, and even now The Wide, Wide World and The Lamplighter. There are calls for hymn books, but none for Walt Whitman; for Talmage's sermons, but none for The Quick and the Dead.

It is evident that in her kitchen the American farmeress has "a pretty good time." She likes her business, and so far as may be makes an art of it. She has a fair purpose if indeed a "Philistine" one, and her successes are satisfactory even though not thrilling. It is seen, too, that she does almost none of the rude labor which falls to wives of *petits cultivateurs* in Europe. Now and then a Western girl writes of binding wheat and trampling hay, but such is only the picturesque toil of Homer's maids, who were not the worse for

it, but immortal. These periodicals recognize the poultry yard as belonging to the farmer's wife, but not the kitchen garden; the dairy, but not the cows.

Housekeeping and home-making are the only responsibilities of the farmer's wife lucky enough to be American.

Semper Eadem. — If Mr. Edison could give us flashes not only of the distant in space, but of the distant in time, with what eagerness would many of us ask for a glimpse of old Athens, its streets, its houses, its spectacles, its manners! Yet something like this is already in our power, if we would but profit by it. The Characters of Theophrastus is a camera obscura, though blurred and mutilated, of Athens twenty-two centuries ago. We can quaff largely, if not our fill, of the "sweet Lesbian wine," as Aristotle styled his disciple, that philosopher and walking dictionary of his time who, though a centenarian, complained that man was so short-lived compared with stags and crows, and that death surprised him just as he was beginning to acquire knowledge. In 1786 a more correct text of the Characters, with two additional chapters, was discovered in the Vatican library, and if the Egyptian papyrus at the British Museum had contained other fragments of the work, instead of that constitution of Athens which certain scholars now deny to be Aristotle's, and others would be glad to think was not, some of us would have been better pleased. Yet the Characters, whether fragmentary or whether extracted or compiled from a larger work, is little known except as an appendix to La Bruyère, whose imitation, though a masterpiece, is of much inferior interest if only on account of its modernness. Few English translations of the work exist, and for ninety years (according to Poole) only a single article on it has appeared in any American or English magazine.

It shows human nature to be the same in all ages and climes. This picture of men's foibles and meannesses three centuries before Christ might have been drawn only yesterday. Then as now there were selfish churls, who when asked a favor pretended to be very busy or very short of money, promised to think it over, and slunk into a by-street to avoid meeting a would-be borrower. There were absent-minded men, who forgot to keep appointments, could not remember where they had put things, and having already salted a dish salted it again, so that it was uneatable. There were fidgets, who got up in the middle of the night to make sure that all was safe and that the front door was bolted, rose before a meal was ended to go and bait their horses, and were so afraid of losing the money in their purses that they were constantly counting it over. There were people devoid of tact, who interfered in a quarrel and made it worse, took the most unseasonable moment for asking a favor, brought up unsavory subjects at meals, railed against women at a wedding feast, stopped you with trivial conversation as you were starting on a journey, dragged you about sight-seeing just as you had arrived and needed rest, and if commissioned to draw up an epitaph inserted the very fact which the family wished to ignore. There were flatterers, who told you of compliments paid you behind your back, congratulated you on your good looks and youthful appearance, praised your viands, your house, or your garden, applauded an idealized portrait as a striking likeness, caressed and extolled your children, declared them to be the picture of their father, laughed immoderately at your poor witticisms, told you when fitting a boot that your handsome foot required a better shaped article, and sought to win the good graces of every foreigner by vaunting his countrymen as far superior to their own. There were grumblers and croakers, who found fault with everything, regretted the good old times, suspected everybody's sincerity, complained of habitual ill luck, were jealous of your attentions to others, found some drawback to every success, repented a purchase as soon as they had made it, and felt no gratitude for a good turn. There were scandal-mongers, who knew everything to a man's discredit, raked up disreputable ancestries, and indulged in backbiting. There were bores, who told you their dreams, gave you minute descriptions of their dinings-out, chattered ceaselessly about themselves, their families, the price of provisions, informed you that rain was much wanted, asked you the day of the month, told you to-morrow was such and such a festival, apprised you they were going to the barber's, prevented your hearing the play at

the theatre, entered into all their little ailments, and missed an appointment rather than stop chattering. Their tongues wag, says Theophrastus, as incessantly as a fish moves in the water, and flight is the only escape from their garrulity. Closely related to them were men who, anxious to be thought well informed, glibly invented circumstantial accounts of battles or other important events. There were boors, who talked in a loud tone, spoke with their mouths full, were addicted to spitting, would first refuse to lend money, and then lend it with the cynical remark that they never expected to get it back. There were dandies, who prided themselves on being well shaven, on having clean teeth (a laudable quality, surely), on having many suits of expensive clothes, on being well perfumed. There were slovens, who seldom patronized baths, or used a disagreeable-smelling oil, wore clothes too short and light or threadbare and greasy, and had long dirty nails. There were butter-fingered people, who would let fall a cup while making libations in the temple, and would giggle at their own clumsiness. There were boasters, who paraded their offerings for religious purposes, plumed themselves on their good vegetables and excellent cookery, enumerated on retiring from office all the good works they had done, magnified their wealth, claimed intimacy with famous men, pretended that a hired house was their own property, and talked of going into a larger one to accommodate their numerous visitors. There were niggards, who went only on free days to the theatre, or crept in during the performance when the money-taker had left; beat down the price of goods and insisted on getting a trifle over the weight; exacted payment of the odd farthings of a bill, but in settling one had a few drachmas counted short. They grudged every cup of wine drunk by a guest, stinted their servants' food and made them pay for breakage, rummaged the whole house to find a trifling coin, gave the smallest contributions to the temples, slunk off when a collection or subscription was imminent, reminded you of the drachma you borrowed a month ago, and claimed compound interest on loans; they forbade their wives to lend salt or flour to a neighbor, would not allow a passer-by to pluck a single fig from an overhanging tree, borrowed a garment to save their own, kept their children at home when the school term had many holidays, or pretended that they were absent from illness at the time of making presents to the master, and went into the country to escape giving a wedding present to a friend's daughter.

The reader will suspect that some of these touches are modern, or at least modernized, but they are taken literally from Theophrastus, the oldest collector of human types; for the descriptions of the sluggard, the drunkard, and the profligate in Proverbs, though probably four centuries earlier, are themes for moralizing, whereas Theophrastus simply describes, and does not moralize; neither does he idealize like the historians, nor caricature like the dramatists. His portrait gallery makes us apply to human nature the French adage, "Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose."

Playing Second Fiddle.

— I have always been disposed to pity men who come to be known, wholly or mainly, as the husbands of their wives. Such a second-hand reputation, not to call it a second-hand personality, must prove a constant humiliation, it would seem, though I gladly admit the possibility of heights and depths of conjugal unselfishness quite beyond the conception of any darkened bachelor understanding. At all events, my own feeling upon the subject is so strong that when a young friend confided to me, some time ago, his betrothal to a rising young novelist (what middle-aged unmarried man does not feel the happier for such confidences?) I urged him by no means to suffer his own youthful literary ambition to flag, lest he should be pointed at all his life, and written about after his death, as "the husband of Mrs. So-and-So." The caution was kindly meant, though I am not sure how well it was relished; but "pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall," and even while I was putting my friend upon his guard I was myself falling, not into the selfsame pit, to be sure, but into one quite as miry, if not quite so hard to get out of.

Within a comparatively short time I have moved into a rural village, bringing with me a young dog of very engaging appearance, and still more engaging manners; so very engaging, in fact, — to blurt the ugly truth out at once, — that I find

myself recognized principally as his owner. If I venture abroad without him, as I like to assert my independence by now and then doing, the first boy I meet inquires, seemingly with no thought of disrespect, "Where 's your dog?" Indeed, I was asked that question lately by a man of sixty or seventy years. I know neither his name nor his dwelling-place (he lives in an adjoining town, I suspect), but as he drove past me he looked this way and that, evidently missing something, and then in all seriousness asked this question. The ladies, also, are without exception on good terms with Joe; smiling upon him, calling him pet names, and patting his head. This in itself is not so bad; but some of the prettiest of them, after thus greeting the dog, turn their eyes away demurely as they meet his master, who, it is to be said, has never been honored with an introduction to their acquaintance. Yet I know what they are thinking of, all the same: not "That 's Mr. So-and-So," but "What a beauty of a dog that man has!"

Only the day before yesterday, as I was trudging along a lonely road, Joe lagging in the rear, intent upon some one of his numberless errands, I heard behind me the rattle of wheels, and, turning about, saw a carriage approaching. Pretty soon some one called out briskly, "Hullo, Joe!" followed at once by a full chorus of youthful voices: "Joe!" "Joe!" "Hullo, Joe!" A minute more and the carriage drove past me without a word or a sign. In it were a man and woman, with an indefinite number of children. It was a large family, perhaps; or, for aught I know, it may have been a small Sunday-school. Whichever it was, the members of it all knew Joe, and if they thought of me it was only as a kind of appendage to him. Experiences of this sort may be wholesome, but they cannot be regarded as flattering to a man's vanity.

A week or two ago, to mention but one more of such painful occurrences, I came out of the city in rather unusual spirits. Browsing in a reading-room, I had taken up a copy of that famous journal the Revue des Deux Mondes, and in it had happened upon a not uncomplimentary reference (it was *only* a reference, I must acknowledge) to my literary ventures. This was better even than an occasional request for an autograph. I must really be getting famous. But as I stepped off the train and started homeward up the hill I overtook two small boys. One of them saluted me with a courteous "Good-morning," and after I had passed I heard the other say, "Who *is* that man?" "Oh, that 's the man that owns Joe," was the reply; "I don't know what his name is." Verily, as Poor Richard does not say, a man is known by the dog he keeps. I am expecting any day to receive my letters through the post-office addressed, —

*Mr. C—— D——,*
*Mystic Lowlands,*
*Care of Joe.* *Conn.*

A Child's Recollection of Liszt.

— Several summers of my childhood were passed at Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence of the Roman pontiff, a short distance from Rome. Alongside of the crumbling wall of the palace garden a little steep street ascends to the *piazza* and the parish church. The villa in which my parents had their summer home was at the foot of this street, — a curious old house, large and low, with windows that looked out in front over a wide stretch of the Campagna towards the Eternal City, and at the back into the pontifical garden, of which the centre piece and chief glory was a stiff box-bordered flower-bed in the form of the papal tiara surmounted with the keys.

The house belonged to an old priest, a native of Corsica, whose birth was nearly contemporaneous with that of the great Napoleon, and whose mind was an unlocked cabinet of treasured anecdotes concerning the great man. We lived on the second story, with the priest, in a simple apartment with whitewashed walls. The first floor, the so-called *piano nobile*, on which our host had been more lavish of decoration, was let to a Polish lady of cultivated musical tastes, who had her piano in the salon, a quaint room hung with ancient tapestry representing the fasts and feast of the prodigal son. Our apartment boasted no musical instrument, and as I had begun to take lessons the Polish lady very kindly offered to let me practice on her piano every day during the hour of her afternoon drive.

Then I had sole possession of the tapestried room, and I confess that more dreaming than work went on there, under the

eyes of the prodigal son and his kin. I used to study their history, my favorite picture being the banquet, where a man was inserting a knife into a large pie, revealing what looked like plump pigeons under the crust ; and I remember that on one occasion, when the cook upstairs had spoiled the dinner, the sight of that pie was almost too much for a hungry child. I delighted in the piano, too, and sat playing by ear airs out of operas, and little songs such as seem to float in the very air of Italy, when I ought to have practiced my scales and five-finger exercises. But I was proud of being allowed to learn some little pieces, particularly a duet from Lucia di Lammermoor, which I looked upon as a masterpiece of subtlety and execution.

I was thumping away at that morsel one afternoon, with my eight-year-old hands stretched at last to the full extent of an octave, and my eight-year-old mind happy in the thought of having mastered all the technical difficulties of the composition, when the door opened softly and closed again, and I looked up to see a white-haired man, with a handsome, kindly, and to me very venerable countenance, standing beside me. I stopped playing in alarm, but he motioned me not to move, and said gently, in Italian : " Go on, my little girl ; never mind me. I should like to hear that piece over again." Half reassured by the kindness of his manner, I began again nervously at Lucia, and somehow managed to get through it. " It is not bad," said my listener. He took hold of my hand, and showed me how the notes should be struck, and what I must aim at in practicing. " And now, if you like, I will play to you," and he sat down and played Lucia to show me how it should be done. From that he went on to other music, very different, but which seemed to me wonderfully grand, and so on and on, till, stopping at last, he saw me standing there, with eyes big with wonder and full of tears.

" You have a soul for music, child," he said ; " study hard, and you will get on."

At this moment my father's voice called me from the stairway. I gathered up my books to go. The old gentleman patted me on the head as I thanked him shyly, and I ran away full of wonder and excitement.

Afterwards I heard, and later still I understood, that the musical treat of that afternoon was a privilege which many would have envied me ; that the piano in the tapestried salon had vibrated under the touch of genius ; that I had been listening to the great pianist, the Abbé Liszt, and, what is appalling to think of, had been playing to him.

Penelope. — What can we now affirm as to the kingliness of the " king of men," the eloquence of Nestor, the fierce valor of Achilles, worthies of the world's childhood ? For that matter, how can we be sure about the attributes which memory attaches to the Homeric figures of our individual childhood ? Do these figures shine by their own or by a borrowed light of morning-time fancy ? I, for one, am inclined to accept without discount my childhood's galaxy of worthies. Among these a certain but half-familiar personage plays some such part in my imagination as the Scholar-Gipsy might have enacted, reappearing by rare and fugitive glimpses ; especially, as, like the Scholar-Gipsy, he now seems to me to have been always awaiting the " spark from heaven."

My first distinct recollection of this personage refers to an April morning, when I, an eight-year-old child, was trying to suit the springy steps of that age to the halting ones of my grandfather, in his discontented and pleasureless daily walk. He, poor man, was bent nearly double by the ravages of rheumatism, in this respect resembling no one so much as Chaucer's gray-beard who knocketh evermore upon the earth, and crieth, " Leeve mother, let me in ! " As we went along the village path, our painful progress was stopped by my fancy's friend, who, after inquiring very particularly about my grandfather's perennial malady, added cheerfully : " But you must keep up good hope, sir. We all of us live on hope, you know." Now it was not the light, mellifluous, ingratiating voice of our interlocutor that so deeply impressed me, nor yet was it his notable figure, the symmetrical head and shoulders with their adornment of golden-gray hair ; but it was the sudden uplifting of the face that accompanied his little homily on hope, and a certain mystical air of scrutiny where there could be no scrutiny, — for my fancy's friend was blind ! To my young companions and myself he was " Blind

'Lisha," if indeed our seniors knew him by any more formal appellation. Each year, about those days when the schoolboy listens for the little bird whose note gives the welcome warning "Time to go a-fishing!" Blind 'Lisha was wont to make his appearance, — whence coming we knew not; that and his passing, after a short sojourn and round of visiting in the village, are now most delightfully shrouded in mystery. He again crossed the orbit of our tranquil world and its interests in the autumn, doubtless then on his return to winter quarters with some relative. I only know that he could bring my mother gratefully received news from distant cousins and seldom seen friends who lived in the Purple Land of the hillward prospect. He was also made the depositary of all the most interesting recent occurrences in our neighborhood, beside being charged with many messages for those living yet farther than ourselves from the delectable Purple Land. Sitting at evening upon our doorsteps, to all that was thus imparted and enjoined he maintained an attitude of intent listening, slightly leaning forward, and always with the subtle characteristic smile of the blind playing over his handsome old face. But none of these details, however significant now, was the one which my childhood regarded as of first importance. To me the remarkable thing about Blind 'Lisha's appearance was the slender silver trumpet which hung by a cord around his neck; and yet more attractive than the trumpet itself were the trumpet's decorations, — knots and loops of various-colored ribbons, these ribbons no sooner disappearing than replaced by others as bright and as talismanic. Disappearing, I repeat, for on his arrival among us the children of the neighborhood at once flocked around him, and, expectant, raised the expected clamor, "'Lisha, please give us a ribbon!" But beyond the joy which this boon afforded was that anticipated in the question, "'Lisha, won't you tell us the name of the trumpet?" Invariable was the answer: "Penelope. And remember, children, it was Penelope gave you the ribbon, with her love."

The trumpet had its own good reason for being. It was, so to speak, the blind man's "voice crying in the wilderness;" for if on the well-known road of his summer wanderings any perplexity overtook him, he had but to blow the trumpet, which was no less effective in bringing aid than was the bugle-horn sounded in Sherwood Forest. Moreover, when he supposed himself to be near any village or "four corners," he gave a warning blast; for 'Lisha dearly loved the many-voiced and hospitable welcome which never failed him, both as an unfortunate fellow-mortal and as the purveyor of much pleasant gossip. So the trumpet was not an inexplicable matter, but how about Penelope? I wish, when I had received my blue ribbon (*blue* because I had been privately informed by the almoner of her favors that Penelope herself liked blue best), — I wish I had asked about the trumpet's christening. But I did not ask, and I have now for sole explanation only the romantic constructions of latter-day musings, based upon an apocryphal rumor of the neighborhood. There came a spring when the wanderer did not return with the little angler's sing-song bird. Commenting upon the inroads which the past winter had made upon old mortality, the report went abroad that 'Lisha would come no more. To which report it was added that in the short illness which closed his days he had asked for his trumpet. "For," he said, "I 'm coming into town, and I want to give them warning I 'm coming!" In the attempt to lift the trumpet to his lips he had dropped it, uttering some indistinct word, which those about him had conjectured to be "Penelope;" and a further interpretation had been ventured, that the sweetheart of his youth had herself come to lead him into the Celestial City.

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## THE CHAPERON.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

Lady Maresfield had given her son a push in his plump back and had said to him, "Go and speak to her now; it's your chance." She had for a long time wanted this scion to make himself audible to Rose Tramore, but the opportunity was not easy to come by. The case was complicated. Lady Maresfield had four daughters, of whom only one was married. It so happened, moreover, that this one, Mrs. Vaughan-Vesey, the only person in the world her mother was afraid of, was the most to be reckoned with. The Honorable Guy was, in appearance, all his mother's child, though he was really a simpler spirit. He was large and pink; large, that is, as to everything but the eyes, which were diminishing points, and pink as to everything but the hair, which was comparable, faintly, to the hue of the richer rose. He had also, it must be conceded, very small, neat teeth, which made his smile look like a young lady's. He had no wish to resemble any such person, but he was perpetually smiling, and he smiled more than ever as he approached Rose Tramore, who, looking strikingly, to his mind, as a pretty girl should, and wearing a soft white opera cloak over a softer black dress, leaned alone against the wall of the vestibule at Covent Garden, while, a few paces off, an old gentleman engaged her mother in conversation. Madame Patti had been singing, and they were all waiting for their carriages. In their ears at present was a vociferation of names and a rattle of wheels. The air, through banging doors, came in damp, warm gusts, heavy with the stale, slightly sweet taste of the London season when the London season is overripe and spoiling.

Guy Mangler had only three minutes to reëstablish an interrupted acquaintance with our young lady. He reminded her that he had danced with her the year before, and he mentioned that he knew her brother. His mother had lately been to see old Mrs. Tramore, but this he did not mention, not knowing it. That visit had produced, on Lady Maresfield's part, a private crisis; she had her ideas. One of them was that the grandmother in Hill Street had really forgiven the willful girl much more than she admitted. Another was that there would still be some money for Rose when the others should have theirs. Still another was that the others would have theirs at no distant date, the old lady was so visibly going to pieces. There were several more besides, as for instance that Rose had already fifteen hundred a year from her father. The figure had been betrayed in Hill Street; it was part of the proof of Mrs. Tramore's decrepitude. Then there was an equal amount that her mother had to dispose of, and on which the girl could absolutely count, though of course it might involve much waiting,

as the mother evidently would n't die of cold-shouldering; she seemed positively to live on it. Equally definite, to do it justice, was the conception that Rose was in truth awfully good looking, and that what she had undertaken to do showed, and would show even should it fail, cleverness of the right sort. Cleverness of the right sort was exactly the quality that Lady Maresfield prefigured as indispensable in a young lady to whom she should marry her second son, over whose own deficiencies she flung the veil of a maternal theory that his cleverness was of the wrong sort. Those who knew him less well were content to wish that he might not conceal it for such a scruple. This enumeration of his mother's views does not exhaust the list, and it was in obedience to one too profound to be uttered even by the historian that, after a very brief delay, she decided to move across the crowded lobby. Her daughter Bessie was the only one with her; Maggie was dining with the Vaughan-Veseys, and Fanny was not of an age. Mrs. Tramore the younger showed only an admirable back — her face was to her old gentleman — and Bessie had drifted to some other people; so that it was comparatively easy for Lady Maresfield to say to Rose, in a moment, "My dear child, are you never coming to see us?"

"We shall be delighted to come if you 'll ask us," Rose smiled.

Lady Maresfield had been prepared for the plural number, and she was a woman whom it took many plurals to disconcert. "I 'm sure Guy is longing for another dance with you," she rejoined, with the most unblinking irrelevance.

"I 'm afraid we 're not dancing again quite yet," said Rose, glancing at her mother's exposed shoulders, but speaking as if they were muffled in crape.

Lady Maresfield leaned her head on one side and looked almost wistful. "Not even at my sister's ball? She 's to have something next week. She 'll write to you."

Rose Tramore, on the spot, looking bright but vague, turned three or four things over in her mind. She remembered that the sister of her interlocutress was the ponderously rich Mrs. Void, a bankeress or a breweress or something like that, who had so big a house that she could n't fill it, as she liked, unless she was rather miscellaneous. Rose had learnt more about London society during these lonely months with her mother than she had ever picked up in Hill Street. The younger Mrs. Tramore was a mine of *commérage*, and she did n't need to go out to bring home the latest intelligence. At any rate, Mrs. Void might serve as the end of a wedge. "Oh, I dare say we might think of that," Rose said. "It would be very kind of your sister."

"Guy 'll think of it, won't you, Guy?" asked Lady Maresfield.

"Rather!" Guy responded, with an intonation as fine as if he had learnt it at a music hall; while at the same moment the name of his mother's carriage was bawled through the place. Mrs. Tramore had parted with her old gentleman. She turned again to her daughter. Nothing happened but what always happened, which was exactly this absence of everything — an instantaneous dissolution. She did n't exist, even for a second, for any recognizing eye. The people who looked at her — of course there were plenty of those — were only the people who did n't exist for hers. Lady Maresfield surged away on her son's arm.

It was this noble matron herself who wrote, the next day, inclosing a card of invitation from Mrs. Void, and expressing the hope that Rose would come and dine and let her ladyship take her. She should have only one of her own girls. Gwendolen Vesey was to take the other. Rose handed both the note and the card in silence to her mother; the latter bore

only the name of Miss Tramore. "You would much better go, dear," her mother said; in answer to which Miss Tramore slowly tore up the documents, looking with clear, meditative eyes out of the window. Her mother always said, "You would better go" — there had been other incidents — and Rose had never even once taken account of the observation. She would make no first advances, only plenty of second ones, and condoning no discrimination, would treat no omission as venial. She would keep all concessions till afterwards; then she would make them discreetly. Fighting society was quite as hard as her grandmother had said it would be; but there was a tension in it which made the dreariness vibrate — the dreariness of such a winter as she had just passed. Her companion had cried at the end of it, and she had cried all through; only her tears had been private, while her mother's had fallen once for all, at luncheon, on the bleak Easter Monday — produced by the way a silent stare out of the dim window brought home to her that every creature but themselves was out of town and having tremendous fun. Rose felt that it was useless to attempt to explain simply by her mourning this severity of solitude; for if people did n't go to parties (at least some did n't) for six months after their father died, this was the very time that other people took for coming to see them. It was not too much to say that, during this first winter of Rose's period with her mother, she had no communication whatever with the world. It had the effect of making her take to reading the new American books; she wanted to see how girls got on by themselves. She had never read so much before, and there was a legitimate indifference in it when topics failed with her mother. They often failed after the first days, and then, while she bent over a suggestive volume, this lady, dressed as if for an impending function, sat on the sofa and watched her. Rose was not embarrassed by such an attitude, for she could reflect that, a little before, her companion had not even a girl who had taken refuge in American fiction to look at. She was, moreover, used to her mother's air by this time. She had her own description of it: it was the air of waiting for the carriage. If they did n't go out, it was not that Mrs. Tramore was not in time, and Rose had even an alarmed prevision of their some day always arriving first. Mrs. Tramore's conversation at such moments was abrupt, inconsequent, and personal. She sat on the edge of sofas and chairs and glanced occasionally at the fit of her gloves (she was perpetually gloved, and the fit was a thing melancholy to see wasted), as people do who are expecting guests to dinner. Rose used almost to fancy herself at times a perfunctory husband on the other side of the fire.

What she was not yet used to — there was still a charm in it — was her mother's extraordinary tact. During the years they lived together they never had a discussion; which was remarkable, considering that if the girl had a reason for sparing her companion (that of being sorry for her) Mrs. Tramore had none for sparing her child. She only showed in doing so a happy instinct — the happiest thing about her. She took in perfection a course which represented everything and covered everything; she utterly abjured all authority. She testified to her abjuration in hourly ingenious, touching ways. In this manner nothing had to be talked over, which was a mercy all round. The tears on Easter Monday were merely a nervous gust, to help show she was not a Christmas doll from the Burlington Arcade; and there was no lifting up of the repentant Magdalen, no uttered remorse for the former abandonment of children. Of the way she could treat her children her demeanor to this one was an example: her attitude was an unin-

terrupted appeal to her eldest daughter for direction. She took the law from Rose in every circumstance, and if you had noticed these ladies without knowing their history you would have wondered what tie was fine enough to make maturity so respectful to youth. No mother was ever so filial as Mrs. Tramore, and there had never been such a difference of position between sisters. Not that the elder one fawned, which would have been fearful; she only renounced — whatever she had to renounce. If the amount was not much, she at any rate made no scene over it. Her hand was so light that Rose said of her secretly, in vague glances at the past, "No wonder people liked her!" She never characterized the old element of interference with her mother's respectability more definitely than as "people." They were people, it was true, for whom gentleness must have been everything, and who did n't demand a variety of interests. The desire to "go out" was the one passion that even a closer acquaintance with her parent revealed to Rose Tramore. She marveled at its strength, in the light of the poor lady's history: there was comedy enough in this unquenchable flame on the part of a woman who had known such misery. She had drunk deep of every dishonor, but the bitter cup had left her with a taste for lighted candles, for squeezing up staircases and wooing the human elbow. Rose had a vision of the future years in which this taste would grow with restored exercise — of her mother, in a long-tailed dress, jogging on and on and on, jogging further and further from her sins, through a century of the Morning Post and down the fashionable avenue of time. She herself would then be very old — she herself would be dead. Mrs. Tramore would cover a span of life for which such an allowance of sin was small. The girl could laugh indeed now at that theory of her being dragged down. If one thing were more present to her than another, it was the very desolation of their propriety. As she glanced at her companion, it sometimes seemed to her that if she had been a bad woman she would have been worse than that.

The lonely old lady in Hill Street — Rose thought of her that way now — was the one person to whom she was ready to say that she would come to her on any terms. She wrote this to her three times over, and she knocked still oftener at her door. But the old lady answered no letters; if Rose had remained in Hill Street it would have been her own function to answer them; and at the door, the butler, whom the girl had known for ten years, considered her, when he told her his mistress was not at home, quite as he might have considered a young person who had come about a place, and of whose eligibility he took a negative view. That was Rose's one pang, that she probably appeared rather heartless. Her aunt Julia had gone to Florence with Edith for the winter, on purpose to make her appear more so; for Miss Tramore was still the person most scandalized by her secession. Edith and she, doubtless, often talked over in Florence the destitution of the aged victim in Hill Street. Eric never came to see his sister, because, being full both of family and of personal feeling, he thought she really ought to have stayed with his grandmother. If she had had such an appurtenance all to herself, she might have done what she liked with it; but he could n't forgive such a want of consideration for anything of his. There were moments when Rose would have been ready to take her hand from the plough and insist upon readmission to the old house, if only the dominant spirit there had allowed people to look her up. But she read, ever so clearly, that her grandmother had made this a question of loyalty — loyalty to her seventy years. Mrs. Tramore's forlornness did n't prevent her drawing-room from

being a very public place, in which Rose could hear certain words reverberate: "Leave her alone; it 's the only way to see how long she 'll hold out." The old woman's visitors were people who did n't wish to quarrel, and the girl was conscious that if they had not let her alone — that is, if they had come to her from her grandmother — she might perhaps not have held out. She had no friends quite of her own; she had not been brought up to have them, and it would not have been easy in a house which two such persons as her father and his mother divided between them. Her father disapproved of crude intimacies, and all the intimacies of youth were crude. He had married at five-and-twenty, and could testify to such a truth. Rose felt that she shared even Captain Jay with her grandmother; she had seen what he was worth. Moreover, she had spoken to him, at that last moment in Hill Street, in a way which, taken with her former refusal, made it impossible that he should come near her again. She hoped he went to see his protectress: he could be a kind of substitute and administer comfort.

It so happened, however, that the day after she threw Lady Maresfield's invitation into the waste-paper basket she received a visit from a certain Mrs. Donovan, whom she had occasionally seen in Hill Street. She vaguely knew this lady for a busybody, but she was in a situation which even busybodies might alleviate. Mrs. Donovan was poor, but honest — so scrupulously honest that she was perpetually returning visits she had never received. She was always clad in weather-beaten sealskin, and had an odd air of being prepared for the worst, which was borne out by her denying that she was Irish. She was of the English Donovans.

"Dear child, won't you go out with me?" she asked.

Rose looked at her a moment and then rang the bell. She spoke of something else, without answering the question, and when the servant came she said, "Please tell Mrs. Tramore that Mrs. Donovan has come to see her."

"Oh, that 'll be delightful; only you must n't tell your grandmother!" the visitor exclaimed.

"Tell her what?"

"That I come to see your mamma."

"You don't," said Rose.

"Sure I hoped you 'd introduce me!" cried Mrs. Donovan, compromising herself in her embarrassment.

"It 's not necessary; you knew her once."

"Indeed and I 've known every one once," the visitor confessed.

Mrs. Tramore, when she came in, was charming and exactly right; she greeted Mrs. Donovan as if she had met her the week before last, giving her daughter such a new illustration of her tact that Rose again had the idea that it was no wonder people had liked her. The girl grudged Mrs. Donovan so fresh a morsel as a description of her mother at home, rejoicing that she would be inconvenienced by having to keep the story out of Hill Street. Her mother went away before Mrs. Donovan departed, and Rose was touched by guessing her reason — the thought that since even this circuitous personage had been moved to come, the two might, if left together, invent something. Rose waited to see what Mrs. Donovan had in fact invented.

"You won't come out with me, then?"

"Come out with you?"

"My daughters are married. You know I 'm a lone woman. It would be an immense pleasure to me to have so charming a creature as yourself to present to the world."

"I go out with my mother," said Rose, after a moment.

"Yes, but sometimes when she 's not inclined?"

"She goes everywhere she wants to go," Rose continued, uttering the biggest

fib of her life, and only regretting it should be wasted on Mrs. Donovan.

"Ah, but do you go everywhere you want?" this lady asked sociably.

"One goes even to places one hates. Every one does that."

"Oh, what *I* go through!" this social martyr cried. Then she laid a persuasive hand on the girl's arm. "Let me show you at a few places first, and then we 'll see. I 'll bring them all here."

"I don't think I understand you," replied Rose, though in Mrs. Donovan's words she perfectly saw her own theory of the case reflected. For a quarter of a minute she asked herself whether she might not, after all, do so much evil that good might come. Mrs. Donovan would take her out the next day, and be thankful enough to annex such an attraction as a pretty girl. Various consequences would ensue and the long delay would be shortened; her mother's drawing-room would resound with the clatter of teacups.

"Mrs. Void 's having a big thing next week; come with me there and I 'll show you what I mean," Mrs. Donovan pleaded.

"I see what you mean," Rose answered, brushing away her temptation and getting up. "I 'm much obliged to you."

"You know you 're wrong, my dear," said her interlocutress, with angry little eyes.

"I 'm not going to Mrs. Void's."

"I 'll get you a kyard; it 'll only cost me a penny stamp."

"I 've got one," said the girl, smiling.

"Do you mean a penny stamp?" Mrs. Donovan, especially at departure, always observed all the forms of amity. "You can 't do it alone, my darling," she declared.

"Shall they call you a cab?" Rose asked.

"I 'll pick one up. I choose my horse. You know you require your start," her visitor went on.

"Excuse my mother," was Rose's only reply.

"Don't mention it. Come to me when you need me. You 'll find me in the Red Book."

"It 's awfully kind of you."

Mrs. Donovan lingered a moment on the threshold. "Who will you have now, my child?" she appealed.

"I won't have any one!" Rose turned away, blushing for her. "She came on speculation," she said afterwards to Mrs. Tramore.

Her mother looked at her a moment in silence. "You can do it if you like, you know."

Rose made no direct answer to this observation; she remarked instead, "See what our quiet life allows us to escape."

"We don't escape it. She has been here an hour."

"Once in twenty years! We might meet her three times a day."

"Oh, I 'd take her with the rest," sighed Mrs. Tramore; while her daughter recognized that what her companion wanted to do was just what Mrs. Donovan was doing. Mrs. Donovan's life was her ideal.

One Sunday, ten days later, Rose went to see one of her old governesses, of whom she had lost sight for some time, and who had written to her that she was in London, unoccupied and ill. This was just the sort of relation into which she could throw herself now with inordinate zeal; the idea of it, however, not preventing a foretaste of the queer expression in the excellent lady's face when she should mention with whom she was living. While she smiled at this picture she threw in another joke, asking herself if Miss Hack could be held in any degree to constitute the nucleus of a circle. She would come to see her, in any event, and the more the farther she was dragged down. Sunday was always a difficult day with the two ladies — the afternoons made it so apparent that they were not frequented.

Her mother, it is true, was comprised in the habits of two or three old gentlemen — she had for a long time avoided male friends of less than seventy — who disliked each other enough to make the room, when they were there at once, seem tightly packed. Rose sat for a long time with Miss Hack, doing conscientious justice to the conception that there could be troubles in the world worse than her own; and when she came back her mother was alone, but with a story to tell of a long visit from Mr. Guy Mangler, who had waited and waited for her return. "He 's in love with you; he 's coming again on Tuesday," Mrs. Tramore announced.

"Did he say so?"

"That he 's coming back on Tuesday?"

"No, that he 's in love with me."

"He did n't need to, when he stayed two hours."

"With you? It 's you he 's in love with, mamma!"

"That will do as well," laughed Mrs. Tramore. "For all the use we shall make of him," she added in a moment.

"We shall make great use of him. His mother sent him."

"Oh, she 'll never come!"

"Then he sha'n't," said Rose. Yet he was admitted on the Tuesday, and after she had given him his tea Mrs. Tramore left the young people alone. Rose wished she had n't — she herself had another view. At any rate, she disliked her mother's view, which she had easily guessed. Mr. Mangler did nothing but say how charming he thought his hostess of the Sunday, and what a tremendously jolly visit he had had. He did n't remark in so many words, "I had no idea your mother was such a good sort;" but this was the spirit of his simple discourse. Rose liked it at first — a little of it gratified her; then she thought there was too much of it for good taste. She had to reflect that one does what one can, and that Mr. Mangler probably thought he was delicate. He wished to convey that he desired to make up to her for the injustice of society. Why should n't her mother receive gracefully, she asked, not audibly, and who had ever said she did n't? Mr. Mangler had a great deal to say about the disappointment of his own parent over Miss Tramore's not having come to dine with them the night of his aunt's ball.

"Lady Maresfield knows why I did n't come," answered Rose at last.

"Ah, now, but I don't, you know; can't you tell me?" asked the young man.

"It does n't matter, if your mother 's clear about it."

"Oh, but why make such an awful mystery of it, when I 'm dying to know?"

He talked about this, he chaffed her about it, for the rest of his visit: he had at last found a topic after his own heart. If her mother considered that he might be the emblem of their redemption, he was an engine of the most primitive construction. He stayed and stayed; he struck Rose as on the point of bringing out something for which he had not quite, as he would have said, the cheek. Sometimes she thought he was going to begin: "By the way, my mother told me to propose to you." At other moments he seemed charged with the admission: "I say, of course I really know what you 're trying to do for her," nodding at the door: "therefore would n't we better speak of it frankly, so that I can help you with my mother, and more particularly with my sister Gwendolen, who is the difficult one? The fact is, you see, they won't do anything for nothing. If you 'll accept me they 'll call, but they won't call without something down." Mr. Mangler departed without their speaking frankly, and Rose Tramore had a hot hour during which she almost entertained, vindictively, the project of "accepting" the limpid youth until after she should have got her mother into circulation. The cream of the

project was that she might break with him then. She could read that this was what her mother would have liked, but the next time he came the door was closed to him, and the next and the next.

In August there was nothing to do but to go abroad, with the sense on Rose's part that the battle was still all to fight; for a round of country visits was not in prospect, and English watering-places constituted one of the few subjects on which the girl had heard her mother express herself with disgust. Continental autumns had been, indeed, for years, one of the various forms of Mrs. Tramore's atonement, but Rose could only infer that such fruit as they had borne was bitter. The stony stare of Belgravia could be practiced at Homburg; and somehow, it was, inveterately, only gentlemen who sat next to her at the *table d'hôte* at Cadenabbia. Gentlemen had never been of any use to Mrs. Tramore for getting back into society; they had only helped her effectually to get out of it. She once dropped, to her daughter, in a moralizing mood, the remark that it was astonishing how many of them one could know without its doing one any good. Fifty of them — some very clever ones — represented a value inferior to that of one stupid woman. Rose wondered at the offhand way in which her mother could talk of fifty clever men; it seemed to her that the whole world could n't contain such a number. She had a sombre sense that mankind must be dull and mean. These cogitations took place in a cold hotel, in an eternal Swiss rain, and they had a flat echo in the transalpine valleys, as the lonely ladies went vaguely down to the Italian lakes and cities. Rose guided their course, at moments, with a kind of aimless ferocity; she moved abruptly, feeling vulgar and hating their life, though destitute of any definite vision of another life that would have been open to her. She had set herself a task and she clung to it; but she appeared to herself despicably idle. She had succeeded in not going to Homburg waters, where London was trying to wash away some of its stains; that would be too staring an advertisement of their situation. The main difference in places to her now was the difference of being more or less pitied, at the best an intolerable danger; so that those she preferred were the indifferent ones. She wanted to triumph with contempt, not with submission.

One morning in September, coming with her mother out of the marble church at Milan, she perceived that a gentleman who had just passed her on his way into the cathedral, and whose face she had not noticed, had quickly raised his hat, with a suppressed ejaculation. She involuntarily glanced back: the gentleman had paused, again uncovering, and Captain Jay stood saluting her in the Italian sunshine. "Oh, good-morning!" she said, and moved on, pursuing her course; her mother was a little in front. She overtook her in a moment, with an unreasonable sense, like a gust of cold air, that men were worse than ever, for Captain Jay had apparently passed into the church. Her mother turned as they met, and suddenly, as she looked back, an expression of peculiar sweetness came into this lady's eyes. It made Rose's take the same direction and rest a second time on Captain Jay, who was planted just where he had stood a minute before. He immediately came forward, asking Rose with great gravity if he might speak to her a moment, while Mrs. Tramore went her way again. He had the manner of a man who wished to say something very important; yet his next words were simple enough, and consisted of the remark that he had not seen her for a year.

"Is it really so much as that?" asked Rose.

"Very nearly. I would have come,

but in the first place I have been very little in London, and in the second I believed it would n't have done any good."

"You should have put that first," said the girl. "It would n't have done any good."

He was silent over this a moment, in his customary considering way; but the view he took of it did not prevent him from inquiring, as she slowly followed her mother, if he might not walk with her now. She answered, with a laugh, that it would n't do any good, but that he might do as he liked. He replied, without the slightest manifestation of levity, that it would do more good than if he did n't, and they strolled together, with Mrs. Tramore well before them, across the big, amusing piazza, where the front of the cathedral makes a dazzle. He asked a question or two and he explained his own presence: having a month's holiday, the first clear time for several years, he had just popped over the Alps. He inquired if Rose had recent news of the old lady in Hill Street, and it was the only tortuous thing she had ever heard him say.

"I have had no communication of any kind from her since I parted with you under her roof. Has n't she mentioned that?" said Rose.

"I have n't seen her."

"I thought you were such great friends."

Bertram Jay hesitated a moment. "Well, not so much now."

"What has she done to you?" Rose demanded.

He fidgeted a little, as if he were thinking of something that made him unconscious of her question; then, with mild violence, he brought out the inquiry, "Miss Tramore, are you happy?"

She was startled by the words, for she on her side had been reflecting — reflecting that he had broken with her grandmother, and that this pointed to a reason. It suggested, at least, that he would n't now be so much like a mouthpiece for that cold ancestral voice. She turned off his question — said it never was a fair one, as you gave yourself away however you answered it. When he repeated, "You give yourself away?" as if he did n't understand, she remembered that he had not read the queer American books. This brought them to a silence, for she had enlightened him only by another laugh, and he was evidently preparing another question, which he wished carefully to disconnect from the former. Presently, just as they were coming near Mrs. Tramore, it arrived in the words, "Is this lady your mother?" On Rose's assenting, with the addition that she was traveling with her, he said, "Will you be so kind as to introduce me to her?" They were so close to Mrs. Tramore that she probably heard, but she moved away, with her graceful step, not, with the delay of her daughter's answer, turning round. It was a striking exhibition of the famous tact, for Rose delayed some instants, which was exactly what might have made her mother wish to turn; and indeed, when at last the girl spoke, she only said to her companion, "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I desire the pleasure of making her acquaintance."

Rose had stopped, and in the middle of the square they stood looking at each other. "Do you remember what you said to me the last time I saw you?"

"Oh, don't speak of that!"

"It 's better to speak of it now than to speak of it later."

Bertram Jay looked round him, as if to see whether any one would hear; but the bright foreign air gave him a sense of safety, and he unexpectedly exclaimed, "Miss Tramore, I love you more than ever!"

"Then you ought to have come to see us," declared the girl, quickly walking on.

"You treated me the last time as if I were positively offensive to you."

"So I did, but you know my reason."

"Because I protested against the course you were taking? I did, I did," asserted the young man, as if he still, a little, stuck to that.

His tone made Rose say gayly, "Perhaps you do so yet?"

"I can't tell till I 've seen more of your circumstances," he replied, with eminent honesty.

The girl stared; then her light laugh rang out. "And it 's in order to see more of them and judge that you wish to make my mother's acquaintance?"

He colored at this and he evaded; then he broke out with a confused "Miss Tramore, let me stay with you a little!" which made her stop again.

"Your company will do us great honor, but there must be a rigid condition attached to our acceptance of it."

"Kindly mention it," said Captain Jay, staring at the façade of the cathedral.

"You don't take us on trial."

"On trial?"

"You don't make an observation to me — not a single one, ever, ever! — on the matter that, in Hill Street, we had our last words about."

Captain Jay appeared to be counting the thousand pinnacles of the church. "I think you really must be right," he remarked at last.

"There you are!" cried Rose Tramore, and walked rapidly away.

He caught up with her, he laid his hand upon her arm to stay her. "If you 're going to Venice, let me go to Venice with you!"

"You don't even understand my condition."

"I 'm sure you 're right, then: you must be right about everything."

"That 's not in the least true, and I don't care a fig whether you 're sure or not. Please let me go."

He had barred her way, he kept her longer. "I 'll go and speak to your mother myself!"

Even in the midst of another emotion she was amused at the air of audacity accompanying this declaration. Poor Captain Jay might have been on the point of marching up to a battery. She looked at him a moment; then she said, "You 'll be disappointed."

"Disappointed?"

"She 's much more proper than grandmamma, because she 's much more amiable."

"Dear Miss Tramore — dear Miss Tramore!" the young man murmured helplessly.

"You 'll see for yourself. Only there 's another condition," Rose went on.

"Another?" he cried, with discouragement and alarm.

"You must understand thoroughly, before you throw in your lot with us, even for a few days, what our position really is."

"Is it very bad?" asked Bertram Jay artlessly.

"No one has anything to do with us, no one speaks to us, no one looks at us."

"Really?" stared the young man.

"We have no social existence, we are utterly despised."

"Oh, Miss Tramore!" Captain Jay remonstrated. He added quickly, vaguely, and with a want of presence of mind of which he as quickly became ashamed, "Do none of your family" — The question collapsed; the charming girl was looking at him.

"We are extraordinarily happy," she declared.

"Now that 's all I wanted to know!" he exclaimed, with a kind of exaggerated cheery reproach, walking on with her briskly to overtake her mother.

He was not dining at their inn, but he insisted on coming that evening to their table d'hôte. He sat next Mrs. Tramore, and in the evening he accompanied them gallantly to the opera, at a third-rate theatre where they were

almost the only ladies in the boxes. The next day they went together by rail to the Charterhouse of Pavia, and while he strolled with the girl, as they waited for the homeward train, he said to her candidly, "Your mother's remarkably pretty." She remembered the words and the feeling they gave her, for they were the beginning of something. The feeling was somewhat that of an anxious, gratified matron who has "presented" her child and is thinking of the matrimonial market. Men might be of no use, as Mrs. Tramore said, yet it was from this moment Rose dated her first absolute confidence that her *protégée* would go off; and when later, in crowded assemblies, the phrase, or something like it, behind a hat or a fan, fell repeatedly on her anxious ear, "Your mother is in beauty!" or "I've never seen her look better!" she had a faint vision of the yellow sunshine and the afternoon shadows on the dusty Italian platform.

Mrs. Tramore's behavior, at this period, was a revelation of her native understanding of delicate situations. She needed no account of this one from her daughter — it was one of the things for which she had a perception; and there was a kind of loyalty to the rules of a game in the silent grace with which she smoothed the path of Bertram Jay. It was clear that she was in her element in fostering the exercise of the affections, and if she ever spoke without thinking twice it is probable that she would have exclaimed, with some gayety, "Oh, I know all about love!" Rose could see that she thought their companion would be a help, in spite of his being no dispenser of patronage. The key to the gates of fashion had not been placed in his hand, and no one had ever heard of the ladies of his family, who lived in some vague hollow of the Yorkshire moors; but none the less he might administer a muscular push. Yes, indeed, men in general were broken reeds, but Captain Jay was exceptionally respectable. Respectability was the woman's maximum, as honor was the man's, but this distinguished young soldier inspired more than one kind of confidence. Rose had a great deal of attention for the use to which his respectability was put; and there mingled with this attention some amusement and much compassion. She saw that after a couple of days he decidedly liked her mother, and that he yet did n't in the least know he liked her. He thought his faith in her would n't take him any distance, but in reality he would have trusted her with almost anything except Rose herself. His trusting her with Rose would come very soon. He never spoke to the girl about her qualities of character, but two or three of them (and indeed these were all the poor lady had, and they made the best show) were what he had in mind in praising her appearance. When he remarked, "What attention Mrs. Tramore seems to attract everywhere!" he meant, "What a beautifully simple nature it is!" and when he said, "There 's something extraordinarily harmonious in the colors she wears," it signified, "Upon my word, I never saw such a sweet temper in my life!" She lost one of her boxes at Verona, and made the prettiest joke of it to Captain Jay. When Rose saw this she said to herself, "Next season we shall have only to choose." Rose knew what was in the box.

By the time they reached Venice (they had stopped at half a dozen little old romantic cities in the most frolicsome æsthetic way) she liked their companion better than she had ever liked him before. She did him the justice to recognize that if he was not quite honest with himself he was at least wholly honest with her. She thought over everything he had been since they first met, and put upon it all an interpretation so favorable to his devotion that, catching herself in the act of glossing over one or two episodes that had not

struck her at the time as disinterested, she exclaimed, beneath her breath, "Look out — you 're falling in love!" But if he liked correctness, was n't he quite right? Could any one possibly like it more than she did? And if he had protested against her throwing in her lot with her mother, this was not because of the benefit conferred, but because of the injury received. He exaggerated that injury, but this was the privilege of a lover perfectly willing to be selfish on behalf of his mistress. He might have wanted her grandmother's money for her, but if he had given her up for a while when he found she was throwing away her chance of it (oh, this was her doing, too!) he had given up her grandmother as much: not keeping well with the old woman, as some men would have done; not waiting to see how the perverse experiment would turn out, and placating her, if it should promise tolerably, with a view to future operations. He had a simple-minded, evangelical, lurid view of what the girl he loved would find herself in for. She could see this now — she could see it from his present bewilderment and mystification, and she liked him, and pitied him, with the kindest smile, for the original *naïveté* as well as for the actual meekness. No wonder he had n't known what she was in for, since he now did n't even know what he was in for himself. Were n't there moments when he thought his companions almost unnaturally good, almost suspiciously safe? He had lost all power to verify that sketch of their isolation and *déclassement* to which she had treated him on the great square at Milan. The last thing he noticed was that they were neglected, and he had never, for himself, had such an impression of society.

It could scarcely be enhanced even by the apparition of a large, fair, hot, red-haired young man, carrying a lady's fan in his hand, who suddenly stood before their little party as, on the third evening after their arrival in Venice, it partook of ices at one of the tables before the celebrated Café Florian. The lamplit Venetian dusk appeared to have revealed them to this gentleman as he sat with other friends at a neighboring table, and he had sprung up, with unsophisticated glee, to shake hands with Mrs. Tramore and her daughter. Rose recalled him to her mother, who looked at first as though she did n't remember him, but presently bestowed a sufficiently gracious smile on Mr. Guy Mangler. He gave, with youthful candor, the history of his movements and indicated the whereabouts of his family — he was with his mother and sisters; they had met the Bob Veseys, who had taken Lord Whiteroy's yacht and were going to Constantinople. His mother and the girls, poor things, were at the Grand Hotel, but he was on the yacht with the Veseys, where they had Lord Whiteroy's cook. Was n't the food in Venice filthy, and would n't they come and look at the yacht? She was n't very fast, but awfully jolly. His mother might have come if she would, but she would n't at first, and now, when she wanted to, there were other people, who naturally would n't turn out for her. Mr. Mangler sat down; he alluded with artless resentment to the way, in July, the door of his friends had been closed to him. He was going to Constantinople, but he did n't care — if they were going anywhere; meanwhile his mother hoped awfully they would look her up.

Lady Maresfield, if she had given her son any such message, which Rose disbelieved, entertained her hope in a manner compatible with her sitting for half an hour, surrounded by her little retinue, without glancing in the direction of Mrs. Tramore. The girl, however, was aware that this was not a good enough instance of their humiliation; inasmuch as it was rather she who, on the occasion of their last contact, had made light of Lady Maresfield. She

was a little ashamed now of not having answered the note in which this affable personage ignored her mother. She could n't help perceiving, indeed, a dim movement on the part of some of the other members of the group; she made out an attitude of observation in the high-plumed head of Mrs. Vaughan-Vesey. Mrs. Vesey, perhaps, might have been looking at Captain Jay, for as this gentleman walked back to the hotel with our young lady (they were at the Britannia, and young Mangler, who clung to them, went in front with Mrs. Tramore) he revealed to Rose that he had some acquaintance with Lady Maresfield's eldest daughter, though he did n't know, and did n't particularly want to know, her ladyship. He expressed himself with more acerbity than she had ever heard him use (Christian charity so generally governed his speech) about the young donkey who had been prattling to them. They separated at the door of the hotel. Mrs. Tramore had got rid of Mr. Mangler, and Bertram Jay was in other quarters.

"If you know Mrs. Vesey, why did n't you go and speak to her? I 'm sure she saw you," Rose said.

Captain Jay replied even more circumspectly than usual: "Because I did n't want to leave you."

"Well, you can go now; you 're free," Rose rejoined.

"Thank you. I shall never go again."

"That won't be civil," said Rose.

"I don't care to be civil. I don't like her."

"Why don't you like her?"

"You ask too many questions."

"I know I do," the girl acknowledged.

Captain Jay had already shaken hands with her, but at this he put out his hand again. "She 's too worldly," he murmured, while he held Rose Tramore's a moment.

"Ah, you dear!" Rose exclaimed, almost audibly, to her mother, as they turned away together.

The next morning, upon the Grand Canal, the gondola of our three friends encountered a stately barge which, though it contained several persons, seemed pervaded mainly by one majestic presence. During the instant the gondolas were passing each other it was impossible either for Rose Tramore or for her companions not to become conscious that this distinguished identity had markedly inclined itself — a circumstance commemorated the next moment, almost within earshot of the other boat, by the most spontaneous cry that had issued for many a day from the lips of Mrs. Tramore: "Fancy, my dear, Lady Maresfield has bowed to us!"

"We ought to have returned it," Rose answered; but she looked at Bertram Jay, who was opposite to her. He blushed, and she blushed, and during this moment was born a deeper understanding than had yet existed between these entangled spirits. It had something to do with their going together that afternoon, without her mother, to look at some out-of-the-way pictures as to which Ruskin had inspired her with a desire to see sincerely. Mrs. Tramore expressed the wish to stay at home, and the motive of this wish — a finer shade than any that even Ruskin had ever found a phrase for — was not translated into misrepresenting words by either the mother or the daughter. At San Giovanni in Bragora Rose and her companion came upon Mrs. Vaughan-Vesey, who, with one of her sisters, was also endeavoring to do the earnest thing. She did it to Rose, she did it to Captain Jay, as well as to Gianbellini; she was a handsome, long-necked, aquiline person, of a different type from the rest of her family, and she did it remarkably well. She secured our friends — it was her own expression — for luncheon, on the morrow, on the yacht, and she made it public to Rose that she would come that afternoon to invite her mother. When the girl returned to the hotel, Mrs. Tra-

more mentioned, before Captain Jay, who had come up to their sitting-room, that Lady Maresfield had called. "She stayed a long time — at least it seemed long!" laughed Mrs. Tramore.

The poor lady could laugh freely now; yet there was some grimness in a colloquy that she had with her daughter after Bertram Jay had departed. Before this happened Mrs. Vesey's card, scrawled over in pencil and referring to the morrow's luncheon, was brought up to Mrs. Tramore.

"They mean it all as a bribe," said the principal recipient of these civilities.

"As a bribe?" Rose repeated.

"She wants to marry you to that boy; they've seen Captain Jay and they're frightened."

"Well, dear mamma, I can't take Mr. Mangler for a husband."

"Of course not. But ought n't we to go to the luncheon?"

"Certainly we 'll go to the luncheon," Rose said; and when the affair took place, on the morrow, she could feel for the first time that she was taking her mother out. This appearance was somehow brought home to every one else, and it was really the agent of her success. For it is of the essence of this simple history that, in the first place, that success dated from Mrs. Vesey's Venetian *déjeuner*, and in the second reposed, by a subtle social logic, on the very anomaly that had made it dubious. There is always a chance in things, and Rose Tramore's chance was in the fact that Gwendolen Vesey was, as some one had said, awfully modern, an immense improvement on the exploded science of her mother, and capable of seeing what a "draw" there would be in the comedy, if properly brought out, of the reversed positions of Mrs. Tramore and Mrs. Tramore's diplomatic daughter. With a first-rate managerial eye she perceived that people would flock into any room — and all the more into one of hers — to see Rose bring in her dreadful mother. She treated the cream of English society to this thrilling spectacle later in the autumn, when she once more "secured" both the performers for a week at Brimble. It made a hit on the spot, the very first evening — the girl was felt to play her part so well. The rumor of the performance spread; every one wanted to see it. It was an entertainment of which, that winter in the country, and the next season in town, persons of taste desired to give their friends the freshness. The thing was to make the Tramores come late, after every one had arrived. They were engaged for a fixed hour, like the American imitator and the Patagonian contralto. Mrs. Vesey had been the first to say the girl was awfully original, but that became the general view.

Gwendolen Vesey had with her mother one of the few quarrels in which Lady Maresfield had really stood up to such an antagonist (the elder woman had to recognize in general in whose veins it was that the blood of the Manglers flowed), on account of this very circumstance of her attaching more importance to Miss Tramore's originality ("Her originality be hanged!" her ladyship had gone so far as unintelligently to exclaim) than to the prospects of the unfortunate Guy. Mrs. Vesey actually lost sight of these pressing problems in her admiration of the way the mother and the daughter, or rather the daughter and the mother (it was slightly confusing) "drew." It was Lady Maresfield's version of the case that the brazen girl (she was shockingly coarse) had treated poor Guy abominably. At any rate, it was made known, just after Easter, that Miss Tramore was to be married to Captain Jay. The marriage was not to take place till the summer; but Rose felt that before this the field would be practically won. There had been some bad moments, there had been several warm corners and a certain number of cold shoulders and closed doors and

stony stares; but the breach was effectually made — the rest was only a question of time. Mrs. Tramore could be trusted to keep what she had gained, and it was the dowagers, the old dragons with prominent fangs and glittering scales, whom the trick had already mainly caught. By this time there were several houses into which the liberated lady had crept alone. Her daughter had been expected with her, but they could n't turn her out because the girl had stayed behind, and she was fast acquiring a new identity, that of a parental connection with the heroine of such a romantic story. She was at least the next best thing to her daughter, and Rose foresaw the day when she would be valued principally as a memento of one of the prettiest episodes in the annals of London. At a big official party, in June, Rose had the joy of introducing Eric to his mother. She was a little sorry it was an official party — there were some other such queer people there; but Eric called, observing the shade, the next day but one.

No observer, probably, would have been acute enough to fix exactly the moment at which the girl ceased to take out her mother and began to be taken out by her. A later phase was more distinguishable — that at which Rose forbore to inflict on her companion a duality that might become oppressive. She began to economize her force, and went only when the particular effect was required. Her marriage was delayed by the period of mourning consequent upon the death of her grandmother, who, the younger Mrs. Tramore stated, was killed by the rumor of her own new birth. She was the only one of the dragons who had n't been tamed. Julia Tramore knew the truth about this, and she was determined such things should not kill *her*. She would live to do something — she hardly knew what. The provisions of her mother's will were published in the Illustrated News; from which it appeared that everything that was not to go to Eric and to Julia was to go to the fortunate Edith. Miss Tramore makes no secret of her own intentions as regards this favorite. Edith is not pretty, but Lady Maresfield is waiting for her; she is determined Gwendolen Vesey shall not get hold of her. Mrs. Vesey, however, takes no interest in her at all. She is whimsical, as befits a woman of her fashion; but there are two persons she is still very fond of, the delightful Bertram Jays. The fondness of this pair, it must be added, is not wholly expended in return. They are extremely united, but their life is more domestic than might have been expected from the preliminary signs. It owes a portion of this peculiar intensity of quietude to the fact that Mrs. Tramore has now so many places to go to that she has almost no time to come to her daughter's. She is, under her son-in-law's roof, a brilliant but a rare apparition, and the other day he remarked upon the circumstance to his wife.

"If it had n't been for you," she replied, smiling, "she might have had her regular place at our fireside."

"Good heavens, how did I prevent it?" cried Captain Jay, with all the consciousness of virtue.

"You ordered it otherwise, you goose!" And she says, in the same spirit, whenever her husband commends her (which he does, sometimes, extravagantly) for the way she launched her mother, "Nonsense, my dear: practically it was you!"

*Henry James.*

## JOSEPH SEVERN AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following letters have been selected from the unpublished correspondence of the late Joseph Severn, a name familiar to all lovers of Keats. The first three have been chosen for a special reason, though written by different persons and at wide intervals; for they have this in common, that each is the first letter written in Venice, respectively, by a notable sculptor, an eminent painter, and the foremost art writer of our time.

Westmacott, the first in order, the son of Sir Richard Westmacott, was then a young man, as he was born in 1799. He went to Italy in 1820 to study at Rome, where he became acquainted with Severn shortly before the death of Keats; and from that time forward their friendship was an intimate one. Severn never actively sought academical honors, and to the day of his death was an outsider, though, long before, Westmacott, Thomas Uwins, Charles Eastlake, Sir George Hayter, and others of his "circle" obtained ample official recognition. Westmacott, who became Associate in 1838, R. A. in 1849, and Professor of Sculpture in 1857, died seven years before his older friend. He is now perhaps best known by his excellent Handbook on the Schools of Sculpture; for his finest works in his particular art are mostly in private hands, as notably in the instance of The Cymbal Player, his *chef-d'œuvre*, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

In the early part of the century visitors were fortunate in having to approach Venice from the Paduan mainland by water, — a route, however, as Westmacott adds in a postscript to his letter, "not to be recommended to ladies."

I. FROM RICHARD WESTMACOTT.

VENICE, *May* 20, 1824.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — *Eccomi quà* at last, full of wonder and admiration of the famed though fallen spouse of the Adriatic. I have always studiously avoided looking at views or reading or listening to descriptions of Venice, wishing to come upon it at once without any prejudice, and if possible to save myself a disappointment upon seeing the original after reading some account of it like Eustace's and Piranesi's of Rome, which we all agree are humbugs, and only lead one astray. I have been well repaid for waiting for the reality, — any description must fall short of it. My imagination sometimes gets upon stilts, and I had of course *fancied* a *sort of city* in the water, with latticed windows, orange-trees, gondolas, etc., but I had not neared the original. I came from Ferrara by water, and I think few things can be more beautiful than the scene that presented itself as soon as we entered the principal canal of Venice. It was about four o'clock in the evening, and the weather, though the sky was not quite Italian, very fine. I can't tell you how I felt as we cut through the water. I was full of Desdemona, Shylock, Pierre, Belvidera, old Dandolo, and fifty other delightful and interesting associations; but you have seen it all, and are just the sort of chap to enjoy it, so I need not tease you with any details of the *what* nor the *why* I admired. As soon as I could I saw the Rialto, then S. Mark, then the Bridge of Sighs, "on either side a Palace and a Prison;" in fact, from the time of my arrival I have been running about devouring whatever came in my way. I am now driven in by darkness and fatigue, and before going to my couch have resolved to keep my promise of writing to my dear Giuseppe.

Mr. Brown told me he had written to you. I suppose he told you of my having proceeded almost immediately on

my arrival at Florence to Carrara. I returned in a few days, and was glad to avail myself of his kind offer of an introduction to Mr. Leigh Hunt. I saw but little of him, unfortunately for me, but that little made me regret that our acquaintance was so lately made and so soon to be interrupted. I spent much of my last day in Florence with him and Mr. Brown in the Vale of the Belle Donne, which we all enjoyed very much. Could I have remained longer in *dear* Tuscany we should have spent many pleasant days together, I dare say, for Mr. Brown is just the man to be happy with, and I feel I should have liked Mr. Hunt more and more every time I met him.

I saw the Brunino, and think him a very fine little fellow; your miniature is certainly very like him. He speaks nothing but Italian, and his papa, like all papas, is not a little proud of him. I thought our old plague Johnny Hunt looked very ill. I think he must be improved, for although he tried to bolt up to me with his taking, innocent-sounding "Ah! how d' ye do, sir!" I saw he made himself scarce as soon as possible. Poor child! or rather, poor parents! I suspect a bad child is a curse of which we single gentlemen can't even *imagine* the bitterness. God save us from it if ever we become Benedicts. . . .

I meant to stay here seven or eight days, in which time they tell me I may see Venice pretty well. I am still with Mr. Critshell, and it is probable we may make a long journey together. I wish I had a brother artist here, such as yourself or Kirkup. A sculptor ought not to go picture-hunting alone; he loses half the things worth seeing, or frequently passes by a *non ce male* work just for want of knowing where and how to take it. I however think myself very fortunate in having found so gentlemanly and agreeable a companion as Mr. Critshell. I never could feel happy nor enjoy anything alone, *solus*. Had I not had companions from Rome I don't know what I should have done. You recollect what a weeping, miserable, mourning day we had to start on by way of helping me to recover my *spirits*, Gesu Maria! but Mr. Brown made us all merry, after a fashion, in spite of ourselves.

Well, I won't imagine I am not to return to Rome next year. A letter lately received from my father is neither one thing nor the other, but in my mind full of *unintelligibles*. *Sto sperando*. . . .

God bless you. Yours truly,

RICHARD WESTMACOTT.

Some seven or eight months earlier Severn had himself made his first visit to Venice, in company with the friend who was his most intimate and loyal comrade, as well as of Keats, — Charles Armitage Brown, the Mr. Brown of the foregoing letter. The visit had a material effect upon his practice in painting, and then and afterwards he held the beautiful city on the Adriatic to be the true Mecca for the painter.

Though nominally resident in Rome from the time when he went thither with Keats till he left it, for a prolonged period, in 1841, Severn went to England on a short visit in 1837. When in London he made the acquaintance of a young artist of rare accomplishment as well as promise, the late George Richmond, R. A. All readers of Præterita (vol. ii. chap. ii.) will remember Mr. Ruskin's tribute to Mr. Richmond, and how the writer first stumbled upon the two artists as he was ascending the stairs of Severn's house in the Via Rasella, on his way to present a letter of introduction to the elder. After his stay in Rome George Richmond went on to Venice, in July, 1839. Shortly thereafter Severn received the following letter from him. The Lord Clifford alluded to at the close of the letter was a remarkable man. As a Roman Catholic and the nephew of Cardinal Weld, he was *persona grata* at the papal court. The story of his

devotion to the people during the frightful visitation of cholera earlier in the thirties is one of dauntless heroism.

II. FROM GEORGE RICHMOND.

VENICE, *July* 24, 1839.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — I promised you a letter, so here goes; but you must not expect a fine critique on Venetian art, ravings about their glazing, or any wonderful discoveries about gray grounds, for I am sorry to say I have made none, but have looked, when I have not been at work (which has been seldom), with much such eyes as others, I expect, bring, quite willing to be pleased, and therefore have not been disappointed. Here nature has triumphed over art, or rather nature and art have combined, in the evening of every fine day, to beat everything that ever was or will be for splendor and gorgeousness of effect in the view from the water, at sunset, of S. Mark's and all the rich accompaniments about it. I pay you an honest compliment in saying it has often reminded me of the beautiful sketch you made of this as a background to your picture of Venice.

Well, I must say I have not been so surprised as I expected by the works I have yet seen, for the Palazzo S. Marco I have not yet visited. In Rome I was thunderstruck at the first view of its treasures; in Venice I have been less astonished than delighted, and I find its treasures grow on me daily. One thing is to be said in explanation of this: that out of Rome one can hardly know Raffaello or Michael Angelo at all, but out of Venice one may be perfectly acquainted with Titian and Paolo Veronese. Tintoretto is the man whom one sees for the first time here, and truly I have been astounded by the magnificence and daring character of his works, both in design and color. He puts me often in mind of Rembrandt, but he is immensely stronger in invention; indeed, some of the works in the Scuola of San Rocco rank him with the great designers of the Roman and Florentine schools. What a group of women that is, in the great picture of the Crucifixion, at the foot of the cross! I very much doubt if Volterra's so much celebrated one in S. Trinità di Monte surpasses it. Art seems but a plaything in his hands, and this overboldness has often betrayed him into errors, not to say signal failures, for such a man. The Assumption of Titian's is a surprising picture, full of greatness of intention and in the execution; but the figures strike me as no more or less than picturesque books, excepting the children and angels, some of which equal anything I have seen. But the picture of pictures, to my taste, is the large Paolo Veronese, which for vivacity and freeness of execution united to a most enchanting tone over the whole is one of the wonders of art. I don't think anything can be finer or more simply painted. It strikes me as a far more agreeable whole than the large picture in the Louvre.

I have just begun a copy of two figures the size of the originals. They stand before a pillar something such [sketch follows], and I think for intensity of character nothing I ever saw surpasses them. The great fat fellow with the hanging-looking Moor beside him is worthy of Michael Angelo. Do you not think, for style, that Paolo is even better to study than Titian? By the bye, what curious works the later ones of Titian! They put me something in mind of old Northcote's painting, they look so muddled and pottered over, just what one would look for as the result of extreme old age. A work they show of his early youth gives promise of all that followed.

To have been in order, I should have told you that we stayed a whole day at Bologna, so that I had at least one hearty good look at the gallery there, which surprised me by its riches; although small, it is very perfect. All the pictures are good, and many of them are first-rate

specimens of the masters. What a sober, subdued, and grand tone pervades the works of their school! I certainly think they went very far towards achieving their object of uniting to the tone and color of Venice the gusto in design of Rome and Florence. I made a number of little sketches while I stayed, just taking the plan of some of the finest works, and I shall do this now wherever I go. Since I came here I have made ten water-colors of the best pictures in the Belle Arti, which I think will be of use to me. I am sure you are right in recommending a sketch whenever it may be got, for it remains, while mere impressions are fugitive as the day. What rascally cheats these Venetians are! and yet very good people in their way, wonderfully civil, and at the galleries (oh, what a contrast to Rome!) they are perfection; one has but to apply, and entrance to study is obtained instantly.

Pray give my love to the illustrissimo blackguard Agricola when you see him. I speak of his maldirection wherever I can, for such a man ought to be removed from his post. As I did not see Lord Clifford when I called the last day I was in Rome, will you be so kind as to present my most respectful remembrance to him, and offer my very best thanks for the many favors I received at his hands? . . .

Ever your truly obliged and faithful friend, GEORGE RICHMOND.

Some four years later Severn was the fortunate recipient of a long letter giving Mr. Ruskin's first impressions of Venice. The allusion in the second sentence is to Severn's having gained one of the premiums at the Westminster Hall Cartoons Competition, and in reply, also, to a long letter concerning his hopes for fresco-painting in England, and his own determination to succeed in this *genre*, if success could be obtained at any cost. At a later date, I may add, he gained his wish in a commission from the dowager Countess of Warwick to paint a series of frescoes at her beautiful place in Surrey, which was presented to her by her son. It is doubtful, for reasons unnecessary to go into here, whether fortune would have further favored him in this. All his artistic projects in England were arrested when, in 1860, he applied for and ultimately gained the vacant office of British consul at Rome. This post he held till 1872, seven years before his death;[1] and it was in the second year of his tenure (1863) that he wrote for the Atlantic Monthly his now famous article On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame.

This letter from Mr. Ruskin is psychologically significant as well as interesting in other respects, for it shows that the writer was in 1843 essentially the same man that we know to-day.

III. FROM JOHN RUSKIN.

VENICE, *September* 21, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am sure you will excuse my not having answered your kind letter before when I tell you that I have been altogether unhinged by the condition in which I have found Venice, and that every time I stir out-of-doors I return too insensible to write or almost to speak to any one. But I cannot longer defer expressing my sincere gladness at your well-deserved success, and my sympathy in all the enthusiasm of your hopes so far as regards your own aims and prospects; and I am also glad, for the sake of our national honor, that you are to be one of its supporters. But with your hopes for the elevation of English art by means of fresco I cannot sympathize. I have not the remotest hope of anything of the kind. It is not the material nor the space that can give us thoughts, passions, or powers. I see on our Academy walls nothing but what is ignoble in small pictures, and would be

[1] And nine years before he was laid by the side of Keats, to be in death, as in life, "immortally associated with his illustrious friend."

disgusting in large ones. I never hear one word of genuine feeling issue from any one's mouth but yours and the two Richmonds'; and if it did, I don't believe the public of the present day would understand it. It is not the love of *fresco* that we want: it is the love of God and his creatures; it is humility, and charity, and self-denial, and fasting, and prayer; it is a total change of character. We want more faith and less reasoning, less strength and more trust. You neither want walls, nor plaster, nor colors, — *ça ne fait rien à l'affaire;* it is Giotto and Ghirlandaio and Angelico that you want, and that you will and must want until this disgusting nineteenth century has — I can't say breathed, but steamed its last. You want a serious love of art in the people and a faithful love of art in the artist, not a desire to be R. A. and to dine with the Queen; and you want something like decent teaching in the Academy itself, good training of the thoughts, not of the fingers, and good inpouring of knowledge, not of knocks. Never tell, or think to tell, your lank, cockney, leaden-headed pupil what great art is, but make a great man of him and he 'll find out. And a pretty way, by the bye, Mr. Eastlake takes to teach our British public a love of the right thing, going and buying a disgusting, rubbishy, good-for-nothing, bad-for-everything Rubens and two brutal Guidos, when we have n't got a Perugino to bless ourselves with! But it don't matter, not a straw's balance. I see what the world is coming to. We shall put it into a chain armor of railroad, and then everybody will go everywhere every day, until every place is like every other place; and then when they are tired of changing stations and police they will congregate in knots in great cities, which will consist of club-houses, coffee-houses, and newspaper offices; the churches will be turned into assembly rooms; and people will eat, sleep, and gamble to their graves.

It is n't of any use to try and do anything for such an age as this. We are a different race altogether from the men of old time: we live in drawing-rooms instead of deserts, and work by the light of chandeliers instead of volcanoes. I have been perfectly prostrated these two or three days back by my first acquaintance with Tintoret; but then I feel as if I had got introduced to a being from a planet a million of miles nearer the sun, not to a mere earthly painter. As for our little bits of R. A.'s calling themselves painters, it ought to be stopped directly. One might make a mosaic of R. A.'s, perhaps, with a good magnifying-glass, big enough for Tintoret to stand with one leg upon if he balanced himself like a gondolier. I thought the mischief was chiefly confined to the architecture here, but Tintoret is going quite as fast; the Emperor of Austria is his George Robins.

I went to the Scuola di San Rocco the other day, in heavy rain, and found the floor half under water, from large pools from droppings *through* the *pictures* on the ceiling, — not through the sides or mouldings, but the pictures themselves. They won't take care of them, nor sell them, nor let anybody take care of them.

I am glad to hear that the subjects for our frescoes are to be selected from poets instead of historians; but I don't like the selection of poets. I think in a national work one ought not to allow any appearance of acknowledgment of irreligious principle, and we ought to select those poets chiefly who have best illustrated English character, or have contributed to form the prevailing tones of the English mind. Byron and Shelley I think inadmissible. I should substitute Wordsworth and Keats or Coleridge, and put Scott instead of Pope, whom one does n't want with Dryden. I think The Ancient Mariner would afford the highest and most imaginative method of touching on England's sea character. From Wordsworth you get her pastoral and patriarchal character; from Scott her chival-

resque; I don't know what you would get from either Dryden or Pope, but I suppose you must have *one* of them. However, anything is better than history, the most insipid of subjects. One often talks of *historical* painting, but I mean *religious* always, for how often does one see a picture of history worth a straw? I declare I cannot at this instant think of any one historical work that ever interested me.

I beg your pardon very much for this hurried sulky scrawl; but conceive how little one is fit for when one finds them covering the marble palaces with stucco and painting them in *stripes!*

Allow me again to thank you exceedingly for your kind letter and to express my delight at the good news it contains, and believe me, with compliments to Mrs. Severn,

Ever most truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

In a short article which appeared recently, it was asserted that, with all his good qualities, Severn was singularly lacking in common sense. The writer could have known little of Severn, and still less of his correspondence. A remarkably acute and straightforward common sense was, as it happens, one of his most characteristic traits. Scores of his letters, from youth to old age, might be selected to bear out this counter-assertion, but a single one will suffice. It is taken from his correspondence with his friend Uwins, and was written in his thirty-third year, a time when, though by temperament and habit youthful in aspect and tastes to a remarkable degree, his character was developed. Thomas Uwins was his elder by about ten years, and, like himself, began his art life as an engraver's apprentice. In 1824 he went to Italy, and stayed there till 1831. He gained his position both as an Associate and Royal Academician as a painter in water-colors; nevertheless, when, in 1850, he began to paint in oils, it was with marked success. He was elected surveyor of the Queen's pictures in 1845, and two years later was appointed keeper of the National Gallery. One of his best works in water-colors is The Hay Harvest, now in the South Kensington Museum, and in oils The Vintage in the Claret Vineyards, in the Dundee Gallery. After some preliminaries Severn proceeds: —

I think it is a most important defect in any one to be entirely without vanity, because there is nothing brings out and applies so well all the inner man. I mean all the grasping and achieving comes of this; for, you see, a man with this feels his own importance (he overfeels it, but what of that?), and tries grand things and succeeds, when another may have the greatest talents, but nothing to bring them out. I know you will call this by some fine name, as laudable ambition, aspiring virtue, and so forth; but, as the preacher says, "all is vanity" at bottom, so we will be honest and let it stand as vanity. The Germans are a people making little figure and doing little good in the world, on this account. They have the highest talents and morals, but pursue their intellectual aims only as solitary pleasures, and so society is nothing the better for them. Then your English, who have the vanity to seek perpetual notice, are always benefiting the world with useful intuitions or innocent pleasures, and all this with but a small part of the talent of the Germans. When a man underrates himself he blunts his talents and minces his steps in life; and, on the contrary, if he overrates, although it may make his manners displeasing at the moment, yet if there is genuine talent in his matter he will sink into that at last, with his first presumption modified into something useful or pleasing. Such a man as ——, for instance, would never have done anything but from his vanity; his talents are very mediocre,

but he has humbugged himself into the same high notion of his genius with which he has humbugged others, and produced works of some stamp, whereas his energy is all he has. Now I would contrast you with him. You have the finest talents, and even advantages of gentlemanlike accomplishments, but withal such a shameful way of underrating yourself that I always doubt if you have ever truly exercised your powers to their true extent in anything; nor can you while you have not the vanity of an aim. I can well remember the days (some three or four years back) when I thought myself a very poor creature; but yet I was too vain to tell it to all, and my little vanity kept up a show, even in abortions, and even lost more than putting my shoulder to the wheel; and now I have persuaded myself into my fancied capability, like one who, loving an untruth and telling it oft, makes such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie. Here lies the mystery: *you will consider yourself the "wax taper," and not the gaslight, when you can say that you have turned on your gas to the full.*

Now all this means that you should undertake a work to the full extent of your power; not a great ugly mess, but something dictated by your own feeling of beauty and splendor. Let us have some of your magnificent Neapolitan background, with equally magnificent groups upon it, — only one picture as a trial, and then you 'll see.

I must tell you that I don't quite estimate your praises about my talent in painting, since you judge so ill of your own; for a true taste would also extend to the judging its own productions, *or how do they come forth?* Now take up your brush and answer all this, and prove me right, and truly your friend and admirer, J. SEVERN.

The following letters are not only readable in themselves, but are further interesting as coming from so distinguished a man as Seymour Kirkup. He was for long the most notable English resident in Florence, and even in earlier days ranked only second to Walter Savage Landor, with whom and the Brownings and many others, from first to last, he was intimate. He was a painter of singular delicacy, and as a student of art was as thorough and conscientious as his lifelong friend Charles Eastlake. In his later years he devoted much time to literary studies, and in particular to occult problems and speculations. No doubt he is best known to the present generation as the discoverer of the now famous youthful portrait of Dante, — a discovery for which, as he tells us in one of these letters, he was created a baron (count?) of the Italian kingdom.

These letters may be read as representative examples of his long-continued correspondence with Severn. The second was written after an interval of a year's silence on the part of Severn, which was broken at last by a letter narrating the circumstances of Mrs. Severn's death, in April, 1862. Late in the fifties Kirkup turned his attention to Spiritualism, and erelong became a confirmed believer in the actuality of spiritualistic phenomena. The Miss Ironsides to whom he alludes as a medium was a young American artist of great promise, whose early death prevented her making a name as a painter, like Kirkup's "old friend William Blake," or as a more conventional illustrator of "worn-out Bible subjects." It is strange to learn that, in the early part of our century, not only William Blake, but Flaxman, Fuseli, and even artists such as Stothard and Varley, were looked upon as in some degree mad.

IV. FROM SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

FLORENCE, *August* 18, 1861.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — I never thought Overbeck a *fine intellectual creature*, but an ignorant humbug. Gibson de-

scribed his great picture to me with admiration and equal ignorance. The subject was a bad one, a collection of portraits of old painters, taken, as you say, from prints, — all the schools, — the English represented by an infant. This dauber of brick dust and pewter, without drawing, presumed in his ignorance to despise such giants compared to him as Reynolds, Opie, Stothard, West, Lawrence, Fuseli, Turner, Flaxman, etc., etc., — ignorance and vanity. As for his imitation of the ancients, he should have looked at the works of Giotto here for color, and he would not have abounded in such detestable lead-color as I have seen. In fact, he has only copied the defects of the old time, namely, hardness, meagreness, and sameness. Nay, he may look at the Florentine M. Angelo in the Sistine, and he will see effects of color worthy of Venice, — the Jerome, Daniel, Zechariah, Sibyls, etc. You say he is devout to the political church. So is many a solemn ass and many a Jesuitic knave.

What *is* your Gothic or Christian treatment of The Marriage? What would you call that of Paul Veronese? Neither, but the princely magnificence and worldly splendor of Venice, eclipsing even the story itself. Wealth, luxury, palaces, concerts, and a blaze of color, so fine in its way as to make the subject commonplace, and leave it beyond the reach of any follower. You have no chance, nor Miss Ironsides, who is all wrong, and has mistaken her vocation. Scripture subjects are worn out. They make no impression, like old-fashioned music or sermons. The public sleep over them, like the bedstead of Baucis that was turned into pews,

> "Which still their old employment keep
> Of lodging folks disposed to sleep."

The Venetians sacrificed their Christianity, if they had any, to worldly magnificence. That fine picture of Bonifazio, Dives and Lazarus, is another example of it. Lazarus is disgusting, and therefore eclipsed by the prevailing wealth of Dives pervading all the scene, but The Marriage at Cana has one contradiction beyond this. Here is a wedding dinner of poor country people, so poor that even the wine falls short. Then think of the scene of Paul Veronese! An absurdity, but such execution conquers all. Who can hope to surpass that? I do not like sacred subjects in general, nor costume painters. David was a failure, but the classic is not exhausted by him. There is still a field open: drawing from nature, with the help of the antique, and color like Titian's. Our Bacchus and Ariadne and the Spanish Sleeping Ariadne are the models of a new school, which somebody will find out. We are too old. There are other specimens and hints even in Rome (the Borghese). Etty might have done much if he had hit on it, or Haydon. A combination of great talents in those two elements, and then a genius of imagination worthy of the rest. Who can bear to think of the poor child's-play of the solemn Mr. Overbeck, and you, coming from England, and I suppose Paris! But I am in the dark about them in the present day. I fear they are wofully gone down. Eastlake had better have stuck to his palette than the study of after-dinner speechifying! Detestable! By the bye, they said that you had been *favored* by *him* at the expense of Haydon in the affair of the cartoons. . . . Take care of yourself. You talk a *new Jerusalem of art*, and speak of breathing in company of "its *immortal spirits*." Now, real Spiritualism is a science that requires the greatest exercise of reason. You are afraid of being *carried off your feet*.

I hate the cant about *art* and artists, So-and-So's art and my art, artistic gossip of art and artists, and early art and primitive art, etc., etc. I never called myself an artist. I said *painter* at once.

I had rather have added "glazier" than "artist." All the tea-drinking old maids were full of their pretty artists, and all the little drawing-masters, daubers, and parasites of *art* were full of the name, while "the great" were always sneering at it. One told me he had a clever artist traveling with him. It was his cook. A lady bestowed the title on her hairdresser. It is not that I care for such classification, for I am very democratic; but I am sick of the vulgar cant, and find that others are so too. So if you publish anything avoid it. The word is prostituted and blackballed.

Your "pergola" is better than columns [that is, in the composition of Severn's picture of The Marriage at Cana], and your idea of the water in the act of changing is new, but I fear it is not enough to be "the making of it," even if it can be done, which is difficult.

I have a drawing of Miss Ironsides' of an angel and a child which she saw in a crystal of mine. It is not much, but it is enough to prove that she has the faculty, a rare one, and more valuable than worn-out Bible pictures! I have some wonderful and curious drawings of visions. I have only wished to succeed, myself, as has been done in America, but I have not the power; I have only that of bringing it out in others.

I know no one to carry books to Rome. They won't do it, — they are afraid; and I have lost so many books that I have lent, or commissions sent, that I have long refused, and have a paper pasted in my library many years ago to say so. I am a collector, and have many thousand. I have a hundred and more of Dante, and seven manuscripts of his; many on our English Round Table, in all languages; a great many on occult sciences, literature, antiquities, painting, etc. They amuse me more than painting. . . .

Yours sincerely, S. KIRKUP.

V. FROM THE SAME.

FLORENCE, *April* 12, 1863.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — Your sad news is the history of a great affliction, and I condole with you most sincerely. I suppose the illness must have been a long one for a landlord to claim so large an indemnity. Time is the great consoler, and your children. Have you none of them with you? Your continual occupation is now a benefit, if it is not too much for your health. That is the first thing. All the benevolence that you are engaged in will be a comfort to you. I supposed you were too busy to be able to write. You must have an immense deal to do in your present difficult and unusual station, and more than unusual; it is what has never happened till now.

You say the Roman finances are tottering to a close. What will be the consequence? Will there be a great number of innocent and ignorant people ruined by a national bankruptcy? Will it affect the finances of the kingdom of Italy? I have put all the money I could raise into these funds to provide for my little Italian daughter, and they give a good interest, — about double what the English funds afford.

I found an old letter of yours of forty years ago. The handwriting is the same as now, and so are the thoughts. Strange it is, for your whole carcass has been renewed thirteen times in that period. I look on that as a greater sign of the immortality of the soul than all the nonsense of an old Jewish book of forgeries and falsifications. But I have more positive proofs than either. You should see the life of my friend Daniel Home, just published. Books are no proof, for they lie as much as living men; but I know that a part of that book is true. If you had the means of knowing the truth that Home has, I make no doubt you would see, hear, and feel with joy that your poor wife is often with you. A satisfaction of that sort I have often had, and it continues.

You say your letter is egotistic. It is its greatest merit. Real friends wish for such letters only. I know nobody else in Rome but Gibson and Miss Ironsides. Oh, yes, little Ewing, if he is still alive? All our little clique are dispersed, and the greatest part of them in the land of spirits, freed from this temporary exile called life, which leaves not a wreck behind, — or a few pictures to be soon destroyed by cleaners, etc.! Vanitas vanitatum! Alas, poor Titian, etc.!

I don't know any person alive who can even remember either of my grandfathers, and they were remarkable men. One was the first Latin scholar in England, and the other had a museum of arts and antiquities, — all dispersed and gone, like their dust. But we never really die; twenty minutes of insensibility in a trance is all. We awake and find ourselves in the midst of our dearest old friends. The bad man avoids them from an instinct of shame, and seeks his equals, by whom he is persecuted until he is saved and relieved by good spirits. We are all sons of God, even the worst assassin. We are not responsible for our constitutions or our education, and there are no eternal pitchforks, brimstone, or hell, nor any such successful rival to God as Monseigneur le Diable. This rests on better authority than any book. It is curious that Moses, in all his books, never says one word about a future state. Of what use is religion without it?

I am writing you a sermon instead of a letter. A *nap* will do you good. Do you remember Dean Swift's pews, in his Baucis and Philemon? — and I often laugh at the remembrance of Dennis Brulgruddery, the pew-opener, who was turned away because he snored so loud that he woke all the congregation.

I remember how that old Westmacott used to retail his good things at Rome, — is he always the same? — and you at Torlonia's masquerades, and the farces you used to play on dear old Gibson,[1] and his tortoises, and my adventures at Poli in the midst of the brigands with Mary Graham, *née* Dundas, afterwards Lady Callcott. Lord and Lady Normanby were a good deal here and had grown detestable, — he with his black ringlets, and she a porpoise; and detestably he has signalized his hatred of Italy. The Jockey Club of Florence has expelled him, and his prating twaddle goes on in that House of Humbug, temporal and spiritual.

We have the King here at the Pitti. I expect to see Sir J. Hudson. He generally comes here with the King. One can't judge from portraits, but I should think that our new princess will wear the breeches. The Guelph face is not promising, — jowl and goggle eyes; but our Queen has been an exception to the vile race. The melancholy sight of her at the marriage would have given me more pain than the pleasure of all that procession. I suppose she was not acting a part. There is many a waiting-woman knows more than we do. She does not part with her son as she was obliged to do with her daughters. That was one comfort for her.

Trelawny used to say, "There are but two passions of love, the mother's and the lover's. By God, they 'll go through fire for you; all the rest is humbug."

My affection for my little girl is much increased. She is nine and a half, and more of a friend. At first she was only a baby. You have had more experience. They want me to send her to England, but I won't part with her, and she knows not a word of the language. She would be as bad as deaf and dumb, and with none but strange faces, *troppo trista!* I want to secure her here with a good guardian after me. She goes to school daily. I care less for learning than happiness.

Adieu, my dear old friend.

Yours ever, S. Kirkup.

[1] John Gibson, the sculptor.

VI. FROM THE SAME.

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2,
*June* 23, 1864.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — Your last letter was answered so long ago that I don't remember what it contained. I should have written again, but supposed that you were so engaged in diplomacy that you would find me troublesome. I wanted to recommend to you my friend Daniel Home, but I was sure if he wanted protection he would be sure to find it in you, who have done so much good to your countrymen and others, and I foresaw he would need it to defend him against the Jesuits and priests, who are, of course, omnipotent in Rome; and so it turned out, and I saw from the newspapers that you had done all you could for him. I can answer for his being neither an impostor nor a sorcerer (which is absurd), and I have found him a man of honor, by actions, not by words of his or hearsay of others, and I know him to be very generous though poor, and good-hearted. All which is in his favor, and so likewise are the phenomena that spontaneously accompany him, and of which I have had sufficient experience in my own house, watched and guarded with the most suspicious incredulity, which is stronger with me than with most people, as perhaps you may remember, for I was always so.

My own proofs of our existence after death are entirely independent of Home, and began before I knew him or the works of Judge Edmonds, which confirmed them, and they settled my creed, very far from a canonical one, either Roman or Calvinistic, which, *entre nous*, are about equally blasphemous and Jewish. But I will not write all I could, for fear this should never reach you. I doubt if all your letters have come to me, and the one I have just received was left for me (I was out) by a priest!

I know the Frescobaldis and Mr. Hart.

Do you ever see Miss Ironsides? A friend of hers lately came to see me. Miss Ironsides was gifted as a medium, but her weak vulgar mother extinguished her, and encouraged her in commonplace studies under the direction of snobs when she might have been a painter of the imagination, like my old friend William Blake, who I thought was mad, though I don't think so now.

Flaxman, Stothard, and Fuseli were all suspected, and so were Danby, Varley, and even Martin. Anyhow they were original, and showed mind; and even old West was sometimes a mystic, and Barry and Loutherburg.

After I proved the truth of Spiritualism, which I scouted for a long time, I was induced to follow up my experiments in hopes of some day seeing something worthy to paint. I longed for a good vision, and do still, but I am not enough of a medium. I have only seen, heard, and felt enough to be sure of the existence of spirits. Neither books nor men were enough for me, and I sought witnesses of my experience, and would not rely on my own impressions alone, which might have been effects of imagination, waking dreams!

But when half a dozen people were present, they could not all be dreaming of the same thing. A lady wrote to me the other day that Home had been raised in the air a hundred times since he came to London, and had been seen by a thousand people. *Basta!* you have doubtless heard enough about it, and I have seen enough in my own house.

What are you doing in painting? Bible subjects are worn out, and were never interesting to me. I have an Italian book that says the Madonna ought to be painted ugly, as she was sixty when she died. Young John lived to a hundred, and was buried, but never died; his grave moves. He is waiting for the last day to fulfill the prophecies. Read Sir John Mandeville's travels in the East in 1345, — an orthodox Englishman!

I have been long an admirer of Dante,

but I think Shakespeare a greater poet. Dante has been much with me in this room. His poem is not true, and Beatrice was not a Portinari, as it has proved. The Pope has forbid the title of "La *Divina* Commedia."

Here is too long a yarn for a busy man like you. I wonder if you could get for me the report of a trial in Rome, printed about fifteen years ago, of a Count Alberti, for forging and selling some manuscripts of Tasso. If you could secure me a copy, I will take care to repay you and let you have the reading of it before you send it me, either by the post or private hand. It is very curious and would amuse you. Tasso was in favor with good spirits like Socrates. Adieu, dear Severn.

Yours affectionately,

S. Kirkup.

VII. FROM THE SAME.

Florence, 2, Ponte Vecchio,
primo p°, *April* 4, 1868.

My dear Severn, — The sight of your handwriting gave me great pleasure. I knew it again directly. After so many years that I have known you, — about fifty, I think! How strange it is that the writing and the mind remain the same, though our carcasses have been *entirely* changed and renewed above sixteen times in that period! So says Liebig, the greatest physiologist of the age. I have been following that study lately, having been too long engrossed by that of psychology, and I have found them both full of wonders.

Have you heard that the King has made me a knight and a baron? For some discoveries I made in Florence respecting Dante, so I suppose; all that is said in my diploma and other papers is, "In considerazione di particolari benemerenze." I never knew more, and the minister who recommended me to him died of the cholera in Sicily. He was a Sicilian, and I had never heard his name till then (Natoli), or knew any of his friends. It was a perfect surprise to me, always the same poor devil of a painter, — on which account I only call myself chevalier. I am not rich enough to live in baronial state. Poor knights are common enough, even at Windsor! Painters never get beyond the rank of knight, — Sir Peter Paul, Sir Anthony, Sir Peter, Sir Godfrey, down to Sir Joshua, etc., etc.

In Paris I knew three painters in 1816 whom Napoleon I. had created barons, David, Gros, and Gérard, whose sons are now senators, diplomats, etc. Marochetti, who lately died in England, was an Italian baron, and there is a landscape painter, whose name I forget.

I have no news to tell you. The government and the chambers are all engrossed by the reform of the finances. They have a difficult task, and have neglected it too long. If they don't succeed now it will soon be too late. What think you of Bonaparte's *dodge* to keep Italy divided, by offering the Venetians their ancient *republic*, and their refusal of it in order to join Italy? We live in strange times. I have always observed Monseigneur Bonaparte, now his Eminence, next his Sanctity. That is what they are aiming at. Besides that, a king of Rome is looming in the distance, and at one time a King Murat was in view for Naples. A friend of yours said the other day, You have only changed masters, — French instead of Germans. *Basta!* one must not talk politics to you. Your position is delicately neutral, and you have enough to do in your official capacity with your benevolence.

I was very sorry to hear of Miss Ironsides' death. Her mother came to me on her way to England. I showed her a drawing *of a vision* she (Miss I.) had drawn in my house, which vision she saw in a crystal ball. The mother kissed it and shed tears. It was remorse for taking her from Florence to

Rome, to paint vulgar, worn-out Bible subjects that nobody cares for any longer, they are so commonplace in Catholic churches, and excluded in Protestant ones; whilst the Catholics forbid the Bible, of which they are afraid, and perhaps ashamed, like our poor friend Charles Brown, whose son is, I believe, alive. Do you know? I heard a long time ago that he was very prosperous in New Zealand. Brown had been a good friend of Keats. They wrote a tragedy together (Otho).[1]

I hear that Keats's monument is already in ruin. The English in Rome might subscribe a trifle to restore it. Shelley's is in fine preservation. We were together at his funeral. I should have attended Keats's, but I was in bed with the fever. Old Morgan died here not long ago. He was near ninety, Landor ditto, and one old English painter, Giacomo Smith, one hundred and sixteen.

If you see Mrs. Trelawny, remember me to her. She is a very superior woman, and her daughter a fine creature. Is Desoulavy alive and in Rome? An excellent fellow, sincere and unaffected. What became of Ewing, Evans, Lane, Renny, McDonald, Tenerani, Agricola, Minardi, Snetz, and all the Frenchmen? I met Madame Terlink the other day, and the Genoese miniature-painter, whose name I forget. I think he married Moschi's sister.

I am living now with a little daughter. She is now fourteen. Her maid is an ex-nun, — very good, and glad to be free. They are both mediums, the former ever since she was two years old. If you have ever been photographed, send me one. I shall value it. Adieu, my dear old friend.

Yours very sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Seymour Kirkup first met Severn at the interment of Shelley's ashes in the old cemetery of Monte Testaccio, in Rome, and he died before his friend was laid beside the other great poet with whom his name is so closely associated. Charles Brown, who died at Taranaki, New Zealand, in 1842, was not "ashamed" of the Bible; but he was a deist, and to the last refused to have anything to do with official exponents of Christianity. Though he died at that then remote settlement, his burial was attended by two men of a different stamp from his fellow pioneer-colonists: John George Cooke, an intimate friend of Trelawny's, and the late Alfred Domett, so much better known, doubtless, by the name of "Waring," conferred upon him by Robert Browning. Among the Severn manuscripts is a long letter from Mr. Domett, in which he states that he purchased at Buffalo, N. Y., so long ago as 1826, an American edition of Keats's and Shelley's poems. This was about the same time that the youthful poet Browning tried in vain to obtain a copy of Shelley's writings in his part of London, where no booksellers kept such an unsalable book as the poems of unknown John Keats.

*William Sharp.*

[1] I have come across more than one statement to this effect. But the mistaken idea is probably due to the fact that Trelawny used to say that most of the mottoes heading his chapters in The Adventures of a Younger Son (written in great part during his stay with Brown in Florence) were "from Brown's and Keats's drama, Otho." The manuscript belonged to Brown after Keats's death, but he was not joint author.

## LONDON AND OXFORD: THREE SONNETS.

### I.

*Fog.*

LIKE bodiless water passing in a sigh,
Thro' palsied streets the fatal shadows flow,
And in their sharp disastrous undertow
Suck in the morning sun and all the sky;
The towery acres sink upon the eye
As if they heard the Hebrew bugles blow,
Sullen and black; nor could the founders know
How what was built so bright could daily die.

Thy heart with man's is broken and blent in,
City of Stains! and ache of thought doth drown
The natural light in which thy life began:
Great as thy dole is, smirchëd with our sin,
Greater and elder yet the love of man
Full in thy look, tho' the dark visor 's down.

### II.

*Rooks in New College Gardens.*

THRO' rosy cloud and over thorny towers,
Their wings with all the autumn distance filled,
From Isis' valley border hundred-hilled
The rooks are crowding home as evening lowers.
For their coequal session and for ours
By battled walls did lovely Wykeham build
These dewy spaces early sown and stilled,
These dearest inland melancholy bowers.

Blest birds! A book held open on the knee
Below is all they know of Adam's blight.
With surer art the while, and simpler rite,
They live and learn in some monastic tree,
Where breathe against their innocent breasts by night
The scholar's star, the star of sanctity.

### III.

*On First Entering Westminster Abbey.*

THABOR of England! since my light is short
And faint, oh, rather by the sun anew

Of timeless passion set my dial true,
That with thy saints and thee I may consort,
And wafted in the calm Chaucerian port
Of poets, seem a little sail long due,
And be as one the song of memory drew
Unto the saddle void since Agincourt!

Not now for secular love's unquiet lease
Receive my soul, who rapt in thee erewhile
Hath broken tryst with transitory things;
But seal with her a marriage and a peace
Eternal on thine Edward's holy isle,
Above the stormy sea of ended kings.

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## A TORCH BEARER.

To the lover of ancient learning and the classical spirit, who looks forward from the fast-fading twilight of the fifth or backward from the dazzling sunrise of the fifteenth century, there seems at the first glance to lie between these two epochs a period of perfectly impenetrable blackness. Like most dark places, however, this murky millennium proves to him who has once found the courage to plunge in and explore it less blind and impassable than it looked from without. To the eye that steadily confronts them the shadows lighten; a glimmering pathway is first discerned, then landmarks, and finally footprints of more than one traveler. The life of the race is after all continuous. The customs and institutions which served mankind under one order of things are found reparable after seeming ruin, and capable of being adapted, with certain modifications, to wholly new conditions of existence. Take the case of life in a mediæval abbey and its dependencies. It was Châteaubriand, perhaps, who first suggested the notion that it was, at least on its material side, only a natural development or adaptation of life within the precincts of a great Roman villa. The abbot corresponded to the proprietor. The monks were like the freedmen of the great patrician, who cultivated letters, art, and science under the shelter of the villa proper. In both cases the property comprised a more or less extensive area of outlying territory, the inhabitants of whose farms and villages were, to all intents and purposes, attached to the glebe, lived by supplying the central establishment with the fruits of their industry, and expected protection from it in times of common peril.

The great Roman overlord had indeed, in most cases, other and richer sources of revenue than the labor of these humble tenants, and so had the mediæval abbot in the voluntary offerings of pious pilgrims to whatever saintly shrine or shrines might lie within his jurisdiction. The Benedictine abbey of St. Riguier, near Abbeville, for example, possessed and governed, at its most flourishing period, fourteen towns, thirty villages, and an "infinite number" of farms, while the offerings at the tomb of the holy Richiarius amounted to about four hundred thousand dollars yearly.

This was in Gaul under the Merovingian kings. A hundred years later,

under Charlemagne, certain of the more famous and venerable abbeys, like those of St. Martin at Tours and St. Hilary at Poictiers, had considerably declined in wealth and importance; but the monastic establishments of the kingdom, taken collectively, were at the height of their dignity and influence. The great abbots occupied a singularly independent position. They were bound by the terms of their tenure of landed property to give a certain material support to their temporal masters; but they stoutly resisted any assumption of authority by the local bishops, against whose claims they were beginning to appeal to the high and general court of Christendom at Rome. At that time and for many succeeding years a monastic life opened one of the shortest roads to court favor, such as it then was, and afforded absolutely the only chance for the cultivation of letters under conditions of peace and comparative refinement. The number of those who affected such conditions and yearned for such culture was not large, but among them — one might almost say foremost among them, at his own particular epoch — was a certain abbot of Ferrières, in central France, by name Servatus Lupus. Some hundred and twenty of this man's private letters have been saved from the wreckage of his time. They reveal a mobile and inquisitive mind, athirst from its first conscious hour for the springs of human learning, and with an inherent attraction toward pagan antiquity which would have caused him to revel in the thought that his cloister life was but an evolution or adaptation of that of a Roman senator in retreat. These letters reflect at the same time so vivid a light on some of the more important actors and stirring events of the writer's chaotic period that the only wonder is they should have been so generally neglected.

Lupus [1] was born during the last decade of the reign of Charles the Great, probably in the year 805 or 806. Of his birthplace we only know that it was somewhere in Gaul, of his rank that it was noble, of his kindred that two of his brothers were successively bishops of Auxerre, while a certain learned and saintly Marquard, abbot of the cloister of Prüm, not far from Treves, was a near relation of Lupus as well as a devoted friend.

Lupus received his early training in the monastery of which he was afterwards to be the head, and Ferrières was a place with a history. The cloister occupied a commanding site between the Seine and the Loire, at the point where these two rivers approach nearest to each other in the modern department of Loiret. Dense forests, cleft by wild and all but impassable valleys, encircled the spot, and the conventual stronghold probably owed to its exceptional position the immunity which it long enjoyed from the incursions of those Norse pirates whose descendants triumphed at Hastings two centuries later.

The church of Ferrières was an extremely ancient building, dating, it was believed, from the first introduction of Christianity into Gaul; and in the later days of Lupus's own rule it became a labor of love with him to restore, or rather replace, the venerable structure, and furnish it with a leaden roof, the material for which he secured in Britain. The ties between Ferrières and the Church in England were numerous and strong. The abbey had even been held for the years between 782 and 796 by the celebrated Alcuin, who came from that centre of light and learning the great monastery at York to open what was known as the School of the Palace in the house of Charlemagne.

It is plain that the young Lupus soon

[1] The epithet Servatus, the Saved, is supposed to have been bestowed or assumed to commemorate his recovery from a dangerous illness, or perhaps his escape from death at the battle of Toulouse, where he was taken prisoner in 844.

came to the end of what he could learn at Ferrières, where there was no such complete and systematic course of instruction as that for which the ambitious pupil pined. Such he found, however, at Fulda, in the diocese of Treves, — the *Primat* of the German abbeys, founded by St. Boniface, and the resting-place of his dust, where the most important school of the ninth century was then flourishing under the headship of the Abbot Rabanus Maurus.

From Fulda, where he seems to have passed the active and animated years between twenty-five and thirty, and where he formed the chief friendships of his life, Lupus wrote the first letter of the collection which we possess. It is addressed to one of the most interesting men of that or of any time, — to no less a person than that Einhard, or Eginhard, the secretary and exceedingly graphic biographer of Charlemagne, who had shared with the children of the emperor the advantages of Alcuin's palace-school, and was possibly also the son-in-law of Charlemagne. Every one knows the romantic story of the young scribe to whom the Princess Emma accorded her favors, who lingered too late one winter night in his lady's turret chamber, until the courtyard of the palace had been whitened by a stealthy snowfall, sure to betray the footprints of the returning lover; and how, to avoid discovery, the vigorous young princess — who was evidently a "menskful maiden of might," like Brunehild — lifted him upon her shoulders and bore him to his own quarters. But Charlemagne was wakeful that night, and pacing and peering about, as an anxious monarch may do, he witnessed this extraordinary transit "by the cold, white light of the moon." The mixture of shrewdness and magnanimity which led the emperor first to exact a full confession from his *protégé*, and then to offer him the hand of his daughter in honorable marriage, is no more than might have been expected of the great Charles. But alas for romance! only one monkish chronicler has preserved the tale in this artistic and symmetrical form, while in the list carefully given by Eginhard himself of Charlemagne's children, legitimate and illegitimate, there is no mention of any Emma or Imma. The name of Eginhard's dearly loved wife is usually written in the latter way. They lived long and happily together as a married pair; as neighbors, evidently, and with frequent and tender fraternal intercourse, even after Eginhard became the lay abbot of the monastery which he himself had founded at Seligenstadt.

It is to this place that Lupus writes a modest and graceful letter of self-introduction; praying for the privilege of Eginhard's acquaintance, expressing admiration of his Life of Charlemagne, and asking, after an apt quotation or two from the Satires of Horace and the Tusculan Disputations, for the loan of some of the abbot's worldly books.

"Having once overpassed the limits of modesty, I make bold to pray that you will entrust me, while I am staying here, with certain of your texts, though to be sure I have asked a far greater favor in your friendship than I could receive from your books. These, however, are the ones which I should like: first, Tully on Rhetoric, of which I possess only a very imperfect copy; . . . then, under the general head of Rhetoric, by the same author, three books of discussions or dialogues on the Orator. I think you must have these, because I found written in the catalogue of your library, after a mention of the book to Herennius and some other alien matter, Cicero on Rhetoric, and then Commentary on the Books of Cicero. I should also like the Attic Nights of A. Gellius; and there are a great many others in the same catalogue which, if God give me grace with you, I should most particularly desire to have, after these are sent back, and to copy while I am here.

By complying with my request you will show that you pardon my presumption, and you will fill with the sweetest fruit of learning one who has long been digging at its bitter roots."

In the next letter the vanities of scholarship are forgotten in a heartfelt expression of simple human feeling : —

" Lupus to Eginhard, his dearly beloved preceptor.

" I have been unspeakably shocked by the sad news of the death of your venerable wife, and I wish more than ever that I could be with you now to lighten your sorrow by my sympathy, or else perhaps to assuage it through earnest discourse concerning the thoughts which are suggested by many an eloquent passage of Holy Writ. Meanwhile, until God suffers me to join you, I beseech you to be mindful of that universal lot which sinful humanity has deservedly incurred, and to endure your calamity in a brave and collected spirit. Do not you cower before misfortune, who presented so steadfast a front to the insidious temptations of prosperity. Rally that manly fortitude to which you would incite any one you truly loved who might be stricken by a like misfortune, and call upon the name of the Lord. And may all good be with you."

Eginhard's answer is long and affecting. He appreciates his young friend's sympathy, and is far from resenting that clarion call to heroic endurance which he finds himself too old and too broken to obey.

" Eginhard to his Lupus, greeting.

" My overwhelming sorrow for the loss of her who was once my most faithful wife, and afterward for long my dearest sister and companion, has well-nigh killed in me all interest and care whether for my own affairs or those of my friends. . . . I have by me the writings of noble and learned men, teachers never to be despised, but worthy of all attention and obedience, — such as the glorious martyr Cyprian, and those most illustrious expositors of the divine word Augustine and Jerome ; and I have endeavored to take heart from their wise and bracing counsels, to rise up under the load of my sorrow, and earnestly to consider what I ought to feel concerning the departure of my most dear companion, having seen 'the end of her mortality rather than her life.' [1] I have tried even to force upon myself, by the exercise of reason, what is wont to come only after a long lapse of years ; I mean the closing of the wound which my spirit received through the sudden calamity of that most grievous loss, — the beginning of cure by the remedy of spontaneous consolation. But the stab was too deep for such easy methods. . , . Perchance you may marvel at me, and say that grief of this kind was not meant to endure forever, as if it were in the mourner's power to set limits to that whose beginnings he could neither foresee nor control. . . . Nay, nay ; my belief is, and your arguments will not shake it, that my anguish for the death of my best beloved will last until the appointed end of that space of time which God has allotted me in this sad and transitory world. . . . It cannot be, methinks, that I shall long survive, and yet I do not at all know how long. But this one thing is sure : 'a babe may die soon ; an old man cannot last long.' "

It will be perceived that the learned abbot has again fallen — unconsciously, as it would seem — into quotation. This time it is the rather stinging reply of St. Jerome's friend Marcella to her importunate old suitor which he wrests to his own sorry comfort.

Lupus wrote Eginhard another long letter upon the same subject, but the reader will hardly need to be informed that he found nothing new to say. He also arranged to pay the sad old man a visit on his way back from Fulda to Ferrières, and apparently carried out his

[1] He is quoting Pliny's beautiful remark on the death of his old friend Virginius Rufus.

purpose early in 836. This was the year, also, of his first appearance at the Frankish court, for in 837 we find him writing to his brother Reginbert: —

"Last year, through the influence of friends, I was presented to the emperor, and also to the queen, by whom I was most graciously received; . . . and now, on the 22d of September, I am about starting for the palace, the queen herself having earnestly pressed me to come; so that many think some special honor will soon be conferred upon me."

The royal pair with whom Lupus thus made acquaintance were Louis the Debonair, — more properly the Pious, — the son of Charlemagne, and his second wife, Judith, "whom," says Eginhard, "he chose after an inspection of almost all the maidens of the realm who were of noble birth." Louis must have been attracted, one would think, in this high-spirited and unscrupulous woman, by qualities the very reverse of his own. She schemed boldly and successfully, against tremendous odds, to secure the succession of her own son, Charles the Bald, to that portion of the vast empire of his grandfather which corresponds most nearly to the France of to-day; but she did not at this time fulfill the pleasant dreams of Lupus, who had some years yet to wait for his preferment.

He carried back with him, however, to the forest solitude of Ferrières a reputation for learning which caused him to be received with deep respect by Odo, the abbot, and he was immediately made rector of the convent school. He thought he discerned among the denizens of his old monastery a reviving interest in the things of the mind which bade fair to lighten his labors as an instructor, and there is a very interesting fragment extant of a sort of report which Lupus appears to have addressed some years later to the members of a synod convened in the diocese of Sens, in which he says that though he has had to deplore the untimely death of some of his brightest pupils, yet others have come to take their places who are either full of early promise, or who, "being already proficient, desire still further to increase their attainments."

There is also a curious letter of the time immediately succeeding Lupus's return to Ferrières addressed to one Immo, Bishop of Noyon, who was afterward murdered by the Norman pirates. Immo would seem to have cautioned Lupus against intellectual pride, and perhaps even hinted at the ungodly nature of some of his literary pursuits, for the latter replies with a suspicion of warmth:

"I do not quite understand why you should be so anxious to know what books I read or wrote in Germany, unless you wish to make an example of me by proposing a difficult dilemma, and so convicting me either of ostentation or of youthful rashness. I can only say quite simply that I passed my time there chiefly in reading, and in the preparation of certain small textbooks which might serve as aids to learning and *remedies for oblivion;* and it was by no means for love of the German tongue, as has been ridiculously suggested, that I underwent the burden of so severe a daily labor.

"However," he adds with his wonted sweetness, "I thank you for reminding me, on divine authority, that I ought to be watchful and preserve my humility of mind."

Singularly enough, we have the means of judging for ourselves how far Lupus was justified in this disrespectful mention of the nascent German tongue, for the date of the letter in question corresponds almost exactly with that of a very important philological monument, one which has often been taken as a point of departure for histories of the modern European dialects, — the famous oath of Strasburg.

Certain expressions in the beginning of the letter to Immo refer it conclusively to the autumn of 841. Now Louis

the Debonair had died the year before, and war was then raging between his son Lothaire and his grandson Pepin on the one side and his sons Louis the German and Charles the Bald on the other. Lothaire had already suffered a severe defeat at Fontenoy,[1] but during the campaign of 842 he had recovered sufficiently to press very hard the armies of Louis and Charles, who finally concentrated their forces on the borders of the Rhine near Strasburg, and swore, in the presence of their legions, a new oath of alliance for mutual defense. By way of making this covenant at once more binding on themselves and more intelligible to their hosts it was taken in the popular language of the two peoples. Louis the German, as he was called, swore in Romance, and Charles the Bald in the Alemannish of the period, and the rude, stammering, inchoate syllables were written down phonetically, together with their translation into monkish Latin. "*Pro Don amur, et pro Christian poblo,*" began Louis, and "*In Godes minna ind um tes Christianes folches,*" echoed Charles.

The Church in general inclined to the side of Charles and Louis, for the reason that Lothaire had sought heathenish alliances with Saxons and with Saracens; but none the less did Abbot Odo, who was obliged by the terms of the charter of Ferrières to lead his contingent of troops into the field, espouse the cause of Lothaire and Pepin, of whom the latter kept up the struggle in Aquitaine for several years longer. It was a time of great anxiety and suspense for Lupus, who was personally loyal to Charles the Bald, but who was left in charge of the cloister when Odo took the field for Lothaire, and who, as early as 841, had written several letters in the name of the latter, in one of which he says, "We fluctuate in a strait betwixt two, not knowing in the least who will make good his claim to this most important region of ours."

It was Charles the Bald who did so, as we know, whereupon Odo was deposed without loss of time, and Lupus was made abbot in his stead. The office was theoretically elective, but Charles had no need to do more than suggest a candidate to the monks of Ferrières, for those were not days in which the royal advice on such a matter could safely be disregarded. Lupus accepted his promotion with equal docility, but did not hesitate, in the candor of his spirit, to place the responsibility for the change exactly where it belonged. Shortly after his elevation he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Orléans, deploring the destruction (probably by the Norman freebooters) of sundry farms and vineyards in that diocese, whose revenues were a perquisite of the abbey of Ferrières, and then proceeded as follows: —

"I know not what sort of lying report has reached you concerning our former abbot; but that you may give it no further credence allow me to offer your sanctity a veracious account of what did really happen. Our lord the king gave orders that he should be dismissed from the monastery, prefacing the command by certain remarks concerning Odo which it may be as well not to repeat. On my return to the monastery I communicated the tidings to the abbot as gently as possible; men were told off to escort him, and horses, clothes, and money supplied him for his journey. I myself, being under orders from our lord the king, had to quit the monastery on the last day of November, but I left instructions that he should be out of it before the 3d of December, on which day I expected to appear before our lord the king. This I did; and he, after according me a ceremonious reception, inquired what I had done with the aforesaid abbot. I, who supposed that the abbot had kept faith with me, replied that I had executed his [the king's]

[1] Not the Fontenoy of Maurice de Saxe's great victory, but Fontenoy near Auxerre.

orders concerning him. I then got leave to depart, but as I drew near the monastery, on the 12th of December, I learned that the oft-mentioned abbot was still there. Much disturbed at the discovery that I had been fibbing to our lord, I dispatched a messenger to the abbot by night, telling him squarely that he must be out before break of day; that it was unpardonable of him to be staying on in defiance of the king's command, and preventing me from coming in. He replied that he had always intended to leave the next day, and I, in order to afford no handle whatever for calumny, answered that I would not enter until he was out. So at last he departed from the community, I allowing him the same abundant provision as before, and some other things beside. I lost no time in laying the matter before my friends at court, and also, at the earliest opportunity, I confessed that inadvertent falsehood of mine to the king, and they all agreed in thinking that I had done perfectly right. Let those who have spread other stories see whether they have been justified in so doing. I have most assuredly had a single eye in the whole business, whence I trust that, under Providence, my whole body will be found full of light.

"And so farewell, and may all good attend you."

Lupus entered upon his new duties at the close of 842, devoting himself heart and soul to the welfare of the monastery both in temporal and spiritual things. We have already seen him taking measures to restore the hoary church, and looking after his humbler dependencies in the neighborhood of Orléans. But there was a far more precious and important appanage of Ferrières, which had been severed from the domain of the abbey during the brief period of Lothaire's ascendency in central France, and given to one of his creatures. This was the so-called Cell of St. Judocus, now St.-Josse-sur-Mer, then a basilica with a small cloister attached, in the diocese of Amiens. The holy Judocus was an Armorican prince who had renounced the world and his claims to the throne of his father, and built this fair church in the wilderness about two hundred years before Lupus's day. The monastery had been given by Charlemagne to the English Alcuin, at the time when the latter was abbot of Ferrières, to be used as a house of entertainment for pilgrims; chiefly, no doubt, for those who came from the British Isles. Some objections had been made at the time on the ground of the law against pluralities, but these were overruled, and Louis the Debonair confirmed the union of the two establishments. The Cell retained its humble name, but it was richly endowed and its lands were highly cultivated. The extraordinary beauty of the site and surroundings once inspired a monkish poet with so sweet a strain of elegiac verse that one hastens to cull it like some rare flower of the wilderness. It may be freely rendered thus: —

"Home of my heart, beloved Cell,
Farewell, dear dwelling, a last farewell!
Farewell to the shade of blossoming boughs,
The whispering forests that gird the house;
Healing simples and herbs of balm,
Culled by the leech in meadows calm;
Flower-sown borders of winding streams
Where the nets are spread and the fisher dreams;
Fragrant fruits of the garden-close,
White of lily and red of rose!
Here, for aye, shall the birds upraise
A matin-song in their Maker's praise,
But the word of truth shall fall no more
From the lips of the master, gone before."

In that final division of territory among the descendants of Charles the Great which was effected by the treaty of Verdun this beautiful bit of ecclesiastical property was included in the portion of Charles the Bald, who presently bestowed it upon a layman named Odulf. But Lupus was resolved to have it back. He appreciated its loveliness, prized its associations, and needed its revenues; and he forthwith began to besiege the

monarch in a series of vivacious letters, some extracts from which may be found interesting.

He reminds his sovereign that "the most pious Emperor Louis, author of your nobility," at the request of "Judith Augusta, your mother of all-glorious memory," had confirmed by a charter the union of St. Josse and Ferrières, "to the end that the monks of this monastery might serve the Lord in easy circumstances and entertain pilgrims in the aforesaid Cell with godly hospitality, and comfortably pray to God for the health and security of them both [Louis and Judith]. This their deed of charity you at first most graciously approved, and even confirmed it by fresh enactments; but later you were induced by certain persons, who care not how they offend God so only they get rich, to make null and void this double benefaction. . . . The consequence is that the servants of God in this place, who do always pray for you, have failed now for three years to receive their accustomed allowance of clothing; and that which they are compelled to wear is worn to rags and very much patched. They subsist upon market vegetables, with *exceedingly rare consolation* of fish or cheese; and even the servants are not paid the wages which are justly their due: because all these things used to accrue to us from the aforesaid Cell, for whose present state of dilapidation and its neglect of strangers from beyond the sea may God not hold you responsible."

Again he writes: —

"Even while we held [our possessions intact] we had no harmful superfluity, nor were we tempted to dally in the lap of luxury; for the entire resources of the monastery barely sufficed to provide us with what our rule allows. Now, however, for a long time, we have had to put up with much less. We cannot keep warm, and we abstain when we would not; and the sick and children and the aged are uncared for."

"If you desire to know," he says bluntly in another letter, "what they [the brothers] really say about you, it is this: that it is most unfair for you to exercise them with cold and hunger while they are under bonds to pray without ceasing for your temporal and eternal welfare; and they do not think you will ever attain the felicity to which you aspire so long as you make not your peace with our little St. Peter [the patron of Ferrières]. And you need not fancy that they speak in jest; for our old men say that they had it from their fathers, when they were boys, and can confirm it by their own experience, that whoever inflicts any marked injury upon our house incurs thereby great peril of his own health and life, unless he do quickly repent."

After a half dozen years or so of unwearied and undaunted importunity on the part of our abbot the king succumbed, and St. Josse was reunited to Ferrières. The precise date of the formal restitution is not known; but the first allusion to it in the correspondence of Lupus occurs in a letter to the Archbishop of York, written from the Cell itself, and praying for a renewal of the relations with England which had subsisted in the days of Alcuin. Lupus also takes advantage of the comparatively easy communication with England which he now enjoys to request of a certain abbot in the city of York the loan of sundry books which he wishes to have copied, namely, Bede on the Old and New Testament, the Disputations of St. Jerome, the books of Jerome on Jeremiah after the first six which he already possesses, and the twelve books of the Institutions of Quintilian. King Ethelred of England had married a daughter of Charles the Bald, and it was to him, therefore, that Lupus applied for the lead which was wanted for the new church roof at Ferrières. The request appears to have been readily granted; and accordingly rafts of

especial strength were built for the conveyance of the unwieldy metal up the rivers Seine and Cléry. Their construction was all the more necessary because Lupus had had the misfortune to lose ten of the convent horses, when making a tour of inspection among the monasteries of Burgundy in company with the Bishop of Troyes. Lupus had also his military service to perform, like Odo before him; and in June of 844, the detachment of troops with which his contingent was marching to the support of Charles the Bald under the walls of Toulouse having been cut off by a raid of Pepin's men, the abbot was taken prisoner. He says in one of his letters that he "lost everything;" but his captivity was at least a brief one, for we find him writing that "by the signal grace of God, and the intercession of his saints, and the intervention of one Count Turpio" (of Angoulême), he was back again in his cloister, "safe and sound, on the 5th of July."

Before the close of the same year we find him drawing up the twelve canons of the Council of Verneuil; and very curious some of them are, as, for example: —

No. 6. "A maiden who has been married by one man, and then seized and appropriated by another, must, according to the tenth statute of the Council of Ancyra, be restored to the man by whom she was first espoused, even though she have suffered violence. But it is recommended that the ravager be threatened with the penalties of the secular law, since criminals of this class make very light of ecclesiastical excommunication."

No. 7. "If any nuns, from what they falsely deem a religious motive, do either adopt male attire or shave the head, since we hold this to be a sin of ignorance rather than of perversity, it is ordained that they be [merely] admonished and whipped."

Lupus is almost always found at the synods from this time on, and there is a letter of his, of the year 849, which shows pretty plainly what he himself thought of the relative cogency of his civil and ecclesiastical obligations: —

"Lupus to Pardulus, the bishop, his dearly and singularly beloved, greeting in the Lord.

"I did not attend the synod, because I was not summoned by our lord the king. I have taken care that his letter should be exactly copied, so that if by chance my name is mentioned you may be able to show that I was justified in remaining away. However, since you have been so good as to admit me to your friendship, I do beseech you that now and always, as God gives you opportunity, you will intercede in my behalf. You know very well that I was never instructed in the principles of attack and defense, nor how to fulfill any of the duties, whether of infantry or cavalry service; nor is it warriors only of whom our lord the king stands in need. I entreat you, therefore, to use your influence, and if possible also that of Hincmar,[1] to induce him [the king] to consider my [sacred] profession and assign me some duty less inconsistent with it: the rather since he really holds my [military] services very cheap. If you truly love me, you will manage this thing in such a way that I shall not only incur no odium, but may even get a little credit thereby."

Lupus probably refers, in this letter, to the preparations for the last expedition of Charles the Bald against Nomenoius, the rebellious king of Brittany. If so, our abbot was not wholly excused from service, as he desired, but he came safely home, after a brief campaign; while Nomenoius, who had declared his independence on the death of Louis the Debonair, maintained the same successfully until his sudden and rather mysterious death in 851. He had disposed in the most high-handed manner of the

[1] The famous Bishop of Rheims.

bishoprics within his province, altering the bounds of sees, pulling down one ecclesiastic and setting up another. His arbitrary arrangements, strange to say, subsisted almost unchanged until the time of the great revolution, but they were regarded as acts of heinous aggression in his own day; and it seems to have been for the purpose of protesting against some of these enormities that Lupus was sent on a mission to the head of Christendom at Rome some time in the later forties. This journey was a very great event; and how anxiously and assiduously the abbot made his preparations for departure will appear from the following naïve letter to his friend the saintly Marquard: —

"For purposes of prayer and the transaction of certain church business, which, God willing, I will explain more fully to your paternity on my return, I am about starting for Rome. And since I cannot succeed in these affairs without the apostolical [that is to say, the papal] good will, and I know well that this can be won only by means of gifts, I hie me to you, as to my father's — nay, my mother's — bosom; begging that you, who have never yet failed me in any time of need, will deign to assist me now. Be so good, therefore, as to forward me — if possible by the messengers whom I send — two cloaks of dark blue woolen cloth, and the same number of those linen ones which the Germans call *glizza*,[1] which I understand that he [the Pope] greatly admires. If you are unable to execute the whole of this commission, don't fancy that I shall despise the half; for I have learned from my worldly books always to ask for more than I expect to get.

"Lest, however, you should imagine that I am at the end of my desires, I will add that, should you choose to facilitate my journey by the gift of a trotting nag or any other beast of uncommon strength, I should consider it a great favor. Seriously, though, I shall not take it amiss if I get nothing, provided only you read this letter to our dear Egil,[2] and you and he keep to yourselves the good laugh I trust it will give you."

Lupus also applied to an Italian bishop, bearing the exceedingly Gothic name of Regenfried, to have gold of the country ready for him when he should pass through the diocese of the latter, on his way to the south; and this is all we hear about the Roman journey at the time of its occurrence. But there is a letter addressed some ten years later by the abbot of Ferrières to his apostolic lord, Benedict III., in which he tells that pontiff that he had been most graciously received and entertained by his Holiness's predecessor of blessed memory; whence we may perhaps conclude that the glizza did not prove wholly unacceptable to that fourth Leo, from whom the "Leonine City" took its name.

Lupus held one rather famous theological controversy with an heretical monk of Fulda named Gotteschalk, on the inexhaustible subjects of predestination and freewill; and he was thought to have acquitted himself more gloriously in this field than in the campaigns which he served under Charles, and quite to have demolished his adversary. But the book De Tribus Quæstionibus, in which his own arguments are properly marshaled, is dreary reading compared with the letters, to which we return for a few more indications concerning the course of our friend's declining years.

The cloister of Ferrières enjoyed for a long while a marvelous immunity from the ravages of the Northmen, who devastated, at one time or another, nearly the whole of the surrounding country. But its inmates lived in a

[1] One editor has suggested that this odd word was the German form of *cilicina*, and that it was hair-shirts the good abbot wanted; but this can hardly have been so, since we infer from other allusions that the glizza were very costly.

[2] Afterward Archbishop of Sens.

state of constant apprehension, as may be gathered from the following letter addressed to the abbot of Tours : —

"It could hardly have occurred to your amplitude to think of confiding your treasure to us [probably the relics of St. Martin and some of the richer offerings at his shrine] if you had understood the situation of our house. Had you done so, indeed, you could not have wished your valuables to remain here for ever so short a time, not to speak of any permanent custody. For though we may seem tolerably difficult of approach by the pirates (to whom, nevertheless, for our sins, no way is long and no ascent arduous), yet are our defenses very weak ; and we have so few men capable of bearing arms that we positively invite the greed of those ruffians, who, finding us incapable of resistance, can lay hands on whatever they like, and, escaping to the cover of the woods, disperse in safety, and so baffle all pursuit."

And here is an extract, one of many, illustrating the dangers of the road.

"Of course," writes Lupus to his "best beloved" brother Reginbert, "we are eagerly anticipating the visit which your letters announce ; but I do beseech you to use the greatest caution on your way hither. For really, under the present state of things in this realm of our lord King Charles, highway robbery is committed with perfect impunity; and cases of theft and violence are of everyday occurrence. See to it that you join a party large enough and strong enough either to preclude an attack by these miscreants, or, if need be, to repel it."

At all hazards, however, Lupus will have his brother bring him some books. "The Catiline and Jugurtha of Sallust, if you please, and the Verrenian books [is this Cicero against Verres, or something of Verro's?], and anything else which you may happen to know that we either do not possess at all or only in an imperfect copy. We shall be deeply indebted to you for the means of correcting our corrupt texts ; and still more so for those which we had hardly hoped to get on any terms, and never should have gotten but for you."

The unquenchable zeal of Lupus for the enrichment, at all costs, of the convent library finds further expression in a letter written to a scholarly monk of Prüm named Alsbald : —

"The copy of Tully's letters which you sent I have caused to be compared with ours, hoping that, from the two, the truth may be made out. Please deliver also to the bearer of this Tully's translation of Aratus, that I may supply from it the things which our friend Egil believes to be wanting in the one I am about to acquire."

There were, plainly, almost hopeless discrepancies in the two copies of Cicero's letters here mentioned, but the allusion is curious for the reason that the correspondence disappeared entirely during the next five hundred years, and was only rediscovered by Petrarch at Verona in the fourteenth century.

Lupus also writes to Marquard to get a copy made for him of Suetonius Tranquillus' Lives of the Cæsars. "And either bring it to me yourself, which would be best of all, or, if by my sins I have forfeited so great a boon, see that it is dispatched by a perfectly safe messenger, for the book is not to be had in these parts."

Beside the classical authors already named, we find mentioned or quoted in the works of Lupus, Livy, Martial, Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Cæsar, Priscian, Macrobius, Josephus, Boethius, and many more. He was considered an authority on Latin grammar, and cited as such. His thirty-fourth epistle, which is addressed to an otherwise unknown monk, treats extensively of the quantity of increments in the third declension, and contains beside a rather subtle discussion, illustrated by many quotations, o

the difference in meaning between *ulciscor* and *vindico*.

The rich bindings of the books of that day rendered them tempting prizes to the highwayman; and on one occasion, after writing to Bishop Hincmar that he had given the bearer ten pine cones (probably for seed), which were all the man could conveniently carry, Lupus adds that he dared not send Bede's Extracts from Augustine's Commentary on St. Paul, "because the book is too large either to be concealed in the bosom or safely shut up in a wallet; and even so, the extraordinary beauty of the codex might have kindled the rapacity of the wicked, and so the volume would have been lost both to you and me." This is probably the very copy of Bede which Lupus had had made at St. Josse from the York original, and its *perfecta pulchritudo* may have been due both to the clearness of the text and the splendor of its integument. We know from the letters that not only gold and silver smiths, but gem-cutters, were among the craftsmen employed in Lupus's community; and we even hear of a painter who had vowed "to the blessed martyrs" certain pictures for the church at Seligenstadt, where a new abbot now reigned in the place of Eginhard, released from his troubles in 844.

The latest letter of Lupus which we possess appears to have been written about the year 862; certainly not earlier. It is addressed to the Bishop of Troyes, and abounds in the most affecting expressions of gratitude for hospitality lately extended him by that prelate on the occasion of a specially formidable expedition of the Norse pirates up the river Seine, before which the defenseless denizens of Ferrières had been fain to fly: —

"When I lay smitten by heavy sickness you came to see me, and you found us in a state of extreme alarm. Making haste to remove all painful sense of obligation, you anticipated my prayer by offering me the farm of Aquense [now Aix-en-Othe] the most important in your diocese, where I might safely hide me from the iniquity of the time, nor be wholly deprived of the means of exercising my sacred profession." He hopes that the bishop will allow him to seek the same refuge again should further need arise. "For you know," he says, "that though this house of ours is called Bethlehem, that is to say the *house of bread* [!], our supplies of the same would soon fail were it not for your charity and that of other well-disposed friends. Be mindful, therefore, of the sure promise. You would not lack interest on the debt were you to feed us your clients gratis for a half month. And do not think me frivolous or froward, but remember that I am an adept in rhetoric, which teaches us to ask for more than we expect to receive."

With this rather sorry application of a jest of happier days our untimely humanist fades away into the dusk of the evil days impending.

*Harriet Waters Preston.*
*Louise Dodge.*

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## THE UNREPORTED INCIDENT.

Madame Olga de Baronowsky, who was as tall and stout as little Miss Lane was short and thin, came into the latter's room bringing some closely written pages. "I am going to impose upon you once more," she said, "and to-day my story is about your opposite neighbor. You don't very much mind reading it, do you? It is not long."

"Oh, no, indeed," answered Miss

Lane. "I shall just have time before dinner."

Across the canal separating the buildings of this Venetian byway arose a brown-tiled roof with a belfry, whose restless bell was forever calling the dwellers below to some daily duty of work or prayer. The dwellers were poor old Italian ladies, gathered out of the storms of life into the sheltering refuge. In the room directly opposite Miss Lane could see the crimson light of a swinging lamp burning before a Madonna on the wall, and below it a shelf decorated with paper roses.

There were likewise a swinging lamp, a Madonna on the wall, a shelf holding its row of paper roses, and a brown-tiled roof possessing a belfry and a restless bell in the story which Miss Lane sat reading. As she turned the last page, she put the manuscript down and went to the window.

The sky was changing from blue to tender lilac and rose, and the opposite neighbor stood leaning out, her hands folded, and both elbows resting on the paintless sill.

"Good-evening, you poor old Italian thing!" exclaimed Miss Lane cordially. "I hope your lot has not been quite as uncomfortable as Madame de Baronowsky's pen has chosen to make it! How are you feeling to-night, you poor old Italian thing?"

The opposite neighbor smiled and nodded in answer to the greeting, whose friendliness alone she understood. Then the bell, which had stopped to take breath, resumed its activity, and the two women turned away to their respective evening meals.

In the hall below, a middle-aged man, with gray in his hair, was intently reading the names in the strangers' book. Miss Lane saw this man on the following afternoon standing in a corner of St. Mark's, and still later she saw him again at the evening concert on the Piazza. He was sitting by one of the little tables, an untouched ice before him and an unread paper in his hand. As she watched him, he arose suddenly and vanished in the crowd.

Meanwhile, Madame de Baronowsky, who had accompanied Miss Lane to the concert, was busily writing in a little red book.

"I am taking notes on that gentleman," she explained. "My last heroine has mysteriously disappeared, and I need a father for her. Did you notice how nothing escaped his keen eyes, how he studied every face? I have written: 'A young girl went by, resting on the arm of an Italian officer. Blank arose hurriedly, overtook and passed them; then, retracing his steps, he came slowly back. He could see her face now; it was young and fair, but it was not the face he sought, and with the weary air of a man to whom days, weeks, months, and years had brought only bitter disappointment he sank into his seat. The musicians were playing a mad galop. To Blank the strains seemed breathlessly repeating, Lost, lost, lost, even to eternity!'"

"I saw your unhappy 'father' at St. Mark's this afternoon," observed Miss Lane.

"I have been seeing him all day," said Madame de Baronowsky. "I have met him in no less than seven different places, and always wearing the expression of a person seeking for some one. How did he impress you?"

"I noticed that he was neither a worshiper nor a sight-seer; he did not kneel with the others, nor did he appear interested in the mosaics of the floor and ceiling, and he shook his head when the old sacristan proposed to show him the treasures. He was at our house last evening, looking over the names in the strangers' book. In a vague way I think I received the impression that he had brought a message to some one, and could know nothing of rest or peace until he had delivered it."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Madame de Baronowsky. "You are simply invaluable!"

"The man may be himself in search of ideas," suggested Miss Lane. "Ideas are not always easy to find; at least I judge so, from various things you have told me. It is even possible that he too is writing a novel, in which you are to figure as a heart-broken mother in search of her long-lost son."

"It is a thousand pities that I am obliged to go away to-morrow," said Madame de Baronowsky. "I should not think of going, were I not engaged for that lecture in Vienna; but I am announced, and unfortunately I am not important enough to be able to break my engagements. I want you to promise to keep your eyes open; to be sure and tell me if you see anything developing, — tell me if he meets friends here, if he buys flowers, if he spends much time before certain pictures. I am convinced you will see him doing something unusual. You might follow him into the shops."

A young girl occupied Madame de Baronowsky's place the next evening, at dinner.

Miss Lane had a curious feeling come over her as she looked across the table. Four years before, in a German city, she had sat facing this same young girl during a week of dinners and suppers. Beyond the exchange of daily greetings the two had never spoken.

At that time, Miss Lane, being in a quiet way also a woman of literary pursuits, wrote anonymously a little novel which people liked then, and still like. She had adopted this fair-haired girl as her heroine, and made her happy and unhappy through twelve chapters of changing fortunes. Madame de Baronowsky had mentioned this book to her companion, asking if she had read it, if she thought it clever, and if it were suitable for translation. To these questions Miss Lane had answered, that she knew the book, that she loved the heroine, but concerning the merits of the production she did not feel capable of giving an opinion.

Presently the girl spoke, in the gentle voice with which she had also been accustomed to speak in the little novel.

"You do not remember me, I am sure. We sat at the same table for a week in Dresden. It was such a happy week, and I always think of you as a part of it."

"Certainly I remember you," returned Miss Lane, rather consciously. "You used to wear a heliotrope-colored gown."

"Oh, do you remember that too? I was very much attached to that gown."

"And so was I. I wish you would let me call you 'Miss Heliotrope,' for the sake of its memory."

The girl came around the table and held out her hand.

"I am being introduced to you," she said, "but would you be so kind as to act as if you had already known me a long time? I am alone here. I expected to meet my aunt, but instead I found a letter saying that she was detained in Munich by the illness of a friend. I fear she may not be able to come for several days."

Miss Lane replied that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to consider this acquaintance one of a lifetime, and she proposed that they should immediately go out together.

"I will take you by the narrow streets to the Piazza. It is very amusing to walk in Venice."

"Yes," said the girl, "and it would be very pleasant to go. I know the attractions of a Venetian street, but I have promised myself to do a little work before my aunt comes; it is so seldom that one is sure of a few uninterrupted days. I want to paint an old Venetian well with a girl drawing water."

Miss Lane approved of the plan, and said if one had any especial work to do

it was best to grasp the opportunity when one had no friends about.

A well was found, a regular museum well, with a wreath of stone roses around it, and on one side the figure of an angel. A suitable model also wandered into the garden.

"Suitable all but her dress, which has not enough color," commented Miss Heliotrope, as she led Miss Lane into a mouldy court; "but I have hired a very desirable petticoat: it is dull blue with a band of faded gold embroidery."

The court contained a tree and the well beneath it, a stone bench against the wall, an accumulation of rubbish, and air, several centuries old.

Miss Heliotrope worked industriously, and saw even less of the outside world than the old Italian ladies over the way.

It seemed to Miss Lane that the girl was growing pale, and with this thought in her mind she knocked one day at Miss Heliotrope's door.

"I came to invite you to a cup of tea. You have not yet been in my room. I want to show you the view, and my old neighbor at her window. There are hundreds of things I should like to show you; it makes me quite unhappy to see you so indifferent."

The girl smiled a little, and said Miss Lane reminded her of an old French lady who had been her traveling companion.

"She was from Brittany, she told me. All her life she had longed to see Venice. As the train drew nearer, her eyes overflowed with tears, and she kept repeating in a grieved voice, 'Mademoiselle n'est pas émue!' To her it was an inconceivable condition that one could approach Venice unmoved."

"Dear old thing," said the other; "I can quite appreciate her feelings."

Miss Heliotrope was lying upon the sofa. She had a headache; she thought she had been painting too steadily.

"All the more reason for the tea," insisted her visitor. "But don't move. I will bring it to you."

The girl protested. "Please stay and talk with me instead, — that will do me more good than anything; or, if you do not feel like talking, look at my books and sketches. It makes me feel better to have you in the room."

Miss Lane sat down before the table, idly opening the books, one after another.

Outside, on the lagoon, boats with sails were passing and repassing: sails that were brown, dull red, and orange; sails from Chioggia, covered with strange symbols. The girl could see them from her sofa.

"I always did feel interested in the power of that little geranium leaf," said the woman at the table; "it seems that some one else has shared my feelings, for the passage is marked and underlined."

"What little geranium leaf?" A sudden color came into the young face, then left it very pale.

"The one that was placed in the hand of beautiful Evelyn Hope; don't you remember?

'So, hush — I will give you this leaf to keep:
See. I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Heliotrope; and after a little she added, "If you believe that, you have a very pleasant belief."

The sail that was passing now was golden-brown in color, and its symbol was that of a cross.

"Speaking of understanding," she continued, "would you understand what I meant, or rather what a person meant who told you she had died, and could never live again?"

"Yes," said Miss Lane, "I should understand."

The other raised her head, and looked away from the sail to the woman who, without question or comment, had made this simple answer.

"What else do you believe?"

"I believe that the dead shall live again."

"I do not mean that kind of dead; I mean a kind that can never live again."

"Why not?" asked Miss Lane gently. She had closed the book, and stood by the window watching the sail with the cross upon it, until the boat drifted out of sight.

"I don't know. Perhaps because the dead I mean is so verily dead that it could not hear the message of life, even were it spoken. It is a fearful thing to be dead in the way I mean. The other way must be very sweet, — asleep with the little geranium leaf safe in one's hand. It would be good to be dead in that way."

"I did not come entirely to invite you to drink tea with me," said the older woman, breaking the silence that followed these words. "I came to say that I think it very wrong for you to spend so much time in your room and down in that musty old court. When I am out in the evening, the thought of you at home alone often spoils my enjoyment."

"You are very kind, you are always kind; but at home alone, as you call it, has also its charms. There is so much to see from my window that I sometimes sit there until midnight."

"Yes, but you lose the drifting, and the snatches of music on the water, and the sound of your gondolier's voice. Pietro and I have very interesting conversations. Last night he said, 'Shall I tell the signorina the story of Venice?' and thereupon he repeated the names and the number of all the bridges, canals, and churches; not much of a story, to be sure, but told in his manner it had quite the sound of a little poem. I had an adventure, too, last evening. Are you listening?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"There is an interesting stranger in Venice, — a man who can know no joy nor peace until he has delivered a message; at least that is what I think. Madame de Baronowsky thinks he is a distracted father in search of a lost daughter. You should hear an impromptu description she has written regarding his feelings. It contains sentences like this: 'Lost, lost, lost, even to eternity!' Last night his gondola followed mine. I had a lace shawl wrapped about me, and from a distance one had no way of telling that I was not young and beautiful. Pietro's opinion differs from Madame de Baronowsky's and mine. He thinks the man is an artist in search of a subject. Pietro has had great experience with artists. He says they are all alike in a certain way, — they never quite know what they want. They think they do, but when he has brought them to the spot they always wish to go somewhere else, and after he has shown them all the picturesqueness of the place they are quite sure to settle down before a couple of old posts. It seems he has taken this man to every corner of Venice, and to-night he is to take him to the station. According to Pietro, he is going away without having settled upon anything."

"He might have liked the well with the roses and the angel," said the girl. "I suppose it did not occur to him to look out of back windows. Who is this Madame de Baronowsky? Have I seen her?"

"Madame de Baronowsky is an acquaintance of mine. She left the day that you came. She gives lectures and writes stories. I have been reading the stories in manuscript all summer. She is writing a novel now, and in it she introduces the man as one of the characters. She happened to meet him in seven different places on the same day, which was quite enough to excite her imagination. He promised to keep her informed regarding his movements. I have already given her a number of hints; she pretends that my impressions are very valuable."

"Why not tell her about me?" suggested Miss Heliotrope. "Let the stranger wander into a shady courtyard, where he finds his long-lost daughter painting a well."

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Lane, with a sudden warmth in her voice; "you are mine. I do not intend to give you to any foreign woman."

"Not if the man were thus to lose his daughter, even to eternity? I believe that was what you said, 'Lost, lost, lost, even to eternity'?"

"Not under any circumstances."

Miss Heliotrope arose and came to the window.

"If I am yours," she said, "take me and keep me; do what you like with me, — just what you like: give me the tea, show me the view from your window, tell me about your opposite neighbor, and to-morrow we must undertake something together. Shall we not go to the Academy and see the pictures?"

The woman took the girl's hands in her own; they were very cold little hands. "I am so fond of you," she said. "I appropriated you without permission four years ago, and I have been growing fonder of you ever since."

Miss Lane and Miss Heliotrope went to the Academy; and being familiar with the paintings from earlier visits, it happened quite naturally that the two should enter the building only to separate, since each had come to renew acquaintance with old friends. Miss Lane was therefore alone when she reached the room where St. Ursula's story is outspread upon the wall. Before the scene of the martyrdom sat an English lady, overpowered by the drowsiness so easily encouraged by the heat of an Italian summer.

Miss Lane felt her own eyes closing, as she looked from the unconscious visitor to the maiden saint peacefully dreaming in the stiffly unruffled bed, and with the fear of adding to the number of sleeping ladies she walked on until she came to the room in which Titian's Mother Mary rises upward into light. At the head of the short stairway leading to this room Miss Lane stopped suddenly. Below sat Miss Heliotrope, also sleeping, her head turned towards Titian's great picture. A shadow rested on the girl's face, — a shadow that, unlike the heliotrope gown and the gentle voice, had not helped to furnish the details of the little novel. There had been no shadow in the Dresden week.

Some one had gone down the steps as Miss Lane was crossing the inner room, and now stood on one side, so that the woman had not at first observed him. When she did she saw that he was Madame de Baronowsky's hero, and she knew that the man, the girl, and the shadow belonged to one another.

A strange dread came into her heart lest the girl's eyes should open; she remembered what had been said about being so verily dead that one could not hear the message of life even were it spoken. It would be better to sleep on than to awake unable to understand.

She walked slowly back to the pictured St. Ursula, and began with her a mute, one-sided conversation.

"You evidently had a very hard time, my dear, especially towards the end; it is not pleasant to be martyred, conventionally or non-conventionally; but it is a satisfaction to see you here in glory, and one must acknowledge that all is well that ends well. I suppose you wished a good many times you were able to straighten out your affairs. I wish I could straighten out those of my heroine; it was easy enough on paper, when I had a clue to the situation, and knew in what relationship the heroine stood to the hero, which is more than I know to-day."

The English lady was still sleeping when Miss Heliotrope finally appeared in the room.

"I believe I have been asleep myself," she said.

"Yes," answered Miss Lane. "You made a very sweet picture, with all the saints and angels watching over you, and Carpaccio's quaint musicians softly playing on their instruments."

"I am so ashamed; why did you not waken me? Do you think many people went through the room?"

"Sleeping in Venice on a hot day is not such an unusual event as to attract attention; there really was no reason why you should not have your nap out."

The girl did not ask any more questions, but said it was near lunch time and they would better be going.

Outside the door was an old woman with a basket of flowers. Miss Lane bought some pinks, and continued on to the water-steps.

Miss Heliotrope lingered behind a little, bending over the fragrant wares and speaking with the woman.

"It is so good to see flowers in Venice," she said, rejoining her companion; "one grows hungry for them."

She spoke but once more on the way home, and that was to inquire if Miss Lane had seen anything since the night before which she thought worth writing to the Russian lady, and Miss Lane replied briefly that she did not intend to write again.

When the gondola touched the landing the two went directly to their rooms. The restless bell had already begun to ring for the noonday meal.

Miss Lane stood for a time at the window, arranging her pinks.

"You poor old Italian things," she said over and over, as if addressing the invisible dwellers over the way, of whom, however, she was not at that moment thinking, but rather of the mistakes and miseries and misunderstandings of the world in general, — "you poor, poor old Italian things!" Then she went with her flowers to Miss Heliotrope's door. No one answered the knock.

"The signorina has gone out with a letter," said one of the maids, who was busy in the hall. "I offered to carry it, but the signorina only shook her head."

Miss Lane entered the room. On the table a book lay open at the poem with the underlined passage, and over the latter a geranium leaf had been hastily fastened, — a leaf that was still fresh and fragrant, although a little crumpled.

Miss Lane rapidly combined possibilities. She remembered that the girl's hand hung ungloved and closed at her side when she came into the room where the English lady was sleeping, and that she had held it ungloved and closed all the way home.

Then the woman said aloud, as if to contradict some unwelcome suggestion of her conscience, "No, I shall not write again to Madame de Baronowsky, not even if her unhappy father has to go on searching for his imaginary daughter through all eternity."

*Harriet Lewis Bradley.*

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## THE TRANSITION IN NEW ENGLAND THEOLOGY.

THE religious situation in New England at the death of Jonathan Edwards was marked by a painful tension of thought and feeling which portended some ultimate disruption and catastrophe. The sublimated mysticism of Edwards had proved unsatisfactory or unattainable. The Great Awakening, like a consuming fire, had burned over, as it were, the field of the religious sensibilities, while its residue was a superficial religious dialectic, occupied with endless discussions on the issues raised by Edwards's theology. The years that

elapsed between his death in 1758 and the close of the century were marked by spiritual desolation and inactivity among the churches.

It had been Edwards's method, in his long controversy with the Arminians, to assert the doctrines of Calvinism in their most extreme form, trusting that when thus presented their logical consistency would be a strong appeal to the human reason. Others who had preceded him in this once famous controversy, notably Richard Baxter, whom in his more striking qualities Edwards greatly resembled, had seen the necessity for compromise or modification. But Edwards refused to make concessions. Like Augustine when dealing with the Pelagians, he first ascertained the exact opposite of the Arminian position, and then enforced it with an unwonted vigor, it almost seemed a relentless hatred. This doctrinaire tendency in Edwards and his followers may be regarded as a survival of the political motive which had forced the Puritans into antagonism to the English nationality ; as if, when England had overthrown their theocratic state, they were determined she should not capture the inner stronghold of their religion.

But Edwards was right in his main contention, — that Arminianism was the solvent of the Calvinistic theology, and must be resisted to the bitter end if Calvinism were to retain its ascendency. The doctrine of decrees, or election and reprobation, the doctrine of original sin, — these became empty formulas if the Arminian principle were true, that the human will, unaffected in its vital character by the fall, free from the dominating control of the divine will, had the power of initiating action, of choosing between good and evil. Arminianism likewise endangered the corner stone of original Calvinism, the principle of the divine sovereignty. It is hard to say now exactly what this doctrine meant, for we have lost in great measure the clue to the religious experience out of which it grew. But it meant this much, at least, — that God elects this one or that one to salvation, without condescending to give reason for his action. Such good reason there might be, some affirmed that there was. But the Calvinist was not only content that God should give no reason ; he preferred that none should be given. He not only made no effort to penetrate the mystery ; he wished it to remain a mystery still, this sovereign action of the Deity, who will not demean himself before man by rendering account or seeking to justify his procedure. With this doctrine Arminianism waged incessant warfare, resolved that in a matter so vital as human salvation the divine mind was accountable to the human, that the reason of God's action must be known.

But Arminianism is interesting to us for other reasons. It was the reappearance, purified and under a religious guise, of the old humanism which had been ruthlessly stamped out wherever in the sixteenth century the Calvinistic faith had prevailed. Other types of reform there had been. Luther had refused to accept humanism as an ally, although he had not sought its destruction, while his own experience was in a great degree the result of its influence. Zwingli was a humanist, who never disowned its alliance, whose life and theology had been moulded by its spirit. In the Church of England, also, humanism in its purer form had been domiciled since the fifteenth century ; its support had been welcomed in the person and teaching of Erasmus, and Cranmer had felt its influence. The great outburst of humanism at the close of the sixteenth century was identified with the interests of the church no less than with those of the state, and Shakespeare, its greatest representative, had found his grave before the altar of the church at Stratford. Calvinism alone had rejected humanism as incompatible with the will and glory of God.

To tell the story of this conflict in the New England churches is to recite a chapter without a precedent in religious history; a story, too, not without a touch of tragedy, whose bitter impression still lingers in the consciousness of the New England people. Elsewhere, as in Scotland or England, in Holland or even in Geneva, the spirit of Calvinism was moderated and softened. In New England alone was the attempt made to render it consistent by carrying it out to its logical conclusion, with the result that it reached an appalling severity, and was characterized by a seeming inhumanity which has no parallel in history. By his towering genius and the force of his high character Jonathan Edwards succeeded in rallying the dispirited adherents of the traditional faith and inspiring them with the conviction of success. He reasserted divine sovereignty and original sin with a deeper emphasis; he seemed to have ground to powder the Arminian doctrine of the freedom of the will; he offered a theory of virtue as lofty as it was impracticable, which threatened to annihilate the human affections: and he did it all with an air of such supreme mastery of the situation that no one was found, in his own or a later generation, who could compete with him on equal terms. But it is by no means a safe thing to silence one's opponents without convincing them, for now many were driven to adopt what is called in philosophy the "double standard:" they were forced to admit that reason could prove things to be true which the heart rejected as false. In this situation, so critical, so dangerous to the interests of true religion, questions also began to be asked to which Edwards's writings afforded no answer. Over these questions the people were brooding, some in serious mood, others using them as puzzles with which to embarrass their teachers, when Dr. Samuel Hopkins arose to do his peculiar work, to meet these inquiries in the spirit of Edwards's teaching, and thus develop what was called the Edwardian theology.

Hopkins had been Edwards's pupil, and in later years was admitted to his intimate friendship. Having graduated at Yale College in 1741, at the age of twenty, he had gone in the following year to reside in Edwards's house at Northampton, in order, as the custom then was, to his preparation for the ministry. Edwards was a reserved and silent man, not given to forming intimate relationships, but he must have been flattered by the devotion of his pupil. This association with Edwards constitutes the romance of Hopkins's life. His first parish was at Great Barrington, in Berkshire, and after he had lived there in isolation for several years, Edwards, who had been expelled from Northampton, came to reside in the neighboring town of Stockbridge. Here the two friends — there was a difference of some eighteen years in their ages — labored together in the interest of a reformation of the New England theology. These years at Stockbridge were the most fertile period in Edwards's literary career. To Hopkins he submitted his writings for examination and criticism. After Edwards's death, Hopkins studied his manuscripts, edited some of his works, and finally wrote his memoir. No one can read Hopkins's writings without perceiving how saturated he had become with Edwards's thought. Whether he is the truest interpreter of Edwards may be doubted, however, for his mind was cast in a different mould. Nor does it appear that Edwards admitted him, after all, to complete intellectual intimacy; for Hopkins is silent as the grave about Edwards's more recondite philosophical or theological speculations. Indeed, the two men were so unlike that it may have been the contrast of temperament which lay at the basis of their friendship. For Edwards lived chiefly in another world, and Hopkins was more concerned with the world that now is.

Unlike Edwards, Hopkins was no mystic by nature; he had not the poetic, transcendental Edwards's spirit; where Edwards soared he crawled safely on the ground. His writings are heavy and prosaic; when he attempts flights of imagination, they have a bizarre quality which borders on the ludicrous. His admiration and love for his teacher, which amounted to hero-worship, may have interfered with his complete mental freedom. For Hopkins would have been better suited with the rising Scotch philosophy, whose basis was in a rugged common sense; he had no genuine taste for Berkeleyan idealism, in which Edwards was so easily at home, and from which his theology cannot be separated. The attempt of Hopkins to translate a system so refined, so attenuated, so ultra-spiritual, into the common language of life could not be accomplished without affecting its inner quality. That type of the New England theology which is known as Hopkinsianism may be regarded as Hopkins's personal equation manifested under peculiar circumstances. However this may be, it required great natural independence of character and vigor of mind if Hopkins were to emerge from the shadow of his teacher. It was just these qualities which he possessed, and that in no ordinary degree. And furthermore, he had been taught by Edwards that theology was a progressive science; that if great improvements had already been made, still greater discoveries remained to be achieved. This principle Hopkins adopted and carried out to the letter. The presumptions of the age, also, were in favor of change and innovation.

But changes in theology cannot be safely made to order. They must express the deepest moods of the soul; they must be rooted in great popular demands, long nourished in secret, the utterances of a people's heart. It is here that we strike a grave defect of the so-called "New England theology." It had too much of a speculative character, as if in the separation of the church from the state hostages need no longer be given to secular affairs, as if the ties had been broken which bind the church to the interests of the life of men in this world. These relations still existed in other countries where Calvinism was allied to the state as the established church. They began to lose their force in New England after the theocracy was overthrown. New England Calvinism set free from prescriptive authority was like a star detached from its orbit which went sounding on its dim and perilous way. Those old divines who spent sixteen hours of every day in their studies, meditating on the problems which Edwards had raised, wearing a place for their feet in the floor beneath their tables, were interesting to themselves, no doubt, and invented ingenious devices. But it was a different thing when they emerged from their seclusion to give the people a taste of their labors. We may praise them for not holding the vicious notion of an exoteric religion for their people and an esoteric religion for themselves. But the result was bad in accustoming their congregations to fruitless logomachies and endless discussions about things in heaven and earth which had no connection with the religious life. Devout souls were entangled in speculations which hurt the simplicity of faith, or fell into difficulties from which there was no release.

It would be a mistake, however, to condemn the whole movement in which these men were engaged as unworthy of our respect or attention. What was an injury to some may have been of benefit to others. They sought to enforce the habit of personal responsible thought on religious issues, which saves men from unthinking acquiescence in tradition or from reliance on priestly authority; they assumed that there was such a thing as right thinking in theology no less than in philosophy. If they failed to accom-

plish the purpose at which they aimed, it was not wholly their own fault. The confusion into which they fell, and into which they dragged their hearers, grew out of the attempt to accomplish what was impossible, — to make Calvinism a consistent intellectual system impregnable to assault from the reason. They undertook to do this at a time when the world was moving in an opposite direction. They were unconsciously subject to the very influences which they professed to oppose. Hence it puzzles us to find them breaking down the system which they aimed to defend. We do not know whether to speak of their theology as progressive or as retrogressive. Dr. Hopkins undoubtedly made "improvements," as he called them, but there was a certain incongruous quality attaching to his work which sometimes caused it to look two-faced, as if at the same time a reformation and a deformation.

Dr. Hopkins, for example, differed from Edwards in rejecting the dualism in the divine nature between justice and love. From the time of Calvin onward it had been held that love redeems the elect, while justice punishes the reprobates. No greater step could have been taken than to maintain, as Hopkins did, that the essence of Deity was love which extended to universal being. But when it was attempted to incorporate this truth with the tenets of Calvinism, when it appeared that the divine love to universal being was sending to eternal perdition the great majority of those then living, the situation was even worse than before. One could possibly endure that justice should bear the brunt of so awful a necessity, but that the essence of divine love should require it seemed like a caricature and mockery. It was impossible to combine the new statement with the inhumanity of the old system without leading to a result incongruous beyond description. It is evident, however, that Hopkins felt from a distance the coming humanitarianism which was to change the face of human thought. He reveals again this gentler mood in declaring that by far the great majority of men will be saved; that those who are lost will be but an insignificant fraction of the whole. This humane conclusion was reached by a peculiar process which had no humanity in it. He was looking forward to a millennium, when the present order would be reversed, and this would more than make up for the ages, including his own, in which the majority of each passing generation had been lost. In this Edwards might have agreed with him, for he too made much of the coming of the millennial age; but still there is this difference between the two men, — that if Edwards thought these things he never said them, and Hopkins did.

Again Hopkins differed from Edwards, and still further disclosed the humaner impulses of his own theology in uttering the conviction that all infants would be saved. He was obliged to depend for the support of this belief, not on Scripture, but on reason, for he found no explicit declaration on this point in the Bible; but it was one of the peculiarities of Hopkins and his school that they regarded inferences from Scripture as having the same high sanction as its express statements. But a doctrine like this, whose basis was in reality a deeper sense of humanity, could not be grafted upon Calvinism without proving a source of profound disturbance to the whole system. It gave rise to inveterate questionings as to the exact time when moral agency in children could be said to begin, when by their own act they repeated the experience of the fall. These inquiries led to restatements and modifications of the doctrine of original sin. They were vehemently agitated in the generation that followed Hopkins, becoming the rock of offense on which his disciples split into hostile schools. Hopkins himself took no part in these dis-

cussions. We turn to the questionings of his own age to which he attempted the answer.

The first of these related to the mystery of the existence of evil. Under ordinary circumstances this ancient inquiry has not rested heavily on the religious consciousness. It has been for the most part regarded as a remote speculative issue, which was out of place in the pulpit; relegated, when discussed at all, to the philosopher's chair. But the school of consistent Calvinists forced the question upon the popular conscience, and also laid upon themselves the responsibility of an answer by their method of dealing with human sinfulness. They used the expression, without fear or hesitation, that God was the author of evil. They affirmed that he not only decreed its existence in a general way, but had actively interested himself in so ordering the divine government that the first man should inevitably sin, and should involve the whole human race along with himself in universal and endless ruin. They not only portrayed in the darkest colors the universality of human sinfulness, but they exaggerated the effects of its action, as if it had so corroded the spiritual capacity that man was distinguished from the brute creation only by his superior intellectual endowment. It is a remark of Coleridge that "to talk of a man being utterly lost to good is absurd, for then he would be a devil at once." But to Edwards's mind it had conveyed no absurdity to speak of men — nay, even to address them — as veritable demons, as possessing even in infancy a demoniac nature. Whatever a demon could be imagined as doing or desiring Edwards had attributed to human nature as the crowning evidence of its utter corruption, its destitution of all good. If to this conception of humanity we add that the redemptive forces in human life were represented as so weak that out of the great mass of humanity there are but few who are snatched from the impending misery, we have the peculiar and extraordinary circumstances under which Hopkins discussed the question why sin had been permitted. Had Edwards vouchsafed an answer, he would perhaps have taken refuge in the divine sovereignty which does not condescend to justify the ways of God to men. He was not afraid, in carrying his burdens to that last resort, of weakening his own reverential love for the mystery that upholds and governs the universe. Here again the humaner instincts of Dr. Hopkins may be detected, which, while they do not lead him to deny the premises of his teacher, yet force him, as it were, into an apology for the situation, as if he would like to show that it was not so bad as it seemed. He now appeared as teaching that sin is an occasion of great good to the universe. He did not really show how it was so; he reasoned that it must be so. He had indeed a suspicion that such a statement coming from the pulpit might be misunderstood. The title of his sermons on the subject contains a qualification: Sin, through Divine Interposition, an Advantage to the Universe, and this no Excuse for Sin or Encouragement to it. But there are some positions which it is difficult to qualify except in mere verbal fashion, and this was one. There is such a thing as good form in theology, and this was very bad form. It is not denied that there may be truth in Hopkins's statement. It is a commonplace of the religious heart that God overrules the evil that men do, and makes it subserve a righteous end; but it was improper in the last degree that the Christian pulpit should be devoted to showing that sin was an occasion of great good, for so Dr. Hopkins's sermons were understood. His treatise on the subject roused against him the hostility of moderate Calvinists and Arminians, as if he had been violating the sanctities of the religious sense. Some, when they read the title,

closed the book and would read no further. A certain wag of the time speaks of himself as having tried to act on Hopkins's principles, yet "could not quite overcome his scruples, and had a suspicion that all the theologians could say to beget in him a good opinion of sin was a mere device of the father of lies."

After Jonathan Edwards had maintained, in his Freedom of the Will, with what seemed an invincible argument, that the human will possessed no creative, originating power, that it could not control or change its predominant inclination whether toward good or evil, the question had arisen, How was it possible, then, to make any successful efforts after goodness, or in any way seek to accomplish that inward change which was known as conversion? This question did not seriously threaten the interests of religion in Edwards's lifetime. He alludes to it only to condemn it as a trifling evasion. But after his death a controversy arose on this point which lasted for more than half a century. There was indeed but one consistent answer to such an inquiry, if Edwards's contention was right, — it was impossible for men to do anything to help themselves; they were not to blame if they took no steps in the matter; they must wait until it pleased God to act; it was unnecessary for the preacher to give himself any further trouble about them. Such was the answer returned from the pew to the pulpit, coming not only from indifferent hearers, but also from the more serious-minded. At this very moment, when the effort to make Calvinism consistent had resulted, as it were, in a religious deadlock, there was heard an impressive voice, coming from the inmost recesses of its religious experience, which coincided with and confirmed what Edwards had contemned as the voice of the scorner. It was in the year 1761 that Sandeman came to this country from Scotland with a message on this point which carried the old Calvinism to a degree of consistency not yet attained by the leaders of the New England theology. He came in the spirit of an ancient prophet to reproach the teachers of Calvinism for their inconsistency in holding that while men were utterly depraved they could take any step to effect their conversion. Everything which they did toward this end before the great change was accomplished in them from without was sinful: their prayers for enlightenment were sinful, their Bible-reading, their attendance upon religious services. There was no more probability that they would attain the coveted gift by the strictest attention to "the means of grace" than if they totally neglected them.

"These sentiments," says a well-informed writer of the time, "were entirely new. As soon as they were published they gave a prodigious shock to all serious men, both ministers and others. Many ministers now refrained from all exhortations to the unregenerate. The perplexing inquiry with sinners was, What have we then to do? All we do is sin; to sin is certainly wrong. We ought, therefore, to remain still, doing nothing, until God bestows upon us renewing grace."

Such was the crisis when Hopkins came forward with his solution of the distressing problem. His method of probing and overcoming the difficulty constitutes the quintessence of the Hopkinsian theology. In the first place, he could not but agree with Sandeman. Honest and faithful in his desire for consistency, he took the step which Sandeman had indicated: he declared that all the strivings of the unregenerate after conversion were sinful, and only increased their guilt. But having demonstrated that God alone can effect the inward change from sin to holiness, that man can contribute in no way, in not the slightest degree, to the result, he suddenly executed a flank movement with such celerity and mystery that it

was difficult to trace his route. When we next find him he is in the opposite camp, advocating with moderate Calvinists and Arminians the absolute necessity of the "use of means," of prayer and church services, and of exhortations to the unconverted. This strategic movement seems to have been regarded by Hopkins and his friends as a great victory. But no one could explain, not even Hopkins himself, exactly how the victory had been achieved. Now that the dust which obscured the controversy has subsided, we can see what it was that Hopkins had done. He had placed in juxtaposition the divine action and the human action as in some way in necessary combination, so that one could not be without the other. If he had found some organic relation between the two, he would have been entitled to the highest honors in theology, to the gratitude of all who came after him. We may admit that it was something, it was much, that he should have been the first among New England Calvinists to discern that the combination of the human with the divine was the great end to be reached. But this union as he conceived it was mechanical and unreal, and calculated to create for the time being a deeper confusion. What Hopkins had in reality achieved was what the Cartesian philosophy had been driven to do, when the absolute separation between spirit and matter had made it impossible for the one to act upon the other. The theologians who accepted that philosophy brought the separated elements again together by what was known as the doctrine of occasionalism. The means of grace, attendance at church, the study of Scripture, the efforts of prayer, these also become the occasions which the divine will employs on which to work its gracious ends. They contribute nothing to the result, and yet the result cannot be without them. As we look beneath the theory, the divine will still dominates and overpowers the human, reducing it after all to the same nullity as Edwards had done by his fatal logic.

We are sometimes inclined to wonder whether there was anything in these New England theologians which corresponded to what is now familiar as modern doubt. Did they ever react from the teaching of their own spiritual ancestors? Did they ever feel that the ground beneath them was hollow? Perhaps not in the same way or to the same extent that their descendants have done. But as we study these obscure controversies in which Hopkins was engaged for the greater part of his life, as we note the strange contradictions into which he fell, we cannot avoid the suspicion that what he called making Calvinism consistent was in reality an effort to escape from the toils of a system in which his large soul was cramped and ill at ease. He did not possess the skill or the power to rid himself of his shackles; or if he did, his want of literary art belies him. He seems to be only more deeply entangled with every effort which he makes to be free. It was this peculiarity in his thought which confused his readers, which annoyed and angered his opponents, and which exposed him also to the charge of insincerity. Indeed, there could be no more glaring contradiction, for example, than to assert in one breath that man was utterly depraved, incompetent to do anything for his salvation; that this depravity consisted in an evil inclination implanted in the soul by divine decree, and that God alone could overcome this inclination; and then to turn about and not only condemn men for possessing this evil inclination, but call upon them to abandon it immediately, to create in themselves at once a new heart, and accuse them of increasing their guilt every moment that they delayed to respond. Dr. Hopkins made no effort to soften or explain away the contradiction. When pushed for some explanation, he replied that the

order of society and of all moral government required such a method of dealing with men. Of the hollowness beneath his feet he did not appear to be conscious. He was not dishonest or insincere, but he had grown so accustomed to treat theology as if it were a science merely of words and theorems that he no longer distinguished between the conclusions of his barren dialectic and the demands upon his large spirit of the moral emergencies of life. It almost seems as if he were bound to escape at any hazard from the fearful dilemma in which Edwards's logic had placed him. It may have been for this reason that he ostensibly adopted the whole Arminian nomenclature of the freedom of the will. When he had taken this step, he felt at liberty to roam about in the preserves of the enemy, borrowing whatever his need required. We complain that he did not see his inconsistency and the confusion it was working; for ordinary people, drilled as they had been in the tenets of Calvinism, could not so easily stultify themselves. But Dr. Hopkins glories in what appears like an escapade, as if it were the greatest of all his victories. He was now able to speak two dialects, while his opponents were confined to one. There is a tone of jubilation and defiance in his writings, as if he would taunt his enemies with their incompetency. At one moment he can affirm absolute decrees with the most rigid Calvinist, and the next go beyond the Arminians in asserting human liberty. You look for him in the one place, and you find he is in the other. He rejoiced in his ability to skip from one platform to the other, and to confound his adversaries who could not account for such versatility. All the time that he was talking like Arminians he meant something very different from what they meant; he had never for a moment accepted their definition of freedom, — that the will can control or reverse its inclination, or choose between good and evil. So far as he believed in freedom of the will, it was in a lower sense, — the freedom which the animal may share with man of following its inclination without hindrance; a freedom which has no significance for the higher life of the spirit, as it seeks to pass from the things which are of the earth, earthy, to the things which are divine. But the school of new Calvinists could not long pursue such a course with impunity. Language does not naturally lend itself to ambiguity or confusion. Its tendency is toward reality. Those who talk like Arminians must eventually come to think like them; and this was the fate which in the then distant future befell the school of New England, or consistent Calvinists.

One other point remains to be mentioned, the chief characteristic, perhaps, by which Hopkinsianism, if known at all, is remembered to-day. It was called the doctrine of disinterested benevolence or submission; or, in common parlance, "a willingness to be damned for the glory of God." The reasoning by which this inference was deduced from Hopkins's idea of Deity is simple and clear. God is to be defined as love for universal being; but since this love requires that some should be assigned to endless perdition, and as no man can tell beforehand in his own case whether it is God's intention to save him or not, and it is therefore possible that the well-being of the universe may require his damnation, every one must make it the test of his own love to God whether he is willing to be damned in case God's love to the universe should require it.

We have here another illustration of how Hopkins shocked his age, incurring at the same time also ridicule and contempt and execration. To the ordinary view a requirement like this was augmenting the process known as conversion, already intricate and severe, with a burden beyond the power of endurance, whose full significance it was not within the limits of the imagination to

conceive. It seemed like calling for an act of spiritual suicide as the condition of spiritual life. The French mystics of the sixteenth century had also spoken of disinterested love; but when they sought to force the soul back upon itself in order to test the inmost quality of its devotion, they had required that a man should love God for himself alone, — not from fear of hell on the one hand, nor from desire of heaven on the other. Let it be supposed that heaven and hell were annihilated, and then let the soul ask itself the supreme question of existence. The mysticism of Hopkins, although not without an affiliation with the French school, went further, and called for the sacrifice of the spiritual life itself as a means of attaining it. There is nothing so extraordinary as this in the whole history of religion. Nevertheless it may have been the necessary process through which Calvinism must pass in order to its emancipation; for it had preached the doctrine of the endless perdition of the great majority of men with an intensity and persistence without a parallel. The result was what has been called a celestial selfishness; men were seeking, as the expression went, to get religion in order to escape the suffering of hell. Against this low, degrading tendency, which showed itself on a large scale in the religious revivals of the time, Hopkins was raising an earnest protest in his own behalf no less than that of others. Again, impossible, inconceivable, as was his doctrine of disinterested submission, it may be interpreted as an effort to do the one manly thing under the circumstances. He was not willing to preach that others were to be damned for the glory of God, while he himself had not undergone the same exposure; nay, even had not striven to realize it in his own experience. To the day of his death, it is said, he never felt certain as to his own fate. Compare this attitude with the complacence of other preachers who ranked themselves among the few who would certainly escape the well-nigh universal doom. Viewed in this light, the principle of disinterested submission appears as an almost superhuman effort on the part of a great soul to set himself free from the toils of a false and degrading system. If anything could have softened the inhumanity of the old Calvinism, it was this. And indeed it was the beginning of the end.

The doctrine of disinterested submission became, as it were, the badge of recognition in Hopkinsian circles, and there is testimony on record that it served the purpose for which it was intended. Miss Sedgwick speaks of "that most ennobling doctrine of the Hopkinsian creed, complete self-abnegation, — a total regard and consecration to the glory of the Creator." Of a certain woman in Newport, converted to the doctrine by Hopkins himself, it is said that "she expressed herself, with tearful surprise, as having been brought into a new world." A Puritan minister living in Tennessee, who had adopted Hopkinsian principles, made his last will and testament in accordance with this tenet; "giving his soul to God, to be made, for Christ's sake, in bounden grace an eternal vessel of mercy in heaven, or in righteous judgment for his sins a vessel of everlasting wrath in hell, just as it seemed good in his sight." Hopkins, it should be said, never insisted on acquiescence in this formula as an evidence of conversion, though he thought it was desirable evidence, and in his charity believed that it was unconsciously implied in every genuine case of religious faith. Among his followers, it was customary to propound the question to candidates for ordination whether they were willing to be damned for the glory of God; but it does not appear that any were rejected who found themselves unable to utter what was fast becoming a mere shibboleth of a school. As a technical theological tenet it long

ago disappeared, and now finds its place in the museum of religious curiosities.

Toward the close of his life, Dr. Hopkins was disturbed by a formula which was then coming into vogue, — "The Saviour died for me." It was among the conventicles of sects which were making inroads on the "standing order" that this phrase became the burden and the refrain of the popular preaching. Dr. Hopkins could not become reconciled to its use, for it seemed to him at variance with the principles of a true theology. In one of his letters he attempted to demonstrate that it was false. It was impossible to know that the divine love went forth to any individual until he had first given evidence of a genuine disinterested love to God. In this we have a suggestive hint of the gulf which divides the Hopkinsian theology from that which has supplanted it. For it is the characteristic of the modern pulpit that it places the burden upon God; Hopkins placed it upon man. In the modern church it is God who is seeking man; it is man who is passive in the process. In the theology we have been describing it is man who is active, who is making the quest for God with an energy that is almost superhuman, while God, to human vision wholly unconcerned, is awaiting the result. Vast as is the change which has been wrought in religious sentiment, truer to the facts of human experience and the needs of human life as the modern postulate may be, it is yet possible that there is a neglected element of strength in the position which Hopkins spent his life in enforcing. The men who were bred under it, who responded to it, were strong characters, marked by deep devotion to moral principle, which was exhibited in rugged honesty and integrity, and in great energy of purpose. If Dr. Hopkins were now to enter one of our well-filled modern churches, where the congregation sits indifferent as the message of a divine love to every individual is proclaimed, he might find fresh confirmation for his own teaching. If the divine love is a possession worth securing, it must be attained by effort and continued struggle. To know that one may have it without an effort tends to belittle its value, and to weaken one of the strongest of moral as well as of religious motives.

Dr. Hopkins passed his life shut up to his own reflections, within the narrow precincts of his theological system. He had learned to think vigorously for himself, but he had a strange incapacity for seeing how other people thought. He showed no concern at the great revulsion of feeling which was all around him in his later years. He had no anticipation of a truth to be revealed to the coming generation which would shake the principles to whose advocacy he had devoted his life. It is interesting to note that he came in contact with the two men who, if he had questioned them, might have taught him that there were depths and possibilities in human nature, as well as in the divine love, of which he did not dream. He met that quaint, picturesque old man, John Murray, the first preacher of Universalism in this country, a man to whom justice has not yet been done. They rode for some distance together on their way to Newport, where Murray proposed to preach his offensive doctrine. Hopkins was in his gruffest mood, if we may trust Murray's account; but there is internal evidence for suspecting that it may have been embroidered. Their conversation, according to Murray's report, quickly degenerated into a dry dialectic in which each tried to get the better of the other. While Hopkins refused to Murray his pulpit, with the intention of guarding his people against false teaching, yet, in the kindness of his heart, before they parted, he told the modest, desolate stranger of some man in Newport who would find him a place to preach, as well as put him in the way of food and shelter for man and beast.

A peculiar interest attaches to Channing's connection with Hopkins, both of them reformers in their way, — the one just closing his work, the other not yet come to the consciousness of his mission. Channing was still a youth when the patriarch of a "new theology," which was fast becoming old, gave him his blessing. But in this case, also, neither of them seems to have thought the other worth questioning in the interest of some fresh light upon the mystery of human existence. Channing regretted, in later life, that he had not made some record of his conversations with Hopkins, who was inclined to talk freely about himself and his opinions. Had he done so, we might have gained a new conception of Hopkins's thought as it passed through Channing's rare and beautiful spirit. We might also have had a deeper insight into Channing's mind, as he was making the great transition from the theology of the divine sovereignty which had become involved in such inextricable toils to the humanitarianism which found its stronghold in the doctrine of the sacredness of human nature.

It was not as a preacher or pulpit orator that Hopkins won distinction. Judging from the accounts that have come down to us, he appears to have been not only unattractive, but repellent, both in the manner and the substance of his preaching; though there were occasions when, to use his own language, he "had his freedom" to such an extent as to leave a deep impression on his hearers. "He was," says Dr. Channing, "the first minister I heard, but I heard him with no profit. His manner was singularly unattractive, . . . and the circumstances attending the service were repulsive. The church had been much injured by the British during the occupancy of the town, and the congregation were too poor to repair it. It had a desolate look, and in winter the rattling of the windows made an impression which time has not worn out. It was literally as cold as a barn. . . . His preaching could be only understood by one who had heard him. His delivery was the worst I ever met with. Such tones never came from any human voice within my hearing. Some of them approached a cracked bell more nearly than anything to which I can compare it. He was the very ideal of a bad delivery. He changed from a high key to a low key, and the reverse, with no apparent reason. With a disposition to bring forward abstract and unpalatable notions, is it wonderful that he did so little in the pulpit?"

But if he failed as a preacher and parish minister, he was held in honor as a religious teacher and leader. To clergy and to laity he became a spiritual director, solving religious difficulties; a sort of father confessor, also, to devout women, of whom a band in Boston elected him as their chaplain. The extent of his influence as the leader of a school or "new departure" may be roughly estimated by the circumstance that at his death, in 1803, there were said to be no less than one hundred of the New England clergy who accepted the tenets known as Hopkinsian. These constituted a large proportion so far as numbers go; but they must also have been equal to, if not above, the average of their brethren in intellectual and moral force, for it required courage to be known as an Hopkinsian, as well as strong assimilative powers to receive and retain so difficult a theology.

It was Dr. Hopkins's misfortune throughout his whole career to incur bitter opposition and to be persistently misrepresented. In the growing disaffection toward Calvinism, he was identified with its most repugnant features, some of which he had striven to modify or eliminate. To the popular imagination he became a theological monstrosity, as if there were nothing too horrible to be thought which he had not uttered. Things were attributed to him which he had never said. No credit was given to

him for the attempt to improve and humanize the old faith; he was thought to have made it worse instead of better. Even the boys in the street poked fun at him. When Dr. Channing, on one occasion, alluded to him in a respectful manner, it caused so much surprise that, in a note appended to his address, he justified his allusion by showing that both as a man and as a theologian Dr. Hopkins had been misrepresented. But it does not appear that this much-abused man took greatly to heart the opposition and calumnies of his age. He was sustained by an unwavering conviction that his system was true; that in his numerous controversies he had got the better of all his foes.

Dr. Hopkins indeed accomplished his earthly pilgrimage under trials and burdens which would have dispirited ordinary men. He was naturally of a despondent temperament, with no rapturous experience of another world, and in this world condemned to poverty and seeming failure. He lived on a meagre salary, whether at Great Barrington or at Newport; leaving the former place on account of the inability of his parishioners to support him, but quite as much, it may be thought, on account of his obnoxious preaching. On the pittance that was doled out to him at Newport he managed to live, without complaining. His lamentations were reserved for his failures to reach the spiritual ideal he had set before him. Poor as he was, he managed wisely his narrow means, never running in debt, paying in cash for what he bought, even finding a surplus to extend in charity. He lived so much in his thought, and his outward circumstances were so unpropitious, that his manners were rustic and uncouth. He had at one time been spoken of for the presidency of Princeton College, but his way of living and his mode of address were thought not polite enough for that exalted position. He was aware that his peculiarities stood in his way, and in that massive frame — he was upwards of six feet in height and of corresponding proportions — there was the delicate sensitiveness of a woman lest he should embarrass others by his awkwardness and lack of acceptability. There was withal a certain charming *naïveté*, an outspokenness, which shows itself at times in his writings and conversation. He once told a young man, who wore his ruffles in a half-concealed way in his bosom, that he did not wear ruffles himself, but if he did he should wear them like a man. Altogether the man as such was admirable, even great: it challenges one's sympathies that he should have been so misunderstood. His personal character cannot be spoken of except in terms of respect and even reverence.

As to his political opinions Hopkins was a Federalist, preaching Thanksgiving and Fast Day sermons in which he made his sympathies apparent. But none of the writings he has left show any appreciation of the deeper significance of the hour in which he was living. His allusions to the American Revolution reveal no consciousness of the thrilling greatness of the moment when a new nation was born into the world. It was, after all, but a side issue compared with his theological controversies. It was not a characteristic of the New England theology, for which he stood, to emphasize the spiritual worth of nationality. In the hostility of the Puritans to the English state, bred among them by religious persecution, there was latent also a bias against the prevailing type of nationality which had been born in the age of the Reformation. It was not a nation, therefore, in the ordinary sense, but a new experiment known as a theocracy, which they had attempted to establish in New England. When that failed them, they looked forward to a millennium as the only hope of renovation for the evils of the time, — a dispensation when all things should be made new. But to nationality as equally with the church a

divine institution, through which humanity was accomplishing its high destiny, to this they were indifferent; in the nature of the case it found no treatment in their theology.

But there is one phase of Dr. Hopkins's life which needs no qualification, where the interpreter or the critic finds his function unnecessary. The preaching of Hopkins may have made no impression on the fashionable town of Newport, where the greater part of his life was spent, but the town made an impression upon him. It was one of the centres of the slave trade, to which also its wealth was largely due. Here Hopkins awoke to the evils of human slavery, and was one of the first leaders in the long crusade which ended in its abolition. So far as the principle at stake was concerned, he did not hold that slavery was a sin in itself or a crime against humanity; under certain circumstances, he thought it might be tolerated. But defective as his principle may have been, it did not diminish the ardor with which he labored, by his writings as well as by personal efforts, to arouse his age to a sense of a great evil. He was interested in schemes for colonizing and Christianizing Africa by means of converted negroes, while in America he demanded not only the suppression of the traffic in human flesh, but the abolition of slavery altogether as unnecessary and unjustifiable. Nor did he confine himself to schemes of a general character. He took a deep personal interest in the negro population, and especially in a few individuals upon whom he rested great hopes. The members of his own church were forbidden to hold or traffic in slaves. To his efforts the legislation in Rhode Island was largely due which in 1774 forbade the importation of slaves into the colony, and again in 1784 declared that the children of slaves, born after the first of the following March, should be free. These things are remembered now that his theology is forgotten. But if there is any necessary connection between speculative principle and ethical practice, it may be that his great human sympathies were originated and stimulated by his forbidding doctrine of disinterested benevolence; for, viewed in its essence and apart from its mode of statement, it meant the duty of self-sacrifice for the good of the universe, which was also the glory of God. So Channing regarded it, when he declared that he was "grateful to the stern teacher who had turned his thoughts and heart to the claims of impartial universal benevolence."

*Alexander V. G. Allen.*

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## THE MOST ANCIENT SHRINE IN JAPAN.

Shinkoku is the sacred name of Japan, — Shinkoku, "The Country of the Gods;" and of all Shinkoku the most holy ground is the land of Izumo. Hither from the blue Plain of High Heaven first came to dwell awhile the Earth-makers, Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of gods and of men; somewhere upon the border of this land was Izanami buried; and out of this land into the black realm of the dead did Izanagi follow after her, and seek in vain to bring her back again. And the tale of his descent into that strange nether world, and of what there befell him, is it not written in the Kojiki?[1]

[1] The most ancient book extant in the archaic tongue of Japan. It is the most sacred scripture of Shintō. It has been admirably translated, with copious notes and commentaries, by Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, of Tōkyō.

And of all legends primeval concerning the Underworld this story is one of the weirdest, — more weird even than the Assyrian legend of the Descent of Ishtar.

Even as Izumo is especially the province of the gods, and the place of the childhood of the race by whom Izanagi and Izanami are yet worshiped, so is Kitzuki of Izumo especially the city of the gods, and its immemorial temple the earliest home of the ancient faith, the great religion of Shintō.

Now to visit Kitzuki has been my most earnest ambition since I learned the legends of the Kojīki concerning it; and this ambition has been stimulated by the discovery that very few Europeans have visited Kitzuki, and that none have been admitted into the great temple itself. Some, indeed, were not allowed even to approach the temple court. But I trust that I shall be somewhat more fortunate; for I have a letter of introduction from my dear friend Nishida Sentaro, who is also a personal friend of the high pontiff of Kitzuki. I am thus assured that even should I not be permitted to enter the temple, — a privilege accorded to but few among the Japanese themselves, — I shall at least have the honor of an interview with the *Guji*, or Spiritual Governor of Kitzuki, Senke Takanori, whose princely family trace back their proud descent to the Goddess of the Sun.[1]

I.

I leave Matsue for Kitzuki early in the afternoon of a beautiful September day; taking passage upon a tiny steamer in which everything, from engines to awnings, is lilliputian. In the cabin one must kneel. Under the awnings one cannot possibly stand upright. But the miniature craft is neat and pretty as a toy model, and moves with surprising swiftness and steadiness. A handsome naked boy is busy serving the passengers with cups of tea and with cakes, and setting little charcoal furnaces before those who desire to smoke: for all of which a payment of about three quarters of a cent is expected.

I escape from the awnings to climb upon the cabin roof for a view; and the view is indescribably lovely. Over the lucent level of the lake we are steaming toward a far-away heaping of beautiful shapes, colored with that strangely delicate blue which tints all distances in the Japanese atmosphere, — shapes of peaks and headlands looming up from the lake verge against a porcelain-white horizon. They show no details whatever. Silhouettes only they are, masses of absolutely pure color. To left and right, framing in the Shinjiko, are superb green surgings of wooded hills. Great Yakuno San is the loftiest mountain before us, northwest. Southeast, behind us, the city has vanished; but proudly towering beyond looms Daisen, — enormous, ghostly blue and ghostly white, lifting the cusps of its dead crater into the region of eternal snow. Over all arches a sky of color faint as a dream.

There seems to be a sense of divine magic in the very atmosphere, through all the luminous day, brooding over the vapory land, over the ghostly blue of the flood, — a sense of Shintō. With my fancy full of the legends of the Kojīki, the rhythmic chant of the engines comes to my ears as the rhythm of a Shintō ritual mingled with the names of gods: —

*Koto-shiro-nushi-no-Kami.*
*Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami.*

[1] The genealogy of the family is published in a curious little book with which I was presented at Kitzuki. Senke Takanori is the eighty-first Pontiff Governor (formerly called *Kokuzō*) of Kitzuki. His lineage is traced back through sixty-five generations of Kokuzō and sixteen generations of earthly deities to Ama-terasu and her brother Susanoō-no-mikoto.

II.

The great range on the right grows loftier as we steam on; and its hills, always slowly advancing toward us, begin to reveal all the rich details of their foliage. And lo! on the tip of one grand wood-clad peak is visible against the pure sky the many-angled roof of a great Buddhist temple. That is the temple of Ichibata, upon the mountain Ichibata-yama, the temple of Yakushi-Nyorai, the Physician of Souls. But at Ichibata he reveals himself more specially as the healer of bodies, the Buddha who giveth sight unto the blind. It is believed that whosoever has an affection of the eyes will be made well by praying earnestly at that great shrine; and thither from many distant provinces do afflicted thousands make pilgrimage, ascending the long weary mountain path and the six hundred and forty steps of stone leading to the windy temple court upon the summit, whence may be seen one of the loveliest landscapes in Japan. There the pilgrims wash their eyes with the water of the sacred spring, and kneel before the shrine and murmur the holy formula of Ichibata: "*On-koro-koro-sendai-matoki-soaka*," — words of which the meaning has long been forgotten, like that of many a Buddhist invocation; Sanscrit words transliterated into Chinese, and thence into Japanese, which are understood by learned priests alone, yet are known by heart throughout the land, and uttered with the utmost fervor of devotion.

I descend from the cabin roof, and squat upon the deck, under the awnings, to have a smoke with Akira. And I ask: —

"How many Buddhas are there, O Akira? Is the number of the Enlightened known?"

"Countless the Buddhas are," makes answer Akira; "yet there is truly but one Buddha; the many are forms only. Each of us contains a future Buddha. Alike we all are except in that we are more or less unconscious of the truth. But the vulgar may not understand these things, and so seek refuge in symbols and in forms."

"And the *Kami*, — the deities of Shintō?"

"Of Shintō I know little. But there are eight hundred myriads of Kami in the Plain of High Heaven, — so says the Ancient Book. Of these, three thousand one hundred and thirty and two dwell in the various provinces of the land; being enshrined in two thousand eight hundred and sixty-one temples. And the tenth month of our year is called the 'No-God-month,' because in that month all the deities leave their temples to assemble in the province of Izumo, at the great temple of Kitzuki; and for the same reason that month is called in Izumo, and only in Izumo, the 'God-is-month.' But educated persons sometimes call it the 'God-present-festival,' using Chinese words. Then it is believed the serpents come from the sea to the land, and coil upon the *sambo*, which is the table of the gods, for the serpents announce the coming; and the Dragon-King sends messengers to the temples of Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of gods and men."

"O Akira, many millions of Kami there must be of whom I shall always remain ignorant, for there is a limit to the power of memory; but tell me something of the gods whose names are most seldom uttered, the deities of strange places and of strange things, the most extraordinary gods."

"You cannot learn much about them from me," replies Akira. "You will have to ask others more learned than I. But there are gods with whom it is not desirable to become acquainted. Such are the God of Poverty, and the God of Hunger, and the God of Penuriousness, and the God of Hindrances and Obstacles. These are of dark color, like the

clouds of gloomy days, and their faces are like the faces of *gaki*." [1]

"With the God of Hindrances and Obstacles, O Akira, I have had more than a passing acquaintance. Tell me of the others."

"I know little about any of them," answers Akira, "excepting Bimbogami. It is said there are two gods who always go together, — Fuku-no-Kami, who is the God of Luck, and Bimbogami, who is the God of Poverty. The first is white, and the second is black."

"Because the last," I venture to interrupt, "is only the shadow of the first. Fuku-no-Kami is the Shadow-caster, and Bimbogami the Shadow; and I have observed, in wandering about this world, that wherever the one goeth, eternally followeth after him the other."

Akira refuses his assent to this interpretation, and resumes: —

"When Bimbogami once begins to follow any one it is extremely difficult to be free from him again. In the village of Umitsu, which is in the province of Ōmi, and not far from Kyōtō, there once lived a Buddhist priest who during many years was grievously tormented by Bimbogami. He tried oftentimes without avail to drive him away; then he strove to deceive him by proclaiming aloud to all the people that he was going to Kyōtō. But instead of going to Kyōtō he went to Tsuruga, in the province of Echizen; and when he reached the inn at Tsuruga there came forth to meet him a boy lean and wan like a gaki. The boy said to him, '*I have been waiting for you;*' and the boy was Bimbogami.

"There was another priest who for sixty years had tried in vain to get rid of Bimbogami, and who resolved at last to go to a distant province. On the night after he had formed this resolve he had a strange dream, in which he saw a very much emaciated boy, naked and dirty, weaving sandals of straw (*waraji*), such as pilgrims and runners wear; and he made so many that the priest wondered, and asked him, 'For what purpose are you making so many sandals?' And the boy answered, 'I am going to travel with you. I am Bimbogami.'"

"Then is there no way, Akira, by which Bimbogami may be driven away?"

"It is written," replies Akira, "in the book called Jizo-Kyō-Kosui that the aged Enjobo, a priest dwelling in the province of Owari, was able to get rid of Bimbogami by means of a charm. On the last day of the last month of the year he and his disciples and other priests of the Shingon sect took branches of peach-trees and recited a formula, and then, with the branches, imitated the action of driving a person out of the temple, after which they shut all the gates and recited other formulas. The same night Enjobo dreamed of a skeleton priest in a broken temple weeping alone, and the skeleton priest said to him, 'After I had been with you for so many years, how could you drive me away?' But always thereafter, until the day of his death, Enjobo lived in prosperity."

III.

For an hour and a half the ranges to left and right alternately recede and approach. Beautiful blue shapes glide toward us, change to green, and then, slowly drifting behind us, are all blue again. But the far mountains immediately before us — immovable, unchanging — always remain ghosts. Suddenly the little steamer turns straight into the land, — a land so low that it came into sight quite unexpectedly, — and we puff up a narrow stream between rice-fields to a queer, quaint, pretty village on the canal bank, Shobara. Here I

[1] In Sanscrit *pretas*. The gaki are the famished ghosts of that Circle of Torment in hell whereof the penance is hunger; and the mouths of some are "smaller than the points of needles."

must hire *jinrikishas* to take us to Kitzuki.

There is not time to see much of Shobara if I hope to reach Kitzuki before bedtime, and I have only a flying vision of one long wide street (so picturesque that I wish I could pass a day in it), as our *kurumas* rush through the little town into the open country, into a vast plain covered with rice-fields. The road itself is only a broad dike, barely wide enough for two jinrikishas to pass each other upon it. On each side the superb plain is bounded by a mountain range shutting off the white horizon. There is a vast silence, an immense sense of dreamy peace, and a glorious soft vapory light over everything, as we roll into the country of Hyasugi to Kaminawoë. The jagged range on the left is Shusai-yama, all sharply green, with the giant Daikoku-yama overtopping all; and its peaks bear the names of gods. Much more remote, upon our right, enormous, pansy-purple, tower the shapes of the Kita-yama, or northern range; filing away in tremendous procession toward the sunset, fading more and more as they stretch west, to vanish suddenly at last, after the ghostliest conceivable manner, into the uttermost day.

All this is beautiful; yet there is no change while hours pass. Always the way winds on through miles of rice-fields, white-speckled with paper-winged shafts which are arrows of prayer. Always the voice of frogs, — a sound as of infinite bubbling. Always the green range on the left, the purple on the right, fading westward into a tall file of tinted spectres which always melt into nothing at last, as if they were made of air. The monotony of the scene is broken only by our occasional passing through some pretty Japanese village, or by the appearance of a curious statue or monument at an angle of the path, a roadside Jizo, or the grave of a wrestler, such as may be seen on the bank of the Hiagawa, a huge slab of granite sculptured with the words "*Ikumo Matsu kikusuki.*"

But after reaching Kandegoro, and passing over a broad but shallow river, a fresh detail appears in the landscape. Above the mountain chain on our left looms a colossal blue silhouette, almost saddle-shaped, recognizable by its outline as a once mighty volcano. It is now known by various names, but it was called in ancient times Sa-hime-yama; and it has its Shintō legend.

It is said that in the beginning the god, gazing over the land of Izumo, said, "This new land of Izumo is a land of but small extent, so I will make it a larger land by adding unto it." Having so said, he looked about him over to Korea, and there he saw land which was good for the purpose. With a great rope he dragged therefrom four islands, and added the land of them to Izumo. The first island was called Ya-o-yo-ne, and it formed the land where Kitzuki now is. The second island was called Sada-no-kuni, and is at this day the site of the holy temple where all the gods do yearly hold their second assembly, after having first gathered together at Kitzuki. The third island was called in its new place Kura-mi-no-kuni, which now forms Shimane-gori. The fourth island became that place where stands the temple of the great god at whose shrine are delivered unto the faithful the charms which protect the rice-fields.

Now in drawing these islands across the sea into their several places the god looped his rope over the mighty mountain of Daisen and over the mountain Sa-hime-yama; and they both bear the marks of that wondrous rope even unto this day. As for the rope itself, it was changed into the long island of ancient times [1] called Yomi-ga-hama, and a part into the Long Beach of Sono.

[1] Now solidly united with the mainland. Many extraordinary changes, of rare interest to the physiographer and geologist, have actually taken place along the coast of Izumo and in

After we pass the Hori-kawa the road narrows and becomes rougher and rougher, but always draws nearer to the Kita-yama range. Toward sundown we have come close enough to the great hills to discern the details of their foliage. The path begins to rise; we ascend slowly through the gathering dusk. At last there appears before us a great multitude of twinkling lights. We have reached Kitzuki, the holy city.

IV.

Over a long bridge and under a tall *torii*[1] we roll into upward-sloping streets. Like Enoshima, Kitzuki has a torii for its city gate; but the torii is not of bronze. Then a flying vision of open lamp-lighted shop-fronts, and lines of luminous *shoji* under high-tilted eaves, and Buddhist gateways guarded by lions of stone, and long, low, tile-coped walls of temple courts overtopped by garden shrubbery, and Shintō shrines prefaced by other tall torii; but no sign of the great temple itself. It lies toward the rear of the city proper, at the foot of the wooded mountains; and we are too tired and hungry to visit it now. So we halt before a spacious and comfortable-seeming inn, — the best, indeed, in Kitzuki, — and rest ourselves and eat, and drink *sake* out of exquisite little porcelain cups, the gift of some pretty singing-girl to the hotel. Thereafter, as it has become much too late to visit the Guji, I send to his residence by a messenger my letter of introduction, with an humble request, in Akira's handwriting, that I may be allowed to present myself at the house before noon the next day.

Then the landlord of the hotel, who seems to be a very kindly person, comes to us with lighted paper lanterns, and invites us to accompany him to the *Oho-yashiro*.

Most of the houses have already closed their wooden sliding doors for the night, so that the streets are dark, and the lanterns of our landlord indispensable; for there is no moon, and the night is starless. We walk along the main street for a distance of about six squares, and then, making a turn, find ourselves before a superb bronze torii, the gateway to the great temple avenue.

V.

Effacing colors and obliterating distances, night always magnifies by suggestion the aspect of large spaces and the effect of large objects. Viewed by the vague light of paper lanterns, the approach to the great shrine is an imposing surprise, — such a surprise that I feel regret at the mere thought of having to see it to-morrow by disenchanting day: a superb avenue lined with colossal trees, and ranging away out of sight under a succession of giant torii, from which are suspended enormous *shimenawa*, well worthy the grasp of that Heavenly-Hand-Strength Deity whose symbols they are. But more than by the torii and their festooned symbols the dim majesty of the huge avenue is enhanced by the prodigious trees, many perhaps thousands of years old, — gnarled pines whose shaggy summits are lost in darkness. Some of the mighty trunks are surrounded with a rope of straw: these trees are sacred. The vast roots, far-reaching in every direction, look in the lantern light like a writhing and crawling of dragons.

The avenue is certainly not less than a quarter of a mile in length; it crosses two bridges and passes between two sacred groves. All the broad lands on either side of it belong to the temple. Formerly no foreigner was permitted to pass beyond the middle torii. The ave-

the neighborhood of the great lake. Even now, each year some change occurs. I have seen several very strange ones.

[1] "*Torii* is the name of the archways, formed of two upright and two horizontal beams, which stand in front of Shintō temples." (Chamberlain.)

nue terminates at a lofty wall pierced by a gateway resembling the gateways of Buddhist temple courts, but very massive. This is the entrance to the outer court; the ponderous doors are still open, and many shadowy figures, bearing lanterns, are passing in or out.

Within the court all is darkness, against which pale yellow lights are gliding to and fro like a multitude of enormous fireflies, — the lanterns of pilgrims. I can distinguish only the looming of immense buildings to left and right, constructed with colossal timbers. Our guide traverses a very large court, passes into a second, and halts before an imposing structure whose doors are still open. Above them, by the lantern glow, I can see a marvelous frieze of dragons and water, carved in some rich wood by the hand of a master. Within I can see the symbols of Shintō, — the mirror of metal and the great drum, — both in a side shrine on the left; and directly before us the lanterns reveal a surface of matted floor vaster than anything I had expected to find. Therefrom I can divine the scale of the edifice which I suppose to be the temple. But the landlord tells us this is not the temple, but only the *Haiden*, or Hall of Prayer, before which the people make their orisons. By day, through the open doors, the temple can be seen. But we cannot see it to-night, and but few visitors are permitted to go in. "The people do not enter even the court of the great shrine, for the most part," interprets Akira: "they pray before it at a distance. Listen!"

All about me in the shadow I hear a sound like the plashing and dashing of water, — the clapping of many hands in Shintō prayer.

"But this is nothing," says the landlord: "there are but few here now. Wait until to-morrow, which is a festival day."

As we wend our way back along the great avenue, under the torii and the giant trees, Akira interprets for me what our landlord tells him about the sacred serpent.

"The little serpent," he says, "is called by the people the august Dragon-Serpent; for it is sent by the Dragon-King to announce the coming of the gods. The sea darkens and rises and roars before the coming of Ryū-ja-Sama. Ryū-ja-Sama we call it because it is the messenger of Ryūgū-jō, the palace of the dragons; but it is also called Haku-ja, or the White Serpent."[1]

"Does the little serpent come to the temple of its own accord?"

"Oh, no. It is caught by the fishermen. And only one can be caught in a year, because only one is sent; and whoever catches it and brings it either to the Kitzuki-no-oho-yashiro, or to the temple Sada-jinja, where the gods hold their second assembly during the *Kami-*

[1] The Hakuja, or White Serpent, is also the servant of Benten, or Ben-zai-ten, Goddess of Love, of Beauty, of Eloquence, and of the Sea. "The Hakuja has the face of an ancient man, with white eyebrows, and wears upon its head a crown." Both goddess and serpent can be identified with ancient Indian mythological beings, and Buddhism first introduced both into Japan. Among the people, especially, perhaps, in Izumo, certain divinities of Buddhism are often identified, or rather confused, with certain Kami, in popular worship and parlance.

Since this sketch was written I have had the opportunity of seeing a Ryū-ja within a few hours after its capture. It was between two and three feet long, and about one inch in diameter at its thickest girth. The upper part of the body was a very dark brown, and the belly yellowish-white; toward the tail there were some beautiful yellowish mottlings. The body was not cylindrical, but curiously four-sided, — like those elaborately woven whip-lashes which have four edges. The tail was flat and triangular, like that of certain fish. A Japanese teacher, Mr. Watanabe, of the Normal School of Matsue, identified the little creature as a hydrophid of the species called *Pelamis bicolor*. It is so seldom seen, however, that I think the foregoing superficial description of it may not be without interest to some readers.

*ari-zuki*, receives one *hyō*[1] of rice in recompense. It costs much labor and time to catch a serpent; but whoever captures one is sure to become rich in after time." [2]

"There are many deities enshrined at Kitzuki, are there not?" I ask.

"Yes; but the great deity of Kitzuki is Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami,[3] whom the people more commonly call Daikoku. Here also is worshiped his son, whom many call Ebisu. These deities are usually pictured together: Daikoku seated upon bales of rice, holding the red sun against his breast with one hand, and in the other grasping the magical mallet of which a single stroke gives wealth; and Ebisu bearing a fishing-rod, and holding under his arm a great tai-fish. These gods are always represented with smiling faces; and both have great ears, which are the sign of wealth and fortune. Here in Kitzuki little images of them are sold, of many shapes and sizes."

VI.

A little wearied by the day's journeying, I get to bed early, and sleep as dreamlessly as a plant until I am awakened about daylight by a heavy, regular, bumping sound, shaking the wooden pillow on which my ear rests, — the sound of the *katsu* of the *kometsuke* beginning his eternal labor of rice-cleaning. Then the pretty *musume* of the inn opens the chamber to the fresh mountain air and the early sun, rolls back all the wooden shutters into their casings behind the gallery, takes down the brown mosquito net, brings a *hibachi* with freshly kindled charcoal for my morning smoke, and trips away to get our breakfast.

Early as it is when she returns, she brings word that a messenger has already arrived from the Guji, Senke Takanori, high descendant of the Goddess of the Sun. The messenger is a dignified young Shintō priest, clad in the ordinary Japanese full costume, but wearing also a superb pair of blue silken *hakama*, or Japanese ceremonial trousers, widening picturesquely towards the feet. He accepts my invitation to a cup of tea, and informs me that his august master is waiting for us at the temple.

This is delightful news, but we cannot go at once. Akira's attire is pronounced by the messenger to be defective. Akira must don fresh white *tabi* and put on hakama before going into the august presence: no one may enter thereinto without hakama. Happily Akira is able to borrow a pair of hakama from the landlord; and after having arranged ourselves as neatly as we can we take our way to the temple, guided by the messenger.

VII.

I am agreeably surprised to find, as we pass again under the magnificent bronze torii which I admired the night

[1] *Ippyo*, one *hyō*; 2½ hyō make one *koku* = 5.13 bushels. The word *hyō* means also the bag made to contain one hyō.

[2] Either at Kitzuki or at Sadá it is possible sometimes to buy a serpent. On many a "household-god-shelf" in Matsue the little serpent may be seen. I saw one that had become brittle and black with age, but was excellently preserved by some process of which I did not learn the nature. It had been admirably posed in a tiny wire cage, made to fit exactly into a small shrine of white wood, and must have been, when alive, about two feet four inches in length. A little lamp was lighted daily before it, and some Shintō formula recited by the poor family to whom it belonged.

[3] Translated by Professor Chamberlain the "Deity Master-of-the-Great-Land," — one of the most ancient divinities of Japan, but in popular worship confounded with Daikoku, God of Wealth. His son, Koto-shiro-nushi-no-Kami, is similarly confounded with Ebisu, or Yebisu, the patron of honest labor. The origin of the Shintō custom of clapping the hands in prayer is said by some Japanese writers to have been a sign given by Koto-shiro-nushi-no-Kami.

Both deities are represented by Japanese art in a variety of ways. Some of the twin images of them sold at Kitzuki are extremely pretty as well as very curious.

before, that the approaches to the temple lose very little of their imposing character when seen for the first time by sunlight. The majesty of the trees remains astonishing; the vista of the avenue is grand; and the vast spaces of groves and grounds to right and left are even more impressive than I had imagined. Multitudes of pilgrims are going and coming; but the whole population of the province might move along such an avenue without jostling. Before the gate of the first court a Shintō priest in full sacerdotal costume waits to receive us: an elderly man, with a beautiful kindly face. The messenger commits us to his charge, and vanishes through the gateway, while the elderly priest, whose name is Sasa, leads the way.

Already I can hear a heavy sound, as of surf, within the temple court; and as we advance the sound becomes sharper and recognizable, — a volleying of hand-claps. And entering the great gate I see thousands of pilgrims before the Haiden, the same huge structure which I visited last night. None enter there: all stand before the dragon-swarming doorway, and cast their offerings into the money-chest placed before the threshold; many making contribution of small coin, the very poorest throwing only a handful of rice into the box.[1] Then they clap their hands and bow their heads before the threshold, and reverently gaze through the Hall of Prayer at the loftier edifice, the Holy of Holies, beyond it. Each pilgrim remains but a little while, and claps his hands but four times; yet so many are coming and going that the sound of the clapping is like the sound of a cataract.

Passing by the multitude of worshipers to the other side of the Haiden, we find ourselves at the foot of a broad flight of iron-bound steps leading to the great sanctuary, — steps which I am told no European before me was ever permitted to approach. On the lower steps the priests of the temple, in full ceremonial costume, are waiting to receive us. Tall men they are, superbly robed in violet and purple silks shot through with dragon-patterns in gold. Their lofty fantastic head-dresses, their voluminous and beautiful costume, and the solemn immobility of their hierophantic attitudes make them at first sight seem marvelous statues only. Somehow or other there comes suddenly back to me the memory of a strange French print I used to wonder at when a child, representing a group of Assyrian astrologers. Only their eyes move as we approach. But as I reach the steps all simultaneously salute me with a most gracious bow, for I am the first foreign pilgrim to be honored by the privilege of an interview in the holy shrine itself with the princely hierophant, their master, descendant of the Goddess of the Sun, — he who is still called by myriads of humble worshipers in the remoter districts of this ancient province Ikigami, "the living deity." Then all become absolutely statuesque again.

I remove my shoes, and am about to ascend the steps, when the tall priest who first received us before the outer gate indicates, by a single significant gesture, that religion and ancient custom require me, before ascending to the shrine of the god, to perform the ceremonial ablution. I hold out my hands; the priest pours the pure water over them thrice from a ladle-shaped vessel of bamboo with a long handle, and then gives me a little blue towel to wipe them upon, — a votive towel with mysterious white characters upon it. Then we all ascend; I feeling very much like a clumsy barbarian in my ungraceful foreign garb.

[1] Very large donations are made to this temple by wealthy men. The wooden tablets without the Haiden, on which are recorded the number of gifts and the names of the donors, mention several recent presents of 1000 *yen*, or dollars; and donations of 500 yen are not uncommon. The gift of a high civil official is rarely less than 50 yen.

Pausing at the head of the steps, the priest inquires my rank in society. For at Kitzuki hierarchy and hierarchical forms are maintained with a rigidity as precise as in the period of the gods; and there are special forms and regulations for the reception of visitors of every social grade. I do not know what flattering statements Akira may have made about me to the good priest; but the result is that I can rank only as a common person, — which veracious fact doubtless saves me from some formalities which would certainly prove embarrassing, all ignorant as I still am of that finer and more complex etiquette in which the Japanese are the world's masters.

VIII.

The priest leads the way into a vast and lofty apartment opening for its entire length upon the broad gallery to which the stairway ascends. I have barely time to notice, while following him, that the chamber contains three immense shrines, forming alcoves on two sides of it. Of these, two are veiled by white curtains reaching from ceiling to matting, — curtains decorated with perpendicular rows of black disks about four inches in diameter, each disk having in its centre a golden blossom. But from before the third shrine, in the further angle of the chamber, the curtains have been withdrawn; and these are of gold brocade, and the shrine before which they hang is the chief shrine, that of Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami. Within are visible only some of the ordinary emblems of Shintō, and the exterior of that Holy of Holies into which none may look. Before it a long low bench, covered with strange objects, has been placed, with one end toward the gallery and one toward the alcove. At the end of this bench, near the gallery, I see a majestic bearded figure, strangely coifed and robed all in white, seated upon the matted floor in hierophantic attitude. Our priestly guide motions us to take our places in front of him and to bow down before him. For this is Senke Takanori, the Guji of Kitzuki, to whom even in his own dwelling none dare speak save on bended knee, descendant of the Goddess of the Sun, and still by multitudes revered in thought as a being superhuman. Prostrating myself before him, according to the customary code of Japanese politeness, I am saluted in return with that exquisite courtesy which puts a stranger immediately at ease. The priest who acted as our guide now sits down on the floor at the Guji's left hand; while the other priests, who followed us to the entrance of the sanctuary only, take their places upon the gallery without.

IX.

Senke Takanori is a youthful and powerful man. As he sits there before me in his immobile hieratic pose, with his strange lofty head-dress, his heavy curling beard, and his ample snowy sacerdotal robe broadly spreading about him in statuesque undulations, he realizes for me all that I had imagined, from the suggestion of old Japanese pictures, about the personal majesty of the ancient princes and heroes. The dignity alone of the man would irresistibly compel respect; but with that feeling of respect there also flashes through me at once the thought of the profound reverence paid him by the population of the most ancient province of Japan, the idea of the immense spiritual power in his hands, the tradition of his divine descent, the sense of the immemorial nobility of his race, and my respect deepens into a feeling closely akin to awe. So motionless he is that he seems a sacred statue only, — the temple image of one of his own deified ancestors. But the solemnity of the first few moments is agreeably broken by his first words, uttered in a low rich basso, while his dark, kindly eyes remain motionlessly fixed upon my face. Then my interpreter translates his greeting, — large, fine phrases of cour-

tesy, — to which I reply as I best know how, expressing my gratitude for the exceptional favor accorded me.

"You are, indeed," he responds through Akira, "the first European ever permitted to enter into the Oho-yashiro. Other Europeans have visited Kitzuki, and a few have been allowed to enter the temple court; but you only have been admitted into the dwelling of the god. In past years, some strangers who desired to visit the temple out of common curiosity only were not allowed to approach even the court; but the letter of Mr. Nishida, explaining the object of your visit, has made it a pleasure for us to receive you thus."

Again I express my thanks; and after a second exchange of courtesies the conversation continues through the medium of Akira.

"Is not this great temple of Kitzuki," I inquire, "older than the temples of Ise?"

"Older by far," replies the Guji; "so old, indeed, that we do not well know the age of it. For it was first built by order of the Goddess of the Sun, in the time when deities alone existed. Then it was exceedingly magnificent; it was three hundred and twenty feet high. The beams and the pillars were vaster than any existing timber could furnish; and the framework was bound together firmly with a rope made of *taku*[1] fibre, one thousand fathoms long.

"It was first rebuilt in the time of the Emperor Sui-nin.[2] The temple so rebuilt by order of the Emperor Sui-nin was called the Structure of the Iron Rings, because the pieces of the pillars, which were composed of the wood of many great trees, had been bound fast together with huge rings of iron. This temple was also splendid, but far less splendid than the first, which had been built by the gods, for its height was only one hundred and sixty feet.

[1] *Taku* is the Japanese name for the paper mulberry.

"A third time the temple was rebuilt, in the reign of the Emperor Sai-mei; but this third edifice was only eighty feet high. Since then the structure of the temple has never varied; and the plan then followed has been strictly preserved to the least detail in the construction of the present temple.

"The Oho-yashiro has been rebuilt twenty-eight times; and it has been the custom to rebuild it every sixty-one years. But in the long period of civil war it was not even repaired for more than a hundred years. In the fourth year of Tai-ei, one Amako Tsune Hisa, becoming Lord of Izumo, committed the great temple to the charge of a Buddhist priest, and even built pagodas about it, to the outrage of the holy traditions. But when the Amako family were succeeded by Moro Mototsugo, this latter purified the temple, and restored the ancient festivals and ceremonies which before had been neglected."

"In the period when the temple was built upon a larger scale," I ask, "were the timbers for its construction obtained from the forests of Izumo?"

The priest Sasa, who guided us into the shrine, makes answer: —

"It is recorded that on the fourth day of the seventh month of the third year of Ten-in one hundred large trees came floating to the seacoast of Kitzuki, and were stranded there by the tide. With these timbers the temple was rebuilt in the third year of Ei-kyu; and that structure was called the Building-of-the-Trees-which-came-floating. Also in the same third year of Ten-in, a great tree-trunk, one hundred and fifty feet long, was stranded on the seashore near a shrine called Ube-no-yashiro, at Miyanoshita-mura, which is in Inaba. Some people wanted to cut the tree; but they found a great serpent coiled around it, which looked so terrible that they became frightened, and prayed to the deity

[1] See the curious legend in Professor Chamberlain's translation of the Kojiki.

of Ube-no-yashiro to protect them; and the deity revealed himself, and said: 'Whensoever the great temple in Izumo is to be rebuilt, one of the gods of each province sends timber for the building of it, and this time it is my turn. Build quickly, therefore, with that great tree which is mine.' And therewith the god disappeared. From these and from other records we learn that the deities have always superintended or aided the building of the great temple of Kitzuki."

"In what part of the Oho-yashiro," I ask, "do the august deities assemble during the Kami-ari-zuki?"

"On the east and west sides of the first court," replies the priest. "There are two long buildings called the *Tin-ku-sha*. These contain nineteen shrines, no one of which is dedicated to any particular god; and we believe it is in the Tin-ku-sha that the gods assemble."

"And how many pilgrims from other provinces visit the great shrine yearly?" I inquire.

"About two hundred and fifty thousand," the Guji answers. "But the number increases or diminishes according to the condition of the agricultural classes; the more prosperous the season, the larger the number of pilgrims. It rarely falls below two hundred thousand."

X.

Many other curious things the Guji and his chief priest then related to me; telling me the sacred name of each of the courts, and of the fences and holy groves and the multitudinous shrines and their divinities; even the names of the great pillars of the temple, which are nine in number, the central pillar being called the august Heart-Pillar of the Middle. All things within the temple grounds have sacred names, even the torii and the bridges.

The priest Sasa called my attention to the fact that the great shrine of Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami faces west, though the great temple faces east, like all Shintō temples. In the other two shrines of the same apartment, both facing east, are the first divine Kokuzō of Izumo, his seventeenth descendant, and the father of Nominosukune, wise prince and mighty wrestler. For in the reign of the Emperor Sui-nin one Kehaya of Taima had boasted that no man alive was equal to himself in strength. Nominosukune, by the emperor's command, wrestled with Kehaya, and threw him down so mightily that Kehaya's ghost departed from him. This was the beginning of wrestling in Japan; and wrestlers still pray unto Nominosukune for power and skill.

There are so many other shrines that I could not enumerate the names of all their deities without wearying those readers unfamiliar with the traditions and legends of Shintō. But nearly all those divinities who appear in the legend of the Master of the Great Land are still believed to dwell here with him, and here their shrines are: the beautiful one, magically born from the jewel worn in the tresses of the Goddess of the Sun, and called by men the Torrent-Mist Princess; and the daughter of the Lord of the World of Shadows, she who loved the Master of the Great Land, and followed him out of the place of ghosts to become his wife; and the deity called "Wondrous-Eight-Spirits," grandson of the "Deity of Water-Gates," who first made a fire-drill and platters of red clay for the august banquet of the god at Kitzuki; and many of the heavenly kindred of these.

XI.

The Guji then calls my attention to the quaint relics lying upon the long low bench between us, which is covered with white silk: a metal mirror, found in preparing the foundation of the temple when rebuilt many hundred years ago; magatama jewels of onyx and jasper; a Chinese flute made of jade; a few superb swords, the gifts of shōguns and emperors; helmets of splendid

antique workmanship; and a bundle of enormous arrows with double-pointed heads of brass, fork-shaped and keenly edged.

After I have looked at these relics and learned something of their history, the Guji rises, and says to me, "Now we will show you the ancient fire-drill of Kitzuki, with which the sacred fire is kindled."

Descending the steps, we pass again before the Haiden, and enter a spacious edifice on one side of the court, of nearly equal size with the Hall of Prayer. Here I am agreeably surprised to find a long handsome mahogany table at one end of the main apartment into which we are ushered, and mahogany chairs placed all about it for the reception of guests. I am motioned to one chair, my interpreter to another; and the Guji and his priests take their seats also at the table. Then an attendant sets before me a handsome bronze stand about three feet long, on which rests an oblong something carefully wrapped in snow-white cloths. The Guji removes the wrappings; and I behold the most primitive form of fire-drill known to exist in the Orient.[1] It is simply a very thick piece of solid white plank, about two and a half feet long, with a line of holes drilled along its upper edge, so that the upper part of each hole breaks through the sides of the plank. The sticks which produce the fire, when fixed in the holes and rapidly rubbed between the palms of the hands, are made of a lighter kind of white wood: they are about two feet long, and as thick as a common lead pencil.

While I am yet examining this curious simple utensil, the invention of which tradition ascribes to the gods, and modern science to the earliest childhood of the human race, a priest places upon the table a light, large wooden box, about three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and four inches high at the sides, but higher in the middle, as the top is arched like the shell of a tortoise. This object is made of the same *hinoki* wood as the drill; and two long slender sticks are laid beside it. I at first suppose it to be another fire-drill. But no human being could guess what it really is. It is called the *koto-ita*, and is one of the most primitive of musical instruments; the little sticks are used to strike it. At a sign from the Guji two priests place the box upon the floor, seat themselves on either side of it, and taking up the little sticks begin to strike the lid with them, alternately and slowly, at the same time uttering a most singular and monotonous chant. One intones only the sounds, "*Ang! ang!*" and the other responds, "*Ong! ong!*" The koto-ita gives out a sharp, dead, hollow sound as the sticks fall upon it in time to each utterance of "Ang! ang!" "Ong! ong!"

XII.

These things I learn:—

Each year the temple receives a new fire-drill; but the fire-drill is never made in Kitzuki, but in Kumano, where the traditional regulations as to the manner of making it have been preserved from the time of the gods. For the first Kokuzō of Izumo, on becoming pontiff, received the fire-drill for the great temple from the hands of the deity who was the younger brother of the Sun-Goddess, and is now enshrined at Kumano. And from his time the fire-drills for the Ohoyashiro of Kitzuki have been made only at Kumano.

Until very recent times the ceremony of delivering the new fire-drill to the Guji of Kitzuki always took place at the great temple of Oba, on the occasion of the festival called *Unohi-matsuri.*

[1] The fire-drill used at the Shintō temples of Ise is far more complicated in construction, and certainly represents a much more advanced stage of mechanical knowledge than the Kitzuki fire-drill indicates.

This ancient festival, which used to be held in the eleventh month, became obsolete after the Revolution everywhere except at Oba in Izumo, where Izanami-no-Kami, the mother of gods and men, is enshrined.

Once a year, on this festival, the Kokuzō always went to Oba, taking with him a gift of double rice-cakes. At Oba he was met by a personage called the *Kame-da-yu*, who brought the fire-drill from Kumano and delivered it to the priests at Oba. According to tradition, the Kame-da-yu had to act a somewhat ludicrous *rôle*, so that no Shintō priest ever cared to perform the part, and a man was hired for it. The duty of the Kame-da-yu was to find fault with the gift presented to the temple by the Kokuzō; and in this district of Japan there is still a proverbial saying about one who is prone to find fault without reason, "He is like the Kame-da-yu."

The Kame-da-yu would inspect the rice-cakes and begin to criticise them. "They are much smaller this year," he would observe, "than they were last year." The priests would reply: "Oh, you are honorably mistaken; they are in very truth much larger." "The color is not so white this year as it was last year; and the rice-flour is not finely ground." For all these imaginary faults of the *mochi* the priests would offer elaborate explanations or apologies. At the conclusion of the ceremony the *sakaki* branches used in it were eagerly bid for, and sold at high prices, being believed to possess talismanic virtues.

XIII.

It nearly always happened that there was a great storm either on the day the Kokuzō went to Oba, or upon the day he returned therefrom. The journey had to be made during what is in Izumo the most stormy season (December by the new calendar). But in popular belief these storms were in some tremendous way connected with the divine personality of the Kokuzō, whose attributes would thus appear to present some curious analogy with those of the Dragon-God. Be that as it may, the great periodical storms of the season are still in this province called *Kokuzō-are*;[1] and it is still the custom in Izumo to say merrily to the guest who arrives or departs in a time of tempest, "Why, you are like the Kokuzō!"

XIV.

The Guji waves his hand, and from the further end of the huge apartment there comes a sudden burst of strange music, — a sound of drums and bamboo flutes; and turning to look, I see the musicians, three men, seated upon the matting, and a young girl with them. At another sign from the Guji the girl rises. She is barefooted and robed all in snowy white, a virgin priestess. She advances to a little table in the middle of the apartment, upon which a queer instrument is lying, shaped somewhat like a branch with twigs bent downward, from each of which hangs a little bell. Taking this curious object in both hands, she begins a sacred dance, unlike anything I ever saw before. Her every movement is a poem, because she is very graceful; yet her charming performance could scarcely be called a dance, as we understand the word; it is rather a light, swift walk within a circle, during which she shakes the instrument at regular intervals, making all the little bells ring. Her face remains impassive as a beautiful mask, placid and sweet as the face of a dreaming Kwannon; and her white feet are pure of line as the feet of a marble nymph. Altogether, with her snowy raiment and white flesh and passionless face, she seems rather a beautiful living statue than a Japanese maiden. And all the while the weird flutes sob and shrill, and the muttering of the drums is like an incantation.

[1] "The tempest of the Kokuzō."

What I have seen is called the Dance of the Miko, the Divineress.

XV.

Then we visit the other edifices belonging to the temple: the storehouse; the library; the hall of assembly, a massive structure two stories high, where may be seen the portraits of the Thirty-Six Great Poets, painted by Tosano Mitsu Oki more than a thousand years ago, and still in an excellent state of preservation. Here we were also shown a curious magazine, published monthly by the temple, — a record of Shintō news, and a medium for the discussion of questions relating to the archaic texts.

After we have seen all the curiosities of the temple the Guji invites us to his private residence near the temple to show us other treasures, — letters of Yoritomo, of Hideyoshi, of Iyeyasu; documents in the handwriting of the ancient emperors and the great shōguns, hundreds of which precious manuscripts he keeps in a cedar chest. In case of fire the immediate removal of this chest to a place of safety would be the first duty of the servants of the household.

Within his own house, the Guji, attired in ordinary Japanese full dress only, appears no less dignified as a private gentleman than he first seemed as pontiff in his voluminous snowy robe. But no host could be more kindly, or more courteous, or more generous. I am also much impressed by the fine appearance of his suite of young priests, now dressed, like himself, in the national costume; by the handsome, aquiline, aristocratic faces, totally different from those of ordinary Japanese, — faces suggesting the soldier rather than the priest. One young man has a superb pair of thick black mustaches, which is something rarely to be seen in Japan.

At parting our kind host presents me with the *ō-fuda*, or sacred charms given to pilgrims, — two pretty images of the chief deities of Kitzuki, — and a number of documents relating to the history of the temple and of its treasures.

XVI.

Only a generation ago the religious power of the Kokuzō extended over the whole of the province of the gods; he was in fact as well as in name the Spiritual Governor of Izumo. His jurisdiction does not now extend beyond the limits of Kitzuki, and his correct title is no longer Kokuzō, but Guji.[1] Yet to the simple-hearted people of the remoter districts he is still a divine or semi-divine being, and is mentioned by his ancient title, the inheritance of his race from the epoch of the gods. How profound a reverence was paid to him in former ages can scarcely be imagined by any who have not long lived among the country folk of Nipon. Outside of Japan perhaps no human being, except the Dalai Lama of Thibet, was so humbly venerated and so religiously beloved. Within Japan itself only the Son of Heaven, the "Tenshi-Sama," standing as mediator "between his people and the sun," received like homage; but the worshipful reverence paid to the Mikado was paid to a dream rather than to a person, to a name rather than to a reality, for the Tenshi-Sama was ever invisible as a deity "divinely retired," and in popular belief no man could look upon his face and live.[2] Invisibility and mystery vastly enhanced the divine legend of the Mikado. But the Kokuzō,

[1] The title of Kokuzō, indeed, still exists, but it is now merely honorary, having no official duties connected with it. It is actually borne by Baron Senke, the father of Senke Takanori, residing in the capital. The active religious duties of the Mitsuye-shiro now devolve upon the Guji.

[2] As late as 1890 I was told by a foreign resident, who had traveled much in the interior of the country, that in certain districts many old people may be met with who still believe that to see the face of the emperor is "to become a Buddha;" that is, to die.

within his own province, though visible to the multitude and often journeying among the people, received almost equal devotion; so that his material power, though rarely, if ever, exercised, was scarcely less than that of the daimio of Izumo himself. It was indeed large enough to render him a person with whom the shōgunate would have deemed it wise policy to remain upon good terms. An ancestor of the present Guji even defied the great Taikō Hideyoshi, refusing to obey his command to furnish troops with the haughty answer that he would receive no order from a man of common birth.[1] This defiance cost the family the loss of a large part of its estates by confiscation, but the real power of the Kokuzō remained unchanged until the period of the new civilization.

Out of many hundreds of stories of a similar nature, two little traditions may be cited as illustrations of the reverence in which the Kokuzō was formerly held.

It is related that there was a man who, believing himself to have become rich by favor of the Daikoku of Kitzuki, desired to express his gratitude by a gift of robes to the Kokuzō. The Kokuzō courteously declined the proffer; but the pious worshiper persisted in his purpose, and ordered a tailor to make the robes. The tailor, having made them, demanded a price that almost took his patron's breath away. Being asked to give his reason for demanding such a price, he made answer: "Having made robes for the Kokuzō, I cannot hereafter make garments for any other person. Therefore I must have money enough to support me for the rest of my life."

The second story dates back to about one hundred and seventy years ago.

Among the *samurai* of the Matsue clan in the time of Nobukori, fifth daimio of the Matsudaira family, there was one Sugihara Kitoji, who was stationed in some military capacity at Kitzuki. He was a great favorite with the Kokuzō, and used often to play at chess with him. During a game, one evening, this officer suddenly became as one paralyzed, — unable to move or speak. For a moment all was anxiety and confusion; but the Kokuzō said: "I know the cause. My friend was smoking; and although smoking disagrees with me, I did not wish to spoil his pleasure by telling him so. But the Kami, seeing that I felt ill, became angry with him. Now I shall make him well." Whereupon the Kokuzō uttered some magical word, and the officer was immediately as well as before.

[1] Hideyoshi, as is well known, was not of princely extraction.

XVII.

Once more we are journeying through the silence of this holy land of mists and of legends; wending our way between green leagues of ripening rice white-sprinkled with arrows of prayer, between the far processions of blue and verdant peaks whose names are the names of gods. We have left Kitzuki far behind. But as in a dream I still see the mighty avenue, the long succession of torii with their colossal shimenawa, the majestic face of the Guji, the kindly smile of the priest Sasa, and the girl priestess in her snowy robes dancing her beautiful ghostly dance. It seems to me that I can still hear the sound of the clapping of hands, like the crashing of a torrent. I cannot suppress some slight exultation at the thought that I have been allowed to see what no other foreigner has been privileged to see: the interior of Japan's most ancient shrine, and those sacred utensils and quaint rites of primitive worship so well worthy the study of the anthropologist and the evolutionist.

But to have seen Kitzuki as I saw it is also to have seen something much more than a single wonderful temple. To see Kitzuki is to see the living centre of Shintō, and to feel the life-pulse of the ancient faith, throbbing as mightily in this nineteenth century as ever in

that unknown past whereof the Kojīki itself, though written in a tongue no longer spoken, is but a modern record.[1] Buddhism, changing form or slowly decaying through the centuries, might seem doomed to pass away at last from this Japan to which it came only as an alien faith; but Shintō, unchanging and vitally unchanged, still remains all dominant in the land of its birth, and only seems to gain in power and dignity with time.[2] Buddhism has a voluminous theology, a profound philosophy, a literature vast as the sea. Shintō has no philosophy, no code of ethics, no metaphysics; and yet, by its very immateriality, it can resist the invasion of Occidental religious thought as no other Orient faith can. Shintō extends a welcome to Western science, but remains the irresistible opponent of Western religion; and the foreign zealots who would strive against it are astounded to find the power that foils their uttermost efforts indefinable as magnetism and invulnerable as air. Indeed, the wisest of our scholars have never yet been able to tell us what Shintō is. To some it appears to be merely ancestor-worship, to others ancestor-worship combined with nature-worship; to others, again, it seems to be no religion at all; to the missionary of the more ignorant class it is the worst form of heathenism. Doubtless the difficulty of explaining Shintō has been due simply to the fact that the sinologists have sought for the source of it in books: in the Kojīki and the Nihongi, which are its histories; in the Norito, which are its prayers; in the commentaries of Motowori and Hirata, who were its greatest scholars. But the reality of Shintō lives not in books, nor in rites, nor in commandments, but in the national heart, of which it is the highest emotional religious expression, immortal and ever young. Far underlying all the surface crop of quaint superstitions and artless myths and fantastic magic there thrills a mighty spiritual force, the whole soul of a race, with all its impulses and powers and intuitions. He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty and the power of art and the fire of heroism and the magnetism of loyalty and the emotion of faith have become inherent, imminent, unconscious, instinctive.

Trusting to learn something of that Oriental soul in whose joyous love of nature and of life even the unlearned may discern a strange kinship with the soul of the old Greek race, I trust also that I may presume some day to speak of the great living power of that faith now called Shintō, but more anciently *Kami-no-michi*, or "The Way of the Gods."

*Lafcadio Hearn.*

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## THE PRAISES OF WAR.

When the world was younger and perhaps merrier, when people lived more and thought less, and when the curious subtleties of an advanced civilization had not yet turned men's heads with conceit of their own enlightening progress

[1] The Kojīki dates back, as a written work, only to A. D. 712. But its legends and records are known to have existed in the form of oral literature from a much more ancient time.

[2] In certain provinces of Japan Buddhism practically absorbed Shintō in other centuries, but in Izumo Shintō absorbed Buddhism; and now that Shintō is supported by the state there is a visible tendency to eliminate from its cult all elements of possible Buddhist origin.

from simple to serious things, poets had two recognized sources of inspiration, which were sufficient for themselves and for their unexacting audiences. They sang of love and they sang of war, of fair women and of brave men, of keen youthful passions and of the dear delights of battle. Sweet Rosamonde lingers "in Woodstocke bower," and Sir Cauline wrestles with the Eldridge knighte; Annie of Lochroyan sails over the roughening seas, and Lord Percy rides gayly to the Cheviot hills with fifteen hundred bowmen at his back. It did not occur to the thick-headed generation who first listened to the ballad of Chevy Chase to hint that the game was hardly worth the candle, or that poaching on a large scale was as ethically reprehensible as poaching on a little one. This sort of insight was left for the nineteenth-century philosopher and the nineteenth-century moralist. In earlier, easier days, the last thing that a poet troubled himself about was a defensible motive for the battle in which his soul exulted. His business was to describe the fighting, not to justify it, which would have been a task of pure supererogation in that truculent age. Fancy trying to justify Kinmont Willie or Johnie of Braedislee, instead of counting the hard knocks they give and the stout men they lay low!

"Johnie 's set his back against an aik,
His foot against a stane;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters, —
He has slain them a' but ane."

The last echo of this purely irresponsible spirit may be found in the War-Song of Dinas Vawr, where Peacock, always three hundred years behind his time, sings of slaughter with a bellicose cheerfulness which only his admirable versification can excuse: —

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore thought it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it."

There is not even a lack of food at home — the old traditional dinner of spurs — to warrant this foray. There is no hint of necessity for the harriers or consideration for the harried.

"We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus."

It is impossible to censure a deed so irresistibly narrated; but if the lines were a hair-breadth less mellifluous, I think we should call this a very barbarous method of campaigning.

When the old warlike spirit was dying out of English verse, when poets had begun to meditate and moralize, to interpret nature and to counsel man, the good gods gave to England, as a link with the days that were dead, Sir Walter Scott, who sang, as no Briton before or since has ever sung, of battlefields and the hoarse clashing of arms, of brave deeds and midnight perils, of the outlaw riding by Brignall banks and the trooper shaking his silken bridle reins upon the river shore: —

"Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

These are not precisely the themes which enjoy unshaken popularity to-day, — "the poet of battles fares ill in modern England," says Sir Francis Doyle, — and as a consequence there are many people who speak slightingly of Scott's poetry, and who appear to claim for themselves some inscrutable superiority by so doing. They give you to understand, without putting it too coarsely into words, that they are beyond that sort of thing, but that they liked it very well as children, and are pleased if you enjoy it still. There is even a class of unfortunates who, through no

apparent fault of their own, have ceased to take delight in Scott's novels, and who manifest a curious indignation because the characters in them go ahead and do things, instead of thinking and talking about them, which is the present approved fashion of evolving fiction. Why, what time have the good people in Quentin Durward for speculation and chatter? The rush of events carries them irresistibly into action. They plot, and fight, and run away, and scour the country, and meet with so many adventures and perform so many brave and cruel deeds that they have no chance for introspection and the joys of analysis. Naturally, those writers who pride themselves upon making a story out of nothing, and who are more concerned with excluding material than with telling their tales, have scant liking for Sir Walter, who thought little, and prated not at all, about the "art of fiction," but used the subjects which came to hand with the instinctive and unhesitating skill of a great artist. The battles in Quentin Durward and Old Mortality are, I think, as fine in their way as the battle of Flodden; and Flodden, says Andrew Lang, is the finest fight on record, — "better even than the stand of Aias by the ships in the Iliad, better than the slaying of the Wooers in the Odyssey."

The ability to carry us whither he would, to show us whatever he pleased, and to stir our hearts' blood with the story of

> "old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago,"

was the especial gift of Scott, — of the man whose sympathies were as deep as life itself, whose outlook was as wide as the broad bosom of the earth he trod on. He believed in action, and he delighted in describing it. "The thinker's voluntary death in life" was not, for him, the power that moves the world, but rather deeds, — deeds that make history and that sing themselves forever. He honestly felt himself to be a much smaller man than Wellington. He stood abashed in the presence of the soldier who had led large issues and controlled the fate of nations. He would have been sincerely amused to learn from Robert Elsmere — what a delicious thing it is to contemplate Sir Walter reading Robert Elsmere! — that "the decisive events of the world take place in the intellect." The decisive events of the world, Scott held, take place in the field of action; on the plains of Marathon and Waterloo, rather than in the brain tissues of William Godwin. He knew what befell Athens when she could put forward no surer defense against Philip of Macedon than the most brilliant orations ever written in praise of freedom. It was better, he probably thought, to argue as the English did "in platoons." The schoolboy who fought with the heroic "Green-Breeks" in the streets of Edinburgh; the student who led the Tory youths in their gallant struggle with the riotous Irishmen, and drove them with stout cudgeling out of the theatre they had disgraced; the man who, broken in health and spirit, was yet blithe and ready to back his quarrel with Gourgaud by giving that gentleman any satisfaction he desired, was consistent throughout to the simple principles of a bygone generation. "It is clear to me," he writes in his journal, "that what is least forgiven in a man of any mark or likelihood is want of that article blackguardly called *pluck*. All the fine qualities of genius cannot make amends for it. We are told the genius of poets especially is irreconcilable with this species of grenadier accomplishment. If so, *quel chien de génie!*"

Quel chien de génie indeed, and far beyond the compass of Scott, who, amid the growing sordidness and seriousness of an industrial and discontented age, struck a single resonant note that rings

in our hearts to-day like the echo of good and joyous things : —

> "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

The same sentiments are put, it may be remembered, into admirable prose when Graham of Claverhouse expounds to Henry Morton his views on living and dying. At present, Philosophy and Philanthropy between them are hustling poor Glory into a small corner of the field. Even to the soldier, we are told, it should be a secondary consideration, or perhaps no consideration at all, his sense of duty being a sufficient stay. But Scott, like Homer, held somewhat different views, and absolutely declined to let "that jade Duty" have everything her own way. It is the plain duty of Blount and Eustace to stay by Clare's side and guard her as they were bidden, instead of which they rush off, with Sir Walter's tacit approbation, to the fray.

> "No longer Blount the view could bear :
> 'By heaven and all its saints! I swear
> I will not see it lost!
> Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
> May bid your beads and patter prayer, —
> I gallop to the host.'"

It was this cheerful acknowledgment of human nature as a large factor in life which gave to Scott his genial sympathy with brave imperfect men; which enabled him to draw with true and kindly art such soldiers as Le Balafré and Dugald Dalgetty and William of Deloraine. Le Balafré, indeed, with his thick-headed loyalty, his conceit of his own wisdom, his unswerving, almost unconscious courage, his readiness to risk his neck for a bride, and his reluctance to marry her, is every whit as veracious as if he were the over-analyzed child of realism, instead of one of the many minor characters thrust with wanton prodigality into the pages of a romantic novel.

Alone among modern poets, Scott sings Homerically of strife. Others have caught the note, but none have upheld it with such sustained force, such clear and joyous resonance. Macaulay has fire and spirit, but he is always too rhetorical, too declamatory, for real emotion. He stirs brave hearts, it is true, and the finest tribute to his eloquence was paid by Mrs. Browning, who said she could not read the Lays lying down : they drew her irresistibly to her feet. But when Macaulay sings of Lake Regillus, I do not see the battle swim before my eyes. I see — whether I want to or not — a platform, and the poet's own beloved schoolboy declaiming with appropriate gestures those glowing and vigorous lines. When Scott sings of Flodden, I stand wraith-like in the thickest of the fray. I know how the Scottish ranks waver and reel before the charge of Stanley's men, how Tunstall's stainless banner sweeps the field, and how, in the gathering gloom,

> "The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood,
> Each stepping where his comrade stood,
> The instant that he fell."

There is none of this noble simplicity in the somewhat dramatic ardor of Horatius, or in the pharisaical flavor, inevitable perhaps, but not the less depressing, of Naseby and Ivry, which read a little like old Kaiser William's war dispatches turned into verse. Better for me is the undaunted cheerfulness of that hearty knight Sir Nicholas, whom Praed has shown us fighting bravely for a lost cause on the field of Marston Moor.

> "And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
> And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave."

Better, a thousand times better, are the splendid swing, the captivating enthusiasm, of Drayton's Agincourt, which hardly a muck-worm could hear unstirred. Reading it, we are as keen for battle as were King Harry's soldiers straining at the leash. The ardor for strife, the staying power of quiet courage, all are here; and here, too, a feli-

city of language that makes each noble name a trumpet blast of defiance, a fresh incentive to heroic deeds.

"With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

. . . . . .

"Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

"Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?"

Political economists and chilly historians and all long-headed calculating creatures generally may perhaps hint that invading France was no part of England's business, and represented fruitless labor and bloodshed. But this, happily, is not the poet's point of view. He dreams with Hotspur

"Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight."

He hears King Harry's voice ring clearly above the cries and clamors of battle: —

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead;"

and to him the fierce scaling of Harfleur and the field of Agincourt seem not only glorious but righteous things. "That pure and generous desire to thrash the person opposed to you because he *is* opposed to you, because he is not 'your side,'" which Mr. Saintsbury declares to be the real incentive of all good war songs, hardly permits a too cautious analysis of motives. Fighting is not a strictly philanthropic pastime, and its merits are not precisely the merits of soup kitchens and emigration societies. Warlike saints are rare in the calendar, notwithstanding the splendid example of Michael, "of celestial armies prince," and there is at present a shameless conspiracy on foot to defraud even Saint George of his hard-won glory, and to melt him over in some modern crucible into a peaceful Alexandrian bishop. An Arian bishop, too, by way of deepening the scandal! We shall hear next that Saint Denis was a Calvinistic minister, and Saint Iago, whom devout Spanish eyes have seen mounted in the hottest of the fray, a friendly well-wisher of the Moors.

But why sigh over fighting saints, in a day when even fighting sinners have scant measure of praise? "Moral courage is everything. Physical heroism is a small matter, often trivial enough," wrote that clever, emotional, sensitive German woman, Rahel Varnhagen, at the very time when a little "physical heroism" might have freed her conquered fatherland. And this profession of faith has gone on increasing in popularity, until we have even a lad like the young Laurence Oliphant, with hot blood surging in his veins, gravely recording his displeasure because a parson "with a Crimean medal on his surplice" preached a rousing battle sermon to the English soldiers who had no alternative but to fight. "My natural man," confesses Oliphant naïvely, "is intensely warlike, which is just as low a passion as avarice or any other," — a curious moral perspective which needs no word of comment, and sufficiently explains much that was to follow. We are irresistibly reminded by such a verdict of Shelley's swelling lines: —

"War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade;"

lines which, to borrow a witticism of Oscar Wilde's, have "all the vitality of error," and will probably be quoted triumphantly by Peace Societies for many years to come.

In the mean time, there is a remarkable and very significant tendency to praise all war songs, war stories, and war literature generally, in proportion to the discomfort and horror they excite, in proportion to their inartistic and unjustifiable realism. I well remember, when I was a little girl, having a dismal French tale by Erckmann-Chatrian, called Le Conscrit, given me by a kindly disposed but mistaken friend, and the disgust with which I waded through those scenes of sordid bloodshed and misery, untouched by any fire of enthusiasm, any halo of romance. The very first description of Napoleon — Napoleon, the idol of my youthful dreams — as a fat, pale man, with a tuft of hair upon his forehead, filled me with loathing for all that was to follow. But I believe I finished the book, — it never occurred to me, in those innocent days, not to finish every book that I began, — and then I re-read in joyous haste all of Sir Walter Scott's fighting novels, Waverley, Old Mortality, Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward, and even The Abbot, which has one good battle, to get the taste of that abominable story out of my mouth. Of late years, however, I have heard a great deal of French, Russian, and occasionally even English literature commended for the very qualities which aroused my childish indignation. Those grim verses of Rudyard Kipling's called The Grave of the Hundred Dead — verses closely resembling the appalling specimens of truculency with which Mr. Ruskin began and ended his brief poetical career — have been singled out for especial praise, and offered as "grim, naked, ugly truth" to those "who would know more of the poet's picturesque qualities."

But "grim, naked, ugly truth" can never be made a picturesque quality, and it is not the particular business of a battle poem to emphasize the desirability of peace. We all know the melancholy anticlimax of Campbell's splendid song Ye Mariners of England, when to three admirable verses the poet must needs add a fourth, descriptive of the joys of harmony, and of the eating and drinking which shall replace the perils of the sea. I count it a lasting injury, after having my blood fired with these surging lines,

> "Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
> Your manly hearts shall glow,
> As ye sweep through the deep,
> While the stormy winds do blow;
> While the battle rages loud and long,
> And the stormy winds do blow,"

to be suddenly introduced to a scene of inglorious junketing; and I am not surprised that Campbell's peculiar inspiration, which was born of war, and of war only, failed him the instant he deserted his theme. Such shocking lines as

> "The meteor flag of England
> Shall yet terrific burn,"

while quite in harmony with the poet's ordinary achievements, would have been simply impossible in those first three verses of Ye Mariners, where he remains true to his one artistic impulse. He strikes a different and a finer note when, in The Battle of the Baltic, he turns gravely away from feasting and jollity to remember the brave men who have died for England's glory: —

> "Let us think of them that sleep,
> Full many a fathom deep,
> By thy wild and stormy steep,
> Elsinore!"

To go back to Rudyard Kipling, however, from whom I have wandered far, he is more in love with the "dear delights" of battle than with its dismal carnage, and he wins an easy forgiveness for a few horrors by showing us much brave and hearty fighting. Who can forget the little Gurkhas drawing a deep breath of contentment when at last they see the foe, and gaping expectantly

at their officers, "as terriers grin ere the stone is cast for them to fetch"? Who can forget the joyous abandon with which Mulvaney the disreputable and his "four an' twenty young wans" fling themselves upon Lungtungpen? It is a good and wholesome thing for a man to be in sympathy with that primitive virtue courage, to recognize it promptly, and to do honor to it under any flag. "Homer's heart is with the brave of either side," observes Andrew Lang; "with Glaucus and Sarpedon of Lycia no less than with Achilles and Patroclus." Scott's heart is with Surrey and Dacre no less than with Lennox and Argyle; with the English hosts charging like whirlwinds to the fray no less than with the Scottish soldiers standing ringed and dauntless around their king. Théodore de Banville, hot with shame over fallen France, checks his bitterness to write some tender verses to the memory of a Prussian boy found dead on the field, with a bullet-pierced volume of Pindar on his breast. Dumas, that lover of all brave deeds, cries out with noble enthusiasm that it was not enough to kill the Highlanders at Waterloo, — "we had to push them down!" and the reverse of the medal has been shown us by Mr. Lang in the letter of an English officer, who writes home that he would have given the rest of his life to have served with the French cavalry on that awful day. Sir Francis Doyle delights, like an honest and stout-hearted Briton, to pay an equal tribute of praise, in rather questionable verse, to the private of the Buffs,

"Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,"

who died for England's honor in a far-off land; and to the Indian prince, Mehrab Khan, who, brought to bay, swore proudly that he would perish,

"to the last the lord
Of all that man can call his own,"

and fell beneath the English bayonets at the door of his zenana. This is the spirit by which brave men know one another the world over, and which, lying back of all healthy national prejudices, unites in a human brotherhood those whom the nearness of death has taught to start at no shadows.

"Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border or breed or birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

Here is Mr. Kipling at his best, and here, too, is a link somewhat simpler and readier to hand than that much-desired bond of cultivation which Mr. Oscar Wilde assures us will one day knit the world together. The time when Germany will no longer hate France, "because the prose of France is perfect," seems still as shadowy as fair; the day when "intellectual criticism will bind Europe together" dawns only in the dreamland of desire. Mr. Wilde makes himself merry at the expense of "Peace Societies, so dear to the sentimentalists, and proposals for unarmed International Arbitration, so popular among those who have never read history;" but criticism, the mediator of the future, "will annihilate race prejudices by insisting upon the unity of the human mind in the variety of its forms. If we are tempted to make war upon another nation, we shall remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and possibly its most important element." This restraining impulse will allow us to fight only red Indians and Feejeeans and Bushmen, from whom no grace of culture is to be gleaned; and it may prove a strong inducement to some disturbed countries, like Ireland and Turkey, to advance a little further along the paths of sweetness and light. Meanwhile, the world, which rolls so easily in old and well-

worn ways, will probably remember that "power is measured by resistance," and will go on arguing stolidly in platoons.

"All healthy men like fighting and like the sense of danger; all brave women like to hear of their fighting and of their facing danger," says Mr. Ruskin, who has taken upon himself the defense of war in his own irresistibly unconvincing manner. Others indeed have delighted in it from a purely artistic standpoint, or as a powerful stimulus to fancy. Mr. Saintsbury exults more than most critics in battle poems, and in those "half-inarticulate songs that set the blood coursing." Sir Francis Doyle, whose simple manly soul never wearied of such themes, had no ambition to outgrow the first hearty sympathies of his boyhood. "I knew the battle in Marmion by heart almost before I could read," he writes in his Reminiscences; "and I cannot raze out — I do not wish to raze out — of my soul all that filled and colored it in years gone by." Mr. Froude, who is as easily seduced by the picturesqueness of sea fights as was Canon Kingsley, appears to believe in all seriousness that the British privateers who went plundering in the Spanish main were inspired by a pure love for England and a zeal for the Protestant faith. As with the little boy of adventurous humor,

> "There is something that suits his mind to a T
> In the thought of a reg'lar Pirate King."

Mr. Lang's love of all warlike literature is too well known to need comment. As a child, he confesses he pored over "the fightingest parts of the Bible," when Sunday deprived him of less hallowed reading. As a boy, he devoted to Sir Walter Scott the precious hours which were presumably sacred to the shrine of Latin grammar. As a man, he lures us with glowing words from the consideration of political problems or of our own complicated spiritual machinery to follow the fortunes of the brave fierce men who fought in the lonely north, or of the heroes who went forth in gilded armor "to win glory or to give it" before the walls of Troy. In these days, when many people find it easier to read The Ring and the Book than the Iliad, Mr. Lang makes a strong plea in behalf of that literature which has come down to us out of the past to stand forevermore unrivaled and alone, stirring the hearts of all generations until human nature shall be warped from simple and natural lines. "With the Bible and Shakespeare," he says, "the Homeric poems are the best training for life. There is no good quality that they lack: manliness, courage, reverence for old age and for the hospitable hearth, justice, piety, pity, a brave attitude towards life and death, are all conspicuous in Homer." It might be well, perhaps, to add to this long list one more incomparable virtue, an instinctive and illogical delight in living. Amid shipwrecks and battles, amid long wanderings and hurtling spears, amid sharp dangers and sorrows bitter to bear, Homer teaches us, and teaches us in right joyful fashion, the beauty and value of an existence which we are wont nowadays to find a little burdensome on our hands.

All these things have the lovers of war said to us, and in all these ways have they striven to fire our hearts. But Mr. Ruskin is not content to regard any matter from a purely artistic standpoint, or to judge it on natural and congenital lines; he must indorse it ethically or condemn it. Accordingly, it is not enough for him, as it would be for any other man, to claim that "no great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers." He feels it necessary to ask himself some searching and embarrassing questions about fighting "for its own sake" and as "a grand pastime," — questions which he naturally finds it extremely difficult to answer. It is not enough for him to say, with equal truth and justice, that if "brave

death in a red coat" be no better than "brave life in a black one," it is at least every bit as good. He must needs wax serious, and commit himself to this strong and doubtful statement: —

"Assume a knight merely to have ridden out occasionally to fight his neighbor for exercise; assume him even a soldier of fortune, and to have gained his bread and filled his purse at the sword's point. Still I feel as if it were, somehow, grander and worthier in him to have made his bread by sword play than any other play. I had rather he had made it by thrusting than by batting, — much more than by betting; much rather that he should ride war horses than back race horses; and — I say it sternly and deliberately — much rather would I have him slay his neighbor than cheat him."

Perhaps, in deciding a point as delicate as this, it would not be altogether amiss to consult the subject acted upon; in other words, the neighbor, who, whatever may be his prejudice against dishonest handling, would probably prefer it to the last irredeemable disaster. In this commercial age we get tolerably accustomed to being cheated, — like the skinned eel, we are used to it, — but there is an old rhyme which tells us plainly that a broken neck is beyond all help of healing.

No, it is best, when we treat a theme as many-sided as war, to abandon modern inquisitorial methods, and confine ourselves to that good old-fashioned simplicity which was content to take short obvious views of life. It is best to leave ethics alone, and ride as lightly as we can. The finest poems of battle and of camp have been written in this unincumbered spirit, as, for example, that lovely little snatch of song from Rokeby: —

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green, —
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew."

And this other, far less familiar, which I quote from Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, and which is fitly called The Wandering Knight's Song: —

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

"My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

"I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee."

Now, apart from the charming felicity of these lines, we cannot but be struck with their singleness of conception and purpose. The Wandering Knight is well-nigh as disincumbered of mental as of material luggage. He rides as free from our tangled perplexity of introspection as from our irksome contrivances for comfort. It is not that he is precisely guileless or ignorant. One does not journey far over the world without learning the world's ways, and the ways of the men who dwell upon her. But the knowledge of things looked at from the outside is never the knowledge that wears one's soul away, and the traveling companion that Lord Byron found so *ennuyant*,

"The blight of life, — the demon Thought,"

forms no part of the Wandering Knight's equipment. As I read this little fugitive song which has drifted down into an alien age, I feel an envious liking for those days when the tumult of existence made its triumph, when action fanned the embers of joy, and when people were too busy with each hour of life as it came to question the usefulness or desirability of the whole.

There is one more point to consider.

Mr. Saintsbury appears to think it strange that battles, when they occur, and especially when they chance to be victories, should not immediately inspire good war songs. But this is seldom or never the case, The Charge of the Light Brigade being an honorable exception to the rule. What they do inspire may be seen by the curious who care to hunt up the mass of doggerel printed in England during the Napoleonic struggles, or the melancholy verses wrung from poetic patriots during the progress of our own civil war. A short and dispassionate review of either the Federal or Confederate effusions will convince the most sanguine that fervent enthusiasm does not necessarily imply poetic skill, and cannot be advantageously used as a substitute. On the other hand, Drayton's heroic ballad was written nearly two hundred years after the battle of Agincourt; Flodden is a tale of defeat; and Campbell, whose songs are so intoxicatingly warlike, belonged, I am sorry to say, to the "Peace at all price" party. The fact is that a battle fought five hundred years ago is just as inspiring to the poet as a battle fought yesterday; and a brave deed, the memory of which comes down to us through centuries, stirs our hearts as profoundly as though we witnessed it in our own time. Sarpedon, leaping lightly from his chariot to dare an unequal combat; Sir Walter Manny, who, "stuck full of ladies' favors, fought like a dragon" at Crécy and Poictiers; the wounded knight, Schönburg, dragging himself painfully from amid the dead and dying to offer his silver shield to his defenseless emperor; the twenty kinsmen of the noble family of Trauttmansdorf, who fell under Frederick of Austria in the single battle of Mühldorf; the English lad, young Anstruther, who carried the queen's colors of the Royal Welsh at the storming of Sebastopol, and who, swift-footed as a schoolboy, was the first to gain the great redoubt, and stood there one happy moment, holding his flagstaff and breathing hard before he was shot dead, — these are the pictures whose value distance can never lessen, and whose colors time can never dim. These are the deeds that belong to all ages and to all nations, a heritage for every man who walks this troubled earth. "All this the gods have fashioned, and have woven the skein of death for men, that there might be a song in the ears even of the folk of after time."

*Agnes Repplier.*

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## THE MODERN ART OF PAINTING IN FRANCE.

The French nation has led the world in many movements tending to establish exalted ideals and to uplift mankind; but at no time in its history have its aims and efforts been more noble or more fruitful of good than during the first ages of its monarchical organization. The arts which in those ages took form in France, while they show the technical imperfections that pertain to early developments, manifest as no subsequent arts do the finest traits of French genius. The miniatures of the missals and Psalters and the sculptures of the Gothic monuments of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are characterized by a beauty of design and sentiment unequaled by any produced by the modern school.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, under the influence of Italian painting on the one hand, and that of the more realistic art of Flanders on the other, French painting, which was still

confined mainly to manuscript illuminations, developed in technical points, but hardly made progress in sentiment and expression. The full-page designs of this period are often extremely beautiful, and they sometimes exhibit charmingly the various aspects of mediæval life and landscape; but the deeper spirit which gave essential value to the Gothic art is sensibly wanting.

The sixteenth century is a confused time in the history of French painting, during which the national genius languishes, and a hybrid art, made up largely of elements derived from the decadent art of Italy, comes into vogue. The so-called Renaissance movement in France did not lead to important developments in painting. The inspiration of the foreign school established by an ostentatious prince at Fontainebleau was not a noble inspiration; and its influence upon native art could not have been salutary even had the native genius of the time been stronger than it was. The names of Cousin and Clouet, though honorable when their surrounding circumstances are considered, would not reflect much credit on a really great school. The pseudo-classicism of the succeeding age led only farther away from the lines in which the national genius could find fit expression. The borrowed Raphaelesque sentiment and the academic mannerism of Le Sueur could bear no healthy fruit, and neither Poussin's genuine feeling for landscape nor Claude's love for warm pervading light, hampered as both these men were by artificial principles, could avail to turn the artistic activities of the time into fruitful channels. Even less productive of good were the bombastic affectations of Le Brun and Mignard.

The French art of the seventeenth century was deplorably lacking in native character and the inspiration of genius. The prevailing ideas were opposed to fine artistic growth; and the misdirected efforts of Louis XIV. to foster the fine arts by liberal patronage and the establishment of academies were necessarily futile. Patronage prompted by motives like his can only mislead the artist and retard progress; and academies are powerless when high artistic impulses and apprehensions are wanting. The least admirable traits of French character find expression in the arts of this time, and their technical treatment naturally corresponds with the impelling motives of the artists. Inelegant form, extravagant action, gaudy color, and coarse feeling mark the typical works produced.

The art of Watteau exhibits more genuine qualities. His frank and masterly rendering of the upper-class society life of the beginning of the eighteenth century bears kinship with the work of the truest masters of painting. As a colorist Watteau is more subtle than Rubens; he approaches the great Venetians. Hence his best works have a charm which commends them notwithstanding the frequent coarseness of their subjects. Had his ideals been more exalted and his surroundings more favorable, he might have produced works of higher excellence. As it was, he achieved enough to entitle him to an honorable place on the list of the best French painters of modern times. His merits were not, however, sustained by his contemporaries nor by his immediate followers: no school of high character arose from his inspiration. But French art of the eighteenth century shows one important sign of health and promise, — that of concerning itself largely with real life. The field which Watteau opened engaged the interest of many other artists of the time, and though no strong work was done, the sophistications of the pseudo-classicists on the one hand, and the extravagances of the school of Le Brun on the other, no longer held the popular regard.

But the conditions were not yet ripe for a healthy naturalist school. The

painters of real life either concerned themselves, like Watteau, with the frivolity and vulgarity of the manners of the wealthy and idle classes, or else they sought inspiration from the lowest phases of life among the poor. The few artists who, like Greuze, attempted to treat better subjects made little general impression. There were no men of genius among them; none who could appreciate the essential beauty of real life, and set it forth with sincerity and grace. Little, therefore, had yet been gained. No intelligent and elevated public sentiment existed to prompt and guide the artist in noble lines of effort. The few who took any interest in what were considered the higher forms of art were imbued with the conventional notions of the then widely authoritative academic schools; and hence, in the latter part of the century, the reaction of David was, in the higher artistic circles, readily welcomed. The art of David and his followers was but the result of a final effort to establish those supposed classic principles which had been evolved in the academies of Italy, and more recently formulated in the writings of Winckelmann. David, though honest, conscientious, and of strong will, was a pedantic enthusiast without genius. Not only did his conviction that the only worthy ambition for a painter was to treat heroic subjects in what he regarded as the classic manner prevent the true development of such moderate talents as he had, but his strong influence on the artistic thought of his contemporaries enabled him so far to make his principles prevail as to paralyze the best powers of men more highly endowed by nature than himself. Until about the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the despotic authority of David ruled the ideas of the leading painters of France with a rod of iron.

But the vigorous modern French genius could not long continue to be bound by these arbitrary and inadequate ideas. The strong feeling for nature and the so-called romantic interests which were awakening in men like Gros and Géricault soon began to assert themselves, and to force the intrenchments of the school founded on academic affectations. David and his strict followers ignored color. It was a part of their creed that full coloring, the coloring of nature, was not consistent with high art. A severe chiaroscuro, with but slight and sober tinting, was, they thought, most fitting in the treatment of heroic themes. Against this arbitrary theory Gros and Géricault, after studying the works of the masters of color in the Louvre, were early impelled to protest. The docile pupils of David had ignored these works; but those students who had the boldness to make use of them were thereby rendered sensible of the monotony and falsity of the theories in respect to color of the master who had for a quarter of a century held the position of dictator of artistic aims and methods.

The disaffection quickly extended to the other prescribed qualities of design. Conventional form and scientific anatomy were seen to be inadequate to the ends that were now sought, while artificial pose and studied gesture seemed as much opposed to true expression as was the arbitrary theory which had proscribed color. The more natural drawing, the richer color, and the solid impasto which finally characterized the art of Géricault strongly appealed to his contemporaries, and largely revolutionized their practice. But while freeing themselves from the conventions of David the French figure painters of the early part of our century failed to appreciate the qualities which give to painting its finest character. In so far as they sought guidance from the works of the masters of the older schools they lacked discrimination. They did not draw their inspiration from the most instructive sources. Rubens and Rem-

brandt, whom they chiefly studied, are indeed great painters; but their qualities are associated with defects which students are not apt to recognize as such. They are not, therefore, the safest masters to take as models. The art of Rubens and Rembrandt, however, seems to have won the attention of these independent students more fully than the superior art of Titian and Veronese. Still there was much for men bred in the school of David to learn from masters like these; and under their stimulus they made such progress as men without the highest gifts and best guidance could. But this progress is not worth following, because it was largely unsound and intrinsically unimportant. The history of so-called historical figure painting in the nineteenth century is not of great significance, because it has not been practiced by men of commanding genius and discernment. The painting of Géricault, of Ingres, of Delaroche and Delacroix, notwithstanding many solid merits, is not painting in which a people so distinctly gifted with artistic aptitudes as are the French ought to take much pride. Yet we should not blame these painters and their associates for producing work of no higher character. They were weighted with a mass of false artistic traditions on the one hand, and were surrounded by many unfavorable influences on the other. Under such conditions it would be impossible even for men of genius to develop a true art. The fine arts are never independent of surrounding influences: a fine artistic *milieu* is always essential to excellence of artistic production. But the artistic milieu of the French school of historic figure painting contained little that could quicken genius or stimulate high endeavor. Great art requires great ideals, and great ideals suitable for expression in the fine arts were at this time lacking. Religious themes had little hold on the popular imagination; hence the treatment of religious subjects was rarely sincere. The affected though skillful designs by Flandrin which disfigure the nave of St.-Germain-des-Prés are, I believe, fair examples of the best religious art that the century has produced in France. Classic motives had more attraction as affording opportunity for the display of the nude body; but such subjects were naturally misapprehended by men bred in an artificial and pedantic society. The most potent themes for painting were those derived from the prevailing ideas of military glory; and the strongest art of the school is that which deals with battles as the most moving realities of the time. But modern warfare offers little material for beautiful art; and the numerous battle scenes and subjects connected with battles that have been produced are too largely characterized by a morbid display of horrors. The Pestiférés de Jaffa, by Gros, for instance, is but a conspicuous early example of the predilection for the repulsive which has been so marked in the modern French school. Subjects of this kind are sometimes defended on the ground that they stir the emotions, and have a salutary influence tending to diminish the evils which they illustrate. It may be admitted that this is to some extent a legitimate function of art; but it is not its primal function, and it is one that may be carried too far. It may, in fact, be said that appeal to the emotions through the harrowing and the horrible has, in France, been carried much too far.

This expression of the horrible has been less conspicuous in the works of those artists of the school who have held more or less closely to the so-called classic aims; yet they have done little more than others to advance the art of painting on true and elevated lines. The stricter would-be classicists, spurning the life about them and the purely natural altogether, have attempted to create ideal works out of materials drawn from the

realm of fancy. Without discernment of the elements in real life which furnished materials to the genius of the artists of classic times, but deriving their notions of design from the Roman and Renaissance sources, they have dreamed their pseudo-classic dreams, and embodied them with academic formality. Neither they nor the so-called romanticists have succeeded in creating exalted types of beauty; and the treatment of the nude is with the one inane, as in the work of Ingres, and with the other it is apt to be coarse in sentiment. It inclines most commonly to coarseness. Consider, for example, the so-called masterpiece of Couture, the Decadence of Rome, in the gallery of the Luxembourg. This picture bears a superficial resemblance to the art of Veronese, by which it was apparently inspired; and yet how inferior it is, in every quality of conception and of treatment, to the work of the Venetian master! It affords an instructive illustration of how a modern Frenchman, of real artistic talent, can misunderstand and misinterpret the matchless art of Venice. Couture's very choice of subject implies a coarseness of feeling that is foreign to the nature of Veronese. He chooses for his theme a degrading orgy, whose exhausted participants give him material for the exhibition of semi-nude bodies in the various attitudes of spent energy. The picture is, in fact, an apotheosis of debauch. Compare its coarse sensuousness with the noble expression of robust bodily beauty in the works of Veronese. In broad qualities of design and color this picture has the kind of strength which readily appeals to a superficial artistic sense; but it lacks those selected and subtle beauties which distinguish Venetian art. These Couture does not perceive. Where the art of Veronese manifests a noble imagination and a keen joy in refined and trained vision, that of Couture shows only the more obvious qualities of things, those which the average eye appreciates. In contemplating this work the spectator is not lifted, instructed, and entranced by beauty, as he is in regarding the work of Caliari. In point of color the inferiority is strongly marked. In place of the Venetian iridescence of pure hues, Couture's color is fouled everywhere by the bituminous ground into which it is laid. A certain harmony of tone is cheaply got by this recently much-favored method of painting into a fresh ground of asphaltum; but it is not the kind of harmony which a fine colorist seeks. Such a method is inevitably destructive of color as the Venetians understood and rendered it.

It is but just to say that the technical qualities which this school has chiefly sought have been in great measure attained. Correct drawing, free movement, vigorous color, agreeable tone, — these may be said to be characteristic of the works of French painters since 1840, and it is by them that they have demonstrated their superiority and have won their popularity. But these qualities, important as they are, and essential to the highest art, do not constitute the chief end of painting. A fine apprehension of beauty and exercise of the higher powers of design are needful to pictorial greatness; and these the modern French artists do not appear to possess in a high degree. Thus, while on the whole this school deserves honor for having broken with false traditions and conventions, we are obliged at the same time to recognize that even Delacroix, its strongest master, has failed to attain the highest excellence and to express the best traits of French genius.

The new developments in landscape and *genre* which arose in the early part of the century are those which reflect the most credit on the modern French school; for though in landscape no individual genius comparable to the English Turner has arisen, and though the general grace of composition which distinguishes the best works of the early

English water-color school is rare in France, yet the modern French landscape and figure painters have developed and maintained a higher average of technical excellence than the painters of other countries.

The impulse which led to the formation of the new French school of landscape painting was derived from England. Before the end of the first quarter of the present century the French had shown no special interest in a natural treatment of landscape subject. But when, in the year 1824, some landscapes by Constable were exhibited in Paris, they not only were promptly appreciated, but they furnished an inspiration which led at once to a revolutionary movement. Constable's vigorous revolt against the conventional artistic pedantry of an influential class of his contemporaries was timely. The eyes of connoisseurs were becoming more and more insensitive to those visual facts of nature upon which true representative art, however much an expression of the creative imagination it be, finds its only solid basis; and the landscape painting which was most approved in high circles had already become largely a process based upon the arbitrary rules of the studio. Constable was not waging the contest against convention in England single-handed. Turner and Girtin were also in the field. But Girtin was cut off early by death, and Turner was not merely a naturalist, he was also a great designer; and his powers of design were in some measure appreciated by those who were incapable of appreciating his truth to nature. But Constable was so unqualified a protestant that his art appeared, to the conventional critics, wholly devoid of merit. Constable was not a genius of high order, but he had genuine gifts, and a love for some of the familiar phases of nature which was as ardent as his contempt for the false conventions of art was severe. Perceiving the hopelessly false principles of the more pretentious contemporary production, he yet failed to recognize duly the fundamental principles exemplified in works of good art. He turned his back upon past art altogether; and in supposing that an artist's best powers could be sufficiently developed by independent and exclusive recourse to nature he made a deplorable mistake. His eye was quick for the superficial aspects of landscape effect, but of the finer elements of a subject he had no sufficient appreciation. His frank and facile style is perhaps adequate to his purposes, but it betrays a lack of training and a marked weakness of draughtsmanship. He had an exaggerated notion of the function of chiaroscuro, and his saying, "There is nothing beautiful but light and shade make it so, and if these are subtly rendered even an old crushed hat becomes worthy of art," well illustrates his imperfect artistic apprehensions. The root of truth in this saying is indeed important. A just expression of the broad and subtle relations of light and shade is certainly essential in developed painting, and a student may undoubtedly, for special discipline, often with profit study the effects of light and shade in even such an object as an old crushed hat. But chiaroscuro is only one element of beauty, and, except when associated with fine conditions of form and color, it has not, by the greatest painters, been considered to render a subject worthy of their art. With such limitations, however, as his genius imposed, Constable attempted to paint truly the English landscape in those phases which appealed to him; and the fresh, sketchy, and unconventional character of his work took strong hold of the French connoisseurs who saw it at the Paris exhibition of 1824.

I am not familiar with the art of Paul Huet, who is said to have been the first French painter to work on the lines laid down by Constable; but the works of such well-known men as Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, Daubigny, and Jules Dupré exhibit in different ways the earlier results of Constable's influence. The

great merit of this art consists in the truth and feeling with which it seeks to render, and often admirably succeeds in rendering, those visual qualities of landscape which artists appreciate, — those mainly, it may almost be said exclusively, of chiaroscuro and color. The qualities of line and specific form, which are no less important elements of visual effect, they largely ignore. The impressions which these artists seek to express are thus incomplete, though they often are charming.

Few of these naturalistic landscape painters of France were influenced by traditional art practice any more than Constable was. They were for the most part independent students of nature, with little artistic choice of subject. Any bit of open country supplied all that they required for motive. Take, for instance, the picture by Daubigny entitled Écluse dans la Vallée d'Oplevoz, figured in Mrs. Stranahan's History of French Painting. There is not a fine form nor a graceful line in either the broken ground or the vegetation of which it is composed. It is a commonplace scene, with no noteworthy pictorial interest, and it is rendered, apparently, with literal exactness as regards the more obvious characteristics of such a scene. It is not, indeed, devoid of all elements of pleasing composition; the arches and parallel lines of the masonry are agreeably carried out by the cattle ranged beneath them, and the rigidity of the leading features is offset by the not ungraceful figure of the peasant woman who drives the cows. Such pleasant relationships and contrasts are not uncommon in the works of the French landscape painters; but the composition in these works rarely goes beyond what almost every ordinary subject exhibits, a total disregard of which would bespeak an entire lack of appreciation of the most elementary principles of design. The French artists are by nature highly gifted with faculties of design, but few of them now appear to cultivate these faculties. The reaction from authoritative and conventional design seems to have carried this naturalist school to the extreme of ignoring design altogether. The idyllic grace of composition sometimes suggested by Corot is quite uncommon. What composition contemporary French painters do occasionally show is rather, as in the case of Daubigny, inherent in the subject than derived from the exercise of the higher artistic powers. In short, these painters do not appear to recognize the fact that the true function of a landscape painter is not so much to portray, in whatever manner, any given natural scene or effect as to express some imaginative and creative power of his own which the visual elements of nature excite into activity. They limit themselves, for the most part, to unselecting though generally forceful portrayal of things as they are. But within their range the stronger men of the school have produced work of great excellence. They have taught the modern artistic world to appreciate the values of tone and mass; and by the single pursuit of these qualities they have made their art superior to other modern art as regards unit and breadth. If they have not yet attained the highest expression of landscape effect, it is in great measure because they have not yet recognized the limitations of the artist's means which make the full rendering of the chiaroscuro of nature impossible. Frenchmen talk about values without appearing to understand that the values of nature can be given in painting to only a very limited extent; and that the strong chiaroscuro of which they are so fond is incompatible with the finer gradations of light and color that characterize the best painting. Contemporary French chiaroscuro is apt to be theatrical in character. It is strikingly effective, but it is rarely subtle and suggestive. In enthusiastic pursuit of one or two excellences, Frenchmen have turned their backs on others equally

important. When a man of well-rounded genius shall arise among the landscape painters of France, we may expect to see a form of art that will far surpass anything that the school has yet accomplished.

Some of the most vigorous and excellent productions of the French school are those of the artists who combine figures and animals with landscape subject. No more healthy naturalism has yet appeared than that which the animal painting of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur exhibits. It is naturalism pure and simple, not of a high order, but true in feeling. Her work is no merely sketchy rendering of general effect; it is as complete and expressive in drawing as it is conceivable that such work should be. In those wonderful oxen of the picture called Labourage Nivernais, in the Luxembourg, every trait peculiar to these creatures is made with supreme mastery. But her treatment of the landscape is less admirable. She regards it as background simply, and shows little appreciation of its own character and beauty beyond what is necessary for her limited purpose. She is acutely discerning, however, with regard to everything that is essential to the completeness of her main subject, and remarkably faithful in the rendering of important details. The freshly ploughed ground in this picture, for instance, is worthy of attentive study.

Troyon has a stronger artistic sense and more appreciation of the landscape itself. He has less interest in the animals as such, and more sensitiveness to their beauty in relation to their surroundings. Troyon is a good composer, and he is an able master of chiaroscuro as it is understood in the modern French school.

Of the artists who represent the department of genre M. Houssaye says:[1] "Les peintres de genre sont en grand nombre et montrent une habileté extrême; c'est à peu près tout ce qu'il y a à dire d'eux." This remark is just: with few exceptions nothing is more striking in the works of the French painters of genre, from those of Decamps to those of Meissonier and Gérôme, than the uniform exhibition of cleverness, and the general absence of anything more. The most noteworthy exceptions are the works of Édouard Frère and Jean François Millet. The pure sentiment of these artists does honor to the modern school, and in faithfully illustrating, from respectively different yet kindred points of view, the common life of the French peasantry they have done a real service, and enlarged the domain of realistic design. The field opened by these men is by no means exhausted, though both were diligent and prolific workers. The more graceful aspects of the life that is associated with the cottages and cornfields of France have many charms that still await noble artistic interpretation. The technical shortcomings of Millet's art leave much to be desired in nearly all that he has done; but the most accomplished technique will, of course, be insufficient in such absence of deeper motive as is felt in the majority of the works of painters who concern themselves with rustic life. The showy art of Jules Breton is wholly inadequate.

Another vigorous department of contemporary art in France is that of portraiture. But in this department, as in others, high achievement is largely defeated by the prevailing French love for the emphatic, and even the violent, in pictorial treatment. No quality of painting, especially of portrait painting, is more essential to high merit than a pervading quietness of execution. Emphasis and animation have their place and value, to be sure, — the best painting is never wanting in these qualities; but nothing is more noticeable in the works of the greatest artists than the quietness of manner by which they accomplish

[1] L'Art Français depuis Dix Ans, p. xxx.

their ends. In the most admired French portrait art of the present time an excess of what is called *chic* is apt to vulgarize the general effect, and to debar the works of men of really strong executive powers from the highest category. Portrait art of the dignity and beauty of that of Velasquez and Vandyck, or of Gainsborough and Reynolds, has not yet been produced in France. Whether the imaginative power requisite for such art now exists among contemporary French painters may be a question, but there can hardly be any regarding their natural executive capacity. It needs only a more refined training. Could they but enough appreciate refinement, and free themselves from ungraceful and theatrical modes of conception which go along with this predilection for chic, such men as Bonnat, Carolus Duran, and Paul Dubois might achieve much higher results than they have as yet.

The few representatives of the academic school who still exist — deriving a considerable prestige from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, whose main teaching continues to be conducted on the long-established academic lines — produce little that is noteworthy, and exert a constantly diminishing influence. Such art does not result from true inspiration. It is little more than a display of academic conventionalities and artificial elegances, and it cannot fail to become obsolete so soon as the government support is withdrawn.

At the present time the more exemplary phases of French art seem not to be in the ascendant. Imagination is inactive, and the study of nature is not proceeding on elevated lines, while realism has become morbid and vulgar. What M. Houssaye justly calls the "*odieuses tendances contemporaines*" [1] are strongly marked in the majority of canvases that annually crowd the walls of the Salons, and they are swiftly impelling the school along a precipitous pathway of degradation. Unless the better sentiment of the French people shall soon assert itself so as to give a healthier turn to artistic activity, the condition of the school will become hopeless for many a year. For instance, on the line in one of the larger rooms of the Salon of 1886 was an enormous picture representing the carcass of a hog cut up through the middle, as we see hogs displayed in butchers' shops, and surrounded by a group of physicians in the act of examining the flesh for trichinæ. A little farther along on the same line appeared another canvas on which was depicted, in life size, a living hog. In an adjoining room was a picture, several metres in length, portraying a disheveled maniac in a squalid apartment; and these were not by any means the least elevating subjects of the exhibition.

Passing from this class of themes, the next most conspicuous are those which in one way or another treat the nude body. Never since the time of the later Greco-Roman art has the nude figure been so much represented as it is in the French school of to-day, and the more incapacity to appreciate and exhibit beauty the French painters show, the greater, just now, seems to be their predilection for the nude. The human form, in its normal perfection, is undoubtedly the noblest and most beautiful of objects, and artists of a high order of genius may, perhaps, even under the conditions of our modern life, study the unclothed body with profit and represent it with noble charm. But artists of no more than average powers are incompetent to render it finely, and it is presumption for such to attempt it. Of the vast numbers of nude subjects annually displayed in Paris, very few, if any, are treated in a manner to justify their existence, while of the most of them it may assuredly be said that they are not only devoid of beauty, but that they bespeak an ignoble coarseness of sentiment.

[1] L'Art Français depuis Dix Ans, p. iii.

Correct drawing, strong modeling, and natural color are indeed seldom wanting in works of this class. The French training is thorough in these particulars when dealing with the figure, but it is a capital and deplorable defect of this training that it seldom inculcates an appreciation of anything more than technical correctness and force. In the disciplinary work of the studio the exact reproduction of the model is the one thing enforced. A discriminating study of nature with a view to its beauty, guided by a comprehensive and appreciative familiarity with the supreme achievements of the older schools of art, examples of which are so readily accessible, is rarely manifest. The higher training of the artistic taste and feelings finds little place in the curriculum of the Parisian *atelier* of the day.

Of that recent phase of French art known as impressionism, it should be said that as a disciplinary movement it may have its use, but regarded as a final and sufficient form of art it is a mistake that is destined to be short-lived. Impressionism was set on foot by Corot. It was, in fact, inherent in the aims and methods of Constable. The ignoring of specific form and the suppression of details in seeking to attain an emphatic expression of the total effect of chiaroscuro and color, already spoken of, have marked the French treatment of landscape since the beginning of the naturalistic movement. But the contemporary impressionists carry the principle much further than did their forerunners, and err more shortsightedly in making an end of that which should be only a means. It is an elementary axiom that in our visual impressions of nature three principal elements are concerned, those of form, color, and light and shade. While a painter may often, for the sake of special discipline, study any one of these by itself, he is hardly justified in excluding any of them when his aim is to produce a finished picture. To set up this incomplete impressionist conception and treatment of things as a finality is arbitrary and reprehensible. A true painter seeks a balanced interpretation of all the elements of a subject which tell upon the eye. The English pre-Raphaelites lost this balance by the over-elaboration of sharply defined details. The impressionist reaction may prove a good remedy for this defect, but, being equally wide of the mark in an opposite direction, it is not itself any more satisfactory as an ultimate principle. We get the fullest and truest illustration of the fundamental principles of painting yet reached in the art of Venice only. The works of Titian, the central master of the Venetian school, will for a long time to come afford the best instruction as regards the artistic rendering of visual impressions. The Venetian masters did not, it is true, learn to deal satisfactorily with the chiaroscuro of the open landscape. The modern interest in landscape was but awakening in their day, and time was needed to teach that out-of-door light is different from that of the studio. But as yet modern students of landscape painting cannot, I believe, do better than to master the Venetian system, and apply it to the exigencies of this class of subjects.[1]

The foregoing summary of the course and character of the art of painting in France shows, I think, that, judged by the highest standards, and regarding the essential ends of expression, the modern school, with all its merits, has failed thus far to fulfill the promise of the earlier ages. The springs of inspiration are exhausted, because the light of the spirit no longer guides the ima-

[1] A great deal of time is now wasted in France in technical experiments, while the perfect technical system of the Venetians is largely ignored. All that is fundamental in the best French technique is exhibited in a yet more exemplary manner in that of Venice.

gination in its conceptions of forms of beauty. The brilliant technique which finds so ready applause is not altogether sound, being to a great extent an outgrowth of the prevailing motives; and even if it were sound it would not suffice to give to the works of the school a value equal to that which the older art of the country derived from its higher purpose and expression. The qualities of the modern school are not those fundamental ones which make the art of a nation truly great.

A school should not, of course, be judged by any arbitrary standards, and in the case of this school it is not necessary even to apply those of foreign developments. Its own best achievements in times past furnish, as we see, sufficient standards. To these it may be reasonably held, unless we are to suppose that the national genius has radically changed and become incapable of rising to its former level. If this be not the case, it would seem inconceivable that the people which in the Middle Ages invented Gothic architecture should not, if it would, produce better art than that for which it is now famous. In saying that the French school is not doing itself justice, I do not mean to imply that any other existing school is superior to it. In fact, while much that is excellent, and in some cases superior to the work of the French, is accomplished in other countries, there is hardly anything elsewhere that can be called a school. Contemporary painters almost everywhere are now imitating the French. The artistic influence of Paris is practically universal. French paintings go to all parts of the world; and the great Parisian ateliers for students are crowded with young men of all nationalities.

The question of the results of this influence is a grave one, which may, however, be safely left to the judgment of thoughtful people, when once they take it fairly into consideration. As yet such questions are not enough examined. In matters of art, as in matters of fashion, there is a great deal of thoughtless acceptance of whatever comes from Paris. This question bears not merely upon the character of contemporary artistic production, but also upon the ideas now generally inculcated; determining whether they be broad and liberal or narrow and doctrinaire. The doctrinaire element is considerable in contemporary French teaching. I once, in Paris, ventured to suggest that more study, in the Louvre, of the works of the Florentine and Venetian masters might be useful to art students in general. I was told, in reply, that the works of those masters were now considered obsolete. Young Americans go to Paris, and readily assimilate the ideas, aims, and methods in vogue; while they fail to gain any serviceable knowledge of the great works of the older art preserved there, access to which constitutes the chief advantage of going abroad. If thorough practice in drawing and painting from the living model be all that is wanted, it is a waste of time and money to cross the Atlantic. What is valuable in the Parisian discipline might just as well be had in New York or Boston. Models may be found anywhere, and it needs only the same persistent practice, under such guidance and criticism as many men in every community of art students are competent to afford, to insure results as good as may be reached abroad. But that discipline of the artistic sense which study of great masterpieces affords cannot be had in America, and is not acquired by the majority of students who go to Paris, because it is not appreciated by the contemporary painters and those who direct instruction there.

It is to be regretted that students and amateurs at home find so little help toward suitable preparation for foreign study. Of the large numbers of youths who go annually from all parts of this country to pursue courses in fine arts

in Paris, the greater part have small conception of their meaning. They are without that preliminary knowledge which should give them a basis of judgment as to what may be most profitably studied in Europe. In the Parisian school they meet with few enlightening and broadening influences. Nearly everything beyond the range and routine of the uniform technical drill is ignored.

*Charles H. Moore.*

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## SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III.[1]

I PROPOSE to say a few words on one of the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare, — a play in respect of which I find myself in the position of Peter Bell, seeing little more than an ordinary primrose where I ought, perhaps, to see the plant and flower of light; I mean the play of Richard III. Horace Walpole wrote Historic Doubts concerning the monarch himself, and I shall take leave to express some about the authorship of the drama that bears his name. I have no intention of applying to it a system of subjective criticism which I consider as untrustworthy as it is fascinating, and which I think has often been carried beyond its legitimate limits. But I believe it absolutely safe to say of Shakespeare that he never wrote deliberate nonsense, nor was knowingly guilty of defective metre; yet even tests like these I would apply with commendable modesty and hesitating reserve, conscious that the meaning of words, and still more the associations they call up, have changed since Shakespeare's day; that the accentuation of some was variable, and that Shakespeare's ear may very likely have been as delicate as his other senses. On the latter point, however, I may say in passing, of his versification, which is often used as a test for the period of his plays, that Coleridge, whose sense of harmony and melody was perhaps finer than that of any other modern poet, did not allow his own dramatic verse the same licenses, and I might almost say the same mystifications, which he esteems applicable in regulating or interpreting that of Shakespeare. This is certainly remarkable. For my own part, I am convinced that if we had Shakespeare's plays as he wrote them, — and not as they have come down to us, deformed by the careless hurry of the copiers - out of parts, by the emendations of incompetent actors, and the mishearings of shorthand writers, — I am convinced that we should not find from one end of them to the other a demonstrably faulty verse or a passage obscure for any other reason than depth of thought or supersubtlety of phrase.

I know that in saying this I am laying myself open to the reproach of applying common sense to a subject which of all others demands uncommon sense for its adequate treatment, — demands perception as sensitive and divination as infallible as the operations of that creative force they attempt to measure are illusive and seemingly abnormal. But in attempting to answer a question like that I have suggested, I should be guided by considerations far less narrow. We cannot identify printed thoughts by the same minute comparisons that would serve to convict the handwriting of them. To smell the rose is surely quite otherwise convincing than to number its petals; and in estimating that sum of qual-

[1] An address read before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and also at Chicago, February 22, 1887. The address was opened by a brief general introduction.

ities which we call character, we trust far more to general than to particular impressions. In guessing at the authorship of an anonymous book, like Southey's Doctor or Bulwer's Timon, while I might lay some stress on tricks of manner, I should be much less influenced by the fact that many passages were above or below the ordinary level of any author whom I suspected of writing it than by the fact that there was a single passage different in kind from his habitual tone. A man may surpass himself or fall short of himself, but he cannot change his nature. I would not be understood to mean that common sense is always or universally applicable in criticism, — Dr. Johnson's treatment of Lycidas were a convincing instance to the contrary; but I confess I find often more satisfactory guidance in the illuminated and illuminating common sense of a critic like Lessing, making sure of one landmark before he moved forward to the next, than in the metaphysical dark lanterns which some of his successors are in the habit of letting down into their own consciousness by way of enlightening ours. Certainly common sense will never suffice for the understanding or enjoyment of "those brave translunary things that the first poets had;" but it is at least a remarkably good prophylactic against mistaking a handsaw for a hawk.

What, then, is the nature of the general considerations which I think we ought to bear in mind in debating a question like this, the authenticity of one of Shakespeare's plays? First of all, and last of all, I should put style; not style in its narrow sense of mere verbal expression, for that may change and does change with the growth and training of the man, but in the sense of that something, more or less clearly definable, which is always and everywhere peculiar to the man, and either in kind or degree distinguishes him from all other men, — the kind of evidence which, for example, makes us sure that Swift wrote The Tale of a Tub and Scott The Antiquary, because nobody else could have done it. *Incessu patuit dea*, and there is a kind of gait which marks the mind as well as the body. But even if we took the word "style" in that narrower sense which would confine it to diction and turn of phrase, Shakespeare is equally incomparable. Coleridge, evidently using the word in this sense, tells us: "There 's such divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the Remorse, and when I had done I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger instead. It is really very curious." Greene, in a well-known passage, seems to have accused Shakespeare of plagiarism, and there are verses, sometimes even a succession of verses, of Greene himself, of Peele, and especially of Marlowe, which are comparable, so far as externals go, with Shakespeare's own. Nor is this to be wondered at in men so nearly contemporary. In fact, I think it is evident that to a certain extent the two masters of versification who trained Shakespeare were Spenser and Marlowe. Some of Marlowe's verses have the same trick of clinging in the ear as Shakespeare's. There is, for instance, that famous description of Helen, or rather the exclamation of Faust when he first sees Helen: —

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

one verse of which, if I am not mistaken, lingered in Shakespeare's ear. But the most characteristic phrases of Shakespeare imbed themselves in the very substance of the mind, and quiver, years after, in the memory like arrows that have just struck and still feel the impulse of the bow. And no whole scene of Shakespeare, even in his 'prentice days, could be mistaken for the

work of any other man; for give him room enough, and he is sure to betray himself by some quality which either is his alone, or his in such measure as none shared but he.

I am reminded of a remark of Professor Masson's which struck me a good deal, — that one day, when tired with overwork, he took up Dante, and after reading in it for half an hour or so he shut the book and found himself saying to himself, "Well, this is literature!" And I think that this may be applied constantly to the mature Shakespeare, and in a great measure to the young Shakespeare. Take a whole scene together, and there are sure to be passages in it of which we can say that they are really literature in that higher meaning of the word.

It is usual to divide the works of Shakespeare by periods, but it is not easy to do this with even an approach to precision unless we take the higher qualities of structure as a guide. As he matured, his plays became more and more organisms, and less and less mere successions of juxtaposed scenes, strung together on the thread of the plot. In assigning periods too positively, I fancy we are apt to be misled a little by the imperfect analogy of the sister art of painting, and by the first and second manners, as they are called, of its great masters. But manual dexterity is a thing of far slower acquisition than mastery of language or the knack of melodious versification. The fancy of young poets is apt to be superabundant. It is the imagination that ripens with the judgment, and asserts itself as the shaping power in a deeper sense than belongs to it as a mere maker of pictures when the eyes are shut. Young poets, especially if they are great poets, learn the art of verse early, and their poetical vocabulary sins rather by excess than defect. They can pick up and assimilate what is to their purpose with astonishing rapidity. The Canzoniere of Dante was, at least in part, written before he was twenty-five; and Keats, dying younger than that, left behind him poems that astonish us as much by their maturity of style and their Attic grace of form as they take the ear captive by their music and the fancy by their opaline beauty of phrase. Shakespeare, surely, was as apt a scholar as Keats. Already in the Venus and Adonis we find verses quite as gracious in their interlacing movement, and as full, almost, of picturesque suggestion, as those of his maturer hand. For example: —

> "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
> Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
> Or like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
> Dance on the sands and yet no footing seen."

Shakespeare himself was pleased with these verses, for a famous speech of Prospero in The Tempest has these lines: —

> "And ye that on the sands with printless feet
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back."

I think it is interesting to find Shakespeare improving on a phrase of his own: it is something that nobody else could do. There is even greater excellence in the Sonnets, — "Let me not to the marriage of true minds," and many others. The thing in which we should naturally expect Shakespeare to grow more perfect by practice and observation would be knowledge of stage effect, and skill in presenting his subject in the most telling way.

It would be on the side of the dramatist, or of the playwright, perhaps I had better say, rather than on the side of the poet, that we should look for development. To him, as to Molière, his perfect knowledge of stage-business gave an enormous advantage. If he took a play in hand to remodel it for his company, it would be the experience of the actor much more than the genius of the poet that would be called into play. His work would lie in the direction

probably of curtailment oftener than of enlargement; and though it is probable that in the immaturer plays attributed to him by Heming and Condell in their edition of 1623 a portion, greater or less, may be his, yet it is hard to believe that he can be called their author in anything like the same sense as we are sure he is the author of those works in which no other hand can be suspected, because no other hand has ever been capable of such mastery.

It must be remembered that we come to the reading of all the plays attributed to Shakespeare with the preconception that they are his. The juggler, if he wishes to give us the impression that a sound comes from a certain direction, long beforehand turns our attention that way, makes us expect it, and at last we hear it, thence. So this shows the immense power that a persuasion of this kind has over the imagination even in regard to a thing so physical as sound, and in things so metaphysical as the plays of Shakespeare it applies with even more force. If we take up a play thinking it is his, it is astonishing how many things we excuse and how many things we slur over, and so on, for various reasons not very satisfactory, I think, if strictly cross-examined. How easily a preconceived idea that a play is Shakespeare's may mislead even clever and accomplished men into seeing what they expect to see is proved by the number of believers in Ireland's clumsy forgery of Vortigern. It was precisely on the style, in its narrow sense of language and versification, that those too credulous persons based their judgment. The German poet and critic, Tieck, believed in the Shakespearean authorship of all the supposititious plays, and in regard to one of them, at least, The Yorkshire Tragedy, drew his arguments from the diction. Now, so far as mere words go, the dramatists of Shakespeare's time all drew from the same common fund of vocables. The movement of their verse, so far as it was mechanical, would naturally have many points of resemblance.

As an example of the tests sometimes employed, and successfully, but which should not be too implicitly relied upon, I will mention that which is called the double-ending, where there is a superfluous syllable at the end of a line. This is a favorite and often tiresome trick of Fletcher's. But Shakespeare also tried it now and then, as in the choruses of Henry V., which are among the finest examples of his merely picturesque writing.

It is possible that the external manner of Shakespeare might have been caught and imitated more or less unconsciously by some of his contemporaries, as it most certainly was in the next generation, notably by Webster and Shirley. Fletcher was almost Shakespeare's equal in poetic sentiment; and Chapman rises sometimes nearly to his level in those exultations of passionate self-consciousness to which the protagonists of his tragedies are lifted in the supreme crisis of their fate. But Fletcher's sentiment seems artificial in comparison, and his fancy never sings at heaven's gate as Shakespeare's so often does, and Chapman's grandeur comes dangerously near to what a friend would call extravagance and an enemy bombast.[1] There is a certain dramatic passion in Shakespeare's versification, too, which we find in no other of his coevals except Marlowe, and in him far less constantly. Detached verses, I believe, could be cited from far inferior men that might well pass as the handiwork of the great master so far as their merely poetical quality is concerned; but what I mean by dramatic passion is that in Shakespeare's

[1] In Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess Amoret tells Perigot that she loves him "dearly as swallows love the early dawn," which is certainly charming, but seems much more a felicity of fancy than to touch the more piercing note of passion.

best and most characteristic work the very verse is interpenetrated by what is going on in the mind of the speaker, and its movement hastened or retarded by his emotion rather than by the ear and choice of the poet. Yes, single verses, but of other men, might be taken for his, but no considerable sequence of them, and no one of his undoubted plays, taken as a whole, could ever by any possibility be supposed to be the creation of any other poet.

It is something very difficult to define, this impression which convinces us without argument and better than all argument, but it would win the verdict of whatever jury. If the play of Cymbeline had been lost, for example, and the manuscript were to be discovered tomorrow, who would doubt its authorship? Nay, in this case there are short passages, single verses and phrases even, that bear the unmistakable mint-mark of him who alone could ascend the highest heaven of invention; of that magician of whom Dryden said so truly, "Within that circle none dare tread but he." And it is really curious, I may say in passing, — that verse of Dryden reminds me of it, — that almost all the poets who have touched Shakespeare seem to become inspired above themselves. The poem that Ben Jonson wrote in his memory has a splendor of movement about it that is uncommon with him, — a sort of rapture; and Dryden wrote nothing finer than what he wrote about the greatest of poets, nor is any other play of his comparable in quality with All for Love, composed under Shakespeare's immediate and obvious influence.

There are three special considerations, three eminent and singular qualities of Shakespeare, which more than all or anything else, I think, set him in a different category from his contemporaries; and it is these that I would apply as tests, not always or commonly, indeed, to single verses or scenes, but to the entire play. It has been said, with truth, of Byron that there is no great poet who so often falls below himself, and this is no doubt true, within narrower limits, of Shakespeare; but I do not think it would be easy to find a whole scene in any of his acknowledged plays where his mind seems at dead low tide throughout, and lays bare its shallows and its ooze. The first of the three characteristics of which I have spoken is his incomparable force and delicacy of poetic expression, which can never keep themselves hidden for long, but flash out from time to time like those pulses of pale flame with which the sky throbs at unprophesiable intervals, as if in involuntary betrayal of the coming Northern Lights. Such gleams occur in Love's Labour's Lost, and still more frequently in A Midsummer Night's Dream; for here I choose my examples designedly from plays which are known to be early, and provably early, though it would be perfectly fair, since it is with natural and not acquired qualities that we are concerned, to pick them from any of his plays. Especially noteworthy, also, I think, are those passages in which a picturesque phrase is made the vehicle, as it were by accident, of some pregnant reflection or profound thought, as for instance, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, where Theseus says: —

> "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
> Are of imagination all compact."

In all his plays we have evidence that he could not long keep his mind from that kind of overflow. I think it is sometimes even a defect that he is apt to be turned out of his direct course by the first metaphysical quibble, if I may so call it, that pops up in his path.

One of the surest of these detective clues is this continual cropping-up (Goethe would have called it intrusion) of philosophical or metaphysical thought in the midst of picturesque imagery or passionate emotion, as if born of the very ecstasy of the language in which it

is uttered. Take, for example, a passage from The Two Noble Kinsmen which has persuaded nearly all critics that Shakespeare had a hand in writing that play. It is Arcite's invocation of Mars. Observe how it begins with picture, and then deepens down into a condensed statement of all the main arguments that can be urged in favor of war:

"Thou mighty one that with thy power hast turned
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets forewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthëd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The masoned turrets . . .
O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' th' plurisy of people!"

The second characteristic of which I should expect to see some adumbration, at least, in any unmistakable work of Shakspeare would be humor, in which itself and in the quality of it he is perhaps more unspeakably superior to his contemporaries than in some other directions, — I mean in the power of pervading a character with humor, creating it out of humor, so to speak, and yet never overstepping the limits of nature or coarsening into caricature. In this no man is or ever was comparable with him but Cervantes. Of this humor we have something more than the premonition in some of his earliest plays.

A third characteristic of Shakespeare is eloquence; and this, of course, we expect to meet with, and do meet with, more abundantly in the historical and semi-historical plays than in those where the intrigue is more private and domestic. If I were called upon to name any one mark more distinctive than another of Shakespeare's work, it would be this. I do not mean mere oratory, as in Antony's speech over the body of Cæsar, but an eloquence of impassioned thought finding vent in vivid imagery. The speeches seem not to be composed, — they grow; thought budding out of thought, and image out of image, by what seems a natural law of development, but by what is no doubt some subtler process of association in the speaker's mind, always gathering force and impetuosity as it goes, from its own very motion. Take as examples the speeches of Ulysses in Troilus and Cressida.

I think these are the three qualities — subtlety of poetic expression, humor, and eloquence — which we should expect to find in a play of Shakespeare's, and especially in an historical play. Of each and all of these we find less in Richard III., as it appears to me, than in any other of his plays of equal pretensions; for although it is true that in Richard II. there is no humorous character, the humor of irony is many times present in the speeches of the king after his dethronement. There is a gleam of humor here and there in Richard III., as where Richard rebukes Buckingham for saying "zounds," —

"O do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham;"

and there are many other Shakespearean touches; but the play as a whole appears to me always less than it should be, except in scenic effectiveness, to be reckoned a work from Shakespeare's brain and hand alone, or even mainly, — less in all the qualities and dimensions that are most exclusively and characteristically his. This I think to be conclusive, for, as Goethe says very truly, if there be any defect in the most admirable of Shakespeare's plays, it is that they are more than they should be. The same great critic, speaking of his Henry IV., says with equal truth "that, were everything else that has come down to us of the same kind lost, [the arts of] poesy and rhetoric could be recreated out of it."

The first impression made upon us by Richard III. is that it is thoroughly melodramatic in conception and execution. Whoever has seen it upon the stage knows that the actor of Richard is sure to offend against every canon of taste laid down by Hamlet in his advice to the players. He is sure to tear his passion to rags and tatters; he is sure to split the ears of the groundlings; and he is sure to overstep the modesty of nature with every one of his stage strides. Now it is not impossible that Shakespeare, as a caterer for the public taste, may have been willing that the groundlings as well as other people should help to fill the coffers of his company, and that the right kind of attraction should accordingly be offered them. It is therefore conceivable that he may have retouched or even added to a poor play which had already proved popular; but it is not conceivable that he should have written an entire play in violation of those principles of taste which we may deduce more or less clearly from everything he wrote.

Then, again, Shakespeare's patriotism is characteristic of his plays. It is quite as intense as that of Burns; and in a play dealing with a subject like that of Richard III. one would expect to see this patriotism show itself in a rather more pronounced manner than usual, because the battle of Bosworth Field, with which the play ends, ended also a long and tragic series of wars, and established on the throne the grandfather of the sovereign who was reigning when the play was put upon the stage. Now there is one allusion, a sort of prophetic allusion, in this play to the succession of Henry VII.'s descendants to the throne; but if you compare it with the admirable way in which Shakespeare — I grant that he was then older and his faculties more mature — has dealt with a similar matter in Macbeth, in the second scene with the witches, which impresses our imagination almost as much as it does that of the usurper himself; if we consider, moreover, that in the play of Richard III. there is an almost ludicrous procession of ghosts, — for there are eleven of them who pass through, speaking to Richard on the right and to Richmond on the left, — and if we compare this with Shakespeare's treatment of the supernatural in any of his undoubted plays, I think we shall feel that the inferiority is not one of degree, but one of kind.

I cannot conceive how anybody should believe that Shakespeare wrote the two speeches which are made to their armies by Richard and Richmond respectively. That of Richard is by far the better, and has something of the true Shakespearean ring in it, something of his English scorn for the upstart and the foreigner, notably where he calls Richmond

> "A milksop, one that never in his life
> Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow;"

but that of his antagonist falls ludicrously flat to shame his worshipers. Compare it with the speech of Henry V. under the walls of Harfleur, or his reply to Westmoreland. I can conceive almost anything of Shakespeare except his being dull through a speech of twenty lines. I do not think he is ever that. He may be hyperbolical; he may be this, that, or the other; but whatever it is, his fault is not that he is dull. If it were not so late, I would read to you a passage from an earlier play, — the speech of Gaunt in King Richard II.; and I am glad to refer to this because it shows in part that eloquence and that intensity of patriotism which display themselves whenever they can find or make an opportunity.

If Shakespeare undertook to remodel an already existing piece, we should expect to find his hand in the opening scene, for in this his skill is always noticeable in arresting attention and exciting interest. Richard's soliloquy at the beginning of the play may be his

in part, though there is a clumsiness in Richard's way of declaring himself a scoundrel and in the reasons he gives for being one which is helplessly ridiculous. He says: —

> "And therefore — since I cannot prove a lover,
> To entertain these fair, well-spoken days —
> I am determinëd to prove a villain,
> And hate the idle pleasures of these days."

And yet in the very next scene he wooes and wins Anne, though both she and Elizabeth had told him very frankly that they knew he was a devil. It would be a mistake to compare this betraying of himself by Richard with the cynical and almost indecent frankness of Iago. Iago was an Italian of the Renaissance as Shakespeare might have divined him through that penetrating psychology of his; and I have been told that even now Italians who see Salvini's version of Othello sympathize rather with Iago than with the Moor, whom they consider to be a dull-witted fellow, deserving the dupery of which he was the victim.

Nevertheless Richard III. is a most effective acting play. There are, certainly, what seem to be unmistakable traces of Shakespeare in some of the worst scenes, though I am not sure that if the play had been lost, and should be discovered in our day, this would pass without question. The soliloquy of Clarence can hardly be attributed to any other hand, and there are gleams from time to time that look like manifest records of his kindling touch. But the scolding mob of widow queens, who make their billingsgate more intolerable by putting it into bad blank verse, and the childish procession of eleven ghosts seem to me very little in Shakespeare's style; for in nothing, as I have said, is he more singular and preëminent than in his management of the supernatural.

I find that my time has got the better of me. I shall merely ask you to read Richard III. with attention, and with a comparison such as I have hinted at between this and other plays which are most nearly contemporary with it, and I therefore shall not trouble you with further passages.

It seems to me that an examination of Richard III. plainly indicates that it is a play which Shakespeare adapted to the stage, making additions, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter; and that towards the end, either growing weary of his work or pressed for time, he left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself. It would be interesting to follow out minutely a question of this kind, but that would not be possible within the limits of an occasion like this. It will be enough if I have succeeded in interesting you to a certain extent in a kind of discussion that has at least the merit of withdrawing us for a brief hour from the more clamorous interests and questions of the day to topics which, if not so important, have also a perennial value of their own.

While I believe in the maintenance of classical learning in our universities, I never open my Shakespeare but I find myself wishing that there might be professorships established for the expounding of his works as there used to be for those of Dante in Italy. There is nothing in all literature so stimulating and suggestive as the thought he seems to drop by chance, as if his hands were too full; nothing so cheery as his humor; nothing that laps us in Elysium so quickly as the lovely images which he marries to the music of his verse. He is also a great master of rhetoric in teaching us what to follow, and sometimes quite as usefully what to avoid. I value him above all for this: that for those who know no language but their own there is as much intellectual training to be got from the study of his works as from those of any, I had almost said all, of the great writers of antiquity.

*James Russell Lowell.*

# AMERICAN CHARACTERS IN GERMAN NOVELS.

I.

HAVE national types of men and women found adequate exposition in fiction? And what has been the influence of national embodiments of home characters upon descriptions of the same by foreign writers? Or, to subdivide the subject, and to draw our illustrations from one of the oldest and one of the youngest of modern literatures, how has American fiction affected contemporary German novelists?

American fiction falls into two large classes, the old romantic school and the modern realistic school, with a few individual authors whose place belongs in neither class absolutely. Of the romanticists, Hawthorne followed a provincial vein when he undertook to vivify the characteristics of the New England Puritan and his descendants. Each of his several larger works contains an exquisitely defined variety of characters. Although they must be sought for amidst surroundings that are illuminated by the ever fitful lights of the author's fantasy, they are more consistent than the plots in which they appear. Thus The Blithedale Romance, after beginning with a project of social reform, dissolves into the melancholy twilight of an ill-assorted marriage and a lackadaisical confession; yet in its course it depicts, like a resplendent bubble on its own sluggish Brook Farm river, Zenobia, the most exuberant and glowing figure in our whole literature.

But before all it is Hepzibah who rises to our thoughts when we consider the Yankeeism of the Hawthorne gallery of poetic portraits. Perhaps the very eccentricity of her contour fixes this masterpiece of American *genre* upon the memory. Hester, in The Scarlet Letter, is a cast of a simpler and more classic mould: she retains something strange and foreign as compared with Hepzibah in The House of the Seven Gables; and this despite the fact that Hester's sufferings are due to specifically local and New England conditions, whereas Hepzibah's misery is owing to the stress of poverty, common everywhere.

The truth is, the nationalism, or rather the provincialism, of these tales is diffused interchangeably between the characters and the landscape that composes the background of the story. Not all of the characters are equally new, nor are all of them equally American in type. Hepzibah's niece, with her cheerful, helpful, housewifely habits and her even-tempered acquiescence in things as they are, is the sister of Goethe's Ottilie, a favorite figure in German novels of old and new date. Priscilla, in The Blithedale Romance, with her childlike, almost sylphlike unquestioning and ineradicable love and worship for beings that awe her by their imposing presence, is a spiritual relation of Käthchen, and even of Undine. Like these, she is devoid of the capacity of judgment. She does not think or reflect. Her attachment is involuntary, silent, passive; but it has the force of a mania. She does not regard herself as her lover's equal. It occurs as little to her to compare her own qualities with his as to measure him by a comparison with others. She takes it for granted that he is superior and unique, and that the world values him as she herself does. She is a being, in a word, of the simplest order, without elements active among themselves or at war with one another; without will, without resentment, without force of habit, and almost without memory. She obeys as a sapling bends before the wind, without any other opposition than the fact which her being in the way

presents. After the first recoil caused by Zenobia's death she is the same being as before that event: unbroken, unscared, possessed of the same susceptible elasticity.

Hilda, in The Marble Faun, is more nearly a character. But this late work of the author suffers in comparison with his American novels. Its heroine has a value chiefly of an historical kind, as furnishing the first germ of the American girl abroad. She must be placed, with the two just named, among the types whose similitudes are found in Continental romanticism; while Hester and Zenobia might take their places among figures familiar to French fiction of a period preceding and partly contemporary with Hawthorne's time. This period is called in France "the period of the woman of thirty." It began with the appearance of Benjamin Constant's Adolphe, and was developed by Balzac. Nor, although the type has been modified in both directions by caricature since then, as in Ohnet's Dames de Croix Saint Luc, where the heroine appears as a woman nigh forty, and in Zola's Renate, where her age is under the usual score and a half of years, has it ceased, up to the present, to appear on the Continent; in England Thackeray depicted "the woman of thirty" in Henry Esmond and The Virginians.

"The modern Drama calls, 'Who is knocking?'" Jules Janin once complained humorously, "and Romance cries, 'Who is there?'

"'It is I,' answers Sweet Sixteen tremblingly, with her teeth of pearls, her snowy bosom, her melting contours, her fresh laugh, her soft look. 'It is I. I am of the age of Racine's Janic, of Shakespeare's Desdemona, Molière's Agnes, Voltaire's Zaïre, Prévost's Manon Lescaut, Saint-Pierre's Virginie. . . . It is I. I am youth. I am full of hope. I am innocent. I throw looks beautiful as heaven and without fear into the future. My age is that of all pure instincts, of all noble impulses, of pride and of chastity. Take me in, dear sir!'

"Thus speaks Sweet Sixteen to our dramatists and novel-writers; but our novelists and dramatic poets answer promptly, 'We are busy with your mother now, child; come again in twenty years.'"

The New England women of thirty in Hawthorne's pages are voluptuously ripe and pagan. It is the author who lets the outbursts of their paganism occur outside the frame of his books instead of within it. He captures the defiant, statuesque figure of Hester and the imposing Zenobia *after* the attainment of the zenith of their internal life and their revolt against social morality; for nearly all these romance heroines of thirty are rebels against conventional order. They pass before our eyes with different gait after their fall, — Hester self-contained, Zenobia quivering with a revival of emotion. The background before which they move is a landscape of fields and woods, in place of *salons* and country seats; but "when we see them we know they are gods." Their Puritan New England garments are but a transparent vesture under which are seen the full forms of universal passion. These are no products of a special culture, nor results of national peculiarities.

Hawthorne's true provincial characters, beside Hepzibah and certain other accessory female figures, must be looked for in his men, as in Arthur Dimmesdale, who is a descendant in literature, it may perhaps be granted, of Werther and of Werther's successors, but is no direct descendant. It is characteristic, however, of Hawthorne's subtle, desultory fancy that many of his heroes remain incompletely sketched, while his pen lingers over the elfin queries of little Pearl, the flower in Zenobia's hair, and the faltering gait of the frail Priscilla.

A fresh assortment of personages was offered by Cooper in his Indian and war novels, where the knights and lairds

of Sir Walter Scott appear in homespun or buckskins and moccasins. They hardly attain, perhaps, the consistency of characters, for circumstances make them, whereas your true dramatic character moulds or creates events. There is a lack of inner conformity or likeness to practical life traceable in both the chief and the accessory personages of the tales; while the portion of their existence which the author chooses to depict is generally occupied by a series of dangers which they overcome or from which they escape.

Harvey Birch is a simple countryman, who assumes the character of a peddler and British spy, whereas he is in the secret employment of Washington. He cannot spell correctly; yet on one occasion he converses in the discreet language of diplomacy, and on another curses to perfection in the Irish brogue and in a female voice. He is sensible enough to resent the attempt of a purchaser to force him into accepting an inadequate sum of money for his house, yet he lacks the naturalness to show the billet testifying to his true character, on being condemned to death by a colonial officer. The secret of Washington would have been safe with a major of Washington's army, and Harvey's death could secure nothing save one dangerous enemy less to the common foe. It was a duty as well as a rational instinct of human nature, therefore, to wish to live. The novelist, however, with the romantic unreality of the fiction of his time, makes his hero invite death, and, to cap the climax of the fantastic heroism, actually try to prevent his own escape. For Harvey is not content to let the billet remain concealed on his person; he swallows it.

Cooper's heroes [1] are of the old type of romantic ideals: men of action, of stout hearts, and of penetration, who nevertheless, in the absence of a substantial reason for sacrificing their lives, offer their lives up for any or no reason. Latin *juvenes* do not "pour wine upon the ground" with more frequency and restlessness than Cooper's heroes risk their honest and thrifty blood.

It is questionable whether there is any nationalism in Cooper's works which is not contained in their subject matter, — in their landscape with its aboriginal Indians, and in the inspiring tone of self-reliance that speaks in all his stories. Colonel Sellers and many a Western "prospector" as sketched by Bret Harte answer more completely to our idea of the American; at least, of the American as he is at present. Cooper's conscious or unconscious endeavors to represent his countryman amounted to little more than the portrayal of his own ideal of a man. He was far from being a scientific or objective recorder, but had a conservative bias of idealism. His American, whatever else he might be, must wear the stamp of heroism.

Now this point of view, the point of view from which Cooper wrote, is the oldest one in fiction. It is the view in which the chief personage of a story is native born, yet is so endowed with superior traits as to be raised to a place among the demigods. Fancy the early potency of the idea which first gave birth and currency to the term "hero" for the main person of a tale!

The next stage of representation, logically, is that in which a contrast is drawn between two nations with their particular national ideals. But this stage is almost wanting in our literature. The blunt, raw differences between conflicting orders of civilization have never been depicted by any considerable school of American novelists, however surprising the fact must appear, when one considers the history and conglomerate population of America. Our fiction con-

[1] Sainte-Beuve was singularly wrong when he described Henry Wilder as a perfect American type: certainly no American considers a character to be American because it is dominated by "*quelque chose d'honnête, de régulier, et de sérieux.*"

tains partisan and prejudiced writings, it is true, but it shows no consistent aversion toward any people. Thus the Indian hero is distinguishable in little from the white hero; the Irish and the German immigrants, strangely enough, have been left as good as undescribed; while the negro and Chinaman are relegated for the most part to short tales, and are not made the objects of exhaustive contrasts.

We have no counterpart, in other words, of the Frenchman who plays so ridiculous a *rôle* in English novels, or of the Jew who is the cheap villain of German and Russian literatures; no analogues to Debit and Credit and the historical novels of Gutzkow; no duplicates of Anton, whose transparent honesty is made plain against the dark career of Itzel Veitig; no weighty masterpiece, in short, whose marrow consists in the dramatic differences of race. Our novelists have undertaken nothing further than differences in national breeding, and this chiefly, as we shall see, in respect of heroines, the American girl being contrasted with the European maiden. European, mark you! Even here no special nationality is picked out, as Poles and Jews have been in Germany and the French in England, to serve as a foil to native traits.

But although American romanticists have rejected the means of accentuating the contours of their personages with the strong, divergent traits which nationality affords, they have employed at least the second easiest way that exists for obtaining piquant effects. They have set forth past periods of time in one and the same country. There are exceptions, it is true, but the fact remains that the bulk of the literature which has been referred to uses the early or colonial period in America for its subject. This period, naturally, cannot be in the mind of the reader without his contrasting it with his own time; so that the chosen period of time serves as a similar foil to that found in the opposition of one nationality to another.

II.

The school that follows is the first to take up contemporary life. It casts off boldly even the aid of historical perspective; and under the ægis of realism it paints what it sees and knows. No wonder that the fullest number of representative American types may be looked for in its works. With this method of portraiture, the latest studies of Americans must necessarily be the most complete. For our national existence is more complete now than it was in colonial times; and a personage is apt to be markedly national the longer is the period of uninterrupted history behind him.

The Colonel Sellers of Mark Twain is a "modern" through and through, as he would describe himself, and "no mistake;" a character of the sharpest and most distinct individuality, in no wise to be confounded with the money-getting men of other lands. For the "colonel" is a materialist without being mean, brutal, or sensual, and ambitious without being ruthless either by disposition or in practice. Money is a god; but his worship of it has a quixotic quality, for it is a god of his imagination. There is nothing in it of fetichism, which, when disappointed, beats the object of its former groveling adulation. He loves a scheme, when looked at closely, in great part because of its daring and originality; and he can glow over it whether it fills his own pocket or another's. He begrudges no man his luck. The "hits" of other men inflame him with the creative wish of making a success of his own hobby. He spends his time as little in complaint as in gloating over dreams of luxury. He eats his dinner on a pine table, and glorifies the low room and the thin face of his drudging wife, flushed from cooking, with the golden shimmer of great and growing expectations. For the rest, he is a good husband, a chaste man, temperate, kind

— even weak — to children, freehanded, trustful, and looks the world in the face, experiencing only gratification when the world, on its side, looks Colonel Sellers in the face. The trunk of his nature is a healthy selfishness that sends out runners into nearly every field of virtue.

He does not fulfill the national idea in one respect: he is not successful.

But success is like the fall of a curtain and the end of a play. The engaging part of life is the struggle that precedes and leads up to this conclusion. I incline to think that the instinct which demands it for the typical American character is just, and is warranted by the actual comparative statistics of life. But in its absence, the fact which is of the most importance to us is the general impression which the description of the colonel leaves upon the mind. This is one of buoyancy to the end, and so responds to an American ideal. Indeed, it is hard to measure how much this distinctive feature of irrepressibleness has had to do with the popularity of Sellers. Certain it is that the character meets with more concurrence of opinion as representative than any other which American fiction has produced.

In comparison with the colonel Silas Lapham is less successful, although Mr. Howells has drawn the character with uncommon literary skill. Lapham is a back-country man, who discovers mineral paint on his farm, uses the discovery, and develops a good deal of practical shrewdness. In the moment of his highest self-satisfaction he dines for the first time at the house of a refined Boston gentleman. Here he gets drunk, and begins to boast.

Now Colonel Sellers boasts, too; but Sellers's boasting is a sort of magnified business scheming. Silas Lapham's boasting is personal twaddle. He tells his host and the deprecating company of his former readiness to call anybody a liar who should have predicted his ever sitting at the same table on an equality with such fine gentlemen.

The incident fixes itself upon the memory through the unparalleled strength of the author's delineation of it, and it is one which is accepted as very likely to have occurred in life, although we have not been prepared for a display of drunkenness by the description of Lapham's habits. Drunkenness, however, is a universal solvent of brutality and vulgarity, as potent in Calcutta as in Boston, in Africa as in the United States. The scene in the novel which has the effect of climax is, therefore, hardly specifically American. Nor indeed has common judgment accorded the character of this hero more than an approximation to the typical truth.

This is the case, perhaps, with another of Mr. Howells's personages, Lemuel Barker, in The Minister's Charge, a book which is considered one of the author's chief creations; it is well to remark, because it takes the rise of an American lad for its theme. Colonel Sellers and Silas Lapham are already middle-aged men when we first know them. Lemuel, who is growing up on an ill-kept farm in the hands of his widowed, gaunt New England mother, has taken the notion, through a city clergyman's good-humored praise of his verses, to go to the metropolis. His mother tells him "to associate only with the best;" and his own unsophisticated views quite tally, it may be supposed, with her undefined and simple notions of their being as good as anybody, and superior to many. In town he is brought into personal contact, by means of the minister, with rich and well-bred people, and sees their homes. His innate faculty for discriminating makes him gradually aware of the actual differences and grades of differences between his homely, clumsy manners and the light, conventional forms of fashionable society, as well as the deeper-lying disparity between the expression of his sentiments and views and theirs. His literary ambition is quickly crushed. He becomes a servant in a private house,

then a book-keeper and caterer of an obscure hotel, and later the hired companion of an invalid gentleman. His final occupation is that of a country schoolteacher.

Success here also is partial only. The level to which Lemuel rises is respectable, but not brilliant. However, the dissatisfaction which the character excites — for it excites dissatisfaction — is hardly owing to this circumstance. I attribute the popular depreciation rather to Mr. Howells's setting "society" over against the struggle of Barker to get on in the world. For the same dissatisfaction exists in respect of other novels by the same author. Too strong an emphasis is kept up in them all on social distinctions, or on just that in ignoring which the American recognizes a distinctive originality in his countrymen. The favorites of our fiction, among whom are Colonel Sellers and Daisy Miller, go through life quite unincumbered by a sense of social inferiority; and the national theory leaves to the folk of monarchical states the practice of taking etiquette and social rank or degree seriously. The generality of Americans, out of the midst of whom the typical American must spring, who overcome every other disadvantage of life, are thought of as adapting themselves to fashionable usages, as far as they discern them, without much ado or heartache. Social self-consciousness not only lasts a shorter time, but plays also a minor rôle than that given it in the lives of this author's rising Americans. Such susceptibility to fashionable culture and such preoccupation with shades of social niceties as he attributes to his hero popular opinion attributes to scheming old American women; and, what is more, the public believes that American men relegate these matters to the women.

As for the heroines of Mr. Howells, they are for the most part young, and agree in this particular with old traditional models (not with the oldest, for Helen, Penelope, and Dido were "women of thirty," as Jules Janin must be reminded). For the rest, however, they exhibit exquisitely novel traits. Alice dresses charmingly and goes to entertainments and fashionable resorts, yet is austere and wanting in coquetry. She is wanting almost in high spirits, while her maidenly purity is such that to mention the word "chaste" shocks the reader as a jarring superfluity. Her prejudices are prompt, and possess the cruel unqualifiedness of extreme youth and inexperience. Love absorbs her, not like a passion to be given way to, or a sentiment to be enjoyed, as is the case with the Gretchens of romance, but as a sanctifying possession. Far from being the charter of a surrender of herself to her lover, love is received as the ultimatum of a high power over both, demanding a common castigation and chastening. Her maiden fancies have not been filled habitually, as it comes to light, with the future man of her choice, for she is unprepared to accept the slightest divergence or obliquity of her lover; nor does she possess a fund of tender compliance or blandishments. She is awkward instead, and has the curtness of restrained and coy vehemence. Separation makes her ill and self-interrogatory. In every circumstance, indeed, the character is consistently scrupulous, self-conscious, and intense, with a mind more set on holding fast to truth as she sees it than on holding fast to men.

The divergence here from the romantic and from the Continental type of the maiden character is very considerable. German romance lets the girl sacrifice herself to the man, French women of fiction and Russian heroines fall sacrifices to passion, and English Dinah Morrises sacrifice themselves to Christian charity. The girl is new in literature who retains herself, or starts out, at least, with retaining herself.

The question arises, Should the novelty be recognized as American?

I think it has been so recognized. Common opinion may not say that Alice is the American girl *par excellence*, but it certainly sees in her *an* American girl.

American, too, are Mr. Howells's portraits of middle-aged and elderly women. He may be said, indeed, to have been the creator of the American mother, for it was in his writings that she appeared as a constant quantity for the first time; and although there has not been much ado made over her, the guild of writers show their appreciation of the character by adopting her — usually in the rôle of invalid — as a conventional figure among minor characters.

But the personage after Colonel Sellers with whom the nation has concerned itself most, and whom it has accepted as most typical, is Daisy Miller. This study by Henry James has little intrinsic attraction at first sight; so little, indeed, at the very last that the verdict of success which it received proceeded from an instinctive perception of its accuracy more than from enthusiasm over its brilliancy. Her genre is that of the American girl abroad. Daisy, in company with her mother and a young brother, travels desultorily over Europe, coming at last to Rome. The mother is still on the level of underbreeding where persons describe themselves often and with unction as "ladies" or "gentlemen." The young brother, on his part, views the Old World with unmitigated contempt. His disgust reaches even to the European heavens. He declares that in America the moon always shines. Daisy does as she likes, and she likes doing abroad what she did at home, namely, to dress herself daintily and talk with "gentlemen." She meets with a cynical youngish American who has lived on the Continent for a long time. He has the flattering consciousness of seeing through the social grade of the Miller family, while Daisy is disturbed at perceiving that something in her is not right to his eyes. She is pleased as a child when her propositions to go out with "gentlemen" succeed, and flatters herself that she must be awakening the jealousy of the man who discomposes her. Unconsciously she refers to him in laying out her daily little schemes of conquest. There is an Italian who believes the family to be rich, and pays his court accordingly to Daisy, who treats him with her habitual little tyrannous self-confidence. Without being a princess, or ever in her life having studied one, she acts continually on the line of absolute sovereignty where men are concerned.

Her associations with the foreign-bred man become more frequent under the discouraging sense that the American is in town and watching her; for her unsophisticated brain has caught at the notion that he must approve of her more if he sees that somebody pays her "devoted attentions." She wants to visit the Coliseum by the light of the moon, and easily induces the Italian to take her. The American, on seeing the two at midnight alone in the desolate place, and knowing that others may see them, is indignant and enraged at the mother. But Mrs. Miller has no idea that she is criticised, or indeed that there is anything unusual in Daisy's doings. She meets her censor with tears when he calls, and with the news of Daisy's death from fever, caught at the Coliseum, tells him her daughter wished her to say "she was not engaged to the Italian, after all," or to naïvely reject the sole conventional pretense left to rescue Daisy's reputation!

The language of the author is unadorned and realistic. But Americans welcomed the disagreeable photographic truths of the study the readier, perhaps, because an open-hearted concession on the points of breeding left them the freer to claim the heroine's maiden purity as a national radical trait. Daisy's innocence, in other words, gives much more satisfaction than the peculiarities of her bringing-up can possibly cause

mortification. The worse for the Europeans who criticise her ways as peculiar! At bottom Daisy is a true Una among the beasts, and she triumphs as such; for the cynical American no less than the Italian is "set about thinking" considerably. The latter, in fact, does not refrain from giving expression to the result of his prolonged wonderment and ultimate conviction. It is in his testimony to Daisy's purity that the final element of success is presented, — success which, as we have seen, the nation confidently looks for in the fate of its typical personages.

No like universality and persistency of judgment have been passed upon Elsie Venner and the heroines of books which exhibit modern forms of social activity; as indeed it lies in the nature of the subject of activity to be transient in respect of the poetic interest that can be got out of it, besides being exposed in every case to the suspicion of partisanship. Such a matter as the advocacy or the rejection of woman's rights, even if national to-day, may be international to-morrow. That cannot be called a trait, moreover, which is still in the process of formation. A national trait, on the contrary, is something already formed, the result of manifold preëxistent conditions. The work of fiction that selects its personages from among the advocates of the movements of the day may have every quality save the one of typical nationalism, which is just that quality which at present concerns us.

Similarly the charming characters of Mr. Cable must also be passed by. The provincialism which he depicts is quite unlike that of Hawthorne or of Bret Harte in being a provincialism which is doomed to decay. New England asceticism and Western enterprise and daring are ingredients which have leavened the character of the whole American people. Not so with French and Creole qualities. These have only a poetic and historic worth, and a narrowing local existence.

Briefly, we find that American writers have embodied the characteristics which distinguish Americans, but as yet have produced few characters that are universally accepted as typically American. Among these accepted characters is the sanguine materialist, who is rooted in selfishness, but sends out runners into the fields of public and private virtue, and the American girl, who is a favorite subject and a new creation in literature. The aged American is a figure totally unknown to our fiction; but the elderly woman, aged by nervous illness before her time, is a very familiar personage.

III.

Upon contrasting our view of American literature with the view which Germans have taken of it, the first fact that strikes us is the persistence of Germans in clinging to our novels of romantic adventure as furnishing the type of the American. Cooper and Bret Harte are the favorites in Germany, and the works of these writers circulate in excellent translations, while our contemporary society fiction, as represented by the works of James and Howells, is read less, and often only in the original; perhaps I should be correct in adding, only *after* the first-named authors, — a fact which deserves attention, inasmuch as Americans by no means select for their reading the productions of the German romanticists in preference to the realistic novels of Auerbach and Freytag.

Scenes of adventure, however, of wild night landscapes, of powerful heroes, and of license in passion were long familiar to the German reading world. Their incorporation in the novels of Cooper and the tales of Bret Harte possessed, therefore, no outlandish strangeness save the one last stirring element of reality. America was a land of license to the unsophisticated burgher, and stories that had for heroes men of primeval recklessness and supreme magnanimity met with spontaneous popularity.

"In truth, our interest in America is of a romantic sort still," Julian Schmidt observes. "There is a preference for the primitiveness of the aboriginal mixed with the old enthusiasm for the champions of the American war for independence, which set the revolutionary movement going in Europe. . . . At first we saw the Indians with Châteaubriand's eyes; then came the series of Cooper's novels." [1]

In Cooper's style, accordingly, are the novels of Sealsfield and Gerstaecker. From Ruppius, indeed, down to the German Pioneers of Spielhagen, published in 1872, the main feature of all German productions that have American life for their theme has been adventure. Imminent danger and escape make up their bulk, and heroic virtue, embodied in youthful healthy men and women, stamps all their leading characters. In Max Reichardt, of Ruppius's novel A German, the heroic takes even a Joseph turn, so that chastity is added to the older stereotyped list of superhuman qualities.

We are in a field here with romantic shades for personages, — too unsubstantial, in spite of their would-be-force, for analysis. All *nuances* fail. All likelihood is wanting. We are given mere contours of heroes, as empty as a coat of mail set up in a museum; and just as anybody can don a coat of mail, so might a citizen of any state in the world be fitted into these romantic cases. As a matter of fact, the outlines of Cooper's heroes are filled out by Gerstaecker, Ruppius, Möllhausen, Spielhagen, and Schücking with German occupants. Native Prussians, Bavarians, or Würtembergers supplant the early Yankee colonists as masters over Indians, enemies, and fate. Indeed, often the tables are turned wholly against the original Yankee. His shrewdness becomes unscrupulousness, while his pure virtues are shown up in the German hero of the story. From the beginning to the end of the tale American license is set in contrast with Teutonic civil order and conscientiousness.

Even Debit and Credit, which is the best novel, perhaps, that Germany has produced, discloses a survival of this romantic tendency. The evil portions of Von Fink's life are the years spent in New York. Freytag makes his hero relate what corruptions he fell into there as a young lad; and it is behind the desk of a German grocery store that the hero's manly sense of discipline and right is so far restored that he urges the American land speculators, who are his partners, to exercise humanity toward the immigrants on their land. When persuasion fails, he bribes the American press to expose the speculators and himself! — thus showing that your true German is as clever at Yankee dodges as the Yankee, besides being as virtuous on a large scale as the original Cooperite.

The truth is, the greater portion of the romantic literature under discussion, both American and German, depends for its characterization upon the field over which its personages move, upon the background of the plot. For this reason it was easy to replace Yankees by Germans; for where peculiarities of landscape and race are depicted with equal skill — and some of the pages of Möllhausen are unsurpassed — the result conveys the same impression. It matters very little what nationality is ascribed to personages so long as these are the old ideals of literature, the old "heroes" dubbed with new names and titles.

Nationality after all is more political than geographical. But with Ruppius, Möllhausen, and Sealsfield the geographical and ethnological idea was predominant. Nor was it in their times that Americanism was seen to consist in many-sided social peculiarities, in character and habits, in opinions and views. Thus one fails to find such characteri-

[1] Deutsche Literatur in 19ten Jahrhundert. 1871. Leipzig.

zation in their books, where the passive nature of the American hero is dwelt on more than the deeds which he accomplishes; where his surroundings are commonplace and dull (for in America as well as in the Old World most surroundings are commonplace and dull); where indeed the surroundings may be those of the European without in the least detracting from the subtle distinctness of his separate nationalism. An insight into the true nature of a people might have been expected of a literary nation like the German earlier than of the Americans themselves, whose time was engrossed with practical problems. But we seek in vain for evidences of such insight from German writers. On the contrary, they have borrowed from American literature what they possess of insight, and borrowed tardily. Möllhausen is still writing his American novels of adventure, and he has both readers and disciples. The era is a very recent one, in fact, in which "American" has come to mean something besides fighting with red Indians and squabbling with ruffianly gold diggers.

The change in attitude toward American subjects is very slow in making itself felt. The novels of Cooper obtained a vogue rapidly, but a generation of writers has had time to flourish and decline since his day; yet the obscure levels of German fiction still swarm with Indians and adventurers whenever America is concerned.

Nearly all writers, meanwhile, introduced an American into their fiction, just as they still introduce if not an American, at least an Americanized German. Gutzkow treated the character in Ackermann, one of the personages of his famous Ritter vom Geist; Gustav Freytag, in his novels Soll und Haben and Die Verlorene Handschrift, and in Saalfeld, a character in his drama Die Valentine; while Spielhagen's hero, Leo, in the novels In Reih und Glied and Durch Nacht zum Licht, is also exposed to American influences. Gutzkow, Spielhagen, and Von Moser have immortalized the Yankee spirit of enterprise in a manner that contrasts strongly with the rôle which the German, on his side, is made to play in our humorous fiction, and more in accordance with George Eliot's forceful personification Herr Klesmer, who is presented in a large and catholic way.

Yet while the recent writing about Americans is realistic, sharper, better, and more discriminating, it is curious to note that fewer of the new men who occupy themselves with American characteristics have seen the United States than was the case with the old school. Ruppius, Gerstaecker, Sealsfield, and Möllhausen all lived in America for a time, at least. Of the moderns, or realists, perhaps Paul Lindau is the only one who has ever set foot upon the new continent. The material for the portrayal of American traits is gathered, therefore, by the later school, from American contemporary literature, and from Yankee tourists and residents in the fatherland.

The theory that one must see a country if he would write accurately of its people may seem to be disturbed by this fact; but the truth is, this whole subject of national fiction has yet to be worked out. It is easy to perceive that European writers possess certain advantages in separating a few individuals from the vast, confusing, loosely knit American life, and setting them against the compact, familiar background of home characters and manners. These characters stand out in relief, as it were, and can be studied in finest nuances of shade and light. The attention is concentrated. The feelings — and this is not a minor point — remain undisturbed. Political and social prepossessions, the elements that unfit the mind most, in our day, for artistic international study, are forgotten before the spectacle of a solitary figure in his pilgrimage amidst

a landscape full of strange scenes; he is like the lion of the tale, that

> "Sniffs the prostrate wanderer whom he finds in his wide waste,
> But starts with instant, lowering fury in a horde's opposing face."

The German in America may have remained the indistinct literary personage we find him because of this lack of isolation. For the two cases are not interchangeable. Germany sends thousands of emigrants to America, while America sends at once but a few lonely students and a mass of restless tourists. The American author, therefore, has not, like the German, a single person or two for the subject of his studies, but a colony. Can any one predict an early change in the present condition? Is not an additional hindrance to an adequate delineation of the German in our literature to be detected in the continued absorption of the German in American life, — an absorption that is likely to arouse the political prepossessions of German writers, and so give rise to a bitter partisan literature on their side, while the absorption confuses the German outline for our own writers?

The second source from which German novelists draw material for the portrayal of American characters, namely, contemporary American fiction, was opened by German authors who were driven from their country by the severity of its military and press laws, and found refuge in America.

Hence has arisen a literature similar to that of the *émigrées* from France at the beginning of the century; except that for one Madame de Staël who penetrates a foreign society and its literary life our newspaper age scatters the criticisms of innumerable refugees; and in place of long books, Germans write of us in letters, short journalistic notices, and monthly reviews. There is greater variety in the means, however, than is to be found in the results. For just as the French came to understand the social peculiarities of the Germans through the writings of their exiles, so did the adherents of Scott and Cooper in Germany come to understand through the "men of '48" the traditional nature of the view which they were holding of Americans; they began to substitute Bret Harte for the author of The Last of the Mohicans, while German writers relinquished adventures in the West and began depicting Yankees in the fatherland; and the latest novel of a high order in which Americans play a rôle concerns itself solely with the American character; the American background is left out.

In The American Girl, by Sophie Junghans, the heroine is of German descent, and appears alone in Germany as a boarder in the family of the widow of a German medical man. Her wardrobe fills several trunks, and is so rich in quality and variety as to excite of itself a good deal of envious respect. The widow's daughters, who have been neglected hitherto, are patronized by the society of the town, and a lieutenant of the regiment of horse stationed in the place condescends also to their circle, in order to pay court to their wealthy boarder.

Miss Webster displays an uncommon frankness and force of will from the start. She is eager for distracting entertainment; she takes painting lessons, sings with an actress who has retired from the stage, gets up picnics, rides with the lieutenant, and undertakes to dispose of the leisure time of a young assessor. She flirts with the latter, and lets the lieutenant kiss her in a garden bower where they halt during a ride. Later, on the road home, she announces her expectation of an offer of marriage; whereupon the astonished young officer declares that he finds her grit and candor superb. He had been shocked and distressed at her emancipated American manners, more out of regard for what others would think than from personal

feeling. So in his enthusiasm at having proved that the girl is really strict, — for she repulsed his warmer advances, — and has the courage to demand the conventional contract that vindicates confessions of passion, he prays her to allow him to present her to his mother. She can tell his mother of her past.

Miss Webster reflects. She answers him in monosyllables. The mention of her past brings up pictures of drinking-saloons in the West, where her father was the landlord or bar-tender. As her horse starts and rears before a drunken tramp in the road, she shudders. The face of the man is disfigured by vice, but she has recognized it as that of her father, who is wont to follow her thus from one place to another, that he may expose her or obtain fresh supplies of money. She considers it quite probable that he may at any moment knock at the door of the widow's house ; yet while the young assessor, that evening, is put out of sorts by a trifle and cannot follow the moves of his chessmen, she masters her imminent dread, and concentrates her mind upon the game, with final success.

The plot of the novel is complicated, but the character of Miss Webster is clear enough. While she does not hold it to be incumbent on her to speak of the humbleness of her origin and connections, she will not disavow them should they become known. Her nature is self-reliant and independent ; she is quite free from servile social hypocrisy. She allows herself a certain license in large interests, such as the attainment of worldly position ; but she balances her excess in this direction by drawing a line for her own conduct well inside the conventional allowance of flattery. The servility and eavesdropping inquisitiveness of the widow and her daughters disgust her. Nor does she condescend to fabricate explanations for them, even when she notices that some of her directions, such as her order to have all her letters put at once into her private box, excite suspicion. Her aims are of importance enough to justify the utmost bravery in their pursuit. When they shall prove impracticable, she is ready to grasp other plans with new and full energy, without spending overmuch time in regret and mortification.

Miss Webster, in short, is one of the personages that have been evolved in German literature at the same time that native American literature has been forming its Daisy Millers and Alices ; she is an embodiment of the practical, active type of the American girl, as these are of the passive, sentimental, retiring type. Her appearance is quite common ; indeed, there is scarcely an American heroine in German fiction who has not more or less of Miss Webster's forwardness. Even the refined Otillie in Lindau's Mayo, it may be remembered, makes advances to her admirer. She is frank, courageous, and sterling, the German "American girl ; " but she lacks the soft immaturity of youth. Her character is mature ; her will is determined ; her life is concentrated upon a single aim. She does not wish to be merely like some heroines of the American variety ; she is a female duplicate of the self-made man.

IV.

A greater variety of character is found among the delineations of American men, although even here the types may be reduced to two. Gutzkow, Freytag, and their followers make their Americans or Americanized Germans single men, unincumbered by a wife or family. This, too, is the case in Spielhagen's early romances ; for Leo goes to America, and returns thence alone. In Paul Lindau's Mayo, the hero is compelled to quit the military service because of a gambling debt, and betroths himself afterward in America. But the action of the novel plays itself out with this betrothal. Mayo threatened, therefore, but did not break the standing order of the day.

This has been done thoroughly for the first time by Spielhagen in his tale A New Pharaoh, where a group of Americans compose the centre of the novel's action. We shall see later what their quality is. In the mean time it must be noted that Spielhagen follows the new current by representing Americans in Germany; whereas Paul Lindau fell back into the practice of the old school of Sealsfield, Gerstaecker, and Ruppius, when he transported his hero to the United States.

The first chapter of Mayo opens with a street and bachelor-lodgings scene in Berlin; the story continues, however, with narrations of life in the wild West, and closes finally in a Kansas parlor. Miss Webster makes her *début*, as we have seen, in a provincial town; Ackermann, Saalfeld, and Von Fink reside in provincial cities. Spielhagen places his Curtis family in none of these habitual literary backgrounds. He finds strong enough contrasts outside of the picturesque old haunts of the fatherland for his Americans, and boldly sets them in the middle of the new imperial capital of Berlin, and in the midst of its fashionable, ambitious society. With his surroundings Mr. Curtis offers a quite new figure *per se*, — new, that is, in German literature. The Beautiful American Girls, by the same author, contains the germ of the character; so also is it implied by Auerbach in A Villa on the Rhine, and by Freytag in Debit and Credit; but the full-fledged business swindler appears, massive and successful, for the first time here, and on German soil.

The romances of Gerstaecker and Ruppius swarm with American swindlers; swindle, sham, and vulgarity were the contents, too, of Die Europa müden. But the cultivated writers of the new school, the authors who include Americans among the phenomena of social life, and treat them as observers and students treat a chance specimen that has fallen in their way, depict us generally as radicals. Republicanism, emancipation, reformation, renovation, innovation, — these are the marks they have found in the Yankee, the features that compose his type.

Something of this character inheres even in Freytag's heroes; for although Von Fink has probed the quicksilvery bottom of American business corruption, he has also gained an insight into New World enterprise and been infected by American boldness. His engineering scheme on his Polish estate is a result of his American experiences. Mosenthal's hero is open in his acknowledgment of the source whence came the radical blood that he attempts to infuse into the sluggish social and agricultural veins of the fatherland. Gutzkow's Ackermann is a foil among foils; but his quality is meant to be typically American, and as such we have in him a practical, vigorous fellow, whose reforming theories permeate his very being, — "have hands and feet," as the phrase goes, — while the theories of his Catholic friends nestle in the brain, and those of his socialist friends in the heart. Leo, in Durch Nacht zum Licht, adds to his own original political revolutionism by contact with American life. He is not altered, perhaps, but he is intensified; and this essence of stimulation is the one and invariable trait which German authors of eminence assign as of one accord to the specifically American in their American or Americanized personages.

Nor has Spielhagen, one of the most eminent, left the beaten track in his latest book. Mr. Smith (Baron von Alden), a German political refugee, has found his leaning toward republicanism confirmed by his exile in the United States; and at the close of the novel he returns by choice to New York. He is a copy, therefore, of the favorite old type, — a political reformer and enthusiast.

The familiar path is trodden by a

familiar figure, but he has a new associate. And this second hero, who is a born American, turns aside from the narrow path of idealism into the broad way of financial business. We have, in a word, the types that have formed themselves in both literatures, the German and American: the type that was evolved out of the practical experiences and inner consciousness of Germans, and that which has been transposed from the pages of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, as well as from those of James and even of Howells. For Mr. Curtis is a swindling and successful Colonel Sellers; his son, the thin-blooded young man of Henry James's books; Anne Curtis, the frank, strong-minded American girl; and Mrs. Curtis, the invalid mother, is of a type familiar to us in the writings of Howells.

Frankness as a trait of American girls is made to figure conspicuously in foreign literatures, and is often shown in German fiction to have its source in a general physical and moral courage; but the American girl's purity as respects love is not conceded. American literature has stormed the fortress of Old World literary prepossessions and held up its Daisy Millers in vain; the storming effects only a partial breach. The new image is recorded but as a momentary phantom, which is likely to "materialize" into flesh of the traditional quality so soon as it is imbued with passion and assailed by temptation.

In the hands of German authors the American girl is not represented as clinging to the maiden period with zest and keen appreciation of its superior freedom; while on the other hand Daisy Miller's coquetry goes so far only because it answers to no check of inner consciousness. It is the untethered lamb that frisks in every field with silly willfulness, quite ignorant of the prevalence and the nature of lions. Miss Webster, on the contrary, and all her German sort remain undevoured only because no king of the beasts of their ambition or imagination has crossed their paths.

The heroism of the German American girl is the familiar *ewig weibliche* literary heroism of surrender. The American example, that substitutes a self-retention for the European self-sacrifice, is not followed out, although it might be thought to have an attraction for a nation so scientific; female self-retention being after all a logical form of the universal human instinct of self-preservation. It is exaggerated into an extreme, moreover, in respect of all other objects than lovers.

One last trait that must be mentioned because of its invariable use is the American sense of superiority. It may be introduced, as by Gustav Freytag, to be put to shame; but — it is there. The Yankee or the Americanized German feels himself better, smarter, and freer than Bismarck's Prussians or the Reich's Unterthanen. The coarser the personage and the more narrow-minded, especially the more material is his view of life, the more indiscriminate are his criticisms of German peculiarities. The sickly, scholarly Ralph, in A New Pharaoh, shows his appreciation of German learning by making his last pilgrimage to its seat, and deprecates only certain political and social conditions, while his coarse father has a cut-and-dried theory that Germans are born stupid, and so deserve to be gulled and swindled.

On the whole, the traits that are prominent in our portraiture of ourselves are faithfully raised into relief by German fiction. The modeling touches put upon them bring forth different individuals, but their species is the same. The hero is middle-aged and material, the elderly matron invalid, and the heroine young and independent. There are no "heroines of thirty," nor are there any naïve Margarets. These prevailing types are set aside once for all whenever Americans are represented.

It is true that the self-made or the self-making girl of German literature is scarcely a substitute for the native American girl. She is apt to appear rather like an exaggeration; yet a certain resemblance cannot be denied. She is similar to our own Alices in that, if not a type of the average American maiden, she is at least a copy of an American girl. The German representation of the American character possesses indeed the merit of originality; yet this self-made girl and the reforming energetic young hero, do they not both illustrate the effect of American examples?

*Lida von Krockow.*

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## RECENT DANTE LITERATURE.

MODERN comment upon Dante appears to share the positive and searching spirit of the century, which bases itself upon "the document" and is skeptical of all but proven facts. This temper of our time, provided it shall not mistake the means for the end, is the best augury for the art of the imminent future as well as a virtue of present criticism. It restores to humanity the personages of history, removing from them the cloak of legend with which Oblivion subtly covers great men dead. The coming generation of writers, thanks to those who now take pains to divest truth of all that is fictitious, will find themselves free to interpret with imaginative art that which is at present discussed, judged, and announced.

Two volumes concerning Dante — Professor Charles Eliot Norton's prose translation of the Inferno,[1] and the late Mr. Charles Sterrett Latham's version of Dante's Letters,[2] with relative comment — are published simultaneously, and are representative, each in its own way, of the modern criticism. Certainly there is place and office for a prose version of the Commedia; while at the same time it is not too much to affirm that Mr. Longfellow's translation in blank verse is and will remain the definitive English text. In it the original metre is retained, the system of rhyme only remitted; the flexibility and freedom of poetic construction are its prerogative; its fidelity to the diction of Dante is unsurpassable even by literal prose. No poet has, more than Longfellow, possessed the power of sweetly compelling words to his will, and of meeting halfway the spirit of alien speech. This gift availed him supremely in his work of translating the Commedia, where upon the limpid element of his art the divine epic "floats double, swan and shadow."

Therefore it does not appear to us that there was lacking a version of the Commedia in which substance should not "be sacrificed for form's sake," but instead that the value of Professor Norton's translation consists in its individual excellence, and in the quick appeal which prose, devoid of the slight barriers that verse sets before the eye rather than the mind, is able to make to the reader's intelligence. Narrative is, perhaps, more directly persuasive when it renounces the conditions and the privileges

[1] *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. I. Hell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[2] *A Translation of Dante's Eleven Letters.* With Explanatory Notes and Historical Comments. By CHARLES STERRETT LATHAM. Edited by GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, and with a Preface by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

of poetic form. An interesting testimony, however, to the intrinsic relation of blank verse with the English language is noted in the frequency with which Professor Norton's prose falls into impeccable iambic pentameters. Rhythmic or semi-rhythmic, his translation always maintains a tonality which is at once elevated and natural; the austere sweetness of the phrases is a pleasure to the intellect and to the ear. Of course, the most exacting test of a prose version occurs in certain famous passages, as the episodes of Francesca da Rimini and of Count Ugolino, the apology of Fortune, the description of the Wood of Harpies and of the Image. In these, Professor Norton has admirably succeeded in the lyric expression of pity, tender or poignant, and in music softly revolving about its theme, or in agitated swift movement, or in portentous chords like those of the opening of a Beethoven symphony.

In the comparison of the English with the Italian text, a very few points of verbal question appear: as in the inadvertence which reads, "As false sight doth the beast when it is growing dusk" (Inf. ii. 48), instead of, when it (the beast) *shies*, — the verb *ombrare* or *adombrare*, to take fright, to shy. In Francesca's speech, the verse "Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte" is rendered, "Seized me for the pleasing of him so strongly," with non-recognition of the antique use of the word *piacere: avvenenza, vaghezza*, charm, comeliness. As an example of Professor Norton's felicity in obtaining an exquisite result by means of spontaneous and simple art may be cited the inscription over the infernal gateway: "Through me is the way into the woeful city; through me is the way into eternal woe; through me is the way among the lost people." In it is heard the hollow note of bells that toll for dead souls.

In the prefatory chapter Mr. Norton expounds briefly and luminously the scheme of the Commedia, the great epic of the human will that seeks, in conforming itself to the Divine Will, that liberty which is law. Otherwise his comment is confined to infrequent exegetical footnotes. It is to hoped that with this translation as a basis, he will, when the Commedia is completed, supplement his work with such a body of comment as his long study of Dante would make of extreme value to younger students.

Mr. Latham's work enjoys the advantage of being the first English translation and comment of the Epistles of Dante; therefore its contents may be noted somewhat in detail. Nor can the honorable and pathetic circumstances attendant upon its production be passed over in silence. In 1883, Mr. Latham, a student at Harvard College, full of ardor in literary and in athletic pursuits, was stricken by paralysis. Despite the chains with which disease bound him bodily, his spirit was unconquered, and only longed to prove its valor in equal competition with men who were in possession of every power. Arrangements were made by which Mr. Latham was enabled to continue his college course. Notes upon the lectures and directions for reading were regularly sent to him; the prescribed examinations were held at his bedside; and in 1888 he obtained his degree as of the class of 1884. During the previous year he had studied the works and career of Dante, and desired to compete for the Dante Prize, choosing among the subjects proposed that of the translation and comment of the Letters. Extracts from his correspondence with Professor Norton show Mr. Latham's nobility of character, and the energy, modesty, and talent which were his. He perceived that his physical deprivation had initiated him into the verities of life, its meaning and its uses. "When I compare myself with other men of my own age," he said, "I am confident that I

am happier than most of them, and not less well employed."

To a spirit like his, firmly trustful in the good which can be wrested from apparent evil, the companionship of Dante must have given peculiar consolation and support. "Looked at outwardly," James Russell Lowell wrote in his famous essay, "the life of Dante seems to have been an utter and disastrous failure. What its inward satisfactions must have been, we, with the Paradiso open before us, can form some faint conception." It was from Sorrow's self that Dante learned "how a man becomes eternal;" looking through the shadows, his nerve of vision acquired clear insight of the realities within and beyond the things of the world; in his writings are found sympathy and comfort for later scholars in the university of human experience, even for those who, like the translator of the Letters, die unaware that to them has been awarded a prize.

The work of Mr. Latham includes the eleven Epistles of Dante according to Signor Fraticelli's edition, — few indeed out of the vast number which must have been written; while even of these certain critics would diminish the accredited number. The translation by Mr. Latham is scholarly and finished, in an idiom which well represents the dignity of Dante's thought, moving somewhat heavily in its antique Roman armor of language. The comment upon the letter to Niccolò da Prato, Cardinal of Ostia, is an intelligible and well synthesized account of the strife of the Bianchi and Neri, closing with the cardinal's sojourn in Florence and the excommunication of the city. It is written in a sober, historic manner. The author seems to have wished to obtain his effect by clear outlines and just proportions, not caring to charge his palette with the brilliant contrasts of the colors of those times. In the jubilee year of 1300 all Italy was at peace. Florence reveled in banquets and festivals; youths and damsels, richly clad in velvets, silks, and gold, with jewels, danced in the public squares; roses, violets, and lilies were strewn about; and day and night the air was filled with song and the throbbing of lutes and viols. Then amid these luxurious delights — which added an entangled undergrowth of flowerage to the *selva selvaggia* of political and moral evil — the smouldering rancors of the Cerchi and Donati broke into flame as, by the unfortunate mediation of the priors, the firebrands from Pistoia were cast into Florence. The importation of the Bianchi and Neri (factions opposed like the forces of day and night, which destructive criticism — who knows? — may some time wish to reduce to the terms of a sun-myth) involved Florence in strife, and sent Dante, with many others, into exile. Finally, Charles of Valois, invoked by the citizens and welcomed with olive-branches and the music of trumpets, held his brief misrule to the ruin of Florence, that well might have suggested to Dante his flaming city of Dis, inhabited by furies and demons.

The comment upon the letter of condolence addressed to the Counts of Romena begins with a rapid analysis of the qualities which went to the making of the *virtù* of the Italian nobles in the Middle Ages, their tremendous illimitable vitality and individual force; then it proceeds to a summary of previously existent criticism, with a discussion as to the identity of the subject of the letter with the Alessandro da Romena spoken of in the thirtieth canto of the Inferno.

The third epistle of Dante was written to Moroello Malaspina, one of the four contemporaries of that name among the great family of the Evil Thorn, which divided itself into the Flowering Thorn and the Dry, and blazoned upon a golden ground the distinctive devices of bloom and of sere stem. There is cause for controversy as to the individual addressed, and also for marvel that

Dante should have confided an episode of love to one of those men of war. (By the way, it will have been only by a momentary betrayal on the part of the pen that Mr. Latham, in this comment, writes of Dante's being prompted to *finish* the Convito.) We cannot but read between the lines of the Malaspina letter a mystic announcement of some inspired meeting with Philosophy, — a woman indeed well suited "to the principles, character, and fortunes" of Dante in unmerited exile, — some blinding vision of Paradise. Also that which, as he bids observe, he leaves unexpressed in the letter to Cino da Pistoia confirms us in the belief that the canzone and epistle to the Malaspina were intended *sopra senso.*

The letter to Cino was in answer to the question "whether the soul can pass from passion to passion." It was, the commentator Witte opines, accompanied by the canzone which forms the theme of the second book of the Convito, "Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete," and was meant as an indication to Cino of the affections immutable because set upon immortal things. In this canzone Dante relates to the Thrones of the third heaven (Convito ii. 6) the pangs of transition, the rending of the chrysalis from which his sad human love emerged winged. Continual comparison is suggested with the canzone of the Malaspina letter.

> "Then came a thought that put the first to flight,
> And swayed my being with such lordly power
> That my heart trembled and my face was changed!
> . . . Well in those eyes of hers
> Should stand that love that killeth such as I."
> (Miss Kate Hillard's translation.)

Of this new passion Dante declares, "I say and affirm that the lady of whom I was enamored, after my first love, was the most beautiful and most virtuous daughter of the Emperor of the Universe, to whom Pythagoras gives the name of Philosophy." (Convito ii. 16.) Viewed, then, by the light of the entire testimony of the second book of the Convito, the letters addressed to Moroello Malaspina and to Cino da Pistoia are recognized as appropriate to the recipient and worthy of the writer.

If Mr. Latham had been permitted the strength and time to complete his work, he would have grouped together under one comment the three letters regarding Henry VII. and his sojourn in Italy. In connection with the epistle to the Italian cardinals are narrated, in a strong historic manner, the election of Clement V., the removal of the Apostolic See to Avignon, and the election of John XXII. The noble and pathetic letter to the Florentine Friend would, according to Mr. Latham's design, have been illustrated by an appendix in which would have been collected and annotated the various decrees against Dante. The comment upon the letter to Can Grande — that precious guide to the understanding of the form and the manifold intent of the Commedia — is in some respects the most mature and characteristic portion of Mr. Latham's work. It is admirable as a biographical study of the great Lombard family, and very sensitive in the verbal appreciations by which he reaches his conclusions in regard to the hospitality received by Dante at the court of Alboino and Can Grande della Scala.

By the friendly and generous care of Professor C. E. Norton and Professor G. R. Carpenter, of the Dante Society, the volume is provided with a prefatory memorial of Mr. Latham, and with an appendix concerning the authenticity of the Letters of Dante.

## RECENT POETRY.

THE season does not bring us, as it fortunately did last year, any poetry by those who have won a great place in literature, but a few volumes of verse from younger writers maintain the practice of the art and assure us of its vitality, though it must be acknowledged that, like most minor poetry, these books have rather a literary than an inspired excellence. One among them, however, leads the rest by so wide an interval that it should hardly be classed with them. It has rare qualities of style, feeling, and thought. Mr. Gilder has published several volumes hitherto, but the body of his verse is still small in amount, and possibly it seems less because of the limitation of the short swallow-flight which he imposes on himself. Two Worlds and Other Poems,[1] as he entitles the present work, begins with a double quatrain, and the small scale of design thus indicated is adhered to in the volume as a whole. The poetry of single thoughts has been cultivated by him with much success, and he has used the form of expression which belongs to it with a fine control of its capabilities of point and contrast, and with a refinement and polish that are of the best. Single-thought poems, however, in the form of the epigram and the quatrain are rather the byplay of the poet's mind than its serious work, and they seldom permit of sufficient elaboration to be memorable. If they are read consecutively, the effect is too much that of a string of proverbs without the saving grace which the proverb derives from being "the wisdom of many" as well as "the wit of one." In uttering maxims poetry approaches very near to prose.

> "Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it;
> Sow thou joy and thou shalt keep it,"

which is the only instance of the two-line epigram in this volume, is too much like a fragment of verse to have a poetical value. Mr. Gilder often uses the quatrain, however, and this, it seems to us, is too brief for an habitual form. It is a unit of thought or feeling in too simple a sense; for in general the unity which is most sought for by art is a unity of related parts; and for this reason single-thought poems do not find a form fit for them until the lyric or the sonnet is reached, with an accompaniment of feeling in the one sufficiently prolonged to be changeful and allow of development, and in the other that forecast and echo of the thought which particularly characterize the sonnet. Mr. Gilder gives us few sonnets, but he compensates for the omission with several lyrics, in which a single idea or mood is expressed with ease, with flow and grace, and at times with a perfection that leaves as little to be desired as the work of Herrick, who is presumably the model that those who use this mode of verse would equal. The following lyric, for example, has in completeness that quality which for lack of more definite phrase is called felicity: —

> "Ah, Time, go not so soon,
> I would not thus be used, and would forego
> that boon;
> Turn back, swift Time, and let
> Me many a year forget;
> Let her be strange once more, — an unfamiliar tune,
> An unimagined flower,
> Not known till that mute, wondrous hour
> When first we met!"

Other instances of this lyrical power, which seems to us the most distinctive trait shown in the present volume, could be given; in them Mr. Gilder carries to the most poetical expression that taste for single-thought poetry which is one of his marked literary preferences.

[1] *Two Worlds and Other Poems.* By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. The Century Co. 1891.

A second trait which has been leading in his work is sympathy with art, a disposition to see with a painter's eyes and to interpret in words what others have put into plastic form or color. This is characteristic of much verse besides his own, and allies him with the artistic school in poetry of which Rossetti is the most conspicuous example. The influence of this group upon Mr. Gilder's work has been noticeable always, and though in the present collection it is less marked, traces of it remain. The union, peculiarly shown in this school, between definite pictorial form and vague mystic suggestion, expressed by Rossetti in both the arts of which he was a master, is illustrated by Mr. Gilder's sonnet, Love, Art, and Time, on a picture by Low : —

"Sweet Grecian girl, who on the sun-bright wall
Tracest the outline of thy lover's shade,
While on the dial near Time's hand is laid
With silent motion, — fearest thou, then, all ?
How that one day the light shall cease to fall
On him who is thy light; how lost, dismayed, —
By Time, and Time's pale comrade Death, betrayed, —
Thou shalt breathe on beneath the all-shadowing pall!
Love, Art, and Time, — these are the triple powers
That rule the world, and shall for many a morrow;
Love that beseecheth Art to conquer Time!
Bright is the picture, but, O fading flowers!
O youth that passes, love that bringeth sorrow —
Bright is the picture, sad the poet's rhyme."

This element is not so great, however, as we have been led to expect from Mr. Gilder, and it is rather in purely descriptive passages that the artistic taste shows itself; in such a poem as Moonlight, or "I care not if the skies are white," which have the color effect of etchings. In each of these examples a truer method is followed than is usual with the poetic sketches of light and shadow, — the method which bids the poet end with his own art, and not confine himself to mere pictorialness. Wordsworth pointed out the right way, though he did it without any thought of criticism, in that stanza of which the latter part is so often quoted, —

"Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and *add* the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream," —

where the contrasted arts of painting and poetry are discriminated in a way which has its lesson for all those who are tempted to paint in verse.

Mr. Gilder, however, discloses in this volume something more than the lyrical and sonneteering impulse and the artistic prepossession with which his readers have been familiar from the first. Several of the poems not only attempt a sustained flight, but they deal with the broadest human interests in a reflective vein. Before directing attention to these, the memorial poems upon heroes of the war should be mentioned, in which fervid patriotism finds pure expression. It is proper, too, to single out the lyric The Star in the City, which has a unique quality in its lines descriptive of the city at nightfall, and in its identification of the poet in the throng : in fact, there is a touch of feeling in this little poem which, we think, is quite new and individual in our city verse. Doubtless it is out of life in the city that the more thoughtful poems of this volume have sprung; those which express the philanthropic spirit, or, as we should prefer to say, the spirit of humanity, — that principle of brotherhood with men in the strife of life, which shows no sign of weakening power in its hold on the poetic mind. Of these, The White Tsar's People, The Prisoner's Thought, and The Passing of Christ are most notable, though the same strain is heard more or less audibly in several of the verses where it is not the main tone. Its most personal expression is in the poem called Credo, at the end : —

"Pure soul and tenderest of all that came
Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer:
Lead me, yea, lead me deeper into life, —
This suffering human life wherein thou liv'st
And breathest still, and hold'st thy way divine.
'T is here, O pitying Christ, where thee I seek,
Here where the strife is fiercest; where the sun
Beats down upon the highway thronged with men,
And in the raging mart. Oh, deeper lead
My soul into the living world of souls
Where thou dost move."

Throughout this section of the poems there is more directness, strength, and immediacy of relation with life itself than in other parts; the literary quality, which is felt more or less in the lighter verse, here disappears, and the writer expresses himself individually, without obligation to others, whether more or less remote; and consequently there is an obvious sincerity to his tones which becomes very winning, owing to the sense of personality that they convey. The verse, certainly, is not better than that of the love lyrics, or the sonnets, or the quatrains; but these poems have a freshness and natural power which make them peculiarly welcome. Nevertheless they make only a part of a much-varied collection, in which passion and reflection, nature and man, the country and city, have each a share; the presence of the poetic temperament is felt on every page, and in point of expression Mr. Gilder's art is refined and polished in a very high degree, and often strikes out form of a perfect kind. One thing only need be added: it is that these poems, as is usual in such cases, gain greatly by being collected and set one with another in a certain order. A considerable part of the whole has never been published before.

Of other volumes, none call for such attention as is due to Mr. Gilder's. The most notable, certainly, is The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems,[1] by Helen Gray Cone. The narrative poems in this collection have much energy, the phrase is often strong and full, and the sonnets have in their number some of quite remarkable vigor of thought and handling, among which may be mentioned that addressed to Lowell on his seventieth birthday and that entitled The Immortal Word. Several of the longer poems are familiar to our readers through these pages, and the best of them have been warmly praised. Next to those which resemble the ballad in form The Arrow-Maker seems to us most individual. The following sonnet is perhaps as fresh as anything in the volume: —

"He loved her; having felt his love begin
With that first look, — as lover oft avers.
He made pale flowers his pleading ministers,
Impressed sweet music, drew the spring-time in
To serve his suit; but when he could not win,
Forgot her face and those gray eyes of hers;
And at her name his pulse no longer stirs,
And life goes on as though she had not been.

She never loved him; but she loved Love so,
So reverenced Love, that all her being shook
At his demand whose entrance she denied.
Her thoughts of him such tender color took
As western skies that keep the afterglow;
The words he spoke were with her till she died."

Miss Cone's volume, however, is not characterized by the womanly sentiment which so strongly colors this sonnet, though here and there are poems which show the hand and intuition of a woman, and have in particular a certain tenderness of expression that in a man's work would be felt as a fault of taste. In general her expression has less of sentiment and grace than of action and emphasis. The Ride to the Lady has a motive which is strong, and it is worked out wholly on the thought of the dying man's journey, and for that reason it is not free from a certain ghastliness; the other leading poem, The Story of the Orient, gains much from the humanita-

[1] *The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems.* By Helen Gray Cone. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

rian suggestion, which, though subordinate in the narrative, finally absorbs the thought and interest; and in the remaining poems, which do not stand out like those that have been named, there is a very even execution together with power in the thought itself.

In Miss Reese's collection, A Handful of Lavender,[1] the most excellent portion is that which describes in minute detail objects of nature, and especially scenes about the house and garden which appeal to the reader through old and familiar associations. The writer studies these sketches very carefully and renders them faithfully, and in the sonnets in particular she frames vignettes of landscape that are almost photographic. Possibly there are more daffodils in her verse than usually blow in our gardens, but the blackberry sprays and other favorites of the American roadside are also to be found, and she succeeds in introducing a bit of fine sky here and there with good effect. It was in such work that her verse first attracted attention, and it is not unnatural, therefore, to find this still the best; but in other parts of the collection there is more ambition, and, as was to be expected, in these later poems there is something of literary affectation. The proof is to be found in her metres, which are not simple, and in the imitativeness of the diction and the mood. In a young writer such work as this represents a period of experiment and trial; but as yet her original talent has not freed itself from the literary traditions, not altogether of the best, which she has adopted. It is as a landscape writer that she succeeds, — in minute realistic rendering of the traits of nature which she knows by heart. This is one of the provinces in which minor poetry is often especially fortunate, and, by the modesty of its aim, avoids many dangers. Here, at least, Miss Reese is most pleasing, while in her "lily" poems, refrains, and Browningesque tragedy there is less of value.

Mr. Cawein, in his latest volume, Days and Dreams,[2] has avoided some of the graver faults of taste and the absurdities of his earlier verse, but in so doing he has lost what chiefly characterized it without developing anything new to take the place of the old. The single remarkable thing in his muse which still remains is the fluency of his words. There is no effort in his utterance, and it goes on without any sign of weariness; but, excepting verbal flow, there is nothing distinctive in his verse. The gift of language is a useless gift when one has nothing to say, and this is the trick which some bad fairy seems to have played on him.

The Epic of Saul[3] is one of those long poems upon religious subjects which appear about once in a decade, and appeal to a certain part of the community on pious rather than on poetical grounds. The present epic describes the career of Saul as a persecutor, and finds its *dénoûment* in his conversion. It has occupied, we are told, several years in the composition, and the author took the trouble to visit Palestine in order to make the work more valuable by fidelity to the actual scenes of the story. So much pains deserves reward. The study of Milton, too, is apparent in the blank verse, though the presence also of the incongruous style of Browning makes an odd mixture. It is hardly necessary to say that judgment should not be delivered in such a case on poetical grounds merely. The substance of the work is reflection upon St. Paul's character

[1] *A Handful of Lavender.* By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[2] *Days and Dreams.* Poems. By Madison Cawein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

[3] *The Epic of Saul.* By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891.

blended with a fictitious narrative of his early experiences. Much thought of a religious sort is necessarily introduced, and there are, as a matter of course, minor characters, such as Stephen the Martyr and Rachel and Ruth out of the Scriptural side, and Sergius the Roman soldier out of the pagan side. The labor shown is considerable; the thought is apposite to the subject; the characterization commits no fault in violation of sacred associations; and to many readers, doubtless, the book will be welcome, and by them it will be valued. We are bound in conscience to add that with all this it has one singular defect, — we have been unable to discover any poetry in it.

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## MR. JAMES'S AMERICAN ON THE LONDON STAGE.

It seemed a good deal to believe, when one was told that the least dramatic of modern story-tellers had turned one of his analytic fictions into an admirable play. But the statement was made with such apparent conviction by certain of those who had seen the "first night" of The American in the provinces that one could only wait impatiently for its promised promotion to the London stage. After all, nothing gives such a lift out of the mire of realism as to have a paradox proved true.

Well, Mr. James's American has got its "grade." It has, at this writing, been running a fortnight at the Opéra Comique, and is not yet threatened with displacement, which proves at least that the British public likes it fairly well. Without, then, pausing to discuss the abstract worth of such a verdict from a public whose idol, though a highly distinguished man, is probably one of the very worst actors who ever won histrionic fame, let us inquire, "in a spirit of love, my brethren," what the merits of the new play really are.

They may be summed up in one word, — the part of Christopher Newman, which is so much better played by Mr. Compton than might have been supposed possible for an Englishman that it seems quite worth while to indicate the points at which his conception fails. Mr. Compton's make-up is faultless. He has managed in the most remarkable manner to attenuate his English frame without sacrificing an atom of its power. He has duly observed that curious distinction which causes some London tailors to advertise as a specialty "the American shoulder." His honest, clear, beardless face, at once guileless and knowing, amiable and shrewd, is that of the valiant soldier of fortune, who is also the universal brother, ready anywhere and on the slightest provocation to "hit out" for a lady in distress.

The florid politeness of Newman's amusingly unworldly manners is well caught, nor does Mr. Compton miss the touch of quaint romanticism which belongs to the type, nor a certain pathos in the fact that the audacious adventurer has upheld his fair domestic ideal and kept it spotless through all the devious ways he has had to travel in amassing the fortune which he hopes will enable him to realize it. The nasal tones of the American are overdone, but this is perhaps as indispensable for stage effect as the blackening of eyebrows and lashes. Where Mr. Compton oftenest fails is in his accents and inflections, in what the French call the *chant* of his sentences. There is a notion prevailing in England that Americans end every phrase with a rising inflection. The

slightest independent observation might show them the fallacy of this, but independent observation is a great deal to expect. The truth is that there is a certain emphatic dropping of the voice — vibrant if the organs are good, nasal if they are weak — which is much more distinctively American than the tone of everlasting inquiry. Take as an instance the really touching passage where Newman, in the midst of his manly pleadings with Claire for her love, exclaims, "I'm kind, kind, *kind!*" We all know how he would have said it, slowly and emphatically, — "kĭnd, *kīnd*, KĪND;" the pitch growing lower, the voice falling farther, at each repetition. Mr. Compton, true to inane tradition, briskly asseverates, "kĭnd, kĭnd, kīnd," which is false and puerile. The sentiment of Newman's speech in this instance is in fact so delicate that one almost wonders at its having been left in the dialogue of the play, where the peculiar subtlety and refinement of the original have for the most part been ruthlessly, and one cannot help thinking needlessly, sacrificed to supposed histrionic effect. There is an exquisite point in the love-making of the novel, where Newman says tenderly, with reference to the mysterious dangers which seem to beset his lady's path, "Come to me and you will be *safe*. As safe," he adds, with a certain simple solemnity, "as in your father's arms." This is cut out, of course, and very likely it would not have appealed to the average British playgoer.

But why should the playwright or play-tinker likewise have eliminated that delightfully humorous and extremely telling passage which strikes so clearly the very keynote of the American's naïve character, where Claire's brother, Valentin de Bellegarde, is vainly endeavoring to persuade the ingenuous barbarian who loves his sister of the perfect worthlessness of the Nioche family, both father and daughter? Between amusement and exasperation, and with what doubtless seems to himself brutal frankness, the young Frenchman at last informs his friend that if Mademoiselle Nioche were to part with her virtue in furtherance of her ambition her father "would not do what Virginius did." "I don't know what Virginius did," replies the candid American, "but Monsieur Nioche would *shoot* Mademoiselle Noémie." This is inimitable provided the Nioche family must be introduced into the play at all; but the truth is they are mere excrescences there. The festive and unprincipled Noémie is a clever sketch for a gallery of modern French portraits; but she has wonderfully little to do in the galley which Newman is so manfully striving to row against the current of aristocratic prejudice; and she and her contemptible father not merely lower the tone of the piece, but confuse its action to such an extent that the wonder is how it can be intelligible to a spectator who has not previously made a close and admiring study of one of Mr. James's very best stories.

The first act, which passes in the Nioche apartment, where the girl is seen playing off her various lovers against one another and against Newman, who makes no pretense of being her lover, is tiresome and irrelevant. The scene where she is discovered perched at the top of a step-ladder in the newly decorated *salon* of the American, and seemingly domesticated there, quite justifies, upon the face of it, the crafty old Marquise in breaking off her daughter's engagement. Nor is any good reason shown on the stage why Valentin, who retains more of the charm of his original character than any of the other *dramatis personæ* except the hero, should fight a duel and die; and so the last scene of that pleasant young creature's life, one of the most profoundly tragic that Mr. James ever penned, is rendered futile and merely sensational. For the rest,

in the case both of Valentin's brother the Marquis and of the old servant Mrs. Bread, we have a colorless rendering of a colorless character, which is well enough. But the Marquise de Bellegarde is grossly and ludicrously overacted, and the greatest pity of all remains to be noted. It is that Miss Elizabeth Robins should have been led, by her unquestionable success in a very different kind of drama, to import into the chill and stately saloons of the Faubourg Saint-Germain the hysterical manners of Ibsen's morbid heroines. The fair daughter of the old French *noblesse*, with her exquisite breeding, her gentle pride, her unquestioning piety, her unalterable grace and composure of manner, is made to struggle and sob, to flutter and writhe, and in general to comport herself so unlike Newman's angelic ideal that the conventionally "happy" ending which replaces the sombre *dénoûment* of the novel makes us feel rather sorry for him than otherwise; and we are inclined to echo the prayer of the preposterous old Marquise, who, when the lovers have departed together, shrieks twice as the curtain falls, — emitting her words of warning with the *timbre* and *tremolo* of a copper gong: —

"May they never come back! May they n-e-*e*ver co-*o*-me b*a*-ack!" As indeed why should they?

It may be admitted that the defects of this dramatization of The American, glaring though they be, are of a nature to show that a very much better play might have been made out of the novel, and hence, perhaps, that Mr. James may yet win a legitimate triumph in this new line of his. But whatever success may attend the present performance will unhappily be due to a sacrifice of all the distinction of the original tale, and to a substitution for the keen though quiet wit of its dialogue of such trivial catchwords as the perpetual "That 's just what I want t' see" of the complacent millionaire, which figures in all the advertisements. American vulgarity is always a tolerably welcome spectacle upon the London stage, and even Mr. Compton's American, in some respects an excellent conception, is made quite vulgar enough to atone for many of his virtues.

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## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*History and Biography.* Lewis Cass, by Andrew C. McLaughlin, is the twenty-second number in the American Statesmen Series (Houghton), and is a very good example of that treatment of public men which takes special account of the material in which they work. History is more than a background to this biographical study; there is a blending of the personal and the social which evinces a keen desire on the part of the biographer to see his subject in all its relations, and to give the reader the whole benefit of his collateral study. Thus the book, besides being an admirable inquiry into the character and career of a notable figure in our history, is a full, particular, and vigorous sketch of a section and examination of conditions which made Cass a first-rate man, whereas under other conditions and in an older section he might have been a second-rate man. — The first number of A Journal of American Ethnology and Archæology (Houghton) contains two papers by the editor, J. Walter Fewkes, and one by Benjamin Ives Gilman. All the papers deal with the Zuñi Indians, and are further efforts to make available for students that curious museum of American antiquities which we know as Zuñi land. Probably the Zuñis themselves live and move and have their being without consciousness of their peculiar value as a sur-

vival, but never was there a more delightful surprise than when the cover was taken off this corner of America and we could all look in and see a mirror of antiquity. Mr. Gilman's paper on Zuñi Melodies is based upon phonographic cylinders. — About an Old New England Church, by Gerald Stanley Lee. (W. W. Knight & Co., Sharon, Conn.) The Congregational church of Sharon, Conn., celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the joint founding of church and town, a year or so ago, with religious exercises, a mild bit of masquerade in the shape of an audience antiquely dressed, a dinner, speeches, singing, and an address by the young pastor. The address is preserved in this little book, and though sometimes rather conscious in its levity is a good-humored, lively running comment on manners and men in the local history, and a study in the Puritanism of a Connecticut town a century and a half ago. The offhand character of the address makes better speech than reading, but Mr. Lee may be thanked for so fresh an historical sketch. — The History of the Middle Ages, by Victor Duruy. Translated by E. H. and M. D. Whitney; with notes and revisions by George Burton Adams. (Holt.) A great merit of this comprehensive work is the skill with which cause and effect in human history are kept clearly in mind in the midst of many and otherwise confusing details. The author has a clear conception of the large movements in process during the Middle Ages, and he has an artist's perception of the facts which must be noted in order that the student may be able to grasp the masses into which these facts group themselves. — History of the Jews, by H. Graetz. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) The first volume of this work has been issued, covering the time from the earliest period to the death of Simon the Maccabee. The original work in eleven volumes has been translated, under the author's supervision, into English, and compressed so as to occupy but five volumes, although somewhat extended. It is of interest to Christian students familiar with the facts of Jewish history through the Old Testament to see how a modern Jewish historian will use the same facts, weaving them into a continuous history. The writer does not ignore the supernatural element, but he seems disposed to treat it somewhat in the spirit of modern criticism, and the result is that Jewish history is as it were secularized and rendered less exceptional. Professor Graetz makes his early narrative a somewhat generalized one, and shows a singular absence of preciseness in the matter of dates. In speaking of the exodus from Egypt he says, "The fourth generation of the first immigrants left Egypt after a sojourn of several centuries," a sentence which carries its own contradiction. His whole method is that of a man who supposes in his readers an exact knowledge upon which he builds. — Mr. Gladstone is the subject of a volume in the series The Queen's Prime Ministers. (Harpers.) Mr. George W. E. Russell, who writes the book, has done a difficult task well. The personal biography is necessarily brief, because the plan of the book calls for a political biography, and because Gladstone entered public life at twenty-two, and has lived and breathed the air of Parliament ever since. Yet it would not be possible to measure his public career justly without that knowledge of his personality which explains his temperament and his ingrained tastes. Mr. Russell has provided the needful information in a succinct form, and his final chapter, in which he analyzes Mr. Gladstone's character, is eloquent in its restraint and vigor of touch. — With the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, a Narrative of the First Voyage to the Western World, drawn mainly from the Diary of Christopher Columbus, by Charles Paul Mackie. (McClurg.) Mr. Mackie attempts a half fictitious and wholly eulogistic sketch of the career of Columbus. He decorates it just so far as may be done by a slight imagination of scenes and conversation, but does not depart far from the record. The result is that the reader is somewhat uneasy, not knowing whether he is reading enlivened history or can let himself go in a story founded on fact. The author's view of Columbus is that of an advocate and stout champion. It must be said, however, that it is a somewhat conventional figure presented to the eye, and one is scarcely helped to any discriminating judgment of Columbus. — Austin Phelps, a Memoir, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Scribners.) Mrs. Ward has been able to avail herself of an autobiographical fragment by her

father, which is extremely interesting for its disclosure of his mind in the most formative period of his life; she has also used passages from his letters and from his printed writings, but she has been compelled, nevertheless, to draw much upon her own knowledge in order to give readers some notion of an experience of physical suffering which is appalling to contemplate. This experience helps one to discern Professor Phelps's character, and if one can bring himself to go through with it he will know something of the power of human endurance. — England and the English in the Eighteenth Century, Chapters in the Social History of the Times, by William Connor Sydney. (Macmillan.) A two-volume work of some seven hundred and fifty solid pages, dealing with such subjects as the London of the time, dress and costume, amusements and pastimes, coffee houses, taverns and clubs, popular credulities, quacks, roads and traveling, health resorts, education, the literary and the political worlds, King Mob, the criminal code, and the religious world. Town life is more minutely recorded than country life, and in general the material side of human nature is most fully considered. This is not strange when one considers that it is the comfort-loving, sociable England of the eighteenth century which is under consideration. The book has a peculiar value at this time, when by a natural affinity not only literature, but art and morals are harking back to the time characterized in it. — The Sabbath in Puritan New England, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) Would not Mrs. Earle have kept closer to New England phraseology if she had said "Lord's Day"? Be this as it may, her collection of facts and incidents bearing on her subject is not only full almost to exhaustion, but set forth with an unflagging interest and a keen appreciation of the attitude which a modern reader holds to the theme, albeit her genuine regard for Puritan New England saves her from a mere flippancy of tone. Our readers have already had a taste of the work in Mrs. Earle's account of the New England Meeting-House, and may be assured that the people in the meeting-house and every stick that went into the structure are equally well treated. The book is a readable addition to our antiquarian literature.

*Education and Textbooks.* A new edition has been published, in five volumes, of the Life and Works of Horace Mann. (Lee & Shepard.) It is substantially the same as that issued by Mrs. Mann about twenty-five years ago, and contains the Life in one volume, with reports, addresses, passages from the Common School Journal, and miscellaneous papers in four volumes. Mr. Mann's son, George Combe Mann, a name which at once recalls an inspirer of Mr. Mann, has supervised the edition, and added a review of Horace Mann's work and writings by Félix Pécaut. The edition has much that educators and historians cannot afford to disregard, although many of the practical problems of Mann's day take a different form now. — The Complete Music Reader, for High and Normal Schools, Academies, and Seminaries, by Charles E. Whiting. (Heath.) The completeness is acquired by devoting the first fifty pages to instruction and exercises in musical notation, after which the editor has arranged a good selection of two-part, three-part, and four-part songs, anthems and choruses, hymn tunes and patriotic tunes. It is a pity that in the last are not included any of the hymns and songs which sprang from the war for the Union. — A sensible textbook by which the study of French is made to carry with it an acquaintance with the history of France is Readings from French History, edited by O. B. Super (Allyn & Bacon); ten passages being taken from Thierry, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Lamartine, Thiers, Guizot, and others. The notes are brief and pointed.

*Ecclesiasticism.* The Peace of the Church, by W. R. Huntington. (Scribners.) In these Bohlen Lectures, Dr. Huntington takes for his text the four points upon which the Lambeth Conference of 1888 rested their plea for church unity, namely, the Scriptures as the rule and ultimate standard of faith, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the Historic Episcopate "locally adapted;" each of these propositions, as carefully expressed in concise language, he justifies at some length and in a most admirable spirit. The scheme was an eirenic one, and its effect upon those who support it is to deepen and enrich their catholicity. Whether one agrees with Dr. Huntington or not, he cannot fail to be im-

pressed by the good temper and the generous mood in which he writes. The great advantage of the Lambeth plan is that it is a distinct scheme offered by two branches of the Church, and permits, therefore, practical action as well as discussion. Such a treatment as Dr. Huntington has given it will do much toward familiarizing the religious public with its provisions and making ready the way for action. — A looser, less careful book is R. Heber Newton's Church and Creed (Putnams), which looks, nevertheless, to the same general end; or rather, assuming the catholicity which is Dr. Huntington's objective point, Mr. Newton, impelled by the occasion which his own deliverances have brought about, pleads for clerical freedom of thought and action. The personal equation in his case easily accounts for a certain zeal for liberty which will be regarded by some, otherwise sympathetic, as beyond discretion.

*Humor.* The Albany Depot, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) Mr. Howells's farce is the conception which a thoroughly delicate-minded man has of the petty accidents of life. The farce which holds the stage is for the most part the conception of these accidents by coarse-minded men; but what a distance from grinning through a horse collar to this little bit of fun, in which the author, after inviting us all to join in a laugh at the expense of his refined people, turns about suddenly and through his own characters asks us what we are laughing at! — As We Were Saying, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Harpers.) In collecting the brief essays contributed to the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Monthly Mr. Warner might well have erased the direct reference to the Drawer. His papers are too good to have this ephemeral mark upon them; they have a literary charm and a delicacy of satire which give them the stamp of currency among pieces of genuine wit. If one likes to have satire lurk behind airy phrases, and to know the keen thrust of irony from places of ambush, let him read these papers, which, with their ease and penetration, are dabs of caustic laid upon the vanities of American manners. What could be lighter than his humorous touch? — yet it knocks nonsense flat. One is tempted to quote freely, and it is easy to find such clever bits as this upon Christmas: "We have appropriated the English conviviality, the German simplicity, the Roman pomp, and we have added to it an element of expense in keeping with our greatness. Is anybody beginning to feel it a burden, this sweet festival of charity and good will, and to look forward to it with apprehension? Is the time approaching when we shall want to get somebody to play it for us, like baseball?"

*Fiction.* Earlier Stories, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) Mrs. Burnett has collected in two series certain youthful work which she contributed to Peterson's Ladies' Magazine, and now revises for an authorized edition, since the popularity of her later stories had led to an unauthorized publication in book form. The stories are Kathleen Mavourneen, Pretty Polly Pemberton, Theo, Miss Crespigny, and Lindsay's Luck. — Donald Ross of Heimra, by William Black. (Harpers.) Published both in cloth and paper. The charm of naturalness which attaches to so much of Mr. Black's work, a charm that is not the less because a slight veil of literary grace covers his incidents and conversations, is heightened for the reader by the ease with which the author treads his native heath. Crofters and factors and young-lady proprietors and gallant young men give him all the characters he needs for a lively and sometimes moving tale; and if his heroine grasps her fate somewhat confidently, one may refer the boldness to the strenuous Scottish climate. — Recent issues in paper covers have been: What 's Bred in the Bone, by Grant Allen (Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston), written apparently for a wager as well as a prize, and we doubt if the other man crowded as many improbabilities and distortions of life into the same space; Romain Kalbris, translated by Mary J. Serrano from the French of Hector Malot (Harpers); The Captain of Company K, by Joseph Kirkland, author of Zury (Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago); Monsieur Judas, by Fergus Hume (The Waverly Co., New York), a detective conundrum; Tales for a Stormy Night, being translations from the French of Tourgeneff, Balzac, Mérimée, Daudet (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati); The Late Mrs. Null, by F. R. Stockton (Scribners); Color Studies and A Mexican Campaign, by Thomas A. Janvier (Scribners);

Iduna and Other Stories, by George A. Hibbard (Harpers) ; The Bachelor's Baby, by Coyne Fletcher (Clarke & Zugalla, New York), a confused, farcical tale, with a rowdyism about the men such as women sometimes conceive.

*Literature.* Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends. Edited by Sidney Colvin. (Macmillan.) Mr. Colvin has omitted the letters to Fanny Brawne, which he regards as too symptomatic of cardiac disease, but otherwise has made a full and careful collection. The letters are the man, and one may well accept the series as the best biography of Keats ; for his short uneventful life contains nothing to note but the expression of a nature which matured early, and sang and wrote for very love of art and speech. How interesting the world was to Keats, and how much more interesting to him was Keats himself, with his ever fresh discoveries, his indomitable spirit breaking down all the barriers which seem to shut one in from nature and men ! The ease of Keats's soul is indicative of its greatness, and these letters bring one very close to a singer who found an instrument of some sort always in his hand. — Familiar Quotations, a Collection of Passages, Phrases, and Proverbs traced to their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature, by John Bartlett. (Little, Brown & Co.) In this ninth, and the editor says final edition, new sources are drawn from in ancient writers and French literature. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the fact that it represents a growth, a steady development, and not a mere accretion. The painstaking and accuracy of the editor are seen on every page, and the thoroughness of the work is illustrated by the three hundred pages of index which make reference to it a delight. — Points of View, by Agnes Repplier. (Houghton.) The nine papers in this volume have, with one exception, been printed in The Atlantic, and none will be so ready to get the book itself as the reader who has once read them in the magazine. The piquancy of the writing is not a mere mannerism, but corresponds to a freshness of observation and reflection and an independence of judgment which are rare in these days, when one has usually to choose between academic order and superficial smartness. — The second volume of the new edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, edited by Charles G. Crump (Macmillan), continues the classical Dialogues, and proceeds with Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. It gives fresh evidence of Mr. Crump's scrupulous care in editing.

*Travel and Nature.* Across Russia, from the Baltic to the Danube, by Charles Augustus Stoddard. (Scribners.) A compact narrative by a writer who has been trained in journalism to select quickly the most important points to be noticed, and has missed the note of forced jocularity which is a blemish in much journalistic narrative. Mr. Stoddard contents himself in the main with plain, matter-of-fact description, avoids everything which might border on indecorum, and wisely refrains from those inferences which a hasty traveler is apt to draw from superficial observation. The directness of his attack is noticeable and commendable. — Our Common Birds and how to Know Them, by John B. Grant. (Scribners.) The important feature of this little book is its sixty-four photo-engraved plates of as many birds, which, with brief accompanying notes, are intended to serve as guides to the observer in identifying the species. The photographs were taken from stuffed specimens, but these were mounted as closely as possible in the order of nature ; only the birds are thus always on the perch, and the observer is frequently obliged to see his bird on the wing. With this drawback, and with the more serious one that color is indicated only by description, the book ought to prove very serviceable in its modest way, doing for birds what Mr. Newhall's handbooks do for trees and leaves.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Two Old-Time Book-Lovers.

I HAVE been amusing myself with Charles Mouselet's Petits Mémoires Littéraires, and bring to the Club some of his reminiscences which may possibly in others, as in me, touch a secret sensitive nerve.

Book-lovers are a race apart which has not been studied enough ; they open a field of interest and amusement hitherto unexplored. Fifty years ago, among the connoisseurs of books who were to be seen most often at the publishers' shops and second-hand stalls of Paris were two agreeable and talkative elderly men, Van den Zande and François Grille. Van den Zande, who had filled a post of distinction under the government, lived at Batignolles, one of the rural suburbs, in a house with a pretty garden. He was a widower, rich, genial, given up to his worship of rare editions. It is seldom that a book-lover is not something of an author. Van den Zande had many verses on his conscience, for the most part spicy tales in rhyme such as are obsolete nowadays, which gives the date and the gauge of his talent. A thorough-going epicurean, despite his gout, Van den Zande gathered about his table every Sunday a party of his own age and tastes.

François Grille also had filled important public offices, and in the discharge of his functions he had come in contact with a great many people, and had received a quantity of letters, long and short, signed by more or less illustrious names. On his retirement he published several volumes of them, full of amusing incidents, and accompanied by sharp, malicious little notes, biographies in a dozen lines, in which there was always a salient point. Grille lived in seclusion with his family at The Pond, beyond Bougival, in the neighborhood of Paris, whence nearly his whole correspondence is dated, and Heaven alone knows how much the worthy man wrote. He came to town from time to time, where his visits were chiefly to the booksellers.

Strange to say, Van den Zande and François Grille had never forgathered either in their favorite haunts or anywhere else. Yet they wished to meet, and they had friends in common, Barbier and Quérard among the rest. Each sent the other one of his books, and this led to an interchange of letters which resulted in a regular correspondence.

The first letters of the two book-lovers contained a mutual profession of faith, and they agreed on many points. "I have the same opinion as you as to the great Arouet," says Van den Zande. "Everything which has been well and rightly done since '89 we owe to him. . . . Three authors are my bugbears, namely, Châteaubriand, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine." Grille makes exception in favor of Lamartine, to whom he once addressed an epistle ; it was Grille's mania to write epistles to everybody. He also had the habit of sprinkling his letters with verse. Van den Zande cannot repress his astonishment at such fecundity : —

"You are a tough jouster, my dear sir : if my muse should attempt to keep up with yours she would soon be asthmatic. I do not know what your age may be, but I am sure you never think of it. As I am nearly seventy-two I needs must remember mine. . . . It will always give me pleasure to receive your letters, but I can only promise to answer them at long intervals."

We detect the apprehensions of the epicurean who feels his privacy and his indolence threatened. However, not to offend his brother-in-letters, he dedicates a lively little story to him ; too lively to be included in the next edition of his tales. What temperaments the generation of Van den Zande were blessed with ! A story too lively for publication at seventy-two !

François Grille rejoices over the promise of the story ; he rejoices in prose and verse. Yet he had just undergone a shock in an accident to the person he held dearest, — his wife had broken her arm. It had been successfully set, and he writes, "To-day she is better, as you will see by a fable I have composed while sitting with her." Soon afterwards he speaks of a visit from their dear Quérard : "Dear Quérard was at The Pond yesterday. He is the Breton in full bloom, kind, gay, frank, everything I like best. . . . Your ears must have burned, for we talked a great deal about you. My little house pleases him, my wife charms

him, my cordiality delights him, yet he will not admit that anything surpasses your Batignolles, your table, and your attractive academy." Here Van den Zande saw his chance, and he writes: ". . . Why do you praise the Sunday breakfasts at Batignolles without knowing anything about them? Why will you not accede to my repeated invitations? I will drop our correspondence until I have seen you and pledged you at my own board. It strikes me that you ought to have some desire to know me by sight."

One would suppose that François Grille must yield to such amiable importunity. Not at all. He explains his theory, which is odd and of doubtful civility: he does not care to see the people he is fond of, Van den Zande no more than the rest; it suffices him to write to them. To write forever! He goes on to explain his views on this head, first in verse, then in prose. "For ten years," he says, "I corresponded frequently with M. de Fortia, M. de Reiffenberg, Peignot, and the bibliophile Laporte, and I never saw the first two; the last two I saw but once. For forty years I have had a friend at Niort whose face I never have seen and who is eighty-five years old; he writes to me weekly in prose and verse. I shall never shake him by the hand, yet I am very much attached to him, and he has a real tenderness for me. . . . I see neither Plato, Horace, Molière, nor Voltaire, yet I live with them, and they never scold because I do not visit them. I live by the heart. I have a paternal affection for Voltaire, and what do I see of him? His works and his shade!"

Van den Zande ceased to press his platonic correspondent, who, being left to himself, again reopened the fire of his inextinguishable vivacity on Batignolles. Van den Zande pulled his nightcap over his ears, but a plaint escapes him despite himself: "I have warned you already that my Dobbin cannot keep up with your Pegasus. . . . Your epistles come in showers, in floods, in cataracts!" We are forced to believe that there came a moment when he lost his patience and let his invisible comrade feel it; certain sharp words must have been exchanged, for on December 22, 1852 (note the date), Van den Zande wrote to Grille: "If the charm is broken you have done it; I have begged but one thing of you: not to write to me every day, because I am not up to answering so many pretty letters, and I am jealous of them."

This is touching, and as the request was not exorbitant, after all, one might suppose that Grille would hasten to acquiesce. But that would show small knowledge of Grille. Grille cannot live without writing to Van den Zande, so no truce for Van den Zande. Meanwhile, on New Year's Eve the book-lover of Batignolles had an accident: on his way to take some sugar-plums to a friend's children he slipped and fell. He was lifted into a carriage, and was obliged to keep his room with his leg on a chair. It was a trifle at first, a strain of the muscles of his left calf, but he fancied himself cured too soon, and a week afterwards thought fit to preside at an anniversary dinner. He gives an account of it to his "dear metromaniac" François Grille, who had not failed to overwhelm him with condolences in every known metre for the whole eight days. Van den Zande enumerates the guests, and gives the bill of fare, on which figures a sugar-cured ham and a monstrous capon stuffed with truffles; sherry after the soup, Rhine wine after the fish, excellent Médoc, delicious Sauterne, Chambertin for which he pays five francs a bottle at first hand. At dessert he read the company verselets he had composed in the omnibus. "They all laughed, the Abbé Lavigerie louder than anybody. We wound up with Moët, and there you are."

This banquet brought on a relapse. Van den Zande's knee swelled; a blister was applied, and he took to his bed with fever. He wrote a note of fifteen lines to Grille, which he naturally supposed would be unanswerable: "My dear sir, . . . I am no longer in a condition either to write or receive letters: I entreat you to intermit our correspondence until my recovery." This was the last.

Grille turned a deaf ear; he was evidently impelled by an instinct which dominated every other feeling. Van den Zande's son-in-law was forced to interpose: "It is absolutely impossible for my father-in-law to thank you himself for your inquiries about his health. When he is well you will learn from him all the details of his illness. Then you can send him some more easy and racy verses. . . . I have none of your letters except those which

have come since the patient has been unable to receive anything himself. As soon as he is better we will collect and skewer them."

Van den Zande lingered for some weeks, but died on the 1st of April, 1853. The day previous the Abbé Lavigerie called upon him, but Van den Zande excused himself after a few courteous words. Grille survived him for some years.

To the Fall of Imātrā. — At ten o'clock the train reached Wiborg, and as there was still plenty of daylight left I rambled through the pretty straggling town until I reached the quay. Immediately opposite, on a solitary rock, rose the red walls of the picturesque old castle. I retraced my steps, and looked out in earnest for an English or French hotel, but alas! unsuccessfully. Just as I began to despair of finding one I espied a welcome signboard whereon was written "Hotel de Helsingfors." Here, then, methought, is a French hotel.

Upon entering, the place appeared to be deserted, but after repeated knocking I roused a woman servant. I expended my choicest Parisian upon her in vain; there was no answering gleam of intelligence in her stony stare. Suddenly she vanished, and after further waiting a man came forward. I addressed him in French, but he too only stared. This was not encouraging, and I tried my native tongue, but with a sinking heart.

"Can you speak English?"

"Yees."

"Well, I want to go to Imātrā, and believe there is a steamer which leaves here at six in the morning?"

"Yees."

"Then I should like to be called at five."

"Yees," and he was gone.

Still I waited in the passage, and as no further notice was taken of me I had no alternative but to knock again. After a sufficiently dignified interval the woman returned. I opened my mouth, and pointing to it made a show of eating, whereupon she nodded her sagacious head. Then I leaned back and snored, to signify that I wanted to sleep; next, looked about me as if seeking a room. Without moving a muscle of her face she bowed in response to this ridiculous pantomime, and conducted me to a room wherein was a bed; suddenly, like a Jack-in-the-box, she disappeared. However, she was back again directly, and began to set the table with the same deliberation which characterized all her actions, and when she had done nodded and left me. I was hungry, and did justice to the supper, which consisted of little dishes of various kinds of food, among which raw fish played an important part.

The room had several long windows in it, and as they gave upon the public street, our English custom suggested that I should close the shutters or draw the curtains; but there were none, nor was there any means of fastening the door. So, taking things as I found them, I undressed, got into bed, and, tired with my journey, slept at once and soundly until the woman, without knocking, came into the room in the morning, and proceeded to clear away supper and bring in the breakfast with the utmost stolidness, while I washed and dressed.

The meal included new-laid eggs, rye bread, and coffee, and when I was done, as no one was anywhere to be seen, I went to the familiar passage and knocked vigorously. As before the woman answered the summons. Putting my hand in my pocket, I showed her money to signify my willingness to settle the score. She nodded and retired. The man then came upon the scene, and I held out to him a handful of money. He selected sundry small coins, and sent the woman to show me the boat. She led the way to the quay, paused before a small steamer, bowed, and left me. For half an hour I fastened my eyes on the vessel, and finally there came a seafaring man, who began to bail her out, for she was evidently leaky. I spoke to him and asked if the steamer were for Imātrā, but he took not the slightest notice, and, drawing an old clay pipe from his pocket, turned his back upon me and began to smoke. Time passed, I waited, the seafaring man continued to smoke, and still he and I were the only people abroad. What was to be done? Ah, a gleam of hope! Yonder, unless my eyes deceived me, was a walking polyglot dictionary, — a Russian officer. I joyfully approached him. He politely raised his cap, and I mine.

"Parlez-vous français?" I asked.

He shook his head. Then he spoke in Russian.

I shook my head.

He tried German, Italian, Finnish. No result.

"Oh!" I groaned, "what shall I do?"

"Ah," said he, "I speak leetle leetle Eengleesh."

"I want to go to Imātrā," I observed, "and don't know how to get there."

"Ah," he explained, "to Imātrā you vood and know not?"

"Just so."

"Ah, zen you mus' to ze console Eengleesh."

"Where does he live, and how can he help me?"

"Ah, zen, vat he vor eef nod to — vat you zay — haelp ees compatriot? You mus' to eem vid me."

Suiting the action to the word, the good-natured fellow trotted off, and I gladly followed.

Arrived at the consul's — a large wooden house surrounded by a flower garden — my acquaintance rang the doorbell. After many ineffectual peals, a maid with a shock of red hair showed herself at an upper window. To her the officer spoke in Finnish. She gave a short answer, and abruptly closed the window. Turning to me the officer explained: "Ze console ees een ees bed; he vil up een — I know not to zay" — here he showed me his watch and signified half an hour. "Zen you vil here be you shall zee heem." Then he took off his cap and bowed, making the significant French shrug of apology. "Mes affaires," — he smote his breast,— "not zee you more longer: pardon, adieu." And the kind fellow went off, after elaborately explaining once more half an hour by his watch.

At the appointed time I had an interview with Her Majesty's consul, and the result of it was that I went to a good hotel and posting station where the proprietor spoke English; and changing my Russian money into Finnish, I hired a *telega*, or native cart, in which I departed on the first stage of my journey. Now this conveyance was a most execrable piece of human ingenuity without springs. Perhaps it was constructed to match the streets, which were villainously paved with irregular boulders. Jolting, shaking, bumping, — these words convey no adequate idea of the motion, but I felt as if all my bones must be speedily dislocated. However, once out of the town, the muddy country ruts were a great relief, and we jogged along over a hilly country until the end of the first stage was reached, when we drew up at a station consisting of a small cluster of wooden houses. All the inhabitants turned out to see me, and to superintend the harnessing of an immense cart-horse to another springless vehicle. A very small boy perched beside me to control the action of the great beast, and as his muscles were not matured, and the animal was fresh, we got over the ground at an astonishing rate. For the next stage I was given a tiny pony and a very large and sleepy man. As a consequence the pace grew slower and slower, and animal and driver at last sank into blissful slumber. Then, losing all patience, I woke the man, and so astonished and frightened him that he, in turn, astonished the small horse, who exerted himself to such an extent that we soon made up for lost time.

Thus I journeyed on through extremely pretty scenery, for many miles following a canal which often opened out into a series of beautiful lakes. In the farmyards were to be seen the most comical pigs, small, black, and with long manes. The land was ploughed by a primitive wooden implement having an iron point, and a striking feature of the landscape was in the fields of beautiful bright blue and scarlet flowers.

The next post-house was situated amidst the wildest scenery, and was surrounded by big pine forests. It stood on the edge of a precipitous declivity that was strewn with stones and crossed by shelves of rock. By this time I was getting very sore, and was therefore taken aback by the sight of the next vehicle, — a large four-wheeled springless cart. Before starting the people wanted to know where I wished to go; so I drew a picture of a waterfall, and wrote beneath it "Imātrā." The worst of it was that I did n't know whether I was being driven in the right direction, and as the day lengthened felt somewhat uneasy as I thought that I ought sooner to have reached my destination. Down the steep hill my new driver galloped furiously, taking all impediments in his path after the reckless manner of the Russians. The consequence was that the springless cart performed incredible feats of agility; it jolted and bumped, twisted half round, and leaped into the air in the wildest fashion. There

was no seat, and as I lay on the floor I clutched at one of the sides, but as often as I obtained a hold it was wrenched from my grasp, and I bounded from side to side and from end to end like a shuttlecock. I was sore enough before, but this was simply awful, and my breath came in such gasps that I could not yell to the maniac in front to stop. We reached the foot of the declivity, and without pausing the horse galloped up the hill beyond; fortunately the road grew less rocky, and I managed to seize the side of the cart and steady myself somewhat.

For an hour or more that demon driver rivaled the driving of Jehu, and then he looked curiously over his shoulder at my prostrate form: he evidently hesitated, and then leaving the main road, or rather track, struck aside into the forest. For another hour we wound in and out among the trees, until, reaching a clearer space, the man drew rein and again looked strangely at me over his shoulder. My previous drivers had yellow hair and blue eyes, but this fellow was quite different, being swarthy of complexion, and having black hair and, to my thinking, evil black eyes. My misgivings returned with tenfold force; night was at hand, and I knew not where I was. In this dismal forest, far from the main road, who would hear a cry for help? The silence was profound save for the moaning of the wind through the melancholy pines. I lay bruised and aching, hungry, tired, and seemingly at the man's mercy. I cannot say that all the events of my past life rose before me in a moment, but I thought of home and friends, and resolved that if my worst fears should be realized, and robbery and perhaps murder be attempted, I would at least sell my life as dearly as I could. So, deeming a bold show the best policy, I sat up, drew my large jack-knife from my pocket, and whittled at a piece of stick. Conscious that the evil black eyes were upon me my heart beat fast, but I tried to preserve an outward appearance of calmness, and as I cut whistled a merry tune. For a long time, it seemed to me, he hesitated. It was a crisis: to betray the slightest fear was to be lost, so I looked him in the face, smiled, and pointing forward with the blade of the knife said, "Imātrā, Imātrā!" To my great relief he turned, slowly gathered up the reins, and drove onward. After an anxious half hour we again struck the road, and six miles of further traveling brought us to Imātrā hotel, a solitary house standing in its own very pretty and parklike grounds. After my long fast and open-air drive I was ravenous, and did not leave much of the plentiful supper which was soon smoking on the table.

I rose at six the next morning, so as to make the most of the long day before me. I walked somewhat stiffly, but otherwise was none the worse for the previous day's experience. On passing through the forest I was guided by the tremendous roar of the waters, and found the scene indeed worthy of my efforts to reach it. Standing warily on the steep bank, I saw, as far as sight could reach, to right and left a chasm, filled with huge gray rocks and water-worn boulders, and down the channel rushed a mighty river which issued from an unseen lake higher up. So steep was its course that the hemmed-in torrent fretted and dashed against the rocks, to rebound in huge billows upon the next impediment which shivered them into foam, the lighter spray being turned by the sunbeams into innumerable rainbows. On each bank pine-trees stretched their drenched branches over the raging flood; as the great waves leaped through the air in endless succession and variety of form, the very earth trembled with the shock. There had recently been a series of heavy rains, so that I was fortunate enough to see Imātrā at its best. For a long time I lingered by the side of this fine waterfall, trying to become familiar with the spirit of the scene, seeking to understand the language of the mighty voices, — deep calling unto deep.

Imātrā has been said to surpass Niagara, but the two can scarcely be compared, they are so different. At Niagara the river is seven hundred and forty yards wide, but is split by Goat Island into two parts, the falls being one hundred and sixty-three feet in perpendicular height. The scenery is strikingly devoid of interest, for the trees on both banks are small and the country is a dead level. Between the falls is a watermill, below them a suspension bridge, and, until quite recently, the annoyance caused by hotel touters, guides, curiosity-venders, peripatetic photographers, and cabmen well-nigh drove one crazy and greatly

detracted from the enjoyment. The Imātrā cataract is not, I should judge, more than thirty yards wide, but the volume of water is immense. It is encompassed by beautiful woods and an extremely diversified country, unpenetrated by railway whistle, unstrewn with the ginger-beer bottles of excursionists, unviolated by the hand of the irrepressible advertiser; there are no human annoyances; in utter loneliness one can commune with nature and nature's God.

Returning to the hotel, I breakfasted on delicious fish caught that morning in the lake, and being the sole guest at this little-frequented place was made much of by the Swedish landlord. Our talk was somewhat restricted, as he spoke only his native tongue and Finnish, but pencil illustrations and a comparison of words rendered intelligible much that was said. Mine host was very proud of his travelers' signature book, in which English autographs were few and far between. I signed my name near that of Prince Louis Napoleon, and for fun appended the letters M. H. L. S. The Swede was delighted. I rose at once in his estimation, but though he wanted the "handle" explained I did not inform him that they stood merely for "Member of the Highgate Literary Society." Anxious as I was to get away, my landlord prized me too highly to let me go; my fascinations were undoing me! He looked with admiration at my watch and chain, knife, and other personal effects. I drew pictures for him with colored chalks and pencil, and wrote such rhymes as "Peter Piper" and "Round the rugged rock;" but the more I did, the more he wanted. At last I had positively to decline any further amusement and insist on the horse being harnessed. After I had got into the cart it seemed as if he would never leave off shaking my hand, and when I had fairly started he waved his cap and his arms until a bend in the road hid me from sight.

This time, with better horses, better drivers, and fewer hills (for I returned by a shorter route), I reached Wiborg by half past seven o'clock, terribly sore and with ursine hunger.

Le Cothurne Étroit. — Certain gentlemen who wield with much skill the stylus of theatrical criticism are wont to tell us that for all purposes of dramatic effect there must needs be a timely and reasonable exaggeration; that the stride should be longer, the voice deeper, the gesture freer, than would be needful to produce a similar impression in social circles; that if even so potent a personality as that of the late Edwin Forrest had spoken and moved "naturally" on the stage he would have been inaudible and unintelligible (though, from his great stature, not quite invisible); that stage effect is necessarily effect produced at long range, — an impression distributed over hundreds, perhaps thousands, of spectators. What, then, becomes of the oft-repeated assertion that one must *feel* the part in order to be "natural" or "effective"? Is it not obvious on the face of it that what riflemen call "point-blank range," wherein one aims directly at the object, making no allowance for gravitation, wind, etc., refers only to very short distances?

We are told by persons experienced in theatrical art that every representation is an experiment, requiring anew the adaptation and the adjustment to new conditions, scenic or acoustic, — an experiment implying also a new audience with which the artist must bring himself into rapport. The late George Fawcett Rowe, when running a play of his own at the Park Theatre, for a hundred nights (a play in which he himself enacted the leading part), told me that, even then, each performance was an anxious effort, since, although the play ran smoothly enough, there was for him every night a "new audience to capture."

In no other art does daily practice seem so nearly a necessity of life. One may put one's chess-playing in a glass case (the phrase is Paul Morphy's); one may for a time neglect the palette, the piano, the pen; yet, on resuming when occasion offers, prove that, aside from finding one's self slightly "rusty," the "desuetude" was practically "innocuous." Not so with the Genius of the stage; that mistress must be won by daily devotion, that goddess worshiped by sacrifice diurnal. Giulia Grisi, the only Norma, when she came to this country after a thirty years' service on the lyric stage, brought with her her old manager and dramatic teacher, saying that without his daily strictures even her Norma was insecure. Again, the necessity for constant scrutiny of ever-varying effect under ever-varying conditions is shown in the case of

Madame Ristori. When she first played Marie Stuart in this country, she was in the habit of using for the religious scenes a crucifix not more than four inches in length. A few weeks' experience with our large and dimly lighted halls resulted in a substitution in the same scenes of a crucifix whose measurement approached a yard! This element of change was observable in yet more vital matters: her voice became strident and more penetrating, her step resembled the stride of the grenadier, and all her gestures showed greater breadth; for in that way only, she said, could she make herself intelligible to the larger audiences assembled in those various barnlike structures called opera houses, etc.

On first visiting a French theatre an American will be struck by its smallness. True, the edifice holds a good many people, but somehow the architectural conformation enables the eager audience to cluster about the stage, tier above tier, at no great distance therefrom. Then can one note how important is the finish of the actor, the *nuances* coming into play admirably; not a shade of expression, not a single modulation in quality of tone, failing to deliver its message. Is it strange that in France the art of acting should attain a polish unknown elsewhere, or that French artists, when removed to theatres in other lands, where what Spiritualists call the "conditions" are absent, should find themselves ill at ease, disconcerted, failing to produce intended effects, and disappointed in their audiences?

When Serjeant Talfourd's play of Ion was in rehearsal, the production was entrusted to the skillful hands of Macready, at once the ablest actor and most exacting manager on the British stage. He insisted upon having the "curtain scenes," or picturesque grouping at the close of an act, carefully chalked, the position of each character accurately designated, and the last few effective movements clearly indicated by chalk lines drawn upon the flooring of the stage. So patiently and so painstakingly was the piece rehearsed that the leading lady, Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean), was found, before the performance, to have contracted a serious disease of the knee-joint, caused by frequently falling upon her knees during rehearsals under the tutelage of the martinet manager. Young and undisciplined actors, accustomed to rely upon the "beautiful spontaneities" of an artistic nature, were wont to regard Mr. Macready with something akin to terror, and to stigmatize as artificial his relentless accuracy and precision in details. There is undoubtedly something perilously fascinating about the effortless productiveness which we are accustomed to regard as genius, and which, as it vouchsafes no hint of toil, is seemingly the gift of Heaven; but I fear the more we examine the matter, the more we shall be inclined to accept the homely assurance of Wirt that "there is no excellence without great labor." Who can doubt that the unpremeditated eloquence of the "sensation preacher" would be often improved by a little thought and care of preparation, to say nothing of wearing the fetters of his country's grammar? Even the *improvvisatori* of Italy are in the habit of keeping on hand a large and carefully selected stock of ready rhymes on the beauty of Italy, as on some other inevitable subjects, for use at a moment's notice. Disraeli himself, astute politician as he was, tells us with boyish candor how he used to lounge in the London parks, to muse and get up his impromptus, — he whose spontaneity was afterwards to astonish the world.

It was reserved for François Delsarte, leading the cohorts of the younger generation of French artists, to show us how, even in impulsive movements of passionate grace, beauty is but the fulfillment of law. Going back to the statuary of ancient Greece for authority as to motive, fortifying the same by earnest scrutiny and comparison of the masterpieces of the Roman and other galleries, correcting or confirming all by the traditions of the Théâtre Français and of the Conservatoire, he and his followers have formulated and laid before us a school of expression, an art of arts, so distinct, so purposeful, that, when mindful of its laws, the veriest stroller need not greatly err, — an art so critical and penetrative withal that its mere acolytes, on witnessing the untutored declamation of certain stars, might say, with the French marshal who saw the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." Evidently the cothurnus should be so laced by discipline and practice that no uncertain, no slipshod gait shall be possible to the wearer.

The Subjection of the Author to his Work.

— Who has not, in reading certain authors, observed in them a quality of which the authors were themselves unaware, — the automatic nature of much that is written?

The author sets out to prove what is to him at the time a self-evident proposition. It may be the benefits of free trade, it may be the superiority of mind over matter. As he advances, thoughts crowd upon him, modern instances swell the tide of proof; crannies of his brain hitherto unexplored yield new evidence; by and by neglected facts and forgotten statements flock to his standard, all having a trend of their own, until he finds a motley array gathered in advocacy of what he by no means desired to show. Bret Harte once told me that in writing his earlier stories he found unexpected influences at work with him as collaborators, among which the public played an important and often an unwelcome part, especially in the selection of heroes and in what theatrical people would call the underlining of leading characters. Not only would individual creations find themselves cast for parts which must have greatly surprised them, but in time the whole story, plot and all, would take captive its creator, and bring up at a *dénoûment* far from what he had intended. For instance, in the Outcasts of Poker Flat, Jack Oakhurst was regarded as a very proper selection of reckless gambler and picturesque homicide to enact a part of "general utility;" but obvious need compelled his maker to strip off or conceal some of the more objectionable qualities, so that the Byronic hero dies game, with martyr honors, to the slow music of an epitaph defining him as "the strongest and the weakest of the party." So keen an interest did the public take in his unblemished shirt front and his unruffled audacity that Mr. Jack Oakhurst awoke to find himself famous and almost respectable, while the puzzled author of his being was compelled, in obedience to popular clamor, to reproduce this sententious ruffian in subsequent stories. "What the public could possibly find worth reading in that Heathen Chinee," continued this literary Saturn, "I could never make out; it was thrown in as a sort of makeweight. I was astonished at my luck in getting it printed, — by far the worst thing I ever wrote or read." Perhaps this over-modest disclaimant did not realize the deftness, the exquisite precision, with which this little humorous squib met and rebutted the hue and cry about the Chinese question. The tumid eloquence of "Sand Lots Kearny," as well as the stilted prose of California's pedagogue, Senator Eugene Casserly, was answered, line upon line, in that quaint whimsical skit. The household word outweighed the sermon, and if, as Byron says,

> "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

so did the expected tragedy melt into the afterpiece, for a decade at least, and the rhetorical senator was laughed out of court. But it is biographers more than other men, I opine, who oftenest come to scoff and remain to pray. Of course there is nothing in the practice of biography, despite its punning possibilities, which should make less of flesh and blood than formerly; nevertheless we somehow ascribe to biographical writers a sterner purpose of historic truth than is assumed of the tellers of tales. Yet I am told by sundry of the former guild that it is extremely difficult to avoid becoming eulogists, when satire was intended. So much good is learned about a man through unguarded expressions in his private letters, so much lovableness glistens in the tender reminiscences of surviving friends, that through the kinship revealed by the "touch of nature" we are compelled to admit the truth of Moore's lines: —

> "I saw in even the faults they blamed
> Some gleams of future glory."

Surely it is to the credit of human nature that this experience occurs so often; that in considering his subject the biographer finds himself as one received into the bosom of the family, and any purpose he may have had to be severely just is laid aside for a comfortable conformity with the motto, "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum."

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